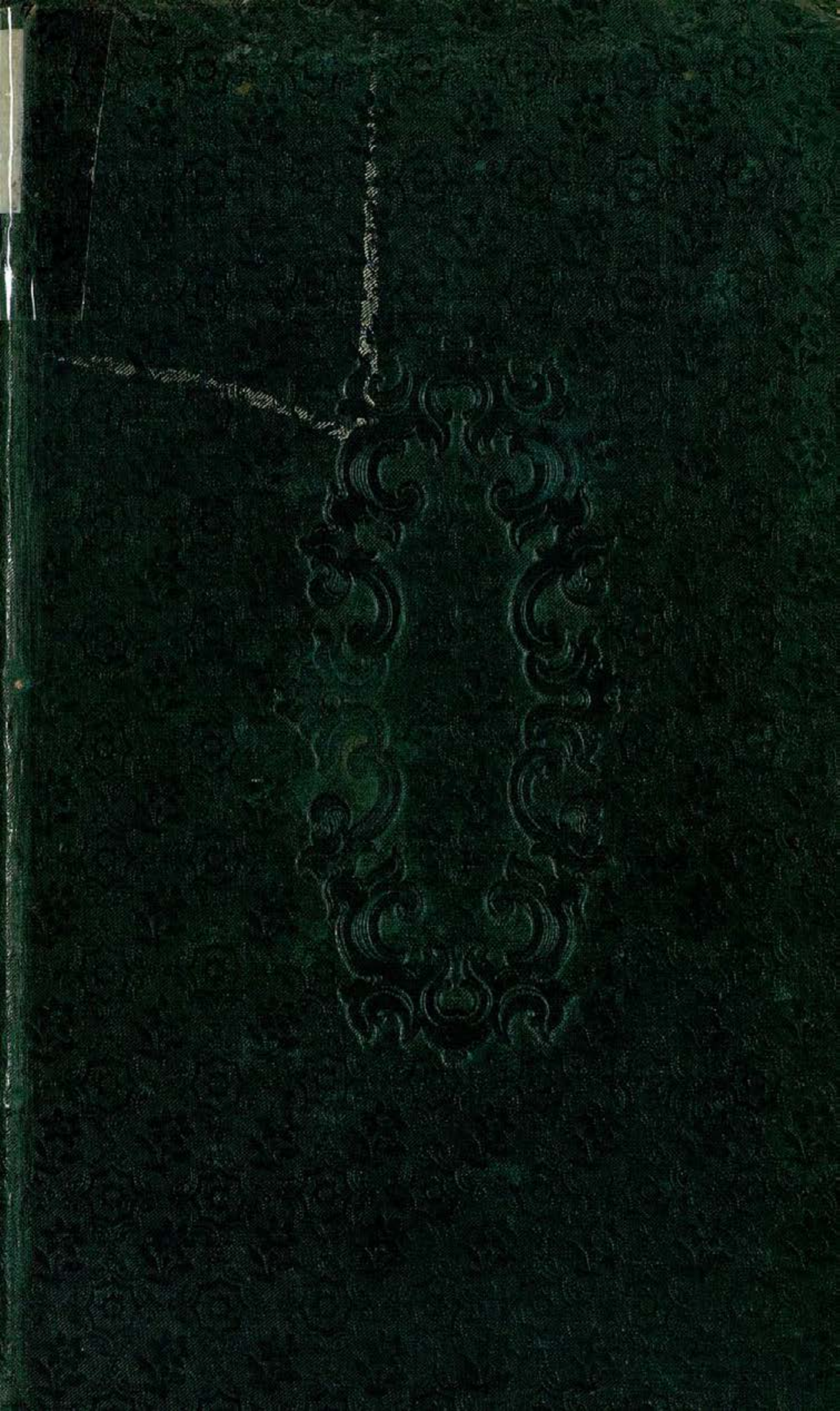
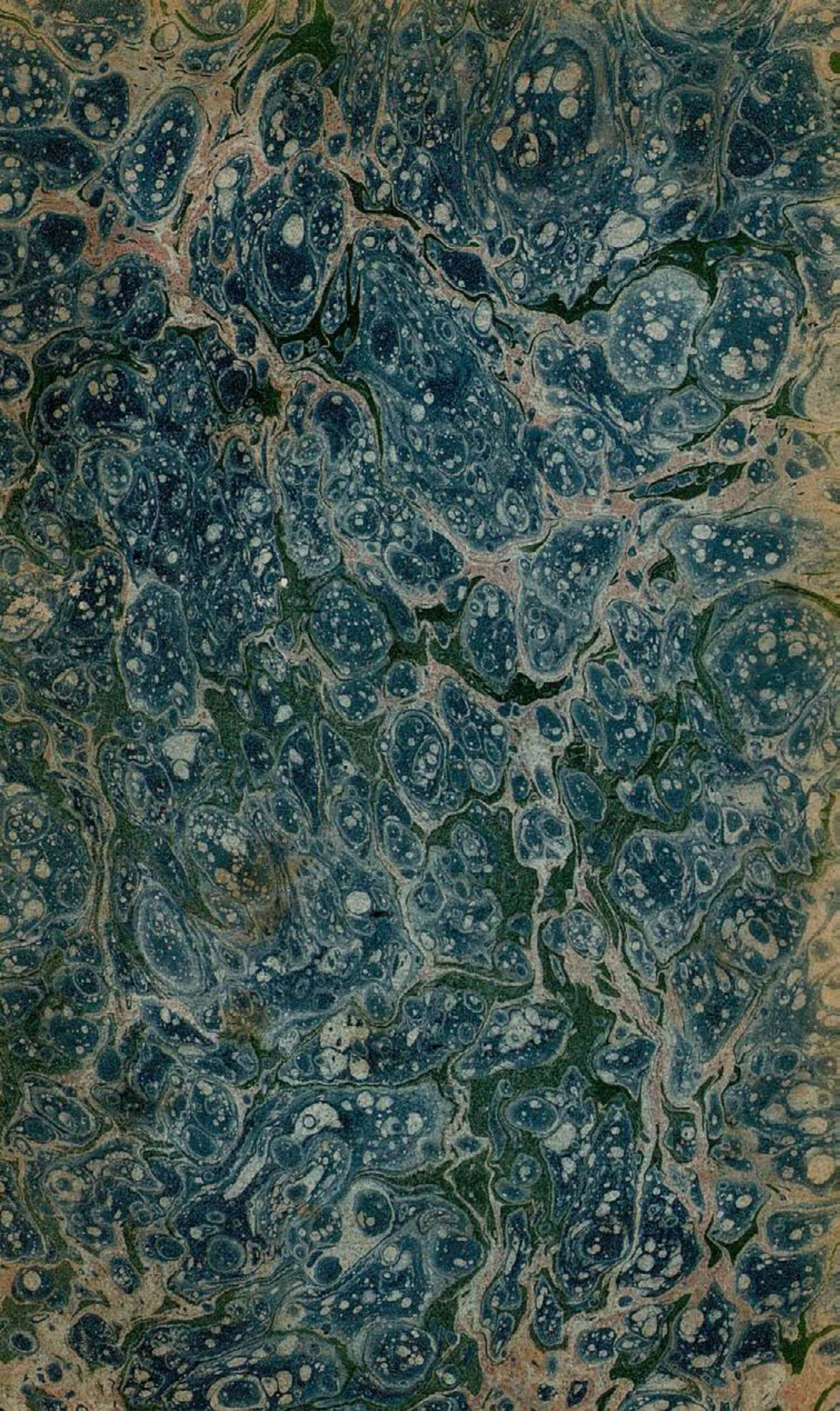

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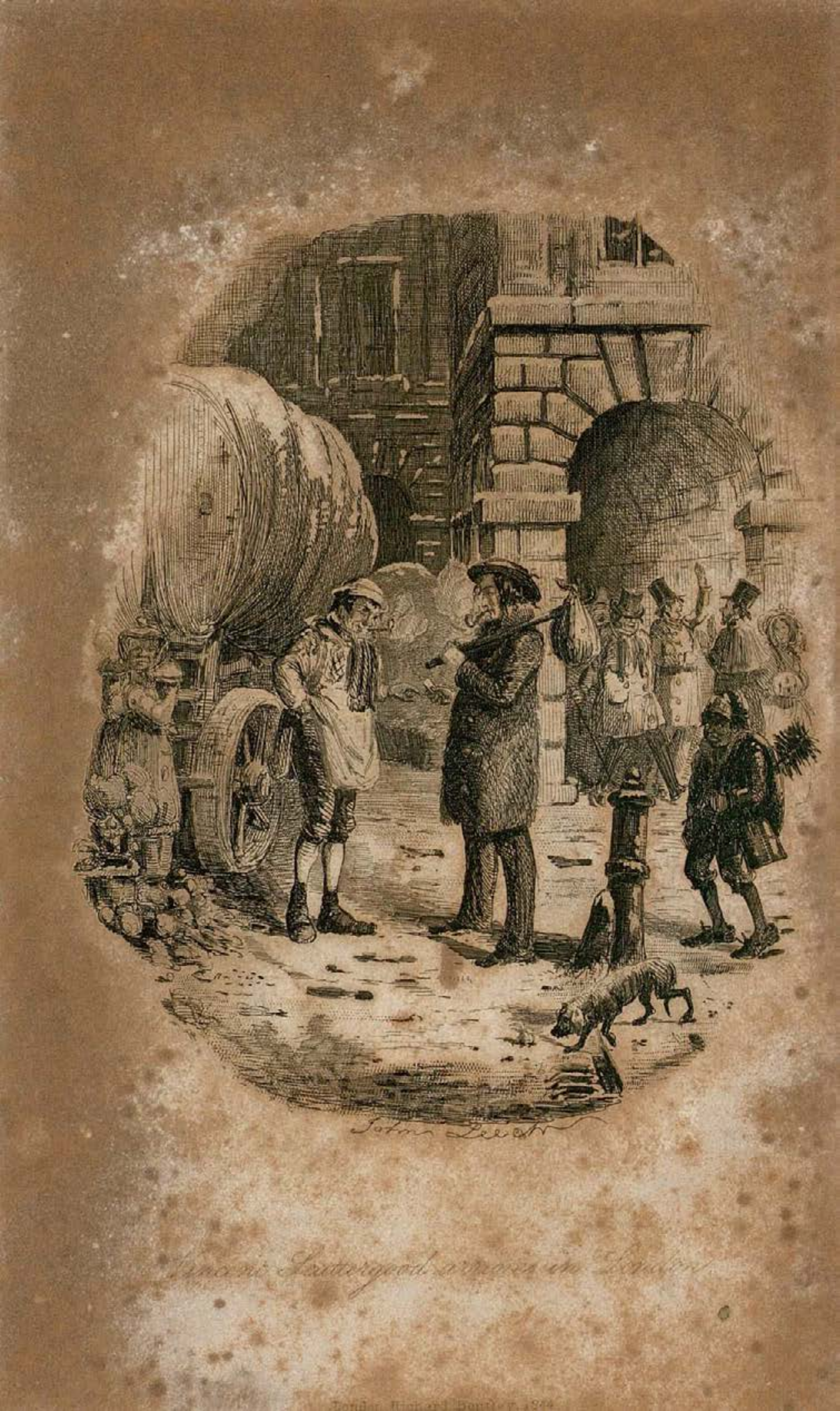




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BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER I.

The Waggon.

About four miles to the south of a line drawn from Canvey Island to Romford, running almost parallel to the flat marshy lands which border the river portion of the Essex coast, there is a low, dismal piece of country, intersected by dykes and narrow tracks, but little known even to those living within a short distance of its confines: for, assuredly, beyond some coasting traffic, there is not much to tempt any one to explore it, either from curiosity, or a love of rural scenery. Nor would its solitude offer any charms to the anchoret. A hermit, however greatly he might admire his condition, would find it but a sorry region wherein to pitch his dwelling, unless he built his cell upon piles, and kept a small boat by the side of his couch, to be used upon emergencies. For the Thames, which is a great leveller in its way, and, like most levellers, generally not very particular in its notions of appropriation or acknowledgement—but, addicted to repudiation as it were, when it finds itself in a state of low water, after running upon its own banks—is apt to take possession of the different wretched cabins in the district upon a very short notice; producing various geographical transformations on the surface of the country. And these phenomena, although very interesting to the learned men who study the moon, and her influence, on the heights of Greenwich, are not considered as remarkably diverting by the inhabitants of these uninviting regions.

The greater part of the swampy moors which lie on each side of the road for some miles, is covered with bunches of rushes and rank grass; whilst the ground is everywhere moist and plashy, where it does not actually sink into small hollows filled with slimy and stagnant water. Long, melancholy rows of pollard willows mark the courses of the various dykes and bourns running and intercrossing each other in all directions; and here and there the roadway is obstructed by a gate or swing-bar, the use of which, beyond occasional obstruction, is unknown, since there is no one to receive toll; nor do the few half-starved animals who graze about the waste appear desirous of straying to any of its distant pastures. The only living things that appear to thrive and fatten in this fenny region are the frogs; and, when day goes down, they croak out their self-satisfaction at keeping their heads above water, in such numbers, and with such earnest vehemence, that their concert travels far and wide upon the wind, and the "marsh-bells," as their song is termed by the natives of the adjoining places, may be heard upon still evenings at an incredible distance.

It was a sharp winter's night, in the beginning of January. Every pool and water-course of the morass was frozen over; the rushes at their edges were powdered with frost as well; and the cart-tracks of the road were covered with a thin coat of ice, which shattered down by the least touch with a glass-like and hollow sound into the dry ruts beneath, to the great delight of the boys who loitered along the road collecting stray cattle, and thus procured all the excitement of breaking windows, without the unpleasantry of attending punishment. It was cold, bitter cold. The wind came frozen as it swept in biting gusts over the fettered marsh, or whistled amongst the slender branches of the pollards; and the very stars appeared shivering as they twinkled with wintry brightness in the clear blue sky. But, in the intervals of the wind's wrath all was dead and still; as if Nature, being locked up in the icy trammels of the frost until the sun chose to bail her out, was aware that at present she could not well help herself, and so maintained a dignified and impressive silence.

About eight o'clock on the cold evening in question, a tilted waggon, with two horses, was traversing one of the roads above spoken of, in the direction of London. It was not going very fast, for the driver, almost benumbed, had got down from his seat, and was walking by the side of the horses, as he went through the series of violent gymnastics with the arms and legs, popularly supposed to generate caloric; with an accompanying forcible expiration, somewhat resembling the subdued noise of a locomotive engine, to which his steaming breath formed a not inapt adjunct, as it was visible with that of the horses in the gleam of the lantern which hung in front of his vehicle.

There were two passengers under the tilt of the waggon. One of them, to judge from his rustic dress of corduroy and velveteen, was apparently a countryman; and he wore a small round hat, which, with his costume generally, gave him the air of being something between an ostler and a railway navigator. And there was a look of mingled cunning and simplicity in his face that rendered it somewhat difficult to determine from the ascendancy of which attribute he might be classed as the greater knave or fool. The other was a tall, well-formed young man, of four-and-twenty, or thereabouts, partly in the attire of a sailor. His features were regular and handsome, in spite of the general air of dissipation which pervaded them, and the wandering and unsettled expression of his eyes. A profusion of dark curling hair shaded his expansive forehead, which every now and then contracted into a frown as he assumed the look of deep thought, but this soon passed away, and his countenance became as careless as before.

The travellers had cleared some of the vegetables and packages away that were immediately round them, and having drawn the canvass of the tilt closely together on every side, except where the lantern hung in front, that it might give part of its light to the interior, were stretched upon some straw, smoking in company. A foreign-looking bottle was placed between them, to which they occasionally applied their lips, and then again relapsed into the contemplation of the thin volume of smoke which curled upwards from their pipes, and filled the waggon with its fumes.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the countryman after a long pause, coughing

as he spoke, "I shall be stifled if we don't get a go of fresh air. I expect you won't mind it neither, young man?"

"Deuce a bit!" replied the other: "it 's all the same to me what I breathe, short of brimstone. Have it open, if you like."

"How 's us going on, Tom?" continued the first speaker, as he pushed the tarpaulin on one side, and addressed the waggoner.

"Oh! right enough," was the reply; "you haven't got a drop of the brandy to spare, I reckon, have you?"

"What 's the use of asking if you think so: catch hold!" answered the passenger, handing him the bottle down.

The driver took a draught at the flask, which did not appear likely to come to a termination, if a violent fit of coughing had not interrupted him.

"Ah! that 'll do," he said as soon as he could speak, "we shall get on now. Hark! there 's a clock going eight; that must be Romford."

"That 's not Romford, I 'm sure!" exclaimed the young man, as the sound of some distant bell came over the moor.

"Do you know this part of the world, then, master?" asked the countryman.

"No — yes — a little. That is, I did once," returned his companion, with a half-melancholy voice.

The waggoner approached his vehicle, and beckoning to the countryman, they communed together in a low voice for about a minute. When this was finished the latter drew down the tarpaulin, and they once more enclosed themselves in the interior.

"I hope, as we overtook you, and gave you a cast, you 'll keep all dark if you see anything on the journey, pardner," said the rustic.

"Oh! I 'm safe enough," replied the other, laughing. "I don't know where I should have wandered to if you had not come by, so I owe you something."

"Did you come from Rochford?"

"No; I got a boat to drop me on the coast. I don't want to be seen in the large places. Perhaps I should have to stay there longer than I liked. I believe the Goodwin Sands was the last port I touched at, the night before last. There are no debts to be paid there, though, except Nature's."

"Good!" said the other, with an approving nod, as he poked his finger into the bowl of his pipe. And then, after a short pause, he added, "May I make bold to ask your name — mine's Bolt, though some calls me Cricket, because they hear of my being about, but can never lay hold of me."

This voluntary confidence appeared worthy of a return, and the young man replied,

"Well, you may call me Vincent, if you like. That name will do as well as any other."

"Then I think, Mr. Vinson, you 'd best shut your eyes for a minute or two, if you don't want 'em shocked."

The waggon stopped whilst he was speaking, and Bolt got out, taking the lantern down with him. They were close to a watercourse that ran underneath the road by a brick arch. The driver, guided by some apparently unimportant sign, drew an iron bar from under the waggon, similar to those used for fixing hurdles in the ground, and proceeded to break the ice with it. This done, he drew

out three or four small casks, of about two gallons each, which he handed to his associate, who immediately put them into the cart, and then climbing in after them, stowed them away at the far end, covering them with a quantity of turnips, which formed part of the load. And then he resumed his place in the interior, and the waggon once more went on, as if nothing had occurred — the whole transaction scarcely occupying two minutes.

"That's how we get spirits from garden-stuff," observed Mr. Bolt, upon taking his pipe again; "and that's our private cellar. A tub bust once, and the frogs got drunk with brandy-and-water. He! he! I never see such a go!"

This occurrence, whether it ever happened, or was merely called up to divert his fellow-traveller, excited Mr. Bolt's risibility to a great degree, only checked by what he termed a thimbleful of brandy, which from its quantity was rightly named, as it would certainly have assisted to sew up anybody else, whose head was less spirit-proof, if repeated often. And then, discovering that his pipe was exhausted, after several ineffectual attempts to arrange himself in an easy position, he gave two or three preparatory yawns, and was soon asleep; whilst his fellow-traveller was not long in following his example, albeit the springs of the waggon had not been contrived with the greatest view to luxurious travelling. The driver, too, whose exercise had sufficiently warmed him, assumed a sort of rope-dancer's position upon one of the shafts; and, beguiling the journey with a song without an end, which he set to an extempore melody, pursued his journey towards the metropolis.

CHAPTER II.

The Market Breakfast House.

It was past midnight before the passengers in the waggon woke up from their sleep; and then, as they looked out of the front, they found by the lights and buildings on either side of the road, that they were approaching London. The driver appeared to have fallen in with a friend, who was now walking with him at the side of the horses; and Bolt, after a few words of salutation, and two or three enigmatical inquiries, turned his conversation to his companion.

"What are you thinking of doing, or where are you going in town, master?" he inquired.

"I wish I could tell you," returned Vincent; to give the speaker his own name. "I expect there is little for me to do in London."

"There's a good deal for everybody," added Bolt, "only they don't know how to set about it. I've been in business in London fifteen year, and so I ought to know."

"I thought you were a countryman," observed his companion. "You have a Yorkshire accent."

"Like enough — like enough," replied Bolt. "I was born at Sheffield, and goes there now and then for goods, when my stock is out."

"And, what line of business are you in?" asked Vincent.

"Oh, the general; but more especially in dodges, according to the state of the pewter. When that's flush, I sell Birmingham spoons and cheap ironmongery in a tilted cart round about London,

on Saturday nights, and catch old birds with chaff. If the funds isn't up, I decide celebrated wagers between great sporting-characters, and get rid of fifty gold wedding-rings before six o'clock, at the corner of the Quadrant; and when it 's quite low water, I mounts a pair of high-starched gills, and an uncommon clean apron, and comes the very respectable mechanic, as know'd better days."

"And you find that last pay?"

"Oh! out and out, if it 's under a gas-lamp in front of a public. People is sure to have change either going in or coming out; and when they gets a little how-is-you-by-this time, as the saying is, it makes them feel for a fellow-creature in distress. That 's the time for congreves to go off."

The waggon kept on through Mile End, and long straggling Whitechapel, in which there was now little stirring. The lights over the gin-shops were extinguished, and all their shutters closed, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the cab-stands. And here none of the drivers were at their posts, but had taken refuge from the cold in the taproom of the nearest night-house; or had converted their own cabs into private sleeping-rooms. The waterman was the only token of humanity that appeared, as he stumped about amongst his tubs, and the wretched vehicles and animals under his protection, in a fashionable wrapper, formed from a sack with three holes cut in it, through which he put his head and arms, and a pair of hayband gaiters, with a covering of the same fabric on his head, which looked something between a beehive and a chimney-pot. Even the houseless professors of lithographic mendicancy, who drew from Nature upon stone, and braved the cold in a wonderful manner during the day, as they depicted mackerel on the pavement in gay-coloured pigments, accompanied by flourishing statements of their being reduced to the last extremity, over which they assumed the position of the dying gladiator, until literally ordered by the authorities to walk their chalks by shuffling them out,—even these found the sharp night air too much for their stoicism, and slunk and burrowed into hidden corners of outhouses, and unfinished buildings, where, herding together like animals, they attended the next day of incertitude, as to the means by which the crust should be procured, in shivering and darkness.

At last, after a slow progress through the city, for the horses were weary with their lengthened journey, the waggon arrived at Covent Garden market. Here all was life and movement; one of the divisions of restless London that never slept. A light snow was falling, which twinkled by the gas-lamps as it descended upon the heavily-laden carts of vegetables surrounding the quadrangle, awaiting the daybreak to be unladen — a process which at one or two points was already going on. Within the market several of the people had built up rough tents of baskets and tarpaulin, beneath which they sought to catch an hour or two of dozing before their labours commenced, upon a bed of dry fern, over a mattress of vegetables. Here and there charcoal-fires were burning, which threw a red and not unpicturesque light over the various groups, as the wind swept keenly through the avenues, and blew their embers into transient brightness; and at these spots a cheap breakfast was being doled out to waggoners and porters, who huddled round the stall. Occasionally a burst of revelry from some of the last fre-

quenters of the night-taverns in the neighbourhood, as they made their exit therefrom, echoed along the piazzas; and now and then angry words passed between these belated convivialists and the owners of the vegetables, respecting the right of possession to various bunches of esculent roots which the former light-hearted individuals wished to appropriate unto themselves, and render applicable to the performance of various diverting pastimes. But these differences of opinion usually commenced with challenges to ordeal by battle, and terminated in the nearest gin-shop; wherein the provokers of the disagreement proved that they were real gentlemen, not at all proud, and of noble and forgiving natures.

As the waggon stopped, the man who had walked with the driver for the latter part of the journey, brought a small covered truck to its side, and receiving the tubs which they had taken in upon the road, soon disappeared. The vegetables were soon shot out behind, in a very unceremonious manner, upon the ground; it was evident they formed the least important portion of the load. And then Bolt approached his fellow-traveller, who had descended, and was leaning against one of the pillars, and inquired where he thought of going.

"You could have a bed in the waggon," he added; "but we must be on the move again, as soon as the horses are all right. I don't know exactly where to send you."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about me, my good friend," said the other, in a good-tempered tone. "I know London well enough. I have a home in it somewhere, only I don't exactly know how I should be received if I were to go there. Besides, this is rather an unholy hour to ring up your governor when he don't expect you."

"The 'luminated clock says a quarter to three," observed Bolt. "It don't get warmer, neither," he continued, stamping his feet upon the ground. "Phew! I'm almost sorry I ain't little enough to get inside the gas-lamps; it do look comfortable there, don't it?"

"I wish I could offer you something for the lift you 've given me," said Vincent; "but I 'm about as hard up as anybody can well be; and, what is worse, I don't know very well at present how I am to look for much more. I can only give you my thanks."

"Don't put yourself out now about that," said Bolt; "all we asks is, keep dark, as I said, about the journey. And if you get rigularly stumped, and ain't particular what you turns your hand to, you 'll hear of me there: only you needn't say so."

He put a dirty card of some public house in Wapping into his companion's hand as he spoke; and then wishing him good-night, he took one of the horses, which the waggoner had unharnessed during this brief conversation, whilst his fellow took the other, and they disappeared round one of the corners of the market.

Vincent Scattergood—for such was the name of the individual whom we have presented to the reader, — remained for some little time after his late companions had departed in a state of blank incertitude as to his destination for the night. There were hotels, it is true, in every direction; and bright lights in the entrances, albeit the shutters were closed, proved that all the inmates had not yet retired. But his purse was at present exceedingly slender; and they were beyond his means. Nor did there appear to be an available nook in the market unoccupied, except the more exposed portions,

on which a tolerably thick layer of snow had now settled, turning the heaps of vegetables, as seen through the different porticos, into cosmoramic representations of Mont Blanc. Had there been, Vincent would have availed himself of it; for he was not over-particular.

After a quarter of an hour's rumination, chewing the cud of the plans he had been previously forming, he took his bundle, and having strolled vaguely up and down the piazza two or three times, turned into a house of public entertainment, the doors of which were invitingly on the swing, and its business apparently in full play. It was an early breakfast house, frequented by the market-people; or rather a very late one, for its chief trade commenced at midnight, and continued until commerce and animation were once more in full vigour.

There was a long apartment divided into boxes, each containing a narrow table, which nobody could sit close to, but required the telescopic arms of a polypus to reach what was on it, after the most approved style of tables in tea-gardens and coffee-houses generally. And on these tables, which were void of cloth, were dogs'-eared periodicals, transparent from the frequent contact of adipose toast, or ornamented with arabesque rings of evaporated coffee, produced by careless guests, who turned the weekly unstamped journal of Modern Athens, and the small-priced repertory of the information-spreading committee into temporary d'oyleys. Neither were traces of the embryo chick, in its earliest stage of gestation, absent. In some of these boxes customers were discussing market topics; in others, cups of dark and unknown beverages, presumed by clever analytical chemists to be infusions of parched peas, sweetened with treacle. And in others, again, a few individuals were indulging in a heavy slumber, pillowing their heads upon the pewter salt-cellars, or black tin waiters, as they awaited the opening of the market, or the advent of another day of homeless want and misery.

A love of exclusiveness pervades all grades of life, however widely separated their degress in the scale of society. The aristocrat adopts it to show his sense of the true security of his position, which enables him to act as he pleases; the would-be patrician, in the dread of losing the finely-poised station that he has attained, which may be turned by the slightest breath. And the radical, who prates aloud in forced images, — the verbal fulcrum, as he believes, upon which the world shall be moved by the lever of public opinion, —and rates the pride of those alone above him, whose sphere he cannot reach, shrinks equally from the touch of his inferiors, and believes that in himself alone is centred the general level of society, to which the higher classes must succumb, whilst those below him ought to elevate themselves to his standard.

And this spirit was ministered to in the market coffee-house. For at the end of the long room there was another of smaller dimensions, with a fire and tables, for those who were willing, by the most trifling extra outlay, to command the additional attention which their increased respectability called for. Into this division of the establishment Vincent entered; more, however, from the boxes in the lower room being occupied than any exclusive feeling of his own; and, taking his seat by the fire, ordered some coffee.

There were only three other persons in the apartment. At the

extreme end a woman was relating an interesting and interminable story, in a hoarse bronchial voice, to her male companion; and before the fire was a man enveloped in a faded cloak, which was wrapped closely about him, his head alone appearing above the French, or dirty, grey collar, which looked like the skin of an unclean white rabbit that had had all its hair curled. He took little notice of Vincent as he entered, but continued apparently looking very hard at nothing upon the mantelpiece. His hair and whiskers, which might have been imitation chinchilli for aught anybody could have told to the contrary, betrayed no knowledge of comb or brush; and his boots, which were the only other tokens of his toilet that appeared, were of the curtailed fashion, as appeared from the ridge which they threw up at the heel and instep, under his tightly-strapped trowsers.

But, although to vulgar eyes he gazed at vacuity, yet was the brain of this really great man all the time in full activity. For his imagination had filled the mantel-piece with living mobs and characters. Bandits clutched in desperate struggles to its marble edge: British seamen bore defenceless females along the patterns of the paper; and unexpected heroes appeared from crinks and crannies in the wall, to the great confusion of the rest. Every volute of smoke as it vanished up the chimney was, to him, peopled with sylphs and demons; ships were foundering on the coals: persecuted servant-maids escaping over the hobs, and scenes of varied and surpassing effect forming in the embers. And in the glowing light abstruse French words, unintelligible as the writing on the wall, perpetually appeared, to perplex his gaze, and lead the mind into fresh labyrinths of confusion. His brain was now throbbing to invent some new situation, which the minor theatres would produce for its intensity, and placard on the hoards and walls of great thoroughfares, in startling cartoons, on the succeeding Sunday. For he was a dramatic author.

Vincent Scattergood finished his very modest repast, and drawing his chair round from the table, placed it before the fire, as he clapped his hands together in its warmth. The sound startled the dramatist from his visions; but it was a noise pleasing to his ears, and his heart opened to the gratuitous applause with which his last mental effect had been greeted.

"It's a very cold night, sir," he observed, as he got up a little corresponding applause, similar to that subdued expression of approbation which he was accustomed to institute in obscure parts of the theatre—suburbs of the pit and recesses of dark boxes—on the first nights of his production. "It's a very cold night, sir."

It was a grand truth, which there was no denying, and Vincent acquiesced in its justice.

"From the sea, sir, I presume?" continued the author, as he looked at Vincent's semi-nautical costume.

"I have been knocked about aboard ship for a few months," replied Vincent. "I landed yesterday, or rather the day before, for the time is getting on."

"Ah! indeed," returned the other; "you have seen the Flying Dutchman, without doubt."

"Indeed I have not," said young Scattergood. "But I believe I am the only person who has been to sea that never did."

"Immense effect; that vessel, that looked as if it was going to



The Funny Gentleman's arrival.

London, Richard Bentley, 1844.

run down the house. You could not—excuse me, though, if I give you my card. Possibly my name is not unknown to you."

And, so saying, he drew a solitary card from his pocket, and gave it to Vincent, who read the address, "Mr. Glenalvon Fogg, Dramatic Author, Cheshire Cheese, Vinegar Yard."

"I do not reside at the Cheshire Cheese myself," observed Mr. Fogg; "a house of call for playwrights, sir. The drama is on the decline, and author and under-carpenter now move in the same groove — so to speak — of the theatre. My object in taking the liberty of addressing you was, as a nautical man, to ask your advice. You have doubtless seen the shark of the Atlantic?"

"I have only cruised about the German Ocean," said Vincent; "they once tried to point out the kraken to me, off Norway."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Fogg. "I wished to ask if you knew of any good situation that you thought might suit."

"I wish I did, for my own sake," replied Vincent. "I should only be too glad to take it. I do not know yet where I am to hide my head to-night: it is a case of hard-up."

Mr. Fogg perceived that his meaning was not precisely understood. He gazed at the fire again for some minutes, with his brains enveloped in a wrapper of mighty thought, and then observed,

"I believe we can mutually accommodate each other, sir; I am at present engaged on a nautical piece, of intense interest; but never having been to sea, I have some little doubt about the propriety of my language. Taking a reef out of your keel, or hoisting your anchor hard a-port, are difficult things to manage, although we can shiver timbers and belay, or avast-heaving, with safety.

"I suppose you want me to direct you, then," said Vincent, smiling at his new friend's remarks.

"Precisely so; and, in return, I can offer you for a night or two such accommodation as my lowly roof affords; board I must leave to yourself."

"Well, it's a bargain," said Vincent. "To be frank with you, I have come back sooner than I ought, and do not care much to shew my face at home,—at least, at present. I will see of what use I can be—at all events, for a couple of days."

The small reckoning on either part was paid; and Mr. Fogg, who had been awaiting the visit of some rustic lessee, with money for the performance of his pieces, according to appointment, but who never came, left the coffee-shop with his new companion.

"The true cosmopolite is less suspicious of an acquaintance formed in this manner," thought Mr. Fogg, "than the man of limited mind. Besides, I have nothing to lose but my ideas."

And, piloting the other through one or two narrow and ill-conditioned streets, the dramatic author at last stopped before the open portal of the crazy tenement, at the very summit of which the apartment which he termed his lowly one was situated.

CHAPTER III.

The domestic economy of the Chicksands.

MORNING broke in freezing brightness upon the expanse of Kennington Road. Omnibuses densely packed with the city-bound colo-

nists of Brixton and Clapham swayed their unwieldy bulks along the snowy thoroughfare, leaving imitation railroads on the ground behind them; and their conductors returned provoking shakes of the head to the hail of belated pedestrians, who saw not that they were full, by reason of the tangible breath that crystallized on their windows. Boys forsook the footpaths, and selected perilous gutters at the side to progress on; or stored up compressed ammunition in ambush for the Tooting carrier. Congealed cabmen threw sackcloth over their shoulders, and careful housekeepers strewed ashes before their doors: whilst apprentice butchers, with glowing faces, and hands as red as the juicy meats they carried, performed quiet dances upon the door-steps, until their signal was answered; and then stayed not for converse with the ruddy handmaidens who replied to their summons, but hurriedly bolted off, whistling half-frozen melodies, and making feudal and uninvited incursions upon the adjacent sliding-grounds of junior lads. The sun himself looked cold as he threw his canopy of wintry light over the dome of Bedlam: many-armed direction-lamps caught up his rays, together with the newly-rubbed brasswork of surrounding cabs; but the beams were flung back with a chaste, subdued light from the zinc plate that marked the residence of "CHICKSAND, COAL AND WINE MERCHANT."

Had Mr. Chicksand lived in a country town, his neighbours would possibly have expended much of their time, and powers of conjecture, in endeavours to discover whereabouts the extensive commodities that formed Mr. Chicksand's merchandise, were stored. For the house, which was of moderate dimensions, being of two windows in breadth, with a balcony on the first-floor, which looked somewhat as if a large drawing-room fender had fixed itself there when the house had been turned out of window in some remote convulsion, possessed but limited accommodations for pipes and chaldrons. So that most probably the coals and wine were in the barges and docks on the river, and Mr. Chicksand's regular departure from his private residence at half-past eight each morning, was to go and look after them, or assist in the disposal of many tons and dozens. And, besides, had he wished to have kept his coals even in his upper apartments, he could not have done so, for they were usually occupied by separate families of those social victims, called lodgers, upon whom, without exactly being cannibals, the Chicksands lived. And when a new tenant arrived, the Chicksands fattened on him, and made festivity; although at other times they, figuratively, picked up the rice, grain by grain, like the ghoul of the Eastern story.

Mr. Chicksand had departed upon his commercial enterprizes; and his helpmate, having picked out four eligible pieces of coal from the scuttle, and placed them carefully on the fire, in such a position that they should not consume their substance in too great luxury, descended to the kitchen. And here her first care was to remove some cinders from the range, and screw the iron cheeks nearer together, until they somewhat resembled her own, and brought the fire to a column of embers, instead of a body; all which was the more remarkable, considering her husband was himself a coal-merchant, and, in the eyes of the world, had mountains of Hetton's and countless tons of Lambton's at his own disposal. This done, Mrs. Chicksand called to the maid, who was polishing her face and a fender with black lead in an adjoining cavern.

"Lisbeth!" cried the mistress, "Lisbeth! what are you at?"

"Cleaning Mr. Bodle's fender, 'm," was the answer.

Mr. Bodle was a professor of music, the whispered editor of the Weekly Pitchpipe, and lived in the back parlour.

"Then let Mr. Bodle clean his fender himself, and come in here. We can't look after any Bodles now. What 's he want his fender cleaned to-day for, I should like to know?"

"He 's going to lend his room to Mr. Snarry to night, 'm, for the ladies to put their cloaks in."

"Umph!" said Mrs. Chicksand, in a tone of mollified dissatisfaction, "it 's a pity somebody don't lend Mr. Bodle a little money in return, and perhaps he would settle for the last fortnight. I suppose Mr. Snarry has asked him, then, to meet his friends."

"I think he has," replied Lisbeth; "leastwise he revived his coat last night with some anticardamums and a toothbrush. I see him doing it through the ventilator."

And the domestic assistant tittered at the reminiscence; whilst Mrs. Chicksand walked about the kitchen upon a tour of inspection, peeping into all the vegetable dishes, and lifting up all the inverted basins on the dresser, which appeared to have been set as traps for catching brass-thimbles, cap-edgings, and tangled skeins of thread.

"How 's the bread this morning, Lisbeth?" asked the mistress.

"Not much, mum," answered the maid. "Mr. Snarry had in a twopenny brick last night, and Mr. Bodle borrowed it when he came home late, because the shops was shut."

"Mr. Bodle 's a vampire," affirmed Mrs. Chicksand forcibly.

"Lor! is he now, mum?" inquired Lisbeth. "I shouldn't wonder. He never paid back half the cottage that Mr. Snarry lent him, a Friday, when his household was all gone."

"We should all starve for what we get from him, a screwy, pinchy—There 's the postman," added Mrs. Chicksand, at a tangent.

And, as Lisbeth went up stairs to answer the door, Mrs. Chicksand finished her review by noticing the contents of the safe, which was something between a large lantern and a birdcage, and hung in the back-kitchen, above high-beetle mark.

Mr. Snarry, who resided on the second floor, was a clerk in the Drawing Office at the Bank, and lived in Kennington Road for economy and exercise,—the latter being no small point with him, as in his proportions he inclined to the chubby. Taking advantage of the first-floor being vacant, he had determined to celebrate his natal day by giving a party to certain other clerks, and Mr. Bodle was invited to join them, for the triple reason that he sometimes gave Mr. Snarry concert-tickets, that he sang a good song whenever he was asked, and that the use of Mr. Snarry's back-parlour would be an imposing addition to the rooms already thrown open, whilst nobody would ever imagine that the imitation rosewood chiffonier was a turn-up bedstead. To commence the preparations for the festivity did Mrs. Chicksand descend to the kitchen, and with a willing heart; for a turkey had arrived from the country, where the house of Snarry located; and the gentleman himself—a real gentleman Mr. Snarry was—never locked up his things. In the will, this was a fine trait; in the deed, it would have come to just the same whether he did or did not; for, knowing the annoyance of forcing doors when keys were lost, Mrs. Chicksand had provided two for every

lock in the house, as well as caused holes to be chiseled in all the cupboards, and what-nots, to impugn the honesty of the mice, upon emergencies, with some little show of plausibility.

"Two notes for Mr. Bodle, wrote all over with 'gone away,' and 'try No. 2,' and one for you, mum," said Lisbeth, entering.

"That man must have changed his lodgings very often," mused Mrs. Chicksand. "I can't understand it."

"Mr. Snarry says he's in love, and follers the young lady about like anything; and that that's her next door as sings through the wall," observed Lisbeth.

"Never mind what Mr. Snarry says; wash up the breakfast things," interrupted her mistress, breaking open her letter, and continuing, as she first read the signature, of course,

"Well, if it isn't from the Scattergoods at Bolong, that lived by us when Mr. Chicksand was unfortunate as a grocer in Essex! I wonder what they can possibly want with me!"

The wonder was soon dispelled by simply reading the epistle, in which Mrs. Scattergood wished to know if Mrs. Chicksand could accommodate her husband, son, and daughter, on their arrival from Boulogne, until they had time to look about them.

"Dear me!" observed the lady as she twisted the letter various ways. "They've put where they live at Bolong, but no date, and they say they shall leave 'to-morrow.' I wonder when that is."

"Thursday, mum," said the servant.

"Ish! nonsense! you don't know what I mean," replied Mrs. Chicksand. "What can we do? They were nice people, the Scattergoods were, but lived over their means. Where can we put them?"

However, Mrs. Chicksand soon contrived the accommodation. The back-kitchen was to be fitted up as an extempore sleeping apartment for her husband and herself; and Lisbeth was to repose in some of those mysterious *penetralia* wherein lodging-house servants usually sleep; portions of the dwelling whose precise situation has never been correctly ascertained, and in all probability never will be; the popular opinion being divided between the binns of the empty cellars, or the unoccupied shelves of the pantry.

"If they come to-day, Mr. Snarry must put off his party," observed the servant, as she hung the cups on tenter-hooks. "Won't he be wild too, that's all, after giving three-and-sixpence, as ever was, for two pound of spermycitties for the room. My!"

"Well, we must take the chances, Lisbeth," said Mrs. Chicksands; "if they must come, they must."

And then the mistress of the house proceeded to give directions, and make arrangements for the festivities of the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Snarry's maiden entertainment.

When a bachelor gives a party to his male-friends, he has only to provide interminable boxes of cigars, consecutive kettles of hot-water, and ordinary bottles of distilled drinks, to amuse his guests in a first-rate manner; and with a card-table borrowed from the man in chambers underneath, a barrel of oysters, and one spoon be-

tween three, the *reunion* is safe to go off admirably. But when he expects lady visitors it is an undertaking of much greater importance; their more delicate organization requiring equally refined appointments, from a looking-glass and pincushion in the back-parlour unrobing room, upon their arrival, to the female attendant, who must not go to bed until all the bonnets have been properly distributed, upon their departure. And to young ladies there is a wild recklessness in coming to a single man's house, that often leads them to look for some extra-ordinary amusement; and this excitement reacting upon itself, requires all the energies of the host to prevent the extreme of expectation running into the depth of disappointment.

Mr. Snarry was aware of this. He had rashly begged his Benedict fellow-clerks to bring their wives, and eke their sisters, that the Bank might resound with his praises, as one of its most dashing constituents; and telling them that they must take everything in the rough, he directly commenced toiling to render the entertainment *recherché* beyond imagination. For this did he buy for eightpence two bronzed casts from a child of sunny Genoa, of ladies holding sockets in one hand, and resting wheels without spokes upon their legs with the other; and in these sockets were implanted wax-ends, albeit they cracked in the operation. For this did he trim the lamp, whose name of "solar" suggested to classic minds the "*lucus a non lucendo*" beyond anything else, and only resembled the sun in its eclipse and total disappearance, as night advanced; for this did he dispossess the staircase bracket of the unknown bust, and place the light thereon. For this did he paralyze, with an unwonted order, the pastrycook at the corner of the street, who had hitherto regarded patties and blanc-mange as flighty conceptions of romantic confectioners; and on this account alone did he hire a six-octave square piano, at half-a-guinea, that Mr. Bodle might thereat shake his locks, and conjure with the keys, producing the gay quadrille from its freshly-attuned interior.

The governors of the Bank of England, although in ordinary cases men of keen perception and cool judgment, were that day convinced that Mr. Snarry had the influenza: for he left early, under plea of being indisposed, (which in reality he was—to stay any longer,) and devoted the afternoon to rehearsing his properties and effects at home. His friend, Mr. Bam, who perplexed palpabilities whenever he got them, at Clement's Inn, where the nutritive potato sent up its steam of incense to the mighty pillars; the grand entrance that conducted to the modest chambers, like the imposing outside of a juggling show, attracting crowds to be deceived within; Mr. Bam—whose bill in youth's young morning he had once put his name to—had lent him his boy to wait; and relieve Lisbeth of her manifold duties. So that altogether Mr. Snarry calculated upon an effect; as well as making immature clerks believe that he inhabited many rooms, and kept a plurality of attendants.

Mr. Chicksand returned at five, and at the request of his partner bought a pair of white Berlin gloves; not to join the company, but to look like a butler, that he might receive one or two shillings when the guests departed, which Mrs. Chicksand affirmed there was no occasion to throw away upon the dab-boy. And at a quarter-past seven the Clapham omnibus put down the first guest, Mr. Pratt, who trod on a slide, and tumbled down as he got off the step, there-

by breaking his brace, which Mr. Bodle kindly mended with a piece of harp-string; and they were thus engaged when the "second party" arrived, which included two or three of the fair sex, followed by a very ancient clerk indeed—a senior one, at a hundred a-year, in pumps, spectacles, and gloves, so long that they doubled over the ends of his fingers. And then all the ladies sat in a row on one side of the fire-place, and all the gentlemen stood about on the other, not speaking much, and only in a whisper; to divert which solemnity, and give an appearance of bustle and vivacity to the proceedings until it was time to have up the tea, Mr. Snarry poked the fire, ran in and out of the room upon imaginary missions, and opened and shut drawers and cheffoniers, nervously looking after things which he knew were not there, for very distraction.

When the tea arrived, Mrs. Hankin, the wife of one of the company, was requested to superintend its distribution, which gave rise to many pleasant sallies and utterance of sly things; Mr. Bam sitting upon Mrs. Hankin's left, and putting the sugar into the cups with infinite drollery. Mr. Pratt, too, came out of the corner where he had remained ever since he came into the room, and practically proved what had been often told him at the Bank, upon the mere perception of his companions, that he was an advantageous acquisition to hand the muffins about at a limited tea-party.

"That 's right," said Mr. Snarry, rubbing his hands, and infusing a little lively dreariness into the party; "that 's right, ladies; this is Liberty Hall, you know. Don't mind Pratt; he 's quite harmless."

Mr. Pratt blushed, and the ladies tittered slightly, whilst the ancient clerk looked pleasant over his spectacles, and paid great attention to what everybody said, often leading the company to think he was about making a bright remark, and then disappointing them by saying nothing. In the midst of one of these pauses the iron gate at the end of the garden was heard to slam, and then a human imitation of a mail-cart horn was sounded from below, followed by one enormous solitary bang of the knocker.

"There 's Jollit, for a guinea!" cried Mr. Snarry. "Come, now we shall do. I hope he will be rich to-night."

The wish, whatever it meant, was certainly a kind one, and uttered in all sincerity. For Mr. Joseph Jollit was the wag of the Drawing Office, the "funny man" of every party he was asked to, and unequalled either in his graphic lyrical descriptions, or sawing off the leg of the rosewood-chair.

Mr. Jollit first caused himself to be announced by Mr. Bam's footboy as the Duke of Northumberland, and then in a most diverting manner, walked on upstairs to the second-floor; from whence, being recalled, he opened the door a little way, and putting his cloak and hat on the top of his umbrella, after the manner of the practical joke in the story-books, touching the African who deceived the lion into going over a precipice, he hoisted it up behind; concluding that funny trick by pitching it clean over the door amongst the guests, which drew a slight cry of terror from some of the ladies, who imagined that this was Mr. Jollit's usual method of entering a drawing-room, he being a species of clown of private life. When the excitement of his real entrance had somewhat subsided, he got behind Mr. Bodle, and having pinched him in the calf, yelped like a dog, at which Mr. Bodle got exceedingly indignant; until Mr. Joe

Jollit gave him a dig in the ribs with his thumb, put his tongue in his cheek, and told him it was all right.

A round game was now proposed; and as soon as Lisbeth had removed the tea-things, and with the subterraneous assistance of Mrs. Chicksand, washed the spoons against supper, Mr. Snarry got out the cards and counters, the latter of which were a gross of button-moulds on a string, and caused a little joyousness. And this was increased for the time into something really like a laugh, when Mr. Joe Jollit turned one or two of them into teetotums, by cutting splinters of wood from underneath the table with his penknife, which he pushed through the hole in the middle, and set them twirling. They made a very large party for *vingt-un*, the funny gentleman, sitting between Mrs. Hankin and her sister, and saying "that he was a rose between two thorns,—he meant a thorn between two roses." And then he dealt in eccentric fashions, and made jokes about the first knave, and hid aces under the candlestick; and put other people's fish in his pocket, with other jocularities too numerous to mention. As the card-table drew off a great many people, Mr. Snarry was greatly comforted at all this display of talent, and felt less nervous about entertaining them. But he found, after all, that giving a party was not the glorious treat which he had anticipated it to be.

When the game left off, at which, by some means or another, everybody had lost a shilling, the time came for Mr. Bodle to amuse the company by playing and singing whilst supper was laid. And this was all very well; for the musical professor was becoming indignant that he had not been asked before. After a convulsive symphony, he commenced a ballad of his own composing, singing it very loud, that the young lady who lodged next door, whose migrations he followed with hopeless affection, might hear it; whilst the lady portion of the company listened with great admiration, and Mr. Joe Jollit imitated a violincello performer, by sitting the wrong way upon his chair, and playing upon the back with the tongs, at which Mrs. Hankin's sister hid her face in her handkerchief with laughter, he was such a droll creature—she never did!

Two or three ladies, with their hair dressed in the most prevalent style of suburban scarecrows, who had remained singularly unoccupied all the evening, were now led forward to supper by Mr. Pratt and the ancient clerk. Mr. Bodle played the "Roast Beef of Old England," which was thought very appropriate; and Mr. Joe Jollit drew down great mirth by giving estimates of the prices of everything on the table, asking Mr. Snarry what time to-morrow he intended to dine off the fragments, and drinking by mistake out of Mrs. Hankin's sister's glass, Then he called Bam's footboy Lorenzo Augustus, and christened Lisbeth "Clotilda," and told Mr. Snarry not to be fussy; for if there were not enough clean plates, they could turn what they had upside down. What a real blessing was Jollit to persons about to give a party.

After supper Mr. Snarry informed the guests that he had prevailed upon Mr. Joe Jollit to dance his hornpipe blindfolded amongst six oyster patties, the fire-shovel, and hearth-brush, disposed in a cunning manner upon the floor. There only remained from the supper four patties and two cheese-cakes, which the talented gentleman was arranging to his satisfaction, when a great knock at the door diverted his attention.

"That's my brother Tom," said Mr. Jollit. "He said he would come late, because he has been to another party."

"He will take some supper," said Mr. Snarry.

"No, no,—never mind," replied Jollit; "he can have that pastry when I have finished with it. Now see me receive him."

Lisbeth was re-collecting clean tumblers in the kitchen, so Mr. Bam's footboy answered the knock. Mr. Jollit first walked round the room with pantomimic mystery, and, having taken up one of the squabs from the sofa, which he poised on the half-opened door, next armed himself with the other, and stood opposite to it.

There was a moment of breathless interest, as footsteps were heard on the stairs. They approached, and the door was opened by Mr. Bam's boy. The first cushion directly fell down upon his head, and, before an instant could elapse, Mr. Joe Jollit hurled the second with Herculean power at the visitor who followed him. The gentleman reeled back, and appeared to stumble. There was the scream of a female in distress, followed by a smash of glass so tremendous, that it could be compared to nothing but a shower of tumblers falling through the roof of the Coliseum conservatory; and then Mr. Snarry, and as many of his friends as it could accommodate, rushed wildly out upon the landing-place.

Half way down the flight was a stout gentleman in a travelling-cap and cloak, grasping the balusters with one hand, and clutching a carpet-bag with the other, as he gazed in speechless astonishment at the throng above. At the bottom reposed the fatal cushion and Lisbeth, amidst the ruins of the tray of glasses she was carrying up for the mixed beverages. And close to her were two females, also in travelling costumes, the younger one a pale, but very handsome, girl of eighteen, clinging to the other in extreme terror; whilst a violent draft ascended from the open street-door, through which a youth was assisting a hackney-coach driver to bring in all sorts of packages and bundles from the vehicle.

Mrs. Chicksand and her husband flew up from the kitchen, where they had been discussing every dish of Mr. Snarry's supper as it came down, upon the first alarm; and in an instant the truth broke upon them. After a terribly rough voyage of thirteen hours, the family of the Scattergoods had in reality arrived from Boulogne, and driven immediately to Mr. Chicksand's for something like a quiet night's rest, to compensate them for their harassing journey. Mr. Bam's footboy, forewarned of nothing to the contrary, imagined that they were a portion of the company, and directly ushered them up stairs; and Mr. Joe Jollit's funny conceits had led to this remarkable reception.

There was, of course, a violent uproar, in which all the gentlemen joined, except the ancient clerk and Mr. Pratt, who retired in great fright to the end of the room. Some were very angry, others could not help looking upon it as a practical joke. But the young girl, who still kept close to her mother, after exclaiming, "How different this is to our own home!" burst into tears,

THE GENUINE REMAINS OF WILLIAM LITTLE.

BATCH THE SECOND.

EDITED BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

I. Thrift.—Squire Puddle was the stingiest old 'oosbird I ever did zee. If a wanted a spreader var 's harness, a'd tell 's men they must get un varn, but um mus'n't cut um out o' any o' *his* hedges. Zo they once went to a naybur's, and got un into trouble var 't, and the justice dreatened to zend un to jail, that a did! They *do* zay a kept a pawn-shop in Lunnun, where a made ael's money. When a was a bwoy a zed a's mother used to tell un to get up yarly in th' marnin', 'cos 'twas th' yarly bird as allus cot th' worm. A zeemed to thenk zo when a was living in these parts, var a used to bargain wi' owld Smith, th' 'oont*-catcher, to catch ael th' 'oonts at tuppence a yead. When th' traps was zet a used to get up avore zunrise, gwo to th' trap, take out th' 'oont, and stale the trap! This zaved un th' tuppence a promised to pay owld Smith, and got un a trap into th' bargain. Zo when a died um vound two or dree scare o' 'oont-traps put by in a cupboard!

II. Blind and Dumb.—Tom Ockle met th' exziseman one night as a was gwoin' from Zizeter wi' a basket o' zmuggled baccur. The exziseman wanted to zee what Tom had got in the basket. "There 's nothin' but pegs innerds there," zays Tom.—"That may be," zays t'other: "but I must zee anyhow."—"Well—well," zays Tom, "if I puts a haaf-crown in thee mouth, I dare zay thee 'lt not be able to speak."—"No, to be zhure not," zays the exziseman, lettin' gwo th' basket, "and if th' put'st one auver each eye, I zhant zee no mwore nor a 'oont."

III. A cute dog.—When I was a young man I had a dog, a precious 'cute un a was, too! A'd catch a hare like a grayhound. I 've cot a scare o' rabbuts wi' hin in one night. By and by zomebody zays to the kippur, thuck William 's got a dog as plays th' devil wi' ael th' game. Zo th' kippur comes up to m' one day, and zays, zays he, "Measter Little, thuck dog o' yourn 's a bad un; a gwos a huntin', I'm towld."—"Lard bless 'e!" zays I; "a wou'dn't harm a mouse, that a wou'dn't."—"Dwon't b'lieve it!" zays he. "Come along wi' I by thuck copse yonder."—Zo, as us walked alang, up jumps a hare, and away a scampers. "Hollo! hollo!" zays I to the dog, but a slunk behind m' *di*rectly, wi 's tail between 's legs.—"Ha!" zays the kippur, "I b'lieves 'e now, Little. Them as zays your dog hunts be liars, that 's zartin. I 'll be cussed if I dwon't thenk a 's vrightened o' th' game, that I do!" and zo a walked away, and wished m' good marnin'."—"Zo, ho!" thought I; "you be 'nation 'cute, you be, Maester Kippur. If instead o' '*hollo!*' I 'd a cried '*coom hedder!*' a 'd a run a'ter thuck hare like mad!"

IV. A forgiving disposition.—When ould Jack Smith, th' Zont catcher, was a young man, a got zo precious drunk once at o'windon that a couldn't zee 's way whoam. A started about eight o'clock, and a'ter walkin' dree or vower hours a vound'self comin'

* *i. e.* Want or wont, a mole.

into th' town agen. Zo off a zets to try 't once mwore. By and by 'a tumbles bang into a ditch, where a vell vast asleep. A hadn't been there lang avore th' hos-leeches vound un out, and vasten'd ael auver's vace, and zucked un purty nigh to death. Very lucky varn, zomebody coomed by yarly in th' marnin', and vound un layin' wi' ael th' varmunt sticking to un like a litter o' ha'f-starved pegs. They got un out, hows'ever, and tuk'n to the doctor's, and a vine jab they had wi' him, to be zhure! Jack purtended a didn't care var't, and zaid a'd vargive th' 'oosbirds what they 'd done to 'n, if zo be they'd zar his neamzake, the auverzeer at Zwindon, in th' zame vashion the next time a coomed thuck way.

V. A VARIETY.—There 's a girt deayl o' truth in old zayins, that 's *my* opinion, 'specially that 'un as zays,—

"Lang and lazy;
Black and proud;
Vair and voolish!
Little and loud."

Jan Roberts' family was just like this. Their biggest bwoy was the laziest looby as I ever did zee, and a was as lang and as lane as a rake-stael. Jim, the t' other bwoy, was as black as a gipsy, and a martal proud young wosbird a was. He wouldn't hold plough, not he! a wanted to be one o' th' jav'lin men at the 'zizes; so when a found a cou'dn't be one, a went and listed vor a zowlger. Tom was a regular gawney, wi' a white yead, and went about wi' a handful o' zalt to catch the veldefares (fieldfares), and little Nance was as naisy and as caddlin' as a wren, that a was.

VI. A STIMULANT.—Young Tom Slatter had a puppy as a used to be very fond of. One day he and 's brother Jack was a-teazin' on hin at a vine rate. By and by the leetle varment got savage, and cot howld o' Tom by the cāāf o' 's leg, and held on tight. "Oh, Jack! Jack!" hollurs Tom, "take un off! take un off! a 's bitin' my leg!"—"Oh, no!" zays Jack, laughing to zee the leetle 'oosbird zo vicious, "*let un zuck a bit, Tom; 't will make un aiger!*" *

VII. A STRANGER!—"How far d'e cal't to Zirencester, my friend?" zays a Cockney genelman one day to owld Pople, as a wor breakin' stwones on th' road. "Dwont kneow zich a pleāse," zays he, scrattin's yead, "never yeard on't avore!"—"What!" zays the genelman, "never heard o' Zirencester?"—"Noa," zays he, "I aint."—"Why, it 's the next town."—"Haw! haw!" zays Pople; "you means *Zizeter*; why didn't 'e zay zo? it 's about vower mile off."—He was a rum owld customer, thuck owld Pople. One day zomebody axed un how var 'twas to Zizeter. "Ho! dree miles this weather." (It was nation dirty and slippy.) "Why so?" zaid the man to 'n; "ho it 's about two miles in vine weather; but when it 's hocksey, like this, we allows a mile vor zlippin' back!"

* We have heard a similar story of some Yorkshire boys, but on mentioning it to honest Willum, we were assured that 'twas stolen from him!—P. PINDAR.

THE ENGLISH CAPTIVES AT CABUL.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY ONE OF THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

[The unfortunate loss of the Memnon, by which vessel the following continuation of the narrative of the sufferings of the Affghan Prisoners had been forwarded, has prevented us till this month from presenting it to our readers, being obliged to wait for another copy from India. It will be perceived that the present portion of the narrative is resumed from the end of the month of March, page 160 of our last volume.—*Ed.*]

Our new master of the ceremonies, by name Saleh Mahommed,* was the steward of Mahommed Shah Khan, Ukbur's father-in-law. From the circumstance of so confidential a retainer being placed over us, we feared that Mirza might have got himself into disgrace by the kindness he had shown us, but we afterwards had reason to know that this was not the case. Saleh Mahommed, or the Nazir (steward) as we generally called him, came empowered to make one or two additions to our plain fare; these consisted in a weekly distribution of sugar and raisins, and the occasional substitution of a few scraggy fowls for mutton. But the Nazir brought with him that which we devoured much more greedily than fowls and mutton, reports of what was doing beyond the walls of our prison. Oh, how we ourselves sighed to see beyond those walls! There was scarcely a stone, or a stick, or a clod of earth, that had not become as familiar to us as the sun and moon; and even at this time I think I could pace blindfolded any part of that dreary fort. But to return to the Nazir. He brought with him the news of the death of Shah Shoojah; the particulars we could not learn, but we knew too well that he had been betrayed to his fate. This was another proof how cheap life is held by the Affghans, and of how little we had to hope from their mercy, should they fancy it their interest to put us to death. The gentlemen contrived to glean from some of the servants who accompanied the Nazir, that our troops were about to make another attempt to force the Khybur, and that if successful we might expect to hear of them in, at most, four or five days. Words cannot express the anxiety with which we longed for the crisis; we were almost careless of what might be the result to ourselves; it was a desire to know that British arms were again triumphant, and that some termination might be put to our captivity. We were in the hands of a race whom we hated and despised; we felt that we held our lives at their pleasure, and we sickened with the inward strife of mortified pride and feigned humility.

On the day after the Nazir's arrival, we had another smart shock of earthquake. It was now more than a month that we had been, as it were, in a constant state of alertness, not to say alarm, from these visitations; and we could scarcely help connecting them in our minds with the scenes that were enacting around us. On this day, also, we received a present of tea, sugar, and some coarse chintz from the Sirdar. The messenger who brought them let fall, that there had been a dashing affair near Jalalabad: some of the garri-

* Not the same man who assisted our liberation at Bamean in the following September.

son had made a sally, by which the Affghans suffered considerably. They were, however, cautious or ignorant regarding the advance of our troops, though they admitted that the inhabitants of the valley were sending away all their property to places of greater security. Mahommed Shah Khan took away ten camels belonging to our party, for the purpose, as we were informed, of removing his own family.

It was about this time that Sooltan Mahommed Khan, a brother of Mahommed Shah Khan, paid us a visit. He came evidently with a scheme to get bills for money from our party; but as the ladies were not a party to the discussion, I am unacquainted with the particulars. He gave out that Captain Macgregor had bought over a tribe called Saffers to our interests, and that we were to expect a visit in a few days from the Sirdar, to see if he could get Major Pottinger to write again to Captain Macgregor, proposing terms.

On the 24th of this month, the Nazir put out a feeler in the shape of a proposal for a ransom for the prisoners. He was referred at once to Captain Macgregor, as the gentlemen suspected that it was a plan to ascertain who among our party could afford to pay, and the next step would probably be to extort money by torture, or other foul means. We had reason to believe that Ukbur Khan's party were on the wane. His exchequer was exhausted, and his ragamuffins leaving him daily. This ransom rumour was the source of much fun to some of the party, who affected to think much more seriously of it than they really did, and pretended to draw up a sort of per centage scheme, according to the supposed means of each individual. It was amusing to see how suddenly the rich became poor, and how the really penniless rejoiced in their poverty.

On the 26th we received letters, through the Sirdar, from our friends at Jalalabad. They were written partly in cant phrases, to escape the comprehension of the Sirdar's interpreters; but we gathered clearly from them that our troops had started from Peshewar, and that the 1st of April might be expected to prove a day notorious in our annals. On the 28th we were rejoiced by hearing the above report confirmed, and learning, on tolerably good authority, that our troops were in possession of Aly Musjid, and that Sooltan Jan had started with a thousand horse to oppose General Pollock. Much good cavalry would be in a pass like the Khybur.

The plot now thickened rapidly; we saw plainly that the excitement among the Affghans was daily increasing. They vented their spleen in a variety of ways: among other things, for our comfort, they told us we were to be put to death the instant the troops cleared the Khybur. We had, however, grown callous to such threats; we thought that, under any circumstances of disaster, it was more than probable that we should be the sufferers; but the Affghans knew too well our value to put us to death in cool blood, and this we were well aware of. It was certainly a consolation to us, that our government had so many of their families as hostages for our safety. The Nazir wore an appearance of great anxiety; he was constantly on horseback, and sometimes away from the fort for several hours together. He, however, never could be prevailed upon to tell us a syllable of the real state of affairs.

The 1st of April, a day we were all anxiously looking for, was

ushered in by a few jokes usual to the day. Among other jests, a facetious young gentleman of the party spread a report, that a horseman had arrived in the night with intelligence of Ukbar Khan's having agreed to take a ransom for us, and that we were to start for Jalalabad on the 3rd. Most of us saw through the joke immediately, but there were one or two who suffered themselves to be duped, and some angry words were exchanged in consequence. In the evening we received more letters from Jalalabad, but they contained no news.

On the 3rd we heard of another sortie having been made from Jalalabad, and the capture of some bullocks and a flock of sheep; the result—the Nazir more fidgetty than ever. A man in from Cabul told us that Guznee had fallen, nearly all the garrison, 27th N. I. killed, eight officers prisoners, and that Mrs. Lumsden, the wife of a Lieutenant of the 27th, had been shot. Poor thing! she had only been married a few months, and now to have met with such a fate. On the afternoon of the 7th a man galloped into the fort, bearing every appearance of having ridden far and fast; the horse was much jaded, and the rider seemed big with tidings of importance, but they were not for our ears. The Nazir was summoned, and after a short consultation with the new comer, he was seen equipped for the field; he ordered his horse, and rode forth in haste from the fort. Of course, we were all curious to know the cause, but the Affghans were silent as the grave. The Nazir had not been gone an hour before an additional guard of some thirty matchlockmen marched into the fort, and began putting their arms in order. It now required little penetration to discover that something had gone wrong with the Affghans, and our conclusion was, that General Pollock's force had reached Jalalabad, and that probably a detachment was now on the way to attempt our liberation. Of course, the excitement we felt was intense, but I think I should be wrong to say that we felt any fear: we were heart-weary of our long captivity; we could not conceal from ourselves the peril of our situation, but one and all rejoiced that some change was at hand. The Affghans continued all the evening walking about the fort, their arms in their hands: some one or two looked knowingly at the gentlemen, and intimated by signs that the Feringhee star was again in the ascendant. At dusk sentries were posted on all the bastions, a precaution hitherto neglected, and our ears were assailed throughout the night by their calls of "Khubudar!" (take care!) with which they kept each other awake, and intimated their alertness to any one who might be approaching their posts.

On the 8th we learned that the Nazir had been absent all night. The excitement among the Affghans was on the increase, but they were perfectly civil to us. It was observed that they were as eager for news as we were, and stopped every new comer to learn all he had to tell. The gentlemen of our party were put off with all kinds of ridiculous tales, but the one appearing most probable was, that there was a rise among the inhabitants of the valley, and it was feared they might attack the fort. In the evening, however, we had reason to believe that we were very nearly concerned in the commotion. The old women and people who had been in the habit of selling us milk and eggs, came about, eagerly collecting all their little dues; from this we easily concluded that we were soon to

separate. Our anxiety had now become too great to admit of our following our usual avocations. We formed ourselves into little knots, or walked with hurried steps up and down the court-yard. Our eyes were constantly turned towards the gate, and it was with something more than idle curiosity that we scanned most closely the countenance of every one that entered. There were one or two among us that thought it necessary to appear unconcerned, but their abortive attempts became them but very poorly. We were unarmed, and in every respect totally at the mercy of our gaolers. We thought that the crisis had arrived that was to set us free, either by the hand of our countrymen, or by death. Under such circumstances, it was sorry affectation to assume a carelessness, that was too plainly contradicted by the wandering eye, and the firm-set features.

On the 9th all our speculations were ended, by the intelligence from a quarter to be relied on, that the garrison had sallied from Jalalabad, and put to route the whole of Ukbur's army, set fire to his camp, and returned laden with much booty. It would be impossible to describe our feelings at this news; I question if the garrison themselves more truly rejoiced than we did. The news came from a source that we gave credit to, and was, besides, so circumstantially detailed, that we could not doubt the fact. It was now that we felt what might have been done at Cabul; but such reflections were worse than useless. The chiefs had assembled, after their defeat, at a fort some six miles from us, and had had a long warm discussion as to what should be done with us. The majority were for putting us to death, but Mahommed Ukbur would not listen to it. In the evening Mahommed Shah Khan arrived at the fort. He had a long interview with Major Pottinger; we could not learn the particulars, but he gave a very fair account of the affair of the 9th, and spoke in high terms of the behaviour of the British troops. Mahommed Shah Khan bears the character of a forward and bold soldier, and praise from such is worth having. Mahommed Shah Khan told us to be prepared for a move in the morning, but would not tell us whither. The Thugow hills to the westward appeared to us the most likely destination. Mahommed Shah Khan was very civil, and promised to provide camels and panniers for the ladies and children who were not able to ride on horseback.

It was with heavy hearts that, on the morning of the 10th, we set about our preparation for a start. Not that we were very sorry to quit Budecobad, but we felt too truly that we were now leaving it for the purpose of being carried farther from the reach of our friends. Early in the morning we were told that the camels were sent for, and that we should start the moment they arrived; it was therefore necessary to remain ready equipped for the march. As the weather was now very sultry, large turbans were the order of the day; and as we never knew how soon we might be plundered of our little bundles, most of us deemed it advisable to carry on our persons as much as could be so disposed of. On the part of the Affghans, the day's proceedings commenced by taking away from the gentlemen all the full-sized horses, leaving them in their stead wretched baggage ponies: only two or three of the party were so fortunate as to retain their horses. Act the second, was a strict search of Lady Macnaghten's boxes, superintended by that fiend in

human form, Mahommed Shah Khan. Fortunate was it for her Ladyship that she had so well employed her leisure, in sewing some of her most valuable shawls into a bed covering, for of all the valuable ones that fell under the notice of that Affghan robber, not one was left. Captain Lawrence's boxes were next inspected, when all the little silver ornaments of his cavalry uniform were greedily seized on. Mahommed Shah Khan next caused it to be intimated, in the politest way in the world, that as he was a great admirer of *bijouterie*, he should be much gratified if Lady Macnaghten would allow him to see hers, which he had heard highly vaunted. It was useless to offer objections, and the jewellery was now examined. It was with a most friendly anxiety for the safety of her Ladyship's property, that the Khan volunteered to take charge of the whole of it. We now thought we were freed from this gentleman's importunities, but we calculated without our host, for in a few minutes a message was brought in, that Mahommed Shah Khan feared Lady Macnaghten might expose herself to considerable inconvenience if she herself retained charge of certain ornaments of value, which, it was intimated, she had withheld from inspection. Who could have given this wretch such minute information? That her Ladyship, for better security, had some very valuable jewellery concealed about her, was perfectly well known to him, although, until that moment, most of her fellow-prisoners were in ignorance of the circumstance. *L'embarras des richesses* was never seen in a more serious sense than on the this occasion; whether to give up all, or assert that all were already given up. To avoid the consequences that the latter alternative might have led to, the former was adopted; and thus was the widow of the late Envoy insulted and plundered to the value of nearly ten thousand pounds by a ruthless villain, who enacted his part in the performance with a cool effrontery, and an assumed politeness, that made our blood boil; but we were in the hands of the spoiler, and our only resource was to affect blindness to the insults heaped upon us.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, the camels were announced; and now no time was lost in getting us off. However, instead of seven camels, only four came; they were, of course, assigned to those ladies and invalids who were least capable of riding on horseback. And as we had no alternative but to obey, many of the ladies and children who were in delicate health were necessitated to content themselves with the latter mode of conveyance. None but the ladies and officers were to leave Budecobad; it was expected that the rest of the party would very likely be ransomed. At any rate, they were left behind by order of Mohammed Ukbur Khan.

On issuing from the fort, the sight of the beautiful green fields and trees, to which we had so long been strangers, brought a strange mingled sensation to our hearts. When we last crossed this valley the country was clothed in its wintry garb, and seemed in its sadness to sympathise with our fate. Now spring shone in her most cheerful colours, and all save ourselves seemed gay and happy. At the time we could but ask ourselves, was the contrast an augury of better days, or a cruel mockery?

We proceeded in nearly the same road by which we had approached the fort of Budecobad nearly three months before. Our

speculations were, in the first place, as to our destination, and in the second as to the probability of a rescue being attempted, either by a flying party of our own troops, or by some of the Ghilzies, who might now be anxious to win the favour of our government. Our conductors informed us that we had a march of some thirty miles before us; but we had scarcely proceeded three, when we were surprised at the appearance of a single horseman, urging a weary steed to its best gallop towards us. He came from the direction of Jalalabad; his garb was that of the Affghan, so we had nothing to hope from his appearance. As he approached within hearing distance of our party, he called loudly for the congratulations of his Affghan friends, for a victory that he said had been gained over the Caffres, in the Khybur. His call was most vociferously responded to; and such a shouting, shaking of hands, and firing of matchlocks ensued as has seldom been witnessed. The consequence to ourselves was, that we were ordered back to Budecobad, as our conductors said there was now no cause for taking us away. Before we had regained the fort, the true version of the above story had partly transpired. Sooltan Jan had himself been beaten out of the Khybur by General Pollock's advancing force, and Mohammed Ukbur had reason to fear that in consequence of his waning star, the people of the valley might attempt our rescue; he had therefore ordered us back until he could prepare a larger escort for us. But the spirit with which the above little cheat was acted surpassed anything I ever witnessed; and even now I am doubtful whether the Affghans themselves were not at first deceived.

We reached the fort about sunset. The poor soldiers whom we had left behind welcomed our return most warmly; they had heard the above-mentioned *feu de joie*, and had been led to believe that it sounded our knell. It would be hard to say whether we were more hungry or tired by the day's adventures. In the morning we had scarcely partaken of breakfast, and since then had eaten nothing. We had not rested during the whole day; and our unwonted ride in the afternoon, together with the great excitement, had completely wearied us. We contrived to get a little tea made, and then betook ourselves early to rest, as we were told that we should certainly march in the morning.

This was the first Sunday since our captivity that we had not devoted a portion of to the performance of the duties peculiar to the day. We were up early on the 11th, and by eight o'clock once more bade adieu to Budecobad. Our guard consisted of about a couple of score of horsemen, Punjabees and Affghans, with a few Hindoostanee Mussulmans; they were commanded by a tall fine looking renegade Seikh, with one eye; they were very civil, particularly the chief, who called himself a rajah, but was now a Mussulman rejoicing in the name of Bahadur Aly. We pursued the same route as the evening before, and were told that we should not reach our halting ground till evening.

We had not proceeded more than eight or ten miles, when we had to cross a very rapid stream, its bed consisting of large loose round stones; it was no easy matter, nor altogether devoid of danger to some of the weaker and more delicate of our party, the fording this stream. We, however, were fortunate enough to get across without any serious accident. About half a mile on the

southern bank we saw a cluster of horsemen surrounding a scarlet covered nulkee (a sort of palankeen or litter); this proved to be Mohammed Ukbur and the remnant of the army with which he had been so long blockading Jalalabad. Our road led immediately by the mound on which the Sirdar's litter was placed; in passing, the most of us made a slight inclination of the head towards him, which he returned in his usual courteous manner, and without any appearance of embarrassment from his late defeat; two or three of the officers he beckoned towards him, and was himself the first to speak of his misfortunes, which he did with much soldierly frankness. He gave the British troops full credit for gallantry, and the officers received due praise for the manner in which they had conducted the attack; said that he regretted the necessity of putting us all to so much inconvenience, but that he hoped shortly to be able to make us more comfortable, as he did not consider himself crushed by a single reverse, and that a soldier must be prepared for the frowns as well as the smiles of Fortune, who knocks us down one day, to put us up on the morrow.

One good result to us from our falling in so opportunely with the Sirdar was, that we were ordered not to proceed any further that day. Three wretched tents were provided for the whole party; one was merely the fly or roof of a subaltern's single-poled tent, about fifteen feet square, into which were packed all the bachelors; another was an Affghan tent, all in tatters, about eighteen feet long by twelve broad; three families were crowded into this. The third tent was what is called a sepoy's pawl, about twenty feet long by sixteen broad, the edges reaching to the ground; this last was told off among seven ladies and ten children; three of the married gentlemen hung horse-cloths from the ends, and made a sort of shelter for themselves. Our cuisine this day was well matched with our lodging; it consisted of wretched half-baked unleavened bread, and a skinny tough old sheep; we were not, however, in a situation to grumble. On the whole, I think our spirits were rather raised by the air and exercise, after having been locked within four high walls for three months. In the afternoon the arrival of Sooltan Jan was announced in camp. This vaunting braggadocio was accompanied by some half score horsemen; they all appeared way-worn; and the chief, as unlike his cousin Ukbur as light to darkness, was crest-fallen and ashamed. This was the man who had often boasted to our party that he considered any one Affghan equal to three British troopers, and his own prized person as overmatch for any five. We afterwards learned that this hero had retired from the Khyber Pass (one of the strongest military positions in the world) without once having seen any portion of the British army; the report of their advance was enough for this Sir Valiant.

Towards the afternoon clouds gathered all round, and in the evening we had a heavy fall of rain. We were at this place not more than some twenty-four miles from Jalalabad; and this proximity to our own people had created a suspicion in the minds of our keepers that some of the more nimble-footed might be tempted to escape. The consequence of this fear was great inconvenience to the bachelors; those who had wives and children were not suspected; bùt the bachelors' tent was surrounded by sentries, who,

when the rain fell, crept in for shelter, there crowding upon the original occupants almost to suffocation. All evils have an end, and so had this.

The morning of the 12th dawned cool and cloudless. By sunrise all were ready for the march, when an order arrived to separate the married families from the bachelors, and to take them in different directions. This arrangement was naturally most distasteful to us all; and Captains Lawrence and Anderson went to remonstrate with the Sirdar on the inhumanity of inflicting unnecessary pain on helpless prisoners. The Sirdar instantly gave orders for our march as heretofore. Finding him in so pliant a humour, Captain Lawrence ventured to suggest that benefit might arise to both parties by communications being opened with General Pollock and the Indies, and children being sent in. The Sirdar seemed well inclined to consider the proposal, and was discussing the *pros* and *cons* when his father-in-law, Mohammed Shah Khan, rode up. He soon understood what had been under discussion, broke into a violent rage, threatened all kinds of indignities, and gave most convincing proof, had any such been wanting, that he was much more our enemy than Mohammed Ukbur Khan.

About seven o'clock we all moved off. We travelled for about eight miles along a very good road, and then struck into a wild undulating country, cut up and intersected in every direction by deep and broad ravines and water-courses; the road was in some places most dangerous for camels; but by two o'clock we had all safely dismounted in a broad rugged ravine, with a clear stream flowing through it. Our fare and lodging differed in no particular from the day before; but we were sufficiently hungry and tired not to find fault with either. The sun had been very hot, and induced a sound sleep, which refreshed us for the next day's labours.

On the 13th we were again early on the move; we reached our ground about mid-day, having seen on our left, in the distance, the top of the famous Udrick Badrick pass that we had crossed just three months before. On the 14th we were again off by sunrise. Before starting, we were told that laden camels could not possibly travel the road we were going. This put us all to our contrivances for the accommodation of those ladies who from delicate health had been obliged to travel in panniers. The only alternative was horseback; and as all were not provided with side saddles, some were obliged to mount *en cavalier*. Altogether it was very distressing; but this was not the first time we had been obliged to accommodate ourselves to very disagreeable circumstances. We had not proceeded half a mile before we commenced the ascent of the Baad Push Kotul, or Stormy Hill, its elevation from the plain about sixteen hundred feet. The way was a mere footpath, in many places obstructed by large boulders of rock; it was indeed well that we had abandoned our camels, for it was with the greatest difficulty that even Affghanistan horses could surmount the ascent. We were assured by the Affghans themselves that it was one of the most difficult holds in the country; but a lady of our party pronounced it as trifling to some she had marched in the Mysore country. The descent was much less difficult, and by about eleven o'clock we found ourselves seated at the bottom of it on a piece of green turf, by the side of a clear spring. We rested here for about

an hour, and then pushed on some six miles further to the banks of one of the branches of the Cabul river. It was about a hundred yards broad, exceedingly rapid, and very deep. We were to cross by a raft, which was on the other side; and we were obliged to wait for an hour or so before it was brought over. The sun was intensely powerful, and we felt the heat much more oppressive from the bank, where we were, being composed of large round pebbles. Our patience, however, was in good exercise, and endured until the raft came. It was about fourteen feet square, consisting of a few inflated bullock skins, fixed together with four or five light spars lashed across the top; its buoyancy was extreme, but there was scarcely space for the ladies of the party. This was very annoying, as we did not get over all the party with our few traps till late in the evening. Our ponies had all to be sent round some six or eight miles, where there was a ford; this was another cause of inconvenience, for well we knew that saddles and bridles had little chance of ever finding their rightful owners again. However, there was no help for it; and the gentlemen having taken the precaution of putting the saddles on the raft, were obliged to abandon ponies and bridles to their fate. When we had crossed the stream, we found the Sirdar encamped close to us; he made civil inquiries after the health of the party, and appeared much more at his ease since he had placed the hills and the river between himself and the British force.

On the 15th our ponies did not arrive until nine or ten o'clock; some had their bridles stolen, and were driven along like bullocks. Poor wretches! long marches and scanty food had reduced them all to mere skeletons. Our march was only a few miles, to Surroobee, the little fort where we slept on the 12th January. The Sirdar had preceded us; and as he was encamped in the plain, we had a fair opportunity of estimating the strength of the party with him, which certainly did not exceed four hundred men, nearly all horsemen.

It should have been mentioned that Mahommed Shah Khan, his brothers, and all the ladies of their families, were accompanying their lords in their flight,—for flight it certainly was. Our tents were pitched at a little distance from the fort where we halted during the 16th, 17th, and 18th. Several of our poor Hindoostanees came to us here; they had been very well treated by Uboola Khan, the owner of the fort, but most had lost their toes, or were otherwise injured by the frost. Many of those who had taken shelter in the fort had died most miserable deaths from the effects of the frost, and it was piteous to hear the accounts the survivors gave of their sufferings. The Affghans do not appear to be acquainted with any remedy for frost-bites, and they generally end in mortification and lock-jaw.

During our halt here, all was uncertainty as to our destination. Some said Cabul, and some Teyzeen. The Sirdar was evidently trying what chiefs he could reckon upon: nearly all those at Cabul were unfavourable towards him. Mahommed Shah Khan was for taking us to Thugow; but there was some objection on the part of the chief to receive us. General Elphinstone, of whom little has been said in this narrative, was taken very unwell at Surroobee. When he was first made prisoner, he was suffering from a slight

wound in the hip. An attack of gout shortly followed, and he never rose from his bed during his captivity.

The morning of the 19th was rainy and cold; but the Sirdar found it necessary to change his ground; and, in spite of the weather, we moved off at eight o'clock. Lady Sale had been suffering from fever; and Lady Macnaghten, who had made the last march on her pony, was very averse to such a mode of conveyance. The Sirdar therefore made over his litter to them; which, as it had a sort of arched canopy over it, afforded considerable protection from the rain. Our march was to Teyzeen, sixteen miles; the rain fell in torrents the whole way, and there was not one of the party who was not drenched to the skin.

On reaching Teyzeen, we were taken into the same fort where we had halted on our way down; it had been much injured by the earthquake of 19th February, and the rain had now made it ankle deep in mud. The gentlemen were allowed to shift for themselves, in low sheds and stables, or wherever they could find the least shelter from the storm. They got some damp fire-wood, which gave them the means of partially drying their clothes; but this benefit scarcely compensated for the inconveniences of the exceeding pungency of the smoke, and an hour's sunshine was most devoutly prayed for. More consideration was paid to the ladies and children, who were at once ushered into the apartment occupied by the females of Mahommed Shah Khan's family; it consisted of one room about thirty feet by fifteen, on the floor of which were blazing three large wood fires. About thirty Affghan women and children were bawling, squalling, quarrelling, and singing all at the same time. They were seated on very comfortable looking hummuds, ranged on the floor round the room; and, in spite of the smoke, appeared to enjoy themselves greatly. They received our party with very great kindness; and though from want of knowledge of each other's language, and great difference of dress and customs, they could afford little assistance, still the disposition they evinced to be friends, and the sympathy they shewed, were at least gratifying.

But to describe about three score human beings, more than half of them English women and children, wet to the skin, huddled together in one narrow room, their various garbs and occupations, would require more than the genius of a Hogarth. Suffice it to record that, notwithstanding all the kindness of the Affghan ladies, those of our party were very miserable; to dry our clothes was impossible where there was scarcely room to move, and, unfortunately, we were far from *au fait* at the Affghan mode of sitting without stools or chairs. It was therefore with something like delight that about three in the afternoon we received an invitation from the Sirdar to occupy the room which he and his connexions had been reposing in. It was a small room, but we were free from the Affghans, and this was a matter of no little congratulation. The gentlemen, too, were now somewhat better provided for, though still all were very uncomfortable. The most dreadful circumstance that we had witnessed since we had become captives, was on this day's march, when some of our party observed, at a short distance from the road-side, several emaciated wretches in a cave; they were Hindoostanees, and were actually keeping soul and body together by eating the flesh of their dead companions. We could give

no assistance; and heart-rending as was the alternative, we were obliged to leave them to that death that must soon have put an end to their miseries. We this evening heard, for the first time, that it was in agitation to send one of the officers on a mission to Jalalabad, and the circumstance gave rise to considerable speculation among us. In the evening we were served with a miserable dish, called "kroot," consisting of a mixture of sour curds and ghee (clarified butter), the latter rancid to a degree; this was accompanied with the never-failing half-baked unleavened cake. We contrived to make for ourselves a little tea, and then, with our clothes all wet as they were, prepared ourselves for sleep; this was a matter of no small difficulty, for, huddled together as we were, it was next to impossible for all to find room to stretch their limbs; however, with our feet towards the still smouldering fire, we did our best, and, strange to say, all woke on the morning of the 20th, tolerably refreshed; and though our clothes were still wet upon us, neither man, woman, nor child of our party was the worse for their yesterday's drenching. General Elphinstone, by the by, may be considered an exception, for his last days were evidently very fast approaching; however, he had been ill so long, and experienced so decided a change for the worse at Surroobee, that it may be questioned how far his malady was increased by the exposure. The 20th was another miserable rainy day, and became marked among us by an addition to our party; for in the afternoon Mrs. Waller presented her husband with a little daughter. The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, or surely so many delicate women would never have survived the privations and hardships they were subjected to. We had a smart shock of earthquake in the evening.

The 21st broke a fine sunshiny day, a beautiful breeze blowing; and our spirits rose accordingly. We were delighted to hear that our tents were being pitched for us outside the fort; for miserable as the tents were, we greatly preferred them to being cooped up in a wretched dirty little fort. Our party was now doomed for a time to be divided. The Wallers, the Eyres, Dr. Magrath and General Ephinstone, Major Pottinger, and Captain Mackenzie, remained in the fort, the rest went to the tents about ten o'clock. The change was most delightful. A fine bright sun and fresh wind soon dried all our clothes, and we had the additional luxury of again having our meals prepared under our own direction. To-day we heard that Mirza, who had been our master of ceremonies at Budecobad, had absconded, taking off with him twelve of Mohammed Ukbur's horses. We made a request that a young man of the name of Mahommed Ruffech might be appointed to the office; this request was readily granted, and he was immediately installed. We expected to have remained at Teyzeen for some days; but early on the morning of the 22nd the rajah who commanded our escort woke us up with the intimation that we were to march immediately into the hills. Unwelcome as was the order, we had nothing for it but to obey.

On leaving Teyzeen we struck at once into the hills; ascending the stony bed of a stream, we entered the hills to the eastward of Teyzeen, and wound gradually round to the south and south-west. It was a beautiful bright day, and we heard the cuckoo calling as we marched along. We were told that our destination was some thirty

miles into the interior, and that we should find the hills covered with snow. We had proceeded about ten miles when we reached a small cluster of loose stone huts on an eminence to the right of the road; here we halted, and pitched our sad apologies for tents. We were informed that we should halt here for some days, unless circumstances should happen that would render it necessary to convey us further into the hills. The place was called Zandah, and situated on the bank of a clear stream; the hills in the distance were nearly covered with snow, several patches of which lay on the shady side of the heights, within fifty yards of our encampment. The scenery was wild, and not altogether devoid of beauty.

On the 24th, which was Sunday, we heard, after prayers, that General Elphinstone had breathed his last the evening before at Teyzeen. The cause of our sudden removal had been the report of an intended attack from Cabul on the Sirdar's party. This fear increased on the 23rd, and it was deemed necessary to remove those who had been left at Teyzeen to another fort a little higher up the valley. Dost Mahommed Khan had accompanied the Zandah party, and had brought with him all the ladies and children of his own, and his brother, Mahommed Shah Khan's families. Their huts were pitched in a little nook, just above ours. The weather was bitterly cold, and we were happy in being so far removed from public view, that our guards did not object to our walking about. This was a recreation we had not before enjoyed since our captivity, and all parties were like so many children let loose from school. The ladies wandered about by the hill-side gathering wild flowers, while such of the gentlemen, whose spirits were too exuberant for such tame amusement, ascended one of the hills, and found the Affghans who accompanied them apt pupils in the manufacture and use of snowballs. At this period, although our own prospects were gloomy enough, it required but little to raise our spirits above fear. It was evident to us that the Affghans about us began to consider our star again in the ascendant. Rescues and escapes were talked of; and it was apparent to us all, that the "Caffres" were once again as much feared as they were hated. Our position now was anything but an enviable one. Although we had more out of doors liberty, we were in other respects worse off than ever. Our fare was of the very poorest description, and somewhat scanty; our purses were completely empty; the weather bitterly cold for sixteen out of the twenty-four hours. We had scarcely room to lie in our miserable tents, and our resting-place was still the hard ground. As an off-set to these disadvantages, we had air, exercise, and abundance of pure fresh water.

THE FISH-STREET CATASTROPHE; OR, THE TENDER NEPHEW.

BY HILARY HYPBANE.

"Ma chair m'est plus proche que ma chemise."

WHERE the broad bosom of majestic Thames
  Presents his stream, which near a mile embraces,
To Kent's athletic sons and courteous dames,
  To brew their ale, and wash their ruddy faces.

Where oft the Briton sees, with heart elate,
  The ship of war with banners all unfurl'd,
Launch'd from her parent stocks in pompous state,
  Old England's pride—the terror of the world.

Where from each house-top the projecting spout
  Its little tributary torrent sputters;
And many a common sewer its charge pours out,
  Each the grand confluence of a thousand gutters.

Where, each returning tide, we also view
  The merchant's rich-fraught ships from foreign seas;
Or outward-bound their traffic to renew,
  In hope and search of competence and ease.

Where reeking steamboats up and down are hieing,
  From all the cares of sail and rigging free;
Their boiling kettles double boons supplying
  The vessel's impetus—the ladies' tea.

Scorning to court a favouring gale's alliance,
  (With motley freights of anxious cockneys cramm'd,)
Urging their course in wind and tide's defiance,
  By crews of steamless barks sincerely damn'd.

While colliers, lighters, barges, boats, and hoys,
  In groups promiscuous down the current scud;
Drown'd puppies, cabbage-stalks, and dirty boys,
  Mingling in all the majesty of mud.

When thus old Father Thames's refluent wave,
  Seaward some miles from London Bridge hath glided,
(Bearing from every spot his waters lave,
  The various treasures to his care confided,)

His surface oft, with conscious exultation,
  Reflects that memorable stately dome,
Raised by a generous and grateful nation,
  To bless her veteran warriors with a home.

I say, he *oft reflects*, lest critics chide,
  And think me ignorant of this objection;
That Thames's breast, like every breast beside,
  When *ruffled*, is *unfitted for reflection*.

Here the infirm and weather-beaten tar,
  From hottest action never known to skulk,
When no more equal to the toils of war,
  Finds a safe mooring for his batter'd hulk.

With splinter'd limbs, and store of nautic knowledge,
  Fights o'er again the battles he has seen;
Mumbles his two-days quid, stumps round the college,
  Swigs his small beer, and sings GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

But hold! my rambling Muse, you 're grown too prolix,
At such digressions you 're by far too ready;
Endeavour to restrain your devious frolics;
Bridle your tongue, and let your tale be steady.

Here let us leave the river to his bed,
And pensioners to stump about the college;
For of "My Uncle" we have nothing said;
Not even brought him to the reader's knowledge.

Thus, then, the story runs:—Within a mile
Of the aforesaid venerable pile,
But East, West, North, or South, I cannot tell—
Nay, whether 'twas an hundred years ago,
Or whether more or less, I do not know,
A reputable tradesman chanced to dwell:

Fortune had bless'd him with good store of gold,
Which from his neighbours he would ne'er withhold;
His house seem'd Hospitality's abode:
Whene'er a needy person sought his door,
Though he had never seen his face before,
On him a largess quickly was bestow'd.

Nay, lest the poor should wander in distress,
Or from *another's* bounty seek redress;
To guide the welcome traveller to his walls,
High on his house's front you might behold,
Glittering like gingerbread enwrapt in gold,
The triple trophy of the brazen balls.

As shipwreck'd papist sailors fly to thank
Their patron-saint, who sent the timely plank
To snatch their drowning bodies from the brine;
And think the favour amply is repaid,
When they by rote a dozen prayers have said,
And left an *offering* before his shrine;

So, all this liberal-minded man required,
For granting thus whatever was desired,
To wretches who for his assistance sued,
Was, that each person, on his boon receiving
Should recognize the benefit by leaving
Some small memento of his gratitude.

But, we are told, that when a shrine 's well stock'd,
By ardent zealots who have thither flock'd,
The cunning priests who o'er the place preside,
Acting as proxies in his saintship's cause,
Take all the gifts into their reverend paws,
And most *religiously* the spoil divide.

So, when a twelvemonth's crowd of hungry elves
Had laid their offerings on My Uncle's shelves,
So that his magazine could scarcely hold 'em:
That he might have a vacant house again,
Still, to pursue his philanthropic vein,
He carried them to London, where he sold 'em.

Now it will somewhat singular appear,
That though this generous wight from year to year
Dealt forth a dole to every hapless stranger;
Still there were some whose hearts were so malign
As to assert that e'en his very sign,
As well as benefit, imported danger.

For though a man restoring a donation,
Obliterating thus his obligation,

Might claim his token, if he so esteem'd it;
Yet, that the posture of the balls denoted,
When once a pledge to Nunky was devoted,
'Twas *two to one* the owner ne'er redeem'd it.

In short, they said he was a very Jew:
But whether the sarcastic taunt was true,
Or the mere fiction of some envious elf,
I know not; but it might with truth be said,
That (having forty years pursued the trade)
He was a perfect Jew in point of pelf.

No kindred circle graced My Uncle's house,—
No brother, sister, nor attentive spouse—
No playful group of ruddy girls and boys
Promised to cheer the evening of his life;
He never had encountered wedlock's strife,
Nor ever had experienced wedlock's joys.

And, although half the people in the county
(Perhaps from having ofttimes shared his bounty)
Agreed to call him "Uncle," just as I do,
Yet 'twill be plainly seen 'twas but a whim:
They'd no more consanguinity with him
Than I have with the Pope, or he with Dido.

But, two there were who call'd him so in truth:
These were bereft of parents in their youth;
Our hero's only sister was their mother,
Who, having nought to leave them when she died,
Thinking their wants would all be well supplied,
Kindly bequeath'd them to her wealthy brother.

But Nunky relished not her poor bequest;
And though obedient to her last behest,
To leave them all his riches he was willing:
Yet, lest their heritage should be impair'd,
During his life, he solemnly declared,
Without a pledge they should not have a shilling.

Sometimes we see spring from one-parent root
Branches producing different kinds of fruit;
And thus it happen'd with My Uncle's heirs;
For neither fire and water, day and night,
Summer and winter, nor e'en black and white,
Had properties more opposite than theirs.

The first-born merits to be first described:
He from his loving father had imbibed
Good morals and a useful occupation;
And when an orphan, he with tranquil heart,
And empty purse, pursued the useful art
Of hammering people's *soles* for their salvation.

Not their *immortal souls*,—though I believe
Hundreds of ranting fanatics conceive
That *souls* prepared for heav'n and *soles* for jumping—
Those by soft velvet cushions struck by bones,
These by broad hammers upon massive stones—
Are benefited and preserved by *thumping.*

Only this *striking* difference seems pat,
The blows have scarcely force to kill a cat,
Which would the *first* from fate *infernal* guard;
Yet (though the self-same hand oft thumps for both)
In beating for the *last*, I'll take my oath,
The stone and blows are both *infernal* hard.

I say, the elder nephew, from a child,
Had been devout, industrious, and mild,
Stedfast alike to chapel and to trade;
Thus all his actions in succession ran;
Week after week the thrifty, pious man
Pray'd, stitch'd, and hammer'd—hammer'd, stitch'd, and pray'd.

For constantly each Sunday he was seen,
With countenance demure and placid mien,
Attending sermons, evening prayers, and matins;
And every working day, from morn to night,
Striving 'gainst poverty with all his might,
He stuck to boots and shoes, and clogs and pattens.

Not so the younger: he with vice innate,
Had from his boyhood been a profligate—
A fellow who would rather steal than labour—
A swindler, glutton, gamester, sot, and wencher,
Who knew no joys but woman, bowl, and trencher,
Or cards and dice, to rob th' unwary neighbour.

The elder painfully his courses view'd,
And with a brother-like solicitude,
From some untimely exit strove to save him:
Giving him oft *good counsel* and *good shoes*,
But he the *latter* only deign'd to *use*,
Trampling alike on all his brother gave him.

Rare were his visits to his native place—
He ne'er beheld his chiding brother's face,
Save when compell'd by dire starvation's calls;
His *talents* brook'd not so confined a scene,
Long in the great metropolis he'd been,
Prowling for prey 'twixt Wapping and Saint Paul's.

His careful uncle, too, by age though bent,
Delay'd to make his will and testament,
Uncertain how his fortune to divide;
And to allow him time for reformation,
Still persevered in his determination
To make it his last action ere he died.

Now father Sol, who steadily drives on,
(E'er since he lost his proxy Phæton,
Whom once he trusted to his great reproach;
For though his team were prime well-*season'd* tits,
Used to the road, with Vulcan's patent bits,
The blundering blockhead overturn'd the coach;)

With wheels of flame, and *four-in-hand* divine,
(Taking a dram at every well-known *sign*,
Which like our whips below he never misses,)
Had once more gallop'd o'er his annual track,
Through all the *turnpikes* of the zodiac,
From Aries starting-house *bang up* to Pisces.

Since last the vehicle from Uncle's door,
Bore off the pledges of twelve months before,
To grace the halls of London's auction mart;
While many a neighbour (but, alas! too late)
Sat weeping o'er the useless duplicate,
For goods committed to the fatal cart.

And now repentant tears again they shed,
For shirt, or watch, or gown, or smock, or bed,

Whose produce they've consumed in gin and beer ;
For Nunky, true to the appointed date,
To town escorts his miscellaneous freight,
The tributes of another fruitful year.

But Fate, who oft our brightest hopes doth foil,
(While thus he reap'd the harvest of his toil,
Thoughtless alike of sickness or of death,)
Had issued the omnipotent decree,
That he should meet a dire catastrophe,
To stop at once his traffic and his breath.

Here, Muse, be circumspect ;—the Hero falls!
The rich, the ancient Knight of Lombard's balls!
Like Uncle Toby, "shew the very spot;"
Lest future commentators miss the mark,
And lead their readers wandering in the dark,
To find where Uncle his *quietus* got.

Just where the glorious sons of reformation
Have raised a fabric, to inform the nation
That Papists in the second Charles's reign,
When they no longer could indulge their maggots,
With bonfires made of Protestants and faggots,
Vented their *pious flame* in Pudding Lane.

Behold the anxious man ; his stedfast eye
Fix'd on the full-charged wain, which, jogging nigh,
Toils up the steep ascent, by slow approaches ;
Till at the pillar's base 'tis forced to stand,
The busy street choak'd up on every hand,
With chaises, waggons, chariots, drays, and coaches.

Now, though a Bard, whose lays we all admire,
Has flatly call'd the Monument a liar,
Swearing its founders each deserved a rope,
(A thing of course—for, whatsoe'er their tricks,
'Tis natural that Roman Catholics
Should find a staunch defender in their *Pope* ;)

Uncle, who held the legend of the column
True as a chapter of the Sacred Volume,
(Justly abhorrent of the atrocious deed,)
With veneration his long visage raised,
Upon its lofty fire-capp'd summit gazed,
And most *devoutly* damn'd the Romish creed.

Reader, if e'er you climb'd old Fish Street Hill,
Each inch of which the concourse used to fill,
I dare be sworn you fully are aware,
That, 'stead of gaping upwards as you went,
Your eyes below required to be intent,
Nay, you might e'en have used a second pair.

But at this juncture every passenger
His limbs as well as eyes began to stir,
As if he fear'd that even these might fail
To save his carcase from hard kicks and knocks :
For scampering down the hill appear'd an ox,
A host of slaughterers shouting at his tail.

Through many a street, almost to frenzy driven,
He hitherto by speed alone had striven :
But beasts, when press'd, will turn though butchers chase them ;
So, finding now a stop to his career,
And scores of hostile cudgels brandish'd near,
Foaming with rage, he wheel'd about to face them.

Firm as the monarch of the woods, at bay,
His flashing eyes and roaring seem'd to say,
"*Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia,*
Come on, ye braggart hinds; your valour shew,
Whate'er the numbers of your clamorous crew,
By great Osiris I 'll no longer blench ye."

They fled in turn; for though the butcher feels
No dread of danger at a bullock's heels,
But all his bellowing and kicking scorns;
Yet if the brute resolves to bear the brunt,
And shows the terrors of his lordly front,
Not one in ten admires to face his horns.

Uncle (his thoughts recall'd from *things above*)
Not an iota from his cart would move ;
For " watch and pray " was his unvaried maxim.
The ox surveys indignantly around,
And, finding one who still maintains his ground,
Darts to the spot, and furiously attacks him.

The fugitives return'd the sport to see,
Judging that Nunky's utmost risk would be
Slight bruises or prostration in the mud;
But, 'stead of mirth, it proved a tragic fray,
Writhing in death the mangled victim lay,
Trampled and gored, and weltering in his blood.

Scarce had the hapless mortal breathed his last,
When straight a youth, distracted and aghast,
Rush'd through the pitying crowd: " It is !" he cried,
" It is my honour'd uncle ! cruel fate,
He is no more ! I have arrived too late
To gain his parting blessing ere he died ! "

So natural, so frantic was his grief,
Every spectator held a firm belief
That he sincerely mourn'd his murder'd kinsman;
But, reader, (*entre nous.*) to tell the truth,
In spite of all his well-dissembled ruth,
The harden'd rascal did not care two pins, man.

" Call me a coach ! " the vile impostor bawl'd ;
" Call me a coach ! " Forthwith a coach was call'd,
Which, when the *quick and dead* were placed within it,
Drove from the fatal spot with rapid pace,
Leaving full many a sympathizing face,
Hied o'er the bridge, and vanish'd in a minute.

Meanwhile at home the senior nephew wrought,
Grave as a tomb, nor e'er of mischief thought,
Humming a hymn, his daily task to cheer;
But, borne on rumour's wings, the tidings spread,
And ere 'twas night, the words, " Your uncle 's dead,"
From twenty mouths were echo'd in his ear.

Not Brutus, when he breathed his stern decree,
Display'd more stoic equanimity,
Or firmness, to behold his offspring die,
Than he, when first the melancholy tale
His neighbours told;—his spirits did not fail,
Nor did he shed one tear, nor heave one sigh.

'Twas thought by some religious resignation ;
But no ; his grief was curb'd by exultation,

That he should quit the labours of his stall.
  The accident made his advancement sure;
  To him, by right of primogeniture,
His uncle's *end* secured his uncle's *all.*

When by condoling gossips left alone,
Straight to the house, which now he call'd his own,
He sped to wait his brother's sad approach,
  Hour after hour towards the street he gazed,
  And each succeeding hour was more amazed;—
There came nor brother, message, corpse, nor coach.

In sable weeds, belied by cheerful breast,
Of opulence and leisure now possest,
Leather and tools he hasten'd to resign.
  His coarser food, which toil had long made sweet,
  Was changed for daintiest poultry, fish, and meat:
And sour small beer for generous ale and wine.

Of all My Uncle's *friends* there was *but one*
Who felt severe regret that he was *gone;*
He drew a face as long as any quaker,
  To *lose* a friend he 'd known for many a year,
  Nor will you doubt his sorrow was sincere;
I 'll tell you why—*he was an undertaker.*

Three weeks had Crispin pass'd in fruitless search,
Ranging the capital from church to church,
Curious where Uncle was interr'd to know;
  At length one morning as he sipp'd his tea
  Snugly at home, he was surprized to see
His scapegrace brother in the garb of woe.

The reprobate felt all his courage drop;
For though, when driven to seek his brother's shop,
Whate'er reproof he met he stoutly bore it;
  Yet such command can affluence assume,
  That now, in entering that same brother's room,
He fear'd his discipline, and shrunk before it.

He look'd just like a disobedient hound
That droops his tail and crouches on the ground,
In dread of kick, or stripe, or such disaster,
  When *nature*, 'stead of *education*, following,
  With currish appetite he has been swallowing
The game he should have brought unto his master.

At length this adage to his mind arose;
That " whether men contend by words or blows,
" He who first speaks or strikes, 'tis odds he wins."
  Therefore, anticipating the assault,
  He promised to refrain from future fault,
And to atone for all his former sins.

The welcome, but unhoped-for, protestation
Dispell'd at once his brother's indignation,
Who said (and kindly hugg'd him to his breast,)
  That if he proved his penitence sincere,
  He would esteem his friendship doubly dear,
And all the past should in oblivion rest.

Nor did his love stop here; the generous heir
Promised his convert should his fortune share;
Then with a soothing air, and voice pathetic,
  (While *tête-à-tête* o'er their repast they sat,
  Mingling inquiry with *familiar chat,*)
Commenced this conversation catechetic.

SENIOR.

"I hope you 'll make a hearty breakfast, brother;
Where have you been since last we saw each other?
(Take some more ham) and, pr'ythee, let me ask
  Why was not Uncle's body home convey'd,
  That when his relics in the earth were laid,
I might have shared the melancholy task?"

JUNIOR.

"Brother, your proffer'd reconciliation
Precludes concealment or prevarication;
Let not th' acknowledgment your love decrease;
  'Twas to secure his jewels, watch, and cash,
  That I might revel, drink, and cut a dash,
While they supplied me with a single *piece*.

And that my sense of grief might seem acute,
I sold his watch to buy this mourning suit."

SENIOR.

"I thank your frankness; but have still to crave
  That you his place of burial will make known;
  And we will raise a monumental stone,
To tell his hapless end, and mark his grave."

JUNIOR.

"First let me trespass on your condescension,
By owning *one more cause* of his detention."

SENIOR.

"With all my heart; I 'll gladly hear you out.
  Only inform me where his bones repose;
  And whatsoever follies you disclose,
They all shall be forgiven, you need not doubt."

JUNIOR.

"Hoping, although my uncle bleeding lay,
That life remain'd, I hurried him away,
With all the speed two well-flogg'd hacks could muster;
  Nor could I count ten minutes from his fall
  Ere he was laid within an hospital,
With twenty surgeons round him in a cluster."

SENIOR.

"'Twas kind!"

JUNIOR.

"I thought, if death he could elude,
I should insure his lasting gratitude,
And gain some *solid proofs* of his affection.
  But all their efforts fail'd—his soul had fled!
  So, finding him irrevocably dead"—

SENIOR.

"Alas! and then?"—

JUNIOR.

"I SOLD HIM FOR DISSECTION."

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXV.

"SILENT: BUT, AH! HOW SAD!"

Nay, dally not with time, the wise man's treasure,
Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

MY promise had been given: and, however painful its performance, I fulfilled it. An inquest had been held. A verdict, "Died from natural causes," had been returned: and an hour fixed by the gaoler for interment. But in the interim my wishes had been conveyed to him, and had received attention. I looked on Winifred for the last time. I paused, involuntarily, upon that countenance which not a few of the young and the credulous had so often watched, studied, and feared. Its aspect was remarkable. The deep furrows of age had entirely disappeared. The lines, harsh and marked, with which care, sorrow, and the habitual indulgence of evil passions, had indented her commanding features, were singularly subdued and softened; and her appearance as she lay in the solemn grasp of death betokened not the woman of fourscore, but one who had barely reached the boundary of fifty years.

That the final separation *had* taken place there was ample evidence. The priceless spirit had departed; why, then, was my gaze riveted on the forsaken shrine?

It seemed to speak of the distant and invisible. There was on the brow a frown of deep and unutterable despair, which, methought, bore tidings of terrible import. There was on the pale features an air of dismay, distress, and surprise, which, if I read it rightly, was fraught with fearful meaning. Of gloom and horror there was much; but nothing which could be construed into a look of freedom, happiness, and rest.

I thought of her last frightful burst of merriment. Memory called up that outbreak of scornful mirth with which she had met and combated my suggestions. I seemed again to hear its chilling echo, and I gladly turned away. But busy thought would not be baffled.

If, I mused, the departed remember aught of earth, that interview will recur to her. She will recal its tenor, and comprehend its meaning. Her spirit will quail beneath its oppressive remembrance when she and laughter shall have long been strangers!

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN ILL-USED OFFICIAL.

"Well, Chiffinch," said the Duke, "let them drive on. *Vogue la Galere!* I've sailed through worse perils than this yet."—"It is not for me to judge," said Chiffinch; "your Grace is a bold commander; and Christian hath the cunning of the devil for a pilot; but——However, I remain your Grace's poor friend, and will heartily rejoice in your extrication."—*Peveril of the Peak.*

There is a small, but, I fear, increasing community amongst us, who may be called "The care-and-grief-promoters." Not content with the sorrows with which disappointment, sickness, and death largely strew man's pilgrimage, they seem bent on increasing them. They never look at life through a Claude Lorraine glass. Their medium of observation is invariably sad-coloured. Every trifle ruffles them. Every passing cloud depresses them. The lightest breeze is "sure to bring disaster;" and the indisposition of an hour "likely to end in death." They are remorseless self-tormentors. With a stray member of this community few can have escaped meeting. One, a perfect specimen, I well remember in the lady of a major of her Majesty's Royal Waggon Train, whose dolorous visage, and still more dolorous language grievously perplexed her merry-hearted mate. "Behold!" was his description as she slowly rose upon his view, "'a virtuous woman,' who is a crown to her husband. Here comes Mrs. Major — a pattern to her sex — *who never is happy but when she is miserable!*"

To this community belonged the governor of the county gaol of ——. He was effervescing with indignation the morning I had the misfortune to encounter him.

"Have the magistrates met, Mr. Stark?"—"They have, sir."

"On merely routine business, I presume?"

"Precisely so: the usual routine business of diminishing the comforts, and paring down the perquisites of the unfortunate officials under them. The debate will be warm this morning. The new magistrate is a rare reformer. He talks of persons surrendering this claim, and abstaining from pressing that, from '*a sense of public duty!*' Admirable! admirable! I must resign, sir; I must resign. They will drive me to it. But, the consequences be on their own head. Mr. Cleaver, I'm an ill-used man,—I'm a *very* ill-used man!"

His emotion tickled me. In truth I was well content that one who, in general, was so merciless to others, should, now and then, wince under the spur of authority.

"I conclude," continued the governor, "that you have heard the last new order? It nearly affects yourself."—"Indeed!"

"Strangers are to be excluded from the Chaplain's Gallery."

"Ah! at whose instance?"

"That of Mr. Trounce. He is a Puritan, it seems, as well as Reformer, and denounced the practice as indecent, unseemly, unfeeling. Loud and vehement was he. It availed him: the point was carried."

"I rejoice at it. In the gallery of a gaol chapel strange faces are an offensive anomaly. The attention of the prisoners is distracted. The object of the service, which is to turn their thoughts back upon themselves, is defeated. And, on the other hand, theirs must be

an idle and unfeeling curiosity which can be gratified by the sight of so many degraded fellow-beings. Bravo! long life to Mr. Trounce!"

"But no discretionary power is left even to yourself. The Chaplain cannot pass the most intimate friend he has, into his own gallary!"

"Still, I cry '*content!*' It will spare me the annoyance of perpetual applications."

The indignant functionary looked aghast. He had counted upon his last remark surprising me into some expression of personal feeling: and the coolness with which I treated it palpably disconcerted him. But Mr. Stark, late of Bow Street, was not a man to be lightly baffled. After a brief pause, with a tone of vexation in his voice, and a viciousness of manner which were irresistibly amusing, he doggedly observed,

"Clergymen, in general, are averse to interference. They don't like oversight in matters which relate to their own function. You, sir, are an exception. Let our MASTERS,"—he laid marked emphasis on these words; he thought he was now *touching up the raw*,—"let our MASTERS make what order they may relating to that gallery, it's my belief you would welcome it."

"You are mistaken. There is *one* order the magistrates might issue touching that gallery which would be marvellously disagreeable to me."

The eagerness with which he inquired its nature indicated the governor's latent hope, that some fine summer's morning *this* might make its appearance on "The Mortification List." Chopfallen, indeed, was he, when to his challenge I answered,

"An order excluding *myself*."

"Oh!" cried he, in high displeasure, — "indeed! Ah! it's well for those whose animal spirits are of the most buoyant description to jest at misfortune, alight were it may. I cannot. The past prevents me. My career has been too distinguished for that. I, who was for so many years in attendance upon the royal family,—I, whose devotion to the personal safety of his Prince more than once attracted the Regent's attention, and received his marked approbation, I am now bearded, checked, and thwarted by a stripling magistrate, whose sole qualification for his office is to ring the cuckoo cry 'Retrenchment—no perquisites!' Mr. Cleaver, I *must and will* resign!"

"Sleep upon it, Stark; sleep upon it."

"I cannot sleep," returned the incensed functionary. "Who can, while being flayed alive?"

I allowed that such a position was not the most favourable for slumber.

The governor resumed in a louder key, "I'm an ill-used man! and I'll resign! They will then find out what a valuable public servant they've lost. But the deed will be irretrievable. Ah, Mr. Cleaver, my integrity has been my ruin! The ball was once at my feet. Once I could have taken leave of dependence for ever; but my sense of honour was keen." He laid his hand upon his heart. "It beggared me, sir! yes, my integrity has been my ruin."

I thought this latter remark paradoxical, and my looks expressed it.

"I'll prove it," continued he, vehemently, observing, and at once comprehending my manner. "You shall hear whether there be ex-

aggeration in my statement, that, if I am a pauper, honesty has made me one."

And, without waiting for my disclaimer, or giving me a loophole of escape, he commenced his narrative.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BANKER'S CLERK.

He was an accomplished linguist; and outlandish, indeed, must have been the jargon in which he would have been at a loss for words. One defect had he; his classical recollections failed him; and the awkward result was this—that henceforth he could never discern the difference between MEUM and TUUM.

SIDNEY SMITH.

"I HAD been attached about a year and a half to the —— Street Division, when I received a private summons to wait on Lord Castlereagh. You will not recollect him. His lordship passed away from the scene before your time: in fact all that relates to him is now become matter of history. Calm, passionless, and frigid, his bearing in public and in private were most opposite. In the House of Commons a more diffuse speaker—one more capable of involving his meaning in sentences of interminable length,—sentences which some unscrupulous opponents asserted had no meaning in them at all, could not be found. But, in private, no man could express his meaning with more precision; or place in fewer words the subject he was dealing with clearly before his auditor. His temper has been described as singularly gentle, and equable. To this length, indeed, some of his eulogists have gone, that his equanimity and self-possession were so perfect that no circumstances, however annoying, could ruffle him. Did they ever see his lordship in private, and witness how he *there* bore opposition and defeat? I have! His silent rages were formidable. Few cared to witness them twice. He was a remarkable man: but among other features in his character which would have borne improvement, was this—*he never forgave!* Speed his wishes; compass any point he was desirous to carry; procure him accurate information on any doubtful or intricate matter; and your reward would be prompt and ample. But fail, and your position in his lordship's memory was irreversible.... Now to the interview. I was desired to shun the Foreign Office, and attend him at his private residence. I obeyed. He desired me to discover, without delay, 'the whereabouts' of a foreigner who had come over to England for some unworthy purpose, and whose career of usefulness Lord Castlereagh was desirous to curtail. The Alien Act, then in force, gave him the power. He described the obnoxious party to me very minutely. His height, his walk, a slight hesitation in his speech; the colour of the eyes; a scar near the left temple; all these minute particulars were severally pointed out, and despatch insisted on. No clue could Lord Castlereagh give me as to the habits, associates, or haunts of the suspected party. On all these points he professed entire ignorance. The pecuniary recompense attendant on success was tempting. To this was added the promise of future advancement. And his lordship wound up the interview by the remark, 'The Compte de Chabôtière is assuredly somewhere in the Metropolis; and, if so, accessible to the police. You MUST produce him!'

"I bowed, and withdrew.

"The anxiety evinced by my employer, to *nab* this delinquent foreigner, naturally roused my curiosity as to his real or presumed offence. But on this head no hint escaped the lips of the cautious diplomatist. Afterwards I discovered, from a stray expression, that the Compte's object was to surprise that well-fed, good-humoured old gentleman, who was then living at Hartwell; who loved his ease much, and a well-spread board more; whom Fortune, a few years afterwards, perplexed with the cares and perils of a crown; and whom the Holy Alliance with difficulty kept upon it at the point of the bayonet. It was not till many months afterwards that the future Louis XVIII. was apprized of the scheme of Monsieur Chabôtière, and the complicated villanies of which he was the intended victim.

"Days elapsed without my making much progress in my task. The chagrin of Lord Castlereagh was great, and my hope of securing his patronage proportionably faint, when the passion for play, common to most Frenchmen, occurred to me, and suggested that possibly the exotic might be met with in some gambling den! By dint of cautious but unceasing inquiry, unmeasured bribery, and weighty promises, I at length discovered that in a certain low gaming-house, near Leicester Fields, much frequented by foreigners, a party had for two successive nights been seen, whom by description I recognised as the long-sought Frenchman.

"A *golden* key, and a clever disguise, procured me admittance. In a large, ill-lighted room, shabbily furnished, and redolent with cigar-smoke, was a *rouge et noir* table. On it were fixed the eyes of a motley group; all anxious, all earnest, and all looking more or less miserable, haggard, suspicious, and vindictive. The stakes were not high. It was '*a silver hell.*' But in strange disproportion to the smallness of the stake was the agony of those who lost, and the exultation of those who won. One common nature was exhibited under the most diversified aspect. Hope, fear, joy, despair, all were there. The bitter execration, the clenched fist, the frowning brow, the straining eye, the smile of triumph, the gasp of agony, told too truly of the strife which contending passions there were waging. It was a loathsome spectacle; and yet we are told that gaming is a 'gentlemanly vice!' How THE FIEND below must laugh at our nice distinctions!

"The room filled. I looked on; probably the most unconcerned, and certainly a most amused spectator. The jargon was strange enough. Each nation on the globe seemed to have sent its representative. But French was the language generally spoken; and in all dialects, and with all accents. My disguise was so good that I defied detection: and the impression of perfect security lent added confidence to my scrutiny of those around me. In none could I detect Monsieur de Chabôtière. The only person who at all resembled him was a stout, burly man, who answered to the name of 'Jack Vincent;' spoke English fluently; and growled and cursed in British with a heartiness and emphasis truly national. One amid the moving group long arrested by notice; an aged man, with white moustache and snowy hair; from his accent a German; and from the coolness and pertinacity with which he confronted the most untoward fortune, a practised and determined gamester. While I watched his play, and admired the calmness with which he paid his

losses, it struck me that his features were not strange to me. Another gaze. 'No; it is mere fancy! I have watched the old German so intently that present familiarity with his countenance has conjured up the phantom of previous intimacy. Yes! it is delusion altogether. We have now met for the first time.'

"I had reasoned myself into this conviction, when the white-headed gamester spoke. Again I was startled. The fulness and firmness of the voice contrasted strangely with the advanced age and apparent feebleness of the speaker. The voice was that of a young man of eight-and-twenty. The hoary foreigner looked at least sixty-five. 'There is mystery here,' was my conclusion; 'mystery and disguise! Is the appearance of age assumed? Can I—' Four struck. The manager rose, and declared the table closed. In silence his visitors understood and obeyed the signal: and in a few moments the room was empty. My walk homewards was dispirited enough: and my rest sufficiently broken. I had been misled. The Count was not among the visitors in —— Street. That was quite certain. But, would that explanation satisfy Lord Castlereagh? I had grievous apprehensions upon the point. Then, again, who was the losing gamester? Some strong motive there must be for the assumption of age? Could *he* be the Count de Chabôtière? No! my judgment rejected that conclusion instantly. While revolving in my mind the perplexities of my position, and inwardly cursing my own folly for embarking in the scheme, my muddy reminiscences cleared up as if by magic. The white-headed gambler and I *had* met before. I recollected him well. He was the collecting clerk of Messrs. Roddams, the bankers, in Lombard Street. Having refreshed my wearied spirits with the thought of the agreeable surprise with which I should greet the stiff-necked firm, I dozed off in high good-humour with my own penetration.

"My first care on the ensuing morning was to assure myself of the identity of Mr. Mears, the banker's clerk, with my venerable acquaintance at the silver hell. To this end I presented myself at Roddams' about the hour of three, when I knew the customers of the firm would be numerous, and the clerks in full force. I was not disappointed. Perched on a high stool; before a small square desk, a little in advance of, and severed from the rest, with one pen stuck behind his ear, and another hard at work on a ponderous ledger beside him, dressed with extraordinary precision, and looking a living personification of decorum and propriety, there sat the confidential! Never upon this earth did man possess a more valuable set of features! What! couple with that grave, respectable, subdued visage 'Rouge et Noir!' The very mention of such profanity would make its owner faint! Play! and within the purlieus of a common hell! The Bishop of London as likely! True, the white moustache, and the silvery locks, and the golden spectacles, were wanting. But—another look—no! I was not—I could not be mistaken in my man. The Sexagenarian at the silver-hell and the demure Mr. Mears were the same. Night came on; and again I found my way to the reeking pandemonium. The room was well filled; and keenly did I gaze on its slovenly occupants, in the hope of recognising the Count; but in vain. Nor did Jack Vincent present himself. As the 'small hours' advanced 'the confidential,' looking as aged and venerable as ever, crept in. This night Fortune smiled; and

after availing himself of her favours to the last moment, he retired a considerable winner. But what mood was mine? At noon I had to face the Foreign Secretary. How would he receive me? What intelligence had I to give? Bitterly did I recal the Scotch proverb, 'Woe to them who approach a great man with an *empty* wallet!'

"My reception was chilling enough. The minister's brow was as smooth as usual, his voice as steady, and his address as courteous; but there was a suspicious sinister look about the eye, a fixedness and bitterness in its expression, which disconcerted and discouraged me. In those gentle, persuasive, agreeable tones, for which he was so remarkable, he blandly inquired,

"'What information have you to give?'

"'None: I have failed, my lord — I say it with extreme concern —in tracing the party.'

"His searching gaze was bent on me for some moments. There was a curl of the lip as his scrutiny ended. *I saw he disbelieved me!*

"'You have nothing, then, to tell?'

"'Nothing, my lord,—nothing entitled to reliance: nothing beyond mere conjecture.'

"'I understand you, I presume, correctly? You can give me, you mean to say, no clue as to where that party is at present; or where he will be to-morrow; or where he was two days since?'

"'None whatever.'

"'Then *I can!* The Count is now across the Channel; will be at midnight far on his road to Paris; and was on two evenings during this very week in Leicester Square gaming-house. You know it, sir. You know it well. Affect no subterfuge with me. No one is so well aware as yourself that '*Jack Vincent'* was the Count Chabôtière!'

"I was speechless; not as his Lordship fancied, from guilt, but from unbounded surprize. Recovering myself, I eagerly and positively disclaimed all knowledge that the Count and Vincent were the same.'

"'And you say this to me!' exclaimed the minister, with bitter emphasis,—'to ME, who *know* that you stood more than an hour by the side of this man; talked to him; jested with him! Desist from such useless asseverations. Me they will not deceive.'

"Again I was at fault. Here was *espionage* with a vengeance! *I*, then, had been under *surveillance!* This was eaves-dropping in perfection! Spy upon spy! I, who had been intently watching the movements of others, had been the while myself closely observed, and accurately reported on! My mortification was great, and vented itself in the remark,

"Watched as I may have been, my lord, and suspected as I see I am, I have been true to your interests.'

"'You are more than suspected,' was the reply. 'I have proof of your duplicity; and that proof is the escape of the adventurer.'

"'My lord, if the most solemn assurances—'

"'Reserve them for another party,' said Lord Castlereagh, with cutting coolness; '*here* they are wasted. The case is clear. I have been outbidden. I promised you much for the count's apprehension. More has been held out to you to connive at his escape. You have made your election. The door, sir.'

"'Hear me, my lord, if but for one moment. Your lordship was my ONLY employer; and the terms I accepted—'

"'Were the *weightiest*. No doubt of it! Lord Sidmouth and myself at last understand you. The door, sir. I would be alone.'

"With a thorough persuasion that thenceforth in his lordship I should find a foe whom no explanation could disarm, and no submission soften, I bowed, and obeyed him. But, at thirty, a man is not easily crushed. He may smart under undeserved injury and wrong; but, if *conscience-clear*, his energies will rise in proportion to the demands made on them, and an active mind open out to him fresh scenes of exertion.

"'At the Foreign Office,' thus I reasoned, 'the game is up! Why not abandon the court, and adjourn to the city? The Frenchman is a failure; final and decisive. Be it so! Will the banker's clerk prove another? Let this hour decide it.'

"I strode on to Lombard Street.

"The head of the firm was in his private room when I requested and obtained admittance. He was elderly, thin, pinched, and wizened. He gave you an idea of a man who had been *cured* in London smoke; and when spoken to, peered at you with two wary, suspicious, vigilant eyes, as if he thought you meditated an instant attack on his private purse, or the partnership assets.

"I told him who I was, and added, that I possessed information in no slight degree important to him.

"'What's the figure?' was his instant reply. I was silent. He spoke again, and loudly, '*What d'ye ask for it?*'

"'Nothing.'

"'Humph!' was his comment. And an expression passed over his wiry visage to this purport, that what was given for nothing must be worth devilish little!

"'To whom or what does it relate? To a forged acceptance, or the impending failure of a country correspondent?'

"'To neither.'

"'To an overdrawn account; or a flitting customer?'

"'Wide of the mark still.'

"'Then in the devil's name,' cried the old gentleman, firing up in the most unexpected and vivacious manner, 'at what do you hint; or what diabolical inference do you mean me to draw? Out with it!' he continued, as a younger man stepped lightly into the apartment, 'from him, my nephew and partner, I have no secrets. Say your say, and have done with it. What a cursed shame,'—this was *an aside*,—'that people can't let me transact my business in peace without filling my ears with their infernal fooleries!'

"'My information relates to one of your clerks, who—'

"'My clerks, sir,' cried the senior, and he reddened as he spoke, 'are all young men,—nephew! this is Stark, the peace-officer, come upon God knows what alarming errand, *I* don't,—young men of irreproachable character. I know the breed of each of them. There is not one whom I would not trust alone—alone, sir,—mark that!—in the coffers of the Bank of England, were such a procedure possible. Their probity is undoubted. Now, sir, of them, all of them, any of them, what mean you to assert? Men and devils!'—*another aside*,—'that my precious morning should be wasted on such cock-and-bull histories.'

"—Mr. Roddam's manner when interested is *abrupt*,' observed the nephew gently, 'perhaps you will have the goodness to confide to me the information which you believe to be important to us?'

"'To you, or any other party disposed to listen calmly. What I have to say is this: — one of your clerks frequents nightly, and in disguise, a low hell, where lately he has been a considerable loser. Now, if this—"

"'I don't believe it!' cried the elderly. 'It cannot be! Eh! nephew?'

"'It's improbable, certainly: but, still—'

"'Improbable say you! It's impossible! Saints and angels! how I do detest these foul-mouthed cattle, whose delight it is to rack one with tidings of impending disaster!'

"'Does this information rest on hearsay?' inquired the younger partner.

"'No, on actual observation. I saw the party.'

"'Then you saw double!'

"'My relative's manner,' the nephew again commenced in his deprecating tones: but my blood was up, and I refused to listen.

"'Matter or manner avails not; my tale is told. The name of the party I have not divulged; nor shall I. If his habits are unimportant to you, they must be matter of indifference to me. He controls no loose cash of mine; nor can he bring *my* credit into question. Yours you hold he will not. Be it so. Farewell!"

"'A nice morning's work!' was my half-muttered conclusion as I reached the street. 'With court and city I stand alike well! In their estimate of me there is the most wondrous agreement. The court impeaches my fidelity, the city my sobriety. The first insinuates, 'you're bribed!" the last, 'you're drunk!' Oh! happy man! Oh! enviable public servant! What a considerate, gentle-hearted, generous monster you serve! If I ever again play the part of a monitor, — if I ever give a gratuitous warning again, may I — whew!'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WHAT'S THE FIGURE?—HUNDREDS OR THOUSANDS?"

"Lauder has offered much amusement to the public, and they are obliged to him. What the public wants, or subsists on, is news. Milton was their reigning favourite; yet they took it well of a man they had never heard of before to tell them the news of Milton's being a thief and a plagiary; had he been proved so, it had pleased much better; when this was no longer news, they are equally delighted with another, as much a stranger to them, who entertained them with another piece of news, that Lauder was a plagiary and an impostor; had he proved him a Jesuit in disguise, nothing had equalled their satisfaction."

BISHOP WARBURTON'S LETTERS.

"HAVE you ever known the luxury," was the strange query of the flushed and angry functionary, "of feeling yourself *at war with all the world?*"

My disclaimer was prompt and sincere.

"Then, sir, you have yet to experience a most delightful frame of mind! Oh! it is a glorious mood! and so accordant with human nature! Talk of forbearance and forgiveness, give me, I say, the man who can *hate*. I hate bitterly, heartily, and thoroughly! That

feeling was mine; and it extended to the whole species. Discarded by Lord Castlereagh, discredited by the banker, and over-reached, as wounded vanity told me, by the wily Frenchman, I looked around upon my fellows as confederate foes; and the result was, that with savage earnestness of purpose, and with a spirit that exulted in misfortune, I executed the various repulsive duties that make up the daily life of an officer of justice.

"One morning, on my return from Newgate, after witnessing the execution of three young men for forgery — the eldest was only three-and-twenty, and I still hear the choking sobs of his anguished mother when she appeared to claim and receive the lifeless corpse, disgraced, but still so dear to her,—I was told that a middle-aged gentleman had thrice called at my dwelling, and had requested, with great earnestness, that I would not fail him at his next visit, which he had fixed for six o'clock. I gave him the meeting, and recognised with surprise the *junior* Mr. Roddam. Three weeks had intervened since our conference; but I remembered the reception then given me, and *starched* myself accordingly. As I coolly eyed him,

"'You don't remember me, I fancy,' cried my visitor, in his most insinuating tones, 'and yet we have met before. Mr. Roddam, of Lombard Street?'

"'Oh! perfectly,' was my reply; 'our last interview was too disagreeable to be soon forgotten.'

"'True—true; my uncle's manner—'

"'Not a word more as to that; no description can do it justice.'

"'I assure you he has not had one happy hour since you left him. It is on his account that I have sought you. His uneasiness is indescribable. He knows not whom to suspect; and yet is firmly persuaded that he has abundant cause for fear. Pray terminate this distressing season of anxiety by another and fuller disclosure.'

"Great was the satisfaction with which I checked his eager manner with the bluff reply, 'I have nothing more to say.'

"'Surely — surely you will not prolong this agonising state of suspense by witholding further details?'

"'I have nothing more to say.'

"'What! would you afford perfect impunity to a rascal whom a single sentence would unmask? Will you permit, by your silence, this detestable game to be carried on; that a man may appear in the morning the steady responsible clerk, and in the evening assume the licence of the desperate, reckless gamester?'

"'I have said my say.' I spoke sturdily. 'My statement at the time was deemed fabulous; such let it remain.'

"'No! no!' exclaimed the elder Roddam, who had waited for his nephew in an adjoining street, till his nervous impatience could brook no further delay, and who now burst into the room, gasping with agitation. 'I said it was monstrous; *monstrous for a clerk*, mark you, not fabulous: that gaming-house scene, for instance!'

"'There you told me, sir, I saw double: you remember that remark, I presume?'

"'I recal it,' cried the elder banker eagerly; 'wish I had never made it; express my sorrow that it escaped me.'

"'Now, Mr. Stark,' the nephew here struck in, 'after that admission,—that frank and sincere admission,—will you, can you, as an honest man, persist in your present silence?'

"I laughed. I enjoyed, thoroughly and heartily, the panic of these quaking capitalists. It was balm to me after my recent discomfiture.

"'The name,' said the elder gentleman, in his anxiety quite heedless of my mirth,—'I beseech, I intreat you, give me the name?'

"'I'll consider of it, and acquaint you next week with my decision.'

"The old man wrung his hands, and turned hopelessly away. He deemed further expostulation useless. Not so his nephew. He returned to the charge with

"'You would hardly wish to curtail that old man's days, Mr. Stark; you would scarcely desire, from any feeling of pique caused by a hasty and injudicious expression, that the close of a useful and honourable career should be embittered by doubts, and fears, and suspicions. From these you alone can free him?'

"'I am aware of it.'

"'His life at present is wretched from incessant but indefinite apprehensions; from this thraldom a word of yours can release him.'

"The heartiness and sincerity of the young man's manner moved me. 'It shall be spoken. Among your clerks is a party named Mears. Sift his accounts thoroughly. They will furnish a solution to the riddle.'

"'Nathanael Mears!' gasped Mr. Roddam, senior. 'That decorous, staid, and unexceptionable young man! My *protégé!* A subscriber to all the leading religious societies, and a member,—*a joined member*—of the Baptist church! This is awful—awful even in *these* days!'

"'Mr. Mears, eh? I always said the gravity and sobriety of that piece of still life were supernatural!' So commented the junior Roddam.

"'*Still* life, do you call it!' cried the elder gentleman, reproachfully. '*Still* life?'

"'Did he not,' was the rejoinder, 'make it a rule never to be seen in public, save in his place of worship on the Sunday? And did *you* not, in consequence, hold him up to his fellows as a pattern of propriety and virtue? And were they not charged to tread in his steps? Do you still,' continued he, with a malicious grin, 'repeat this counsel, and INSIST *on its being followed?*'

"'Be silent!' said the old man imploringly; 'you rack me with your inuendoes. How shall I ever break this matter to the firm?'

"'What's the figure?' interposed the nephew,—'hundreds or thousands?'

"'So apparently artless, and yet so consummately artful!' continued the elder gentleman, musingly. 'I well remember his telling me that he had never seen a pack of cards but twice, and couldn't, if his life depended on it, tell the nine of diamonds from the deuce of clubs!'

"'His ignorance was adroitly veiled at the Leicester hell,' said I drily: '*there* no one would have taken him to be a novice.'

"A groan from the senior partner was the response; and again he asked, in piteous accents, 'How shall I ever break this matter to the firm?'

"How it was managed I know not; but before eight-and-forty

hours had elapsed certain ponderous ledgers were keenly scrutinized; a woeful deficiency was detected, and the 'pattern clerk' in custody. I apprehended him at his lodgings. His nerve was great; and his freedom from idle and womanish regrets remarkable, under his circumstances.

"'Ha! the wind-up!' was his exclamation when I explained to him my errand. 'I've daily expected this for the last six months. I knew discovery must come, and would follow close upon suspicion. Now to business. I must accompany you, as a matter of course?' I nodded. 'You will allow me to look out a change of linen?'

"'Certainly; but to procure it you pass not out of my presence!'

"'My sleeping room adjoins this.'

"'I must accompany you there."

"'Well — well; but your inspection is needless. It is far from pleasant to ransack one's wardrobe under the eye of a stranger?'

"'That inconvenience must be borne. I repeat — reluctantly enough—that, go where you will I must follow.'

"He looked at me steadily for a few seconds, and then said deliberately, 'Allow me to be alone for five minutes in the adjoining room—alone—quite alone, and before I enter it I will put one hundred sovereigns before you.'

"'I cannot listen to you, sir.'

"'You think, perhaps, I contemplate self-destruction? No—no; I am far too fond of life.'

"'I think of nothing but my duty,' was my reply.

"'I double my offer,' he rejoined.

"'Unavailing, sir,—unavailing: we waste time.'

"'Stark,' cried he, 'listen. Escape from that room is impossible. Its height prevents it. Nor do I despair of an acquittal. A few moments privacy may do much for me: leave me for five minutes; for that space *only*, no more; and before you lock the door on me four hundred sovereigns shall chink in your pocket.'

"'Were you to offer four thousand I should reject it.'

"'Then, on to Bow Street,' was his rejoinder. 'I know my man.'

"The next night he slept in Newgate.

"The firm did their best—I will say that for them—to hang him. They shewed no 'infirmity of purpose' as to his future destiny. Squabble they might among themselves, in their private room, touching the inordinate confidence heretofore reposed in the unfortunate delinquent; but in their disposition to *elevate* him they were unanimous. Here it was 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!' Nathanael was a match for them. He had been 'wide awake' during the whole time he was fingering their money-bags. The indictment for forgery failed. There was insufficient evidence to support it. That for embezzlement was sustained; but even here, so skilfully had Mears confused his accounts, and so complicated was the mass of figures, and so muddy the statement which the prosecutor's counsel submitted to the jury; that, had 'the pattern clerk' obtained, as he contempleted, access to his bureau, and destroyed, as he wished and intended, certain papers which lay there,—papers which fell, subsequently, into the hands of the firm, and corroborated their charge against him, — it is questionable

whether, after all, his conviction would have gladdened the hearts of Messrs. Roddam. As events fell out, Mr. Mears went for change of air to Australia."

"What did the firm lose by him?"

"A sum so large that they never cared to divulge it. Heavy it undoubtedly was; but its amount they prudently made one of the secrets of the firm."

"Surely that was a remarkable feature in the case?"

"This was more so," replied the governor testily. "When the trial was over, and the conviction recorded, and the sentence passed, Messrs. Roddam sent for me.

"'Mr. Stark,' said the spokesman of the party, 'the tact you have shewn throughout this sad business is remarkable; and the firmness with which you treated the prisoner worthy of all praise. You are a valuable officer; and your country is—much indebted to you!!'

"This was *quid pro quo* for refusing four hundred sovereigns! This was 'value received' for declining to lose sight of my prisoner, and preventing his destroying or concealing any one of his papers. *I* convicted him, sir! yes, *I*, John Stark, governor of His Majesty's gaol of ——! Said I not well, Mr. Cleaver, that my integrity had been my ruin? That my own disinterestedness of character had been my bane through life? I am, I repeat it, an injured and ill-used man."

While deliberating what reply I should make to the fuming governor, Mr. Pounce loomed into view. He had just quitted the magistrates' room; and walked—unusual for him—with a wary and circumspect step.

"He is the bearer of important and authoritative intelligence," said the governor, eyeing him. "Another encroachment on your privileges, Mr. Cleaver; some fresh arrangement as to 'the Chaplain's Gallery;' or further restrictions on the mode of admittance."

Mr. Pounce drew near.

"I 've a communication to make to you," said that vivacious gentleman; "Mr. Stark, will you oblige me with your attention?"

"Oh! certainly."

"It is from the magistrates, and will surprize you."

"Not in the least! I can easily anticipate it. They at length feel my value, and desire to retain my services."

"It will surprise you," cried Pounce. "I give you fair and due notice it will surprise you."

"Not so," responded the governor, with a self-important air. "I am not easily moved by passing occurrences. I can guess your communication. Some highly laudatory resolution, I dare say. Something commendatory, no doubt."

"Not exactly," remarked Pounce.

"They don't propose to raise my salary?" cried the governor.

"The magistrates," said Pounce,—there was a malicious twinkle as he spoke in his elfish eyes, "suggest to you the propriety of an *immediate* resignation. They are unwilling to act harshly or hastily; and prove to you this disposition on their part by this private warning. If unheeded, they have then no alternative. They must use the powers vested in them, and—*displace* you!"

The face of Mr. Stark as he listened to this announcement I shall never forget were I to live to the age of old Parr.

THE LONDON HOTEL-KEEPER.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"Mine Host," whether of the Garter or Star, was formerly a mighty pleasant fellow;—a man who drank and jested with his customers, making them pay for his jokes and his potations. In the present day, when the diffusion of classes render their fusion more difficult, (so that human beings are stuck up in rows in the world, like plants in the horticultural gardens, classed and labelled, stiff as the sticks that intersect them,) you pay for the wine and pastime of your host, but without participating in the entertainment.

Mine host of a London Hotel, is a well-bred gentleman, whom its inmates never behold from the day when he inaugurates them in their apartments, with as many bows as would place an unpopular candidate at the head of the poll, to that on which, with similar ceremonial, he presents them their bill;—as though a highwayman were to make three glissades and a coupé, preparatory to his "Your money or your life!"

A London Hotel-keeper of the first order is usually some nobleman's maître d'hôtel, or groom of the chambers, made an honest man of in holy matrimony by her ladyship's confidential maid or consequential housekeeper; who sees fit to invest their united earnings, perquisites, pickings, (and no matter for the *last* word of the indictment,) in furnishing and burnishing some roomy mansion of the West-end, too much out of repair to serve as a private residence, for "noblemen and. gentlemen," by dint of showy calico, stained mahogany, and half the brass of a whole Birmingham foundry, thereby entitling themselves to demand, as the rent of every separate suite of apartments, as much as the whole house would have cost, if hired for the season. Prodigious four-post beds, groaning with draperies and fringes, destined to accumulate dust, soot, and their living concomitants, for ten years to come, are erected in the sleeping rooms, with as much labour and ingenuity as are employed to run up a three-storied house in the suburbs;—with rickety wardrobes and washing-stands, picked up at sales, or purchased at cheap and nasty furniture-brokers in the Blackfriars Road, —whereof it is hazardous to open a drawer, not only on account of the effluvium of the boots or shoes of antecedent occupants, exhaling therefrom, but from the certainty that three-quarters of an hour must be wasted in shoving, sidling, and swerving the said ill-fitting drawer back into its original position. For the same reason, the prudent frequenter of a London hotel is careful not to draw down a blind,— premonished of the impossibility of ever getting it up again;—or to *un*draw a curtain, from the clouds of dust instantly circulating through the apartment. Moreover, the blind so displaced, or the drawer thus incautiously drawn forth, is sure to be thereafter recalled to his memory by a heavy charge in the bill for repairing the same; such as

		s.	*d.*
To man one day repairing Blind		17	6
Cords, &c., for	do.	6	10
Easing Drawer, strained,		10	6
&c.	&c.	&c.	

To touch the handle of a China or marble vase is equally rash. Pooloo's cement will not last for ever; and when you find the vase standing handle-less before you, like a door from which the Marquis of Waterford has wrenched off the knocker, but with evident symptoms of the glue of preceding fractures and mending, be assured that you will have to book up the full original cost of the "handsome vase of Nankin dragon China, finely enamelled," which was purchased damaged at a sale ten years before, and has been successively paid for by twenty victims, inhabitants of the same unlucky suite.

The first object of the hotel-keeper, after fitting up his rooms with gaudy papers, showy carpets, and trophies and cornices of gilt brass, is to purchase vast services of iron-stone China, and plated dishes and covers, which, on an emergency, when the families under his roof are sufficiently frantic or unfortunate to dine at home, he fills with parsley beds; in the centre of which, by dint of much examination and a powerful glass, are discoverable a thin slice of cod or salmon, or a couple of fried whitings,—a few chips of cutlets,—a starveling cat roasted rabbitwise, or a brace of sparrows deluged in parsley and butter, designated in the bill of fare as pigeons or chickens. The second course will probably be a bread pudding, formed of the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, or a tart, apparently composed of buff leather and mouldy fruit, having been allowed to mellow for a week in the larder, in company with the Stilton cheese. But then it is served on a lordly dish, and covered with an embossed cover.

Such is the moderate *mem.* of an hotel dinner. Its gaudy days are still harder of digestion. The business of the host is to purchase the worst viands, to be charged at the highest rate;—meagre poultry,—stale vegetables,—doubtful fish. It is not he who has to eat them; and the fashion of the olden time, of allotting to the hostel-keeper his share of the repast, was surely so far advantageous, that it operated like the functions of the carver and taster at a royal banquet, as a security against being poisoned in cold blood.

On the same grounds, in choosing an hotel it is always desirable to select one to which, like the Clarendon, a coffee-room is attached; those not furnished with such a gastronomer safety-valve being compelled (though not by Act of Parliament) to consume their own scraps; devouring in patties or a currie on Monday, the lobster they pronounced impossible on the Saturday preceding; and swallowing, in the shape of oyster sauce, the repellent reptiles abhorently left on their plates at supper over-night. It is horrific to think of the number of times the same articles of food are made to figure at the table,

Wearing strange shapes, and bearing many names.

In certain cases, where the Hotel-keeper has risen to his dignity as a householder from the post of head-waiter at a coffee-house, the evil is increased by his bringing in the first dish, and doing the honours of his own soup,—a square of portable, dissolved in tepid water, and tasting sorely of the copper of a plated soup-tureen, the metallic poison being counteracted by a handful of coarse spices, and sufficient pepper to devil a whole poultry-yard! The gentleman host is so well got up, and his specious laudation of the excellence of his cook is so pompously delivered, that you prefer choaking in silence to disputing the point. By *his* account (both verbally and clerkly delivered), you

have turtle and venison before you, if you had only sense or appetite to find it out. Though you have sufficient evidence that it is mere roast and boiled, (the roast being a chip of the old block, and the water, the lamb or chicken was seethed in having been already brought you to wash your hands,) you wisely prefer acquiescence, in order to dismiss to his evening paper and sloe-juice negus, the shifty individual who stands wheezing over you, with an eye to his bill and an ear to what gossip he can pick up from your table-talk.

On the Continent, hotel-keepers are uniformly in the pay of the police: in London they exercise an inquisition of their own, of which the waiters are the familiars. Not a note or letter passing through the hands of these worthies but assumes a rotundiform shape, from the bulging torture to which it has been subjected; and every night when the head-waiter carries in his daily evidence to the book-keeper of the wine, soda-water, and other extras consumed by the inmates, he accompanies his account with particulars of visits and visitors, letters, and duns, which, by dint of prying into drawers and loitering on staircases, he has been able to amass, mismatch, and weave into a tissue of scandal. He " has his suspicions that the gentleman in black whom Sir Thomas calls his solicitor, and to whom he is never to be denied, is no better than a money-lender; and as to the handsome Colonel, who calls every day at five, being a cousin of the gay widow on the second-floor,—fudge! he knows better!"

A most important branch of consumption in London hotels consists in the potables; whereas during his aristocratic service, the hotel-keeper, when waiting at table as maître d'hôtel, used to hear frequent remarks that nothing was more injurious to wine than the rumbling of carts and carriages over the cellars, he provides against such an injury by laying in no stock to be rumbled over, but contents himself with having in his fresh-brewed port or sherry from an advertising shop in the Strand, per cart, weekly, or per barrow, daily. It is only his soda-water, which, being uninjurable by street rumbling, he keeps by him from year to year. To ask for French wines in the common run of London hotels, is an act of intrepidity only excusable in such as are scientifically curious in chemical compounds.

It is scarcely possible for the vast inquisitorial frequenter of a London hotel to remain unconscious or insensible to his fellow lodgers. Thanks to the thinness of partitions and a common staircase, he soon becomes painfully and reluctantly participant in their family secrets. A sympathy is inevitably begotten. He not only dines upon their fillet of veal minced, or sends his fillet to them minced in his turn,—he not only resigns himself to their potatoes mashed, or inflicts upon them his drum-sticks of a chicken in a fricassée, but is unpleasantly apprised by oral tradition when the ears of her ladyship's daughters have been boxed, or when her ladyship's self has been subjected to conjugal objurgation for the price of her box at the opera. He is kept awake till daybreak morning after morning, by two charming sisters prattling their mutual confidences in an adjoining room, while curling their hair after their balls, or by the sobbings of the lady's-maid above, after a universal blowing-up. By the scent of the towels placed on his stand, screwed into a dry linen press, instead of being subjected to the washing-tub between service and service, he is able to ascertain whether his fair neighbours prefer eau-de-cologne to lavender-water, or indulge in Barège's baths; and without exercising

the baleful scrutiny of the head-waiter, is compelled to know *when* they are waiting for the milliner, or when they are "at home only to the Captain."

The Hotel-keeper, meanwhile snugly ensconced in his private room, like the spider which, retired into a corner of its web, watcheth the simple flies gradually entangling themselves in its meshes, takes care only that the brills which figure on the table shall figure in the ledger as turbots with lobster sauce, and that the heads of the woodcocks and pheasants shall be kept sacred as that of the Baptist, in order to consecrate dishes of hashed mutton, to appear hereafter as *salmis de bécasse* or *de faisan*,—writing down tea*s* for tea,—coffee*s* for coffee; and every Sunday afternoon converting in the standing accounts the every 5*s.* into 5*s.* 6*d.*, and every 2*s.* into 2*s.* 9*d.*, by the addition of a curly tail above or below zero.

Another important branch of his business is to take care that the dinners be not *too* appetizing; that the bread be stale enough,—the Stilton new enough,—the lamb old,—the mutton going,—the beef coarse, as if apportioned from the bulls of Basan,—the coffee weak,—the viands strong!

Aware that a family, having taken root in his house, and, by sending forth their visiting cards, declared it their domicile for the season, is not likely to be at the trouble of striking its tents and removing elsewhere, his zeal abates from week to week of their sojourn. The only individual to whom he is at the trouble of making his house agreeable is some wealthy minor, who pays interest per annum for a bill, to be discharged when he attains his majority; or foreigners of distinction, by whose courier he is kept in awe, inasmuch as at some future season the gentleman in gold lace and jack-boots may have the bear leading of other princes from Krim Tartary, or dukes from the Two Sicilies.

Be it admitted, however, that, with all their penalties on purse and comfort, the London Hotels afford a satisfactory relief from the cares of temporary housekeeping. Deaths, marriages, or baptisms in country families, involving brief and sudden visits to the metropolis, would otherwise be scarcely carried on with decency. The happy wretch relieved from an East India voyage,—the *un*happy one subpœnaed for a Chancery suit, sees in the gas-lamps blazing over the door of a fashionable hotel a beacon of hope. The courteous welcome of the cringing host and bowing waiters appears auspicious; everything comes with a call. In one's own domicile, a ring of the bell is an injury inflicted on one or more members of the establishment, who have nothing to gain by answering the summons. But in an hotel, every ring secures expenditure, varying from twelve-pence to a guinea. Coals, a sandwich, nay, even a candle to seal a letter, becomes an item to swell the amount of the narrow folios arrayed against the peace and purse of the lodger. Satisfy your conscience, therefore, oh ye who sojourn in hotels, that, give as much trouble as ye may, none but yourselves are the worse for it. A hotel-keeper knows how to value a perpetual ringer of bells!

Among the memorabilia of hotels is the ubiquity and insomnolency of head-waiters. At all hours of the day and night these wretched creatures are primed for service. The family which returns at four from a ball, or the family which rises at five to start on a journey, finds them equally alert, after having waited at all the tables, and slaved after all the rings of all the bells the preceding day. It may

be doubted, indeed, whether they behold their beds throughout the season,—a slight ablution or change of wig, being their utmost refreshment. Hence the curious weazoned old-boyish air of this peculiar and much enduring race of men, compelled to curtsy and submission to as many masters as the toad lying under the harrow, when "ilka tooth gave her a tug!"

Be it not supposed that we have aught to urge against the venerable dignity of the Clarendon, or the modern refinements of Mivart's *Apartement des Princes*. These, and many others, are excellent after their kind. Moreover, if people choose to be victimized by a hotel-keeper, the act and deed is their own. We are ready to attest that, when an Irish peer adduced to a Brook Street hotel-keeper a charge of three-and-sixpence a-bottle for soda-water in a former bill as a reason for having betaken himself elsewhere, mine host urbanely replied, "Your lordship ought to have told me what you intended to give. When properly arranged with, I can charge as reasonably as anybody." What can an hotel-keeper say more?

But for this highway and byway robbery during the harvest of the season, how, in fact, could the hotel-keeper enable himself to get through the autumn, when his house might just as well be closed as Her Majesty's theatre, for any money's taken at the doors? Saving painters and white-washers, not a soul crosses his threshold; unless, now and then, some skinflint of a dowager, on her way through London from Broadstairs to her dower-house in some midland county, who, saving for the sops of her parrot, and the board of her maid, expends not a sixpence in the hotel;—or a brace of tender parents conveying some young hopeful to Eton, and spending four-and-twenty reluctant hours in London, for a preparatory visit to the dentist. For six or eight months, in short, every caravanserai stands empty as the heads of the honourables and lordlings who frequent it in May and July; its kitchen-range rusting; its curtains and hangings being required to "down with their dust," instead of its customers. Nevertheless, rent, taxes, and waiters, must be paid as regularly as if the hotel-keeper were not taking his pleasure at Ramsgate, and his customers at three hundred miles distance. And how is this to be effected, we should like to know, unless by charging three-and-sixpence a bottle for soda water while the sun shines, and the town is crowded?

But if there be something unspeakably dolorous and funereal in the autumnal aspect of a fashionable hotel, there are few things pleasanter than its June countenance. When the summer days are at their longest, the hall is thronged with liveries of every dye, and a perpetual discharge of milliners' baskets and jewellers' cases encumber the lobby. The landed gentry who arrive in town from their country seats at an hotel, come for the express purpose of spending and enjoying. The business of their visit to the metropolis, is pleasure. They come to present their daughters, attend levees and drawing-rooms, get invited to the Court balls, if they can; and if not, content themselves with Almack's and the Caledonian. Such people take wondrous delight in a new bonnet, are much addicted to fine feathers and French ribbons; frequenting the Zoological Gardens on Sundays, and the Horticultural for every fête. Not over-choice in their diversions, they amuse themselves without intermission. Operas, plays, balls, parties, dinners, déjeûnérs, exhibitions, fill up the round of every merry, busy, bustling day. Carriages stand at the doors of the hotels for shopping, at an

hour when the doorways of private mansions are fast asleep. There are pretty sure to be children in the house, and Punch or the Fantocini to be stopping before it: not an itinerant band but strikes up its Strauss and Labitsky under the windows of the London Hotel. There caper the dancing dogs—there stalk the conjurors on stilts—there tumble the tumblers! Small change is never wanting at the receipt of custom of an hotel; and of these itinerant showmen, some secure retaining fees from the nursery, others gratuity of dismissal from the drawing-room. Throughout the morning, one mountebank succeeds to another; and the moment the lamps are lighted for dinner, the *cornet-à-piston* and his fellow conspirators against public comfort, commence their clangour; while, clustered before the door, stand family coaches, chariots, and well-appointed cabs, waiting to convey the country-cousin to the opera, or French play. Oh! joyous merry-go-round of pleasure life! Oh! laborious toil and labour of the do-nothings! where are you more actively, or more brilliantly carried on, than in the neighbourhood of the fashionable hostels.

Next in importance to the London Hotel, are those of the watering-places. Brighton and Cheltenham, Harrowgate and Tunbridge-Wells, vie, indeed, with the hostelries of the metropolis, or perhaps excel them, their season being more definite and incisive. As regards pantry and buttery hatch, they are decidedly better provided; and for the very reason which enhances the merits of the Clarendon—the appendix of a coffee-room or ordinary. At the minor bathing places the case is different; the apartments being more finely and flimsily furnished than those of London, the table more villanously provided; equality being only apparent in the sum total of the bill.

The nearest approach, by the way, to the ancient hostel and host of former times, exists, or till the invention of railroads, *did* exist, in certain crack stages of the old North Road; inns of good dimensions and repute, where the mail-coach supped or dined, and the great northern families stopped to sleep; where portly sirloins, huge rounds of beef, hams of inviting complexion, fowls, supportable even after those of dainty London, spitch-cocked eels, and compôtes of wine sours, were evermore forthcoming on demand. What home-brewed—what homebaked—what cream-cheeses—what snow-white tinder — what airy chambers — and what a jolly-faced old gentleman, and comely old gentlewoman, to bid you welcome. It was a pleasure to arrive — a pain to depart. The very Boots seemed to receive his gratuity reluctantly. The waiters *really* wished you a safe and pleasant journey. The chambermaid, after keeping you in hot water during your stay, gave you a warm farewell. There was a barn-yard homeliness of good cheer and good-will about the place. How different from the flashy gaudiness of a station-house albergo! How different one's valedictory feelings towards the broad-faced old gentleman in his velveteens, and towards the keeper of the LONDON HOTEL!

THE RUNAWAY NEGRO.

A NARRATIVE OF THE ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT.

BY JOHN WILSON ROSS.

St. Vincent is a small island, lying in the middle of the Caribbean sea, and extending from north to south nearly thirty miles, and from east to west about ten. From the fertility of its soil, and the beauty of its prospect, it has received from travellers the name of the Garden of the Antilles. Its surface is rugged and mountainous, being covered with numberless picturesque valleys and hills; and in the centre it is traversed by a very large and lofty chain of mountains, called Morne Garou, in the regions to the north of which lived, about half a century ago, a tribe of people, known as the Black Caribs, who were continually making war upon the white inhabitants and the negroes. In this wild and romantic island resided a gentleman, named Danvers, a proprietor of the soil. All who knew him bore testimony to his benevolence, candour, and compassion. As might be expected, the negroes, who served under him, needed no alteration of their condition, for the poor blacks were aware of their good fortune. Yet one of his most valuable negroes was frequently making his escape from his gang: this was an African called Octavio. He had been in his youth a man of great worth, but, on a sudden, he lost his cheerful temper, and fell into a culpable indolence, for which he was often and severely punished. This roused his natural turbulence of spirit, and at length, in madness and despair, he fled from his employer, and abandoned himself to the mountains. When a negro, in those days of slavery, broke from his chains, it was common for him to creep down from the mountains in the darkness of the night to the negro villages, where he fell into the company of his former fellow-slaves, and obtained assistance, departing before the morning with abundance of food. This was the custom of Octavio, for he had among Danvers's slaves a wife, whom he had married in his youth, and with whom he had lived many years in undecaying affection and unshaken constancy.

Danvers one day, during the rainy season, was riding home in the dusk of a rather cloudy and unsettled evening, when, as he was passing along the road upon his estate, which may be called Argyle, he suddenly brought his horse to a halt, his attention being arrested by a violent shaking of the tops of the canes in the valley beneath him. As it was against all rule for any one to be among the canes, he called out to the watchman, Jemmy, who, with a cutlass slung by his side, and a sharp bill in his hand, came running round the corner of the hill.

"See," said Danvers, "who is in the canepiece?"

"'Peak, whoever you be, who go dey," cried out Jemmy, lifting the bill over his right shoulder; "'peak, or me t'row the bill at you."

The person who was making his way through the canepiece, on hearing the voice of the watchman, returned no answer, but considerably accelerated his flight. "Hey, Buddee," cried out Jemmy, "you no run fast enough. See if dat bill no pin you to de ground."

And throwing the bill from him with great force and excellent aim, it fell in the yawning breach of the canes, and struck the person, who immediately gave vent to a cry between a roar and a shriek.

"Me Gad!" he exclaimed, "me dead!—me loss my life!—me leg cut off!—Ha! Massa!" cried Octavio, rushing out upon the path, at about twenty yards' distance, in front of Danvers, "you see how dey treat me, — you see how me no happy wid you, and how me fly to de mountains. But me hab children, me hab friend, and me hab wife on you estate, and yet me lib' at a distance from dem all.—Ha! ha! me defy you niggers to catch me."

Rushing hastily off the path, he sprang up a steep sand-bank, ascended rapidly a sloping plain, and was soon out of sight, as he ran into some high Guinea-grass. The ligaments of his leg being broken, the bill having struck him in the calf, he limped along his road, and the blood, which flowed profusely from the wound, dyed the ground as he passed along. On Danvers perceiving that the depredator in his canepiece was Octavio, he bade Jemmy use no further efforts to seize him, as he had no doubt that Octavio would shortly come back to his property of his own accord.

When Octavio left Argyle plantation that night, he went across Mariaqua valley, and, scaling the sides of the mountains, nearly reached the summit of Le Petit Bonhomme, which is the highest peak in the range of Morne Garou. There he had built himself a hut with sods and long poles, and thatched it with plantain leaves.

Rain had been falling all that day, and the atmosphere was damp, and Octavio, who felt cold, kindled a fire with dry branches and withered leaves. Groaning from the pain of the wound in his leg, he sat in the middle of his hut, shivering from chillness, and famishing with hunger, for he had tasted nothing all that day except water. The heat and flame of the burning fire roused, in those solitary mountains, the vampire-bats and the vultures, which came flocking about his hut, and the snakes rustling through the grass, stationed themselves at the door, and hissed without intermission at the blazing fire, while lizards and toads crept forth from the mud beneath his feet. With the natural timidity of a negro, Octavio was congealed with fear; his teeth chattered, perspiration bedewed his frame, and he started at every sound. At length he rose suddenly. "Me Gad!" he cried, '"me no 'tand dis longer. If me 'tay here, me drop down dead wid fear. De Obeah dar come and carry me away to de debbil. Dough buckra dar catch me, me go to Quasheba."

With the stealthy pace of a jackal, and the vigilant eye of a lynx, he began slowly descending the mountains. He suddenly saw in the distance, as the moon shone over the sweet green landscape, the dark shadows of the cots in the negro village at Argyle, and, with a calm and softened soul, he surveyed the scene of happiness, and mused upon his wife and children; and, as he gazed on the spot where stood the darkened walls of his own hut, his bosom beat with pure delight, and in sadness he thought that there his voice would never more resound with mirth; for vain would be his cry, and vain that of his wife and children, to touch the feelings of the enraged manager. Creeping along through the cane-fields and high Guinea-grass, he came to the negro-village, and threaded his way through its numerous winding avenues with slow and toilsome steps,

carefully avoiding making the least noise. Reaching his hut, he tapped gently at the wooden window.

"Quasheba!" he said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Who dey?" cried out the negro woman inside.

"Me—'Tavio—open de door."

Quasheba obeyed the summons, and Octavio the next moment was embraced in the arms of his wife.

"Food, Quasheba," said Octavio; "me want yam-yam, Sissee; me die for hunger!—me choke for t'irst! My leg! my leg!—ah! my leg!"

"What de matter wid you leg, Buddee?"

"De black nigger, Jemmy, dar wound me dey."

As his wife brought him a calibash filled with honnimo, or hoecake, salt fish, and wholesome and refreshing fruits, she seated herself at his feet, and, while he satisfied his hunger, she dressed the wound on his leg. A couple of negro children sleeping in a crib, awakened by the talking of their parents, arose, and ran to their father, crying out, "Daddy, daddy."

"Oh! pick'ninny," said Octavio, "you t'ink you dad come back to you, but he go 'way again to-night to de mountain.—Mind, Cæsar, you time come by'm by. Manager take you, tie you down, and fum-fum you wid de cart-whip. 'Member, Cæsar, and you, too, Pompey, 'member well, if dat time dar eber come, you dar run 'way, and lib in de mountain, like your daddy,—dere nobody find you, and dere nuttin' hurt you. God take care of de nigger, but only de debbil t'ink of de buckra."

In the cottage next to Octavio lived Jemmy, who, on going home at an early hour that morning, when relieved in his watch, lay tossing and tumbling about in his bed; and, fancying he heard the sound of voices in the adjoining cabin, he listened, and heard Octavio say to his wife,

"To-morrow, Quasheba, me go to de ribber Chateaubelair."

"Hey, Buddee, whay dat?"

"You no know de ribber Chateaubelair, Sissee? He be de largest ribber in de island—he be de largest ribber in de world—he t'ree mile lang. You warlk lang, lang time, and nebber come to de end of it."

Without staying to hear more, Jemmy rose from his bed, and, seizing his cutlass, went to the hut of a fellow slave, called Siah, to ask him to come and assist him in catching Octavio. But Octavio in the meanwhile sallied from his cottage, and escaped from the village without being seen by a single living creature.

Jemmy was a cooper on Argyle plantation, and, as he worked leisurely, and always did his duty, was treated with indulgence, and lived at ease; he was quite contented with the system of slavery. But he had been idle in his youth, and, being hard used by the manager, he had run away more than once; and Mr. MacLeod, the manager of Danvers's property, mindful of this circumstance, and remembering that the best way to "catch a thief" is to "set a thief after him," employed Jemmy as his general man of business to go in quest of all deserters; and Jemmy generally brought them back to the estate, as he was well acquainted with all their haunts.

Mr. MacLeod was standing under the piazza before his house the next morning at sunrise, and the negroes, with their hoes on

their shoulders, were going to their work in the field, when Jemmy came up the steep yellow gravel-path.

"Jemmy," said Mr. MacLeod, "if you can find out Octavio, and bring him safe to me, I will give you a keg of butter, a bottle of rum, a piece of salt beef, and some yams and barley."

"Bery well, Massa," said Jemmy, "me 'll do de best me can to catch buddee 'Tavio."

Jemmy set forth that afternoon, and hovered about the country near the source of the river Chateaubelair for several days, without discovering any traces of Octavio.

A few days after the occurrence of the incidents above related, Danvers was seated one morning at the great bow-window of his house at Argyle. The sash was up, and he was enjoying the cool sea-breeze, and watching his negroes at work in a field at a distance through a spy-glass, when the sound of approaching steps, was heard, and Octavio, with his arms bound, was brought round by Jemmy, and a great many other negroes. Octavio was in stature short, and had an uncommonly black and shining skin. He had a great beard, which joined a pair of bushy whiskers. The hair on his head grew in great tufts, and, when it was uncombed, as it was then, fell down over his black and restless eyes, and gave him a horridly savage look. His breast, which was bare, was covered with hair somewhat reddish, and very long. He had a broad chest, bony and muscular arms, and a thick neck, and his head was bigger than that of the negro in general. He had large black eyes, that shone with great brilliancy.

"If you wish for prosperity," said Danvers to him, "come back to my estate, and attend to your business; listen to the voice of Mr. MacLeod, and all will yet go well."

"No, Massa," said Octavio; "send Massa MacLeod away, and me come back to you, Massa, and me work meself to 'kin and bone; but odderwise, nebber."

"Your conduct is unjust and foolish, Octavio. What is the punishment you receive from Mr. MacLeod, compared to the misfortunes that you may undergo in those mountains? If the Caribs find you straying in their country, they will put you to a cruel death."

"Me no fear de Caribs, Massa. Me fear?—no, Massa—me no fear—me fear nuttin'—but me hate Massa MacLeod, and me risk my life, and do eberyting to get away from de buckra."

"Well," said Danvers, "I shall leave it at the discretion of Mr. MacLeod to behave to you as he thinks proper."

"Ah! Massa, heara me," cried out Octavio. "You manager dar flog you nigger; he dar lash my bare back,—dar 'trip me naked,—dar give me fifty, a hundred 'tripes. But mind, Massa, you hear de next morning dat you nigger gone back again to de mountains."

Jemmy now, assisted by the other negroes, dragged Octavio from the sight of his master, and carried him before the manager.

Mr. MacLeod lived near the works of the plantation, that is to say, the mill and the boiling-house, in a small wooden building. It was between twelve and one when Octavio was brought to the plot of grass in front of the manager's house, and Mr. MacLeod was lying down on a pallet on the floor, with a negro at his head, and another at his feet, fanning him, and keeping off the musquitoes

and sand-flies. On a tray close at hand was a plate, on which were several sandwiches of very thin slices of venison-ham and hung-beef, and a glass containing a draught of bombo, or sangaree, a liquor composed of water, sugar, rum, lemon-juice, and nutmeg, which was made strong, and kept cool. Mr. MacLeod was sipping his bombo when Jemmy made his appearance, in his best clothes, and his favourite white hat.

"Massa," said Jemmy, "me have catched the black runaway nigger. What me do wid him?"

"Take him to Jaspar, the driver," said Mr. MacLeod, "and tell Jaspar to give him a dozen lashes on his back, and then put him in the stocks till evening."

"Bery good, massa. Nuttin' else?"

"Tell Jaspar to put him to-morrow morning to severe labour. Octavio must remain in the field till dusk in the evening; he must then repair to the mill, and have his task in feeding allotted him, which shall employ him for six hours; and if the next morning he has neglected his labour he must be tied up, and receive twenty lashes more."

These injuries only provoked Octavio; and not long after he escaped a second time from Argyle plantation. In spite of the vigilance of Jemmy and Siah, he left his hut one night, and, creeping on all fours beneath the dark shadow of a tall hedge, got unobserved into a large canepiece; thence bidding adieu to Argyle, he crossed Mariaqua valley, and, passing through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with bushes, was once more a free person in the lofty and uninhabited mountains. But, as the pests and dangers to which one is exposed in the woods of tropical climates are innumerable, Octavio retired from thence to the Carib country; and, to acquire a maintenance, employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, and sometimes let out his services to hire in minding sheep and cattle.

Six months after his settlement in the Carib country, a robbery was committed at Rabaca. The house of the manager had been entered, and robbed, and the manager gave out, that if the robber was not apprehended, all the negroes should be deprived of the use of their provision-grounds for half a year. Upon this, the real thief, John Cole, who had disposed of the stolen goods to the Caribs, with whom he was nearly connected, came forward, and said to the manager, Mr. Seymour,

"Massa, me know de robber: he dat nigger 'Tavio."

"Octavio, who tends the cattle?" said Mr. Seymour.

"Iss, Massa, jist so; dat same black nigger."

This disclosure had just been made when Jemmy, who had again been sent in quest of Octavio, entered the manager's house.

"Can you tell me, Massa," said he, "if you got upon you estate a nigger called 'Tavio?"

"What of him?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"Me am a constable on Argyle estate," replied Jemmy, drawing forth from his pocket a constable's staff, "and come to take in custody Buddee 'Tavio, for running away two, t'ree, four time, from Massa Danvers's plantation."

The bells were ringing noon on the plantation, and calling the negroes from their work in the field to go and get their dinners, and Mr. Seymour, summoning several of the slaves to him, sent

them, with Jemmy at their head, to take Octavio into custody. The negroes found Octavio eating his dinner of pepperpot out of a calabash, and seated among his grazing cattle by the banks of one of those pleasing rivulets which abound in St. Vincent.

"Hey, buddee," said Jemmy, "you, no doubt, t'ink you'self berry happy; but you must come 'long wid me to Massa Danvers's estate. Besides, here one black gen'leman say you one tief."

On seeing Jemmy, Octavio sprang forward; but his effort to escape was useless. The negroes seized him, and corded his arms behind his back.

"Dough you tie my body down," said Octavio, "yet you nebber conquer my 'pirit. Whay," said he, turning round furiously, "whay de ras*kel* who say me one tief?"

"Me say you one tief," said John Cole, creeping behind the other negroes.

"You 'tand dere, you vil*lane*, and tell one lie as black as you own face!"

But Octavio had no character, and all his endeavours to exculpate himself from the charge of robbery were vain; and, as John Cole swore before a magistrate that he saw "'Tavio tief de t'ings," Octavio was condemned to be put in the stocks, and to have the capital letter T burnt on his back with a red hot iron.

This punishment of ignominy, notwithstanding all that Octavio could say in plea of his innocence, was inflicted upon him. During the painful operation, Octavio, with extraordinary fortitude, deliberately smoked a pipe of tobacco, and neither said a word nor uttered a groan; but he afterwards attempted self-destruction, by hanging himself to a beam in the stables of his master. He was discovered in time to be cut down and saved, and was prevented from repeating the attempt, by being placed in close confinement. After this punishment he was a very altered man. He seemed to have lost entirely the fear of death, and the strongest feeling in his heart was revenge against John Cole, and he was often heard to say that he would "do for him."

The punishment of ignominy to many persons is more terrible than death. As Octavio could not live disgraced among his fellow slaves, for the third and last time he fled to the mountains.

"Cæsar," said his wife, who knew of his whereabout, calling to her his eldest son, one day a few weeks after Octavio's last escape, "you must go ober to de Carib countree dis afternoon to you fader, by way of Bayabou—you hear, pic'ninny?"

"Yes, mammy."

"Well, den, Cæsar, my pic'ninny, when you get day, go 'lang de seashore till you come to Macariacau, and so on till you reach de Masaricau ribber; and dere you find you daddy in dem lands, where nobody dar live, neider nigger, nor Carib, nor buckra; and take dese tings wid you, pickninny." Quasheba loaded Cæsar with a basket filled with honnimo cake, cassava, saltfish, and other provisions; and Cæsar went that afternoon, in company with his brother Pompey, to the Carib country, and found his father in the lands which his mother had pointed out to him.

Octavio, on seeing his children again, embraced them affectionately, kissed them, and shed tears, and was particularly anxious to know if Cæsar had a knife with him. "Yes, daddy," said Cæsar, and he

drew forth from the basket a sharp and large carving-knife, with a bone handle, which his father took, and placed in the bosom of his dress.

"And now, Cæsar," said Octavio, "go back to you mammy, and tell her you fader dis night dar kill John Cole. You hear, pic'ninny?"

When his children left him that night Octavio went further northward in the Carib country, walking along the high cliffs which bordered the sea. Octavio had seen John Cole pass along the road that morning by himself on his way to Bayabou, to dispose of his fish at market; and he was momentarily expecting his return.

The moon was high in the air when John Cole, on his return from Bayabou, reached the high lands between the rivers Abyama and Yarabuqua. The sea was roaring on his right hand, and on his left stretched waste and desolate lands, overshadowed by shady and lofty mountain peaks. The road being dark and dreary, and the time of night far advanced, he was putting his best foot forward; his little dog was trotting at his heels, occasionally jumping up in the air to catch the fire-flies. To keep up his courage, John Cole was whistling and singing his favourite song of

"John de Bushman gain de day,
Tooral laddee, tooral laddee!
John de Bushman gain de day,
Tooral laddee, tooral laddee!"

when Octavio suddenly dropt in the path before him from a high rock. On seeing the formidable runaway negro, John Cole stood rooted to the soil, panic-stricken and speechless. Nearly giving up the ghost from fright, the unfortunate man fell upon his knees, and let go his basket, which rolled off his head; his fish were scattered in the dust, and his little dog ran home, without once looking behind him.

"Dis no do, dis 'str'ordinary civility, Massa John Cole, — dis not de time of day to ask pardon of nigger for saying he tief, when you tief youself. Now, me go kill-a you; you hear, John Cole, me go kill-a you;" said Octavio, flashing in John Cole's face the sharp and glittering carving-knife.

"Oh! me Gad! me Lard o' mercy!" cried out John Cole.

"'Tan' up, you black nigger you, — 'tan' up!" said Octavio; and, grasping John Cole by his throat, he thrust his knife into his bosom, and drew it forth, reeking with the blood of his heart. With quivering and speechless lips, John Cole rolled lifeless on the dust. Octavio stood gazing on the body for a few seconds; and then, as if the sight was unpleasant, he dragged it to the side of the road, and pushed it over the ridge; bounding from rock to rock, it fell into the bottom of the valley, where it lodged against the trunk of a large tamarind tree. "John Cole gone to de debbil," cried Octavio, "and tell no more lies of nigger. And now me settle down in de mountains, and nobody dar trouble me."

Throwing the bleeding knife into the dusty road, he now descended the declivity, and passed into the centre of the valley. The moon had nearly reached her zenith that night, when sounds were again heard on those silent forest paths, of the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the tramping of men's feet, as a party of Caribs

emerged from the skirts of a wood. They were headed by their chief, Chatoyer, who was dressed like a French officer of rank, and riding on a horse caparisoned in military array; upon his right and left rode, on a couple of mules, bedecked with gay ribbons, his brothers Dupont and Du Vallee. The rest of the Caribs were on foot, and each carried a bunch of arrows at his back, and a long bow in his hand. As Chatoyer passed along the road where Octavio had murdered John Cole, he saw on the ground, in the strong light of the full moon, the knife covered with blood, the bushes broken by the side of the road, the basket, and the scattered fish, and the marks of men's feet.

"Some one has been murdered here," he exclaimed.

Leading the way, he descended into the valley, and, when he came up to the dead body, he again exclaimed, with astonishment,

"What! John Cole!"

At that moment Octavio was discovered sheltering himself in the middle of the hollow trunk of a fallen palm-tree; he had a white cotton sheet tied about his shoulders, and a broken cutlass in his hand.

"Seize that man," cried Chatoyer; "he is an assassin, the murderer of our friend."

The Caribs immediately rushed upon Octavio, and before he was aware of their intentions, they had pinioned his arms. Having made him their prisoner, they placed him on Chatoyer's horse, and carried him into their country. When they came to a wood at Grand Sable, they tarried under a large almond-tree, to the trunk of which they tied Octavio and left him there for the night. Early in the morning they returned to him, and Chatoyer bade him prepare for death.

From their lodgings nigh at hand the Caribs brought strong cords, with which they bound Octavio, and bore him away, with shouts, and yells, and other savage demonstrations of joy, to the depths of a forest near the seashore; and there they nailed him by his hands and feet to the bark of a large bread-fruit tree, and left him to perish. His groans and cries were mingled with the wild swelling moan of the ocean as it broke upon the strand, and with the voice of the wind as it swept through the foliage.

In his agony of fear a cold perspiration burst upon his forehead, as, from his failing strength, he was assured that it would soon be beyond his power to ward off his horrible fate. He was now almost entirely overcome by weakness; and, when the dusky twilight set in, his head drooped heavily upon his breast, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he could with difficulty move them in their sockets. Then, with a noisy signal, the vultures sallied from their retreat in the trees, and, with loud cries, assembled around Octavio; and he, with his perceptions still as acute as ever, felt, in an agony of apprehension, one of them settle on his shoulder.

The birds of prey having calculated on the negro's strength utterly failing him, settled upon his body, and dug their beaks into his breast and shoulders, and devoured his flesh with ferocious voracity.

Hark! is that a heavy gust of wind which sweeps through the avenue? The vultures hear it, rise, and fly away with angry croaks. In the middle of the sheltered path leading through the pleasant wood, a gentleman sits on horseback, and as the moon shines upon

him it reveals the figure and features of Danvers. He was riding over in the evening, when, in passing through the neighbourhood of Grand Sable, his ears were assailed by the deep low groans of Octaavio, and, hastening precipitately to the spot whence the sounds proceeded, he was surprised and alarmed on seeing the branches of a large bread-fruit tree covered with vultures, which were fluttering about, and vying with each other to perch upon some object on the back of the tree. He had, therefore, fired his gun at them; and now, arrested by the powers of affright and terror, he sat motionless in his saddle, gazing at the truly terrible spectacle of his crucified negro.

"Octavio!" said he.

The negro knew the voice of his master; he turned his head round, and shewed Danvers his cheeks eaten away till the bones were almost bare, his body disfigured with a multitude of wounds, and the hollow sockets of his eyes, from the edges of which blood was dropping slowly, and tinging the ground beneath, while swarms of insects, covering his body, fed on his mangled flesh, and drank his blood. "Octavio!" said Danvers, "who, in the name of Heaven, has put you here?"

"De Caribs, Massa," said Octavio. "Dey have put me here now four days, and me no die."

"Alas! Octavio, did I not forewarn thee of the Caribs?"

"True, Massa; and me meet me fate, and nobody come save me."

Tearing himself away from the horrid scene, Danvers rode hurriedly onward to the house at which he intended to stay; and despatched several of the strongest and boldest negroes of the gang to loose Octavio from the tree, and bring him away with them.

It was night when the negroes reached Grand Sable; and a thousand strange voices crept upon their ears. The Caribs from various parts of the island were assembled on the savannah before the tree to which Octavio was nailed, where they were regaling themselves, with Chatoyer, and witnessing the dying agonies of the negro.

"Here will we meet every night and day, my brothers," said Chatoyer, in the Indian tongue, to his friends, "till the breath of the murderer has flown from him, and his soul has gone up in smoke to the Great Spirit."

"Me Gad! me buddees, only see um Caribs," exclaimed the foremost negro, who had hidden himself with his companions behind some high bushes on hearing the voices: "dey two, tree, four tousand of um. If dey see us, nebber tink but they don't catch us ebery one; and some dey drown, some dey hang, some dey crucify, and some dey 'tab: but, berily, dey put us all to deat'; so fly for you life, me buddees—fly for you life."

Throwing down their guns and cutlasses, the negroes took to their heels, and ran as fast as their legs could carry them homewards.

"Well," said Danvers, when they came back, "where is Octavio?"

"Nebber see um, Massa."

"But did I not point out the tree to you?"

"Iss, Massa: but de tinkee-fowlos* eat um up to nuttin'."

The fate of poor Octavio was sealed: he was doomed not to be rescued from his cruel executioners. His tortures were too great for

* Vultures.

mind or body to bear, and, the morning after Danvers had seen him, he was a corpse.

At sunrise Chatoyer, as usual, came to the savannah, with his brothers and his Caribs, and, advancing in front of the tree:—

"I hear no longer," he exclaimed, "the expressive language of torture from the negro. His lips are silent, and his limbs and muscles are motionless. His body is as lifeless as it was three hundred summers ago. Ai, ai, ai, ai! Woe is me!"

"Dost thou bemoan his fate?" said Du Vallee.

"I grieve," replied Chatoyer, "that he is beyond the reach of further torture." The fierce chief then, turning to his Caribs, said, "Loose him from the tree."

The Caribs did so; then dressing his body in the same attire it wore while living, and painting his face, they placed him in an erect posture, upon a mat in the centre of the savannah. With their weapons at their sides, Chatoyer and his people then seated themselves around the frightful corpse; and each in turn recounted some story defamatory of the negro character; and when they had, in this manner (as they thought) sufficiently disgraced the body, they carried it to the shore, and, amid shoutings and rejoicings, threw it into the sea. The sharks, which are very plentiful about those shores, immediately seized it, and, in the sight of the Caribs, tore it limb from limb, and voraciously swallowed the fragments of the dismembered carcass.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELLEN PICKERING.

She dies! the much-beloved!
  The full of gentle mirth;
Her earnest loving eyes,
  Thou hidest them, oh earth!

She dies! do transient tears
  From *stranger*-eyelids start?
Hard trial, kith and kin
  So soon from her to part!

Mother, in vain thy prayers;
  Pale Leech! in vain thine art!
In vain! from this false world
  God calls His True of Heart!

She dies! the ripe in thought,
  The rich in charities;
The high of soul, the pure,
  The heaven-desiring, dies!

She dies! the strong in hope;
  The full of faith and love;
Low bound on earth we weep;
  She smiles in heaven above!

Shall we, the bond-slaves, weep
  Because *thy* chains are riven?
Blest spirit! be these tears,
  These selfish tears, forgiven!

P. D.

Nov. 29, 1843.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

PHYSIOGNOMY OF LONDON.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
Wide poured abroad, behold the giddy crew:
See how they dash along from wall to wall,
At every door, hark! how they thundering call!
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

ALLOW us to introduce you,—Gentle Reader, Great Metropolis,—Great Metropolis, Gentle Reader! Now, gentlemen, you are acquainted, and may proceed to do a bill for one another, if you think proper!

It is customary, when we are introduced to a stranger, to take a glance, not impertinently, but as it were by accident, at his physiognomy. A traveller about to inform you of the manner of living of the different people he meets with, generally prefaces his observations with some account of the places wherein they dwell.

In like manner the biographer of the late celebrated Snooks, or immortal Pipes, or never-enough-to-be deplored Jiggins, introduces you to the peculiar genius of his hero, by first introducing you to his nose; first surveying, as it were, the outside of the Snooksian, Pipesian, or Jigginsonian skull, and then knocking to inquire whether there is anybody within.

Following these bright examples, we propose giving now our friends a notion of the Physiognomy of London: not, certainly, a Daguerrotype, nor yet a full-length portrait by Vandyke, nor a miniature by Sir William Ross, or the versatile Samuel Lover, nor even a tinted sketch like those of Chalon, but a simple pen and ink bit of a thing, touched off in the manner of that great master of pen and ink drawing, Mr. Minasi.

We think we hear the reader interrupt us, saying, "Pooh, pooh! what care we about the physiognomy of London; we know the physiognomy of London as well as you do, and better; go on with your philosophy, and leave physiognomy to us."

Friend, this is all very well, if we only meant to please your palate; but understand, if you please, that we have other duties to perform; our lucubrations are intended for a remote posterity, and mayhap this flimsy sheet, now between thy finger and thumb, may convey to future generations the lineaments of town, when brick and stucco shall alike have mouldered to decay; and when that day shall arrive, about which indeed you or I, gentle reader, need not trouble ourselves; when, as a long-sighted Edinburgh reviewer observed, "An artist from New Zealand shall, from the last remaining arch of London Bridge, sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

This is looking *forward* with a vengeance! Now it is very important that we should devote a page or two to this purpose, because London has wonderfully changed in appearance since the days of our ancestors. The leading features, eyes, nose, and mouth, retain a sort of family likeness through all time; Ludgate Hill has been Ludgate

Hill since the Deluge, and the Thames has flowed where it now flows before history was begotten on tradition. But, my dear sir, consider how the complexion of London has been changed?

Early in life she delighted in a wooden vizor; she was a dry stick in those days. Then she appeared in a brick-dust face, a regular *brunette*, with cheeks of staring red. At the present day, more genteel and delicate, she white-washes of a morning, and comes out, plastered with cosmetic *compo*, her white face a type of the innocence and candour dwelling within. Then, who knows what she may become when the present building leases run out? We may see her encased in *asphalte*, or built by the agency of the electrotype; or, as all things appear to be tending very much towards the hardware line, who can tell whether we may not start out of bed some fine morning, and find London re-constructed of sheet-iron?

Therefore it behoves us, since the copyright of a house is only twice the duration, in ordinary cases, of the copyright of a book, to "catch the living London as it lies," and enable those who have never seen it, those who expect to see it, and those who never expect to see it, to have some idea of what it is like; how it looks in the face, in short, and whether or no it possesses, in its countenance, a letter of recommendation.

But before we begin, let us say a word as to its situation—its *place* upon the map of Europe. Looking at it thus, we can hardly doubt, from the first, its capacity of increase as a commercial mart, and by a natural consequence, as a mart of wealth and power. There is in its position a happy CENTRALITY; not mathematically central, but geographically; near to the near it lies, remote from the remote; all England, Ireland, and Scotland, lie snugly at its back; Europe in front, and the wide world at its mouth—the mouth of the Thames.

London lies well for communication with the eastward, westward, northward, southward; removed sufficiently from the seabord for safety, it is yet near enough for all purposes of trade and commerce; its position on gravelly hills, of easy access from the fountains of its wealth, and health, its Thames, is peculiarly happy; not too elevated for traffic and access, yet high enough, when fortified, for security, and removal from pestilence and *miasmata*.

From Richmond to the sea, along the line of Thames, there was not another spot affording the same natural advantages with that on which the original city stood; nowhere within that distance occurs a cluster of little hills, like those that, rising on the east bank of the river of Fleet, defended to the north by dense forests, to the east by impassable swamps, to the west and south by rivers, stood confessed, without guiding nymph or spoken oracle, by Nature's self pointed out the future and ultimate seat of power in the isles of Britain.

To trace the gradual extension of the future metropolis from the time that the first rude habitation of man appeared upon these hills, would be to write the history of civilization; let it be enough, that one thousand years ago it was a great—great for those days—Saxon city. Along the ridge of its natural defences, lofty walls, and substantial battlement bristled, and seven gates, afforded to its citizens the means of communication with the surrounding country.

Then was rock and swamp, and impenetrable forest, almost at the very walls; the yet unfettered Thames, overwhelmed at each returning tide, the low lands to the east, washing the walls, and spreading

far as the eye could reach, not a river, but a sea; making a watery diffusive waste, where now abound habitations of busy men, ships of all nations, and store-houses of inconceivable extent, for commodities of every clime.

Then the morasses of Finsbury and Moorfields hardly compensated for the *malaria* their exhalations diffused over the city, by the protection they afforded the citizens from surprises or ambuscades. Circumambulating the walls from Blackfriars to Smithfield, thence to the outpost, or detached fort of Barbican; proceeding eastward to the gate, then, as now, the Bishopsgate, then turning southward to the Tower, and completing the circle by a walk along the river-side defences, over Billingsgate and Doegate, as far as Blackfriars, let us recal in imagination the landscape that would have greeted the eye of the warder as he made his tour of the city walls.

Leaning over the towers of Ludgate, he would observe the canoes of scattered fishermen drawn up here and there along the shipless Strand. He would hear the loud laugh, or the merrie carol of holiday youths and maidens, as they descended into the valley of the River of Wells, on a pilgrimage to St. Clement's Well—the Holy Well—where now resort the pilgrims of the clothes-bag, and where, instead of sermons, vows, and whispered orisons, your ears are stunned with "Any old closh to shell?—any old closh to bwuy?"

Further northward from the battlements of the Newgate, the Smeethe Felde, alternately a place of warlike exercises, sports, and pastimes, or bargaining and chaffering, lies close under the shadow of the walls. A mile northward, smoke thinly curling through the forest, marks the site of the Clerk's Well, where, as at the Holy Well, a little hamlet, probably attracted by the excellence of the spring, then existed.

To the west, across the interposing valley of the Fleet, or as it was then called, the River of Wells, the scattered hamlet of the Old Bourne was dispersed along the banks of the streamlet of the same name, long since debarred the light of day, and condemned to grope in subterranean darkness its descending way. Below, rather stagnated then, ran the River of Wells, or Fleet,

> Than which no sluice of mud
> With blacker sable taints the silvery flood,

serving the uses of a town ditch, and no less formidable to an enemy by its depth than its dirt.

To the north-east and east, blackening forests, and morasses mantling with stagnant pools and useless vegetation extended far as eye could reach, the monotony of the scene hardly broken by the tombs of the Roman soldiery scattered without the Eald and Bishop's Gates.

Lingering upon the river wall, he sees the bridgeless stream roll upward and downward its unobstructed tide; nor wharf, nor quay diverting its wandering at will. Along its line of coast a few rude mastless hulks blacken, at wide intervals, the shingly strand; groups of wayfarers collect over against the point where the ferry plies between St. Mary's church, by Watling Street, forming the only definite line of communication between the city and the kingdom of Kent.

If, having completed his outward survey, we suppose our spectator to revert his eyes within the limit of the city walls, he beholds churches surrounded by spacious enclosures, unintruded upon by the scattered habitations of man; the palace of the Saxon king, removed

by extensive gardens, or rather spaces of green sward, from the dwellings of his subjects; castles of the nobles, standing jealously apart; a market-place, where now stands the Exchange, with the little bubbling Wallbrook, fed by the superabundant moisture of Moorfields, bounding it to the west, and hastening, with its tributaries Langbourne and Sharebourne, to join the Thames beneath the arch of Doegate; the leading thoroughfares tending towards the central market-place, as in provincial towns to this day, and occupying the sites of our great city thoroughfares at present.

Such was the London of a thousand years ago; let antiquaries trace, step by step, its gradual extension beyond its walls; its invasion of meadows, forests, and morasses, its swallowing up, dun-cow like, hamlets and villages all around; its outstretched arm, in course of time extended to shake hands with royal Westminster, on the banks of Thames; its leg, pushed through the river to meet another lesser London growing at its foot. It is enough for us to contrast the London of a thousand years ago with the London of to-day; to hold them up together, saying, "Look upon this picture, and on *this!*"

Nor let us regard the change with eyes merely of wonder; there is a moral in the change. A lesson is told by it of hope, of progress, of step by step advancement in the path of the perfectibility of man. The face of nature, it is true, has been *disguised*, but hardly changed; the little hills yet stand, the little rivers flow, the little vales spread along their level length of town; all else that we see, all that makes our wonderment rise into amaze, is the doing of art, and industry, and enterprise, and accumulated savings of glorious man!

CHAPTER II.

The progress of civilization, the increase of wealth, are in nothing more clearly evidenced than in rapid changes in the physiognomy of town.

Our venerable, overhanging frame-timbered dwellings of the olden time, with their fantastic gables, their quaint scrolls, and ornamental wainscoting, such as still exist, the picturesque of domestic architecture, in Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, and other continental cities, have now almost entirely disappeared; sacrificed to the increased value of ground, the enhanced price of timber, and, above all, the more generally diffused requirements of internal comfort. We stumble now and then upon one of these wooden mansions of the olden time, isolated survivors of a timber town, long since converted into fire-wood; here and there we find an odd one in the Strand, in Whitechapel, in Little Moorfields. The Sir Paul Pindar, in Norton Folgate, is a favourable specimen of the extinct London tenement; and in Cloth Fair we may yet form a good idea of the picturesque character of a street of these amicable mansions, courteously bowing and shaking hands with one another out of the garret windows: their railed wooden balconies, their casements of various size and form, their happy independence of height, frontage, accommodation. Nor are the interiors less curious in their way; the ground-floor, long since sunk into a semi-cellar by the gradual elevation of the narrow street; the dark, intricate stair; the gaping floors, having their level in any plane save the plane of the horizon; the rooms, to which the bulkhead cabins of

the ships of our day are princely in comparison; the nooks and corners, and passages, and dark closets, and indifferent means of light, air, and ventilation.

Yet these, and such as these, were the dwellings of the stout trunk-hose citizen of the days of Elizabeth; of the pied "rook," and swash-buckler, with slashed doublet, rapier, and cooped Spanish hat and feather; these narrow, dingy *trottoirs* have been trod by gay and gallant cavaliers, and gentle dames, in costumes now confined to fancy ball-rooms and masquerades; as the houses have been, for the most part, transferred to the pasteboard streets of our theatres.

We must confess, however, that this gable-end architecture, whether from its variety of outline, its eccentricity of form, and its grotesqueness of ornament, conveys a pleasure to the eye which we expect in vain from the regular and formal rows of modern buildings. There was a harmony between the picturesque of costume and of habitation, as there is a conformity of ugliness in our day between our square toes and square windows, our green doors and green spectacles, our round hats and round corners, our Venetian blinds and cotton umbrellas, our clumped soles and clumped buildings.

But it must not be forgotten, that whatever we have sacrificed to the picturesque, we have been more than repaid in convenience and comfort; and this holds equally of what we wear or where we dwell. Imagine a wealthy squire, or noble peer of the nineteenth century, sauntering down St. James's Street, or along the sheltered side of Bond Street, in November fog or March east wind, his short satin cloak, trimmed with gold frogs, flying behind him horizontally, and exposing a velvet doublet, slashed with crimson satin fitting tight to his shape, with scarlet hose richly "clocked," a massive gold hilted rapier, and short dagger; conceive his figure standing on tiptoe in the rain, as he peeps into the coach of a lady of his acquaintance, hat in hand, his feather trailing in the mud, to inquire whether she caught cold at the last Almack's ball, or to ask her opinion of the respective merits of Dumilatre or Carlotta Grisi.

The physiognomy of London, now-a-days, is characteristic of its people of the present day; the habitations typify the *habitans*. The palaces of the exclusives, for instance, are exclusive palaces, *in* London, but not *of* it; they stand alone, and dwell apart, like their masters, presenting to the vulgar world without a dead brick wall fifteen or twenty feet high, guarded with halbert-headed rails, lest any tired wayfarer might lean against it, or enterprising apple-woman vend her fruity stores thereat.

Of the interior, the tuft-hunting reader expects us to tell him what *we* have seen, to which we have not the slightest objection.

We have seen, then, when the wicket has been unclosed to let in his grace's red captain, or let out my lord's gentleman's gentleman, three square yards of a marble court, half a Corinthian column, and one richly sculptured window, caught over the shoulder of a prize porter, twenty stone weight, sinking offal, in parsley and butter jacket, laced waistcoat, crimson smalls, with countenance to match.

When we recollect the *post octavos* that have been filled with no more introduction than this, to fashionable life, the confidential conversations of dukes and duchesses, the accounts of their balls and parties, the inventories of their boudoirs,—we most humbly crave the reader's mercy for not leaving our proper person outside the gate, and

soaring into the inmost recesses of aristocratic life on the wings of an active imagination.

However, we have told the reader all we saw, or are ever likely to see, and we say no more upon the subject; we have done our duty, and let the Northumberland, and Burlington, and Devonshire prize porters answer it, if, like Tom Thumb, we have done no more!

In the City, as the centre of our wealth,—solid, massy,—so many strong boxes of brick and mortar, rather inhospitable and reserved in their physiognomy, their worst side out, and all that is good and valuable, where there is "no admission except on business," these structures, like the merchants who possess them, you know nothing of, unless you have the privilege of the *entrée;* so far from making any boast of their wealth, they seem studious to conceal it.

Our middle-class tenements in London are, in like manner, plain, blunt, homely, matter-of-fact representatives of the Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons, who dwell therein; they are soberly, orderly, well-conducted houses, keeping good hours, and are no oftener seen with a soiled window-blind or a broken pane, than their respectable proprietors with a dirty shirt or a black eye.

They stand together like Highlanders, "shoulder to shoulder," lending mutual support and assistance, as becomes tenements highly civilized; there is amongst them no vulgar ambition of advancing beyond their fellows, nor does No. 5 hold his head an inch higher than No. 10; if there is any difference in their circumstances or station in life, they keep it to themselves, and are, to all outward appearance, equally respectable and solvent; even No. 20 in our street, that upon one occasion ran away on Sunday, had his windows cleaned, his door-step hearth-stoned, and his knocker black-leaded the Saturday before, with religious scrupulosity.

Our genteel tenements, or houses of good families, that have recently sprung up in swarms about the outskirts of our parks, are no less indicative of a sympathy with their *habitans.* Very delicate, spruce, and *natty* to the view, they are much given to outward show; are often made up of illegitimate materials, taken from tenements of older standing, and plastered over the face, to hide deficiencies, and give them a complexion pale, bilious, and interesting.

To do them justice, they look very well; and one is apt to admire them, until we think of the "*compo,*" and discover that the architecture is all a sham,—as we sometimes find ourselves amazed at the Michaelmas-day splendours of my Lord Mayor's state footman, in epaulets, arquelettes, and gold lace garters, until we recollect ourselves with a "Pooh! the fellow is only a lick-plate!"

The habitations of the poor we should hardly be expected to notice, as we should be careful, like the man who kept the cock-pit, to exclude from our pages any company *what's* low; but for the sake of completing the analogy, we cannot help observing that we think the harmony between the countenances and condition of the habitations of our poor, and of the poor inhabitants, is complete.

The interior of the blocks of building that make up our streets in busy neighbourhoods are intersected by a network of brick lanes, courts, cul-de-sacs, of every variety of shape and size, wriggling eel-like from one second or third-rate street to another, and having the same analogy to the great thoroughfares of town that foot-paths have to turnpike roads in the rural districts.

The doors of these tenements are generally hospitably open, as the *house*-door properly belongs to nobody, everybody living in a room. As nobody, therefore, will open the door when it is shut, nor shut it when it is open, the door preserves an open countenance, disclosing a yawning chasm of a black hall, or hole, and a shattered stair within.

The windows, where all the panes are not patched or broken, have a backgammon-board appearance, a square of glass and an old hat generally alternating in agreeable variety, and not only useful but ornamental; the glass admitting the little light that is not intercepted by the opposite houses, and the hat, as it is inserted or withdrawn excluding the wind or admitting the air.

If business or curiosity leads you to enter, you are assailed by a peculiar sub-acid smell, a slow putrefactive odour, faint, and calculated to make you so: the collective grime and dirt of the areas, passages, and common stairs is undergoing continually a slow decomposition; the *miasmata* ascending, provide *cases* to figure in the medical wards of the different hospitals. Where the time-blackened plaster on the walls has not disappeared, it is stained of various hues by the percolating moisture of the pervious roof, and cobwebs of the richest texture alternate with fungi and saline frost-work on the ceilings and walls.

Entering the rooms, you find either hopeless filth and desolation, a giving way on the part of the inmates to the necessities of their condition, or an attempt at neatness, painfully contrasting with the obstacles in the way; the pursuit, in short, of cleanliness under difficulties.

Difficulties, indeed! Does not the puddled street, with its ridges almost plough-deep of half hardened gutter sufficiently prove, as you pick your unclean way, that there is no sewerage; the half-starved horse, with the bell round his neck, dragging after him a leaky barrel, the proprietor announcing water a " hap-peny a pail," gives you an idea of the abundance of the first element of cleanliness and comfort, while you have only to look up through the clothes-poles, at tattered petticoats, and old blankets hung out to dry, catching between a strip of sky, like a scratch upon a schoolboy's slate, to confess how little the genius of Dr. D. B. Reid could effect in such a place towards ventilation.

Yet here, in these neglected *slums*, uncared-for by governments, parliaments, or parishes, dwell stalwart industry and mechanic skill; there, by the lean candle, sixteen to the pound, pale-eyed sempstresses ply their ill-requited and unprofitable tasks; the slip-shod weaver shuffles his hands and his feet upon his domestic treadmill from early morn till late night; the pinch-faced wife shoe-binds, or makes shirts; the daughters pursue one woman's pitiful employ or another, all in the same room; the wolf is ever at their door, their lives are from hand to mouth; their respectability consists in suffering, slaving, and starving silently; they are "the mob," "the great unwashed," "creatures;" as long as they refrain from obtruding their miseries upon those better orders, many of whose superfluities of eye are the work of their hands, they are well conducted: so long as they are not heard of, they are in good repute; when they appear before the public, they cease to be "individuals;" at the workhouses "paupers," at the police-court "*cases*," and by constables "charged;" and this we have often thought a good constabulary joke—*charged* with destitution.

The first impressions of the physiognomy of town are more or less favourable or unfavourable, as the visitor enters by one or other of the leading avenues.

From the east and north, approaching London, it is difficult to realize our pre-conceived ideas of its splendour. Street after street of long-drawn chandlers' shops, and green-grocery suburbs, and side glances, as we proceed, at the narrow lanes and *slums* to the right and left, incline us to doubt the propriety of a term we had so often heard applied to the great metropolis, "The City of Palaces."

The stranger arriving by the river is lost in amazement at the forests of masts, and the busy sounds and sights of maritime prosperity, but cannot reconcile this with the manners of the tiled sheds, and the back-door physiognomy of the ungainly and heterogeneous structures that encumber the margin of the stream.

Near the Thames itself is a different river, beheld under different auspices. When the tide is low, and a *slob*, or mudbank is seen extending from Buckingham Gate to Whitehall on the one side, sandbanks in the middle, and a naked shingly strand from Bankside to Vauxhall on the other, nobody can see anything grand or beautiful about it. Nor is the prospect, or your temper, at all improved, if you happen to view it from a fourpenny steamer, fast stuck in the mud. But, standing on a fine summer's evening upon the wharf at Hungerford Market, when the tide is at the full, the body and depth of the water reflects that peculiarly metallic silvery hue, characteristic of this stream, and the declining sun glancing along its gently rippling surface, there cannot, under that sun, be seen a more glorious show.

You behold at once, and together, two of the greatest powers, as well as two of the most beautiful sights of nature and art, a great river, and a great viaduct thrown across it. Below you have the full tide of Thames, and above, on bridge after bridge, you see the full tide of population, moving across it, as it were, in procession.

This rare and wondrous spectacle of a quiet and translucent stream mingling lovingly in the haunts of busy life, entering our doors, and being treated "as one of the family," may, or may not, according to the tone of mind of the spectator, enhance its loveliness; but, to our thinking, the river looks a little better alive with boats and men, supporting on its bosom the floating wealth of nations, surrounded by an admiring mob of various buildings, shouldering each other to catch a glimpse of Father Thames, as, like an everlasting Lord Mayor, he sails stately along; fine tall fellows behind, ecclesiastical and civil, raising their tapering heads and lusty shoulders, ambitious of seeing their reflected glories in the river's mirrory face, and here and there lofty columns, standing on tiptoe, like gigantic gentlemen of the Life-Guards.

The sense of utility, somehow, is combined with the sense of beauty. There is none of that sadness that oppresses the mind when contemplating a great river pouring, through solitudes, a silent waste of waters. Thames we regard as a fine gentlemen devoted to commerce, and combining with industry and enterprise, the graces and amenities of eye.

The difficulty of selecting points of view whence we may form a correct estimate of the grandeur of London, is great; views, of the bird's-eye sort, from the Monument, St. Paul's, or the Duke of York's column, are by no means satisfactory, save in giving an idea of the vastness of its extent, and the quantity of ground it covers. What with the smoke, contending with haze and fog; what with the great height, by which the streets appear narrowed into alleys, the passen-

gers diminished to the size of ants, appearing to crawl along the surface, and the great brick-red desert of tiles and chimney-pots, these monumental prospects are by no means satisfactory.

One of the finest views in London, is three paces in advance of Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, looking towards St. Paul's, whose expansive bulk, swelling against the sky, is surprisingly contrasted with the needle-like spire of St. Martin's Ludgate. If the architect of the latter had intended his structure to serve as a foil to the former, as well as to display, by contrast, the lightness and elegance of his own work, he could not have employed his talent to more advantage.

A point at Charing Cross, nearly opposite Mackintosh's *caoutchouc* emporium, affords another tolerably general point of view, embracing many objects of interest. There are many others, but by far the finest is from the third arch of Waterloo Bridge, on the Surrey side.

Beyond all doubt, this presents the most magnificent *coup d'œil* in London. You stand in the centre of the chord of an arch, formed by the great bend, or London reach, as we may call it, of the river; before you, forming the central point of view, rises the façade of Somerset House; Westminster and Blackfriars bridges are the collonades connecting the wings of the city, as it were, with your centre; citywards, towers and spires, outnumbering the pinnacles of the Escurial, or the monarchs of Muscovian Kremlin, lifting their heads above the herd of habitations around, lead you to conclude that the cockneys must be the most religious people upon earth: you count two-and-thirty steeples, of all sorts and sizes, without including the pinnacles of the Tower, dimly seen among the forest of floating pines, which do duty for plantations.

The number of the city churches reminds us of Sir Roger De Coverley's observations, when on his voyage to Spring Gardens.

"After some short time," says the Spectator, "the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick-set the city was with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar."

"A most heathenish sight," said Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town."

Upon St. Paul's, towering over the tributary spires with prelatic authority, raising loftily its mitred head, the eye reposes with untiring curiosity, unsatiated admiration. With primatial pride, lifting its ample dome above the secular tenements around, "it shines well where it stands," the tutelary guardian of a city worthy to encircle such a temple.

As you gaze delightedly upon it, you almost expect to see it marching like a Titan towards the river, overturning the hulking warehouses that intercept it from the river's brink; and this, we have no doubt, would have been done long ago, had the church, in addition to its other powers, the power of locomotion.

If a stranger, instead of being driven from the steam-boat, or the railway, to a dingy hotel in a narrow street, could be dropped upon this spot, we venture to say that he would form a more complete and coherent notion of the immensity, majesty, and splendour of London, than from a month's carriage exercises among the streets, squares, and parks.

Nobody who has not seen London from this spot, has seen London.

This is the great difficulty, to see London at one view; it is a many-headed monster, with a different physiognomy to every head.

A traveller on the Calton Hill, can take in the glories of Edinburgh at one view; the classic structures of that most picturesque of cities crowning its rocky crags; its ridges of many-stoned habitations running up hill and down dale, from the Castle to Holyrood, in regular confusion; the noble avenues and spacious squares of its modern city; the juxta position of a classic and a gothic town, the happy intermixture of the picturesque in nature with the picturesque in art; frowning precipices, richly tinted with various vegetation, crowned with lofty battlements and watch-towers, perched like eagles on the jutting crags; below, trim gardens and elegant pastures, populous with beaux and belles of modern Athens.

The Place du Concorde, at Paris, and Carlisle Bridge, Dublin, in like manner afford what writers on perspective call the point of sight, for the principal beauties of each city. And thus it is that lesser cities, like lakes whose shores the eye can embrace at the same instant, are more picturesque than those whose wide expanse makes it necessary to observe their beauties in detail.

To conclude, we may observe, that while our leading impression of other cities may be that of beauty, that with which this metropolis inspires us, is a sense of wonder, the result of its vastness.

CHAPTER III.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPENDING A SHILLING IN LONDON.

Let us consider for a moment the value of a shilling in London.

We give precedence, of course, to the investment of this important sum—vital to many, necessary to most, useful to all—this current shilling of the realm, in mental nourishment, or intellectual entertainment. The possessor, then, of this invaluable letter of introduction, we suppose to saunter slowly down Regent Street in search of a literary or philosophic dinner; he has in his pocket, we imagine, wrapped up in an old newspaper, sufficient wherewith to recreate the animal man; some bread and cheese, or a knuckle of ham, or a—anything in short, a scholar being no wise particular.

He peruses, with delight, the *caste* of the dishes of the day at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, or the Royal Adelaide Gallery.

Half a dozen lectures by learned professors on chemistry, hydrostatics, optics, and what not, consume the day. Hardly is the class dismissed from one, until the bell rings that summons them to another; the diving-bell and Daguerrotype, the electrical eel and Perkin's steam-gun, the galvanic battery and Archimedean screw, furnish our student with amusement and instruction for the day and evening, value received, one shilling.

Let us now contemplate our possessor of a shilling, desirous of expanding his ideas of life, of "multiplying adventures innocently," as the poet Rogers tells us we do, by travel; or at least, of rubbing off that rust that gathers over a man always in the same place, and dispersing the cobwebs that are sure to collect in the corner of the skull of him who is always at the same thing.

He looks at the locomotive columns of the newspaper; he begins at "The first ship to Madras and Calcutta," conning the page through "Packets to Mauritius and Madeira—Steamers to Hamburgh and Hull,"

until he is gratified by an advertisement announcing that the Go-Ahead Steam Navigation Company, and the Jim-Along-Josey boats, are, for his especial benefit, and the advantages of his shilling, cutting one another's throats. He finds, for instance, at this present writing, that the Woolwich Watermen's anti-monopoly fast iron boats, benevolently travel between Westminster Bridge and Woolwich for *nothing*, unless we choose to consider the fourpence the traveller is expected to present to the money-taker, and which we suppose is intended, as far as it will go, to keep the stokers in beer, *anything*, in return for a pleasant voyage of some fourteen or fifteen miles. Our traveller, determined to encourage the enterprise of the no-monopolists, steps on board Waterman No. 3, and with a clear sky overhead, and an ebb tide under foot, takes his four-pennyworth of navigation, or " cold without," and in due time is landed on the Watermen's Pier at Woolwich, where, with many bows from many touters, he is presented with many bills, soliciting the honour of his patronage on the homeward voyage.

At Woolwich our traveller may command a variety of highly instructive and amusing sights, without the necessity of disbursing a farthing. He may wile away two or three hours very pleasantly in the Dockyard, where, observing the poor convicts with shackles on their legs, his thoughts may revert to the bitterness of slavery ; and, while he jingles his eightpence in his pocket—for the sake of the music we always have *our* change in coppers—he may meditate upon the necessary connexion that exists in this free and happy country, between personal liberty and pecuniary independence. Or he may amuse himself with a careful examination of the various engines in the Repository, contemplating, not without the admiration such benevolent machinery is calculated to excite, the thousand contrivances of man for scattering death and destruction among his fellows.

It is barely possible, that upon the common, or in the marshes, he may be indulged with a sight, at prudent distance, of ball or rocket practice ; nor is it at all unlikely that the band of the Royal Artillery may perform, in their best style, an instrumental concert in honour of his arrival.

Having enjoyed himself with these, or such other *spectacles* as may be going forward, our hero of *seize sous* begins to grow peckish, the combined effects of the smell of the sea-air, tar, pitch, and " shrimps like prawns," with which the military-naval-marine arsenal abounds, he scrutinizes the signs of the several inns, as carefully as if he was about to invest a large property in one of them ; but observing that they are all swarming with marines, and consequently low, he declines patronizing any one in particular.

In the window of a cleanly, neat little general merchant's, vulgarly called a chandler's shop, our hero espies, marshalled in a wicker basket, a battalion of *soldiers*, of the Yarmouth regiment ; their armour shines a rich cupreous hue, and they are as corpulent as sergeant-majors of the Guards. The tourist, taking care to select a soft roe, becomes the possessor of a soldier, together with a couple of pages of light reading—sixty-fifth report of a committee of the House of Commons on the state of the poor, in which the said soldier has been carefully deposited, mummy-wise, by the decent woman of the shop, as thankful for a penny as a west-end tradesman for a pound.

Whistling Bishop's pretty little air,

Tell me where is fancy bred,

our hero next visits the baker's, selecting a crusty roll—an outsider—one penny sterling; thus provisioned, he crosses Woolwich Common, and makes the best of his way to the Fox-under-the-Hill.

There, having ordered a pint of mild porter, a plate, and knife and fork, administered not by the hands of an iron-faced waiter, with a napkin under his arm, but by the pretty daughter of mine host, the "soldier" is tried by court-martial, impaled upon the fork, and, after being properly toasted, consigned, together with the roll, to immediate execution.

Having demolished his frugal repast—we are almost ashamed to say that the accommodation, civility inclusive, of the Fox-under-the-Hill, costs only twopence—our giant refreshed makes a circumambulatory tour of Shooter's Hill, enjoying, as he goes along, panoramas of London, such as Leicester Square or the Coliseum at no price could afford him. If he has cultivated a taste for simple and inexpensive pleasures, without which a poor man is poor indeed, he will find himself among the woods and wastes, in a region populous as Fleet Street, conversational as a friend, and eloquent as the House of Commons or the Cogers.

Reclining under a tree, enjoying the rich and various melody of the thrush, as he pours his unpremeditated lay, or luxuriating in the liquid tones of the familiar red-breast, he will see the little birds on every spray, provided for by the Great Provider of all, not only with food, but with animal spirits,—not only living, but enjoying life, in the hilarity of active existence, content and happy, nor emulous of the riches of our friend, blest with eight-pence,—we beg pardon, with four-pence in his pocket.

He regards with pleasure the springing wild flowers, of forms inimitably graceful, hues fresh and delicate, and breathing various fragrance; the insect world is not too minute for his scrutiny, nor too mean for his education; in every humble-bee he sees a creature of industry, enterprise, and skill. Poring over an ant-hill, and observing the tiny citizens busy in the pursuit of gain, running hither and thither, and combining their strength to drag the discovered barley-corn to their hoard, he only regards the little rogues in grain as so many transmigrated Mark Lane speculators.

A moonlight stroll beneath the shady avenues of Greenwich Park may end this day of various enjoyment; and our wayfarer arrived at Greenwich, presents his last surviving groat,—for we can hardly call it *paying*,—to the very civil money-taker of the Greenwich Railway, and is wafted into town by one of the trains that, since early morning, during every quarter of an hour throughout the day, have been ambitious of the honour of conveying him.

Penniless but not poor, our shillingless friend takes his homeward way, perusing the shop-windows as he goes along, criticising and admiring the thousand-and-one luxuries and vanities which he does *not* want.

Let us suppose our tourist ambitious of a longer voyage: he wishes, mayhap, to go to China; the way to China lies through Piccadilly,—fare sixpence by a Knightsbridge "bus." Our traveller disembarks at the gate of Canton,—pays a toll of one shilling,—and is introduced,

without more formality, into the very best society of the Celestial Empire.

He penetrates further into the interior of things than Staunton did, or Lord Macartney; he mingles familiarly with mandarins of every bratton; he takes tea in the true celestial fashion, handles his chopsticks, falls into the fashion of small slippers and broken toes, and meditates plucking out his eyebrows. He does not merely walk the streets, beholding the outside of life, as in London,—no such thing;—he knows more of China than the Chinese themselves, and comes away a walking encyclopædia of Chinese domestic economy, deficient in nothing save what he can very well do without, the genuine Pekin pronunciation.

If the sublime in nature is his passion, let him go see Mont Blanc and Chamouni;—Chamouni and Mont Blanc are to be seen in Leicester Square; Syria and the Holy Land are at the Coliseum; Venice, in all her glory, at the Egyptian Hall. The man of two sixpences, in short, can go round the world without extending his excursion beyond the bills of mortality.

If his tastes are epicurean, let the man in London with a shilling in his pocket be under no apprehension; he *may* be an epicure. Not in the sense or senselessness of that foolish fellow Philips, who sang

> Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
> In silken or in leather purse contains
> A splendid shilling; he nor hears with pain
> Fresh oysters cried, nor sighs for nut-brown ale.

Oysters and ale, indeed! By oysters and ale we suspect it is that so many poets have arrived at the Parnassus of the workhouse; we hope we know better the value of a shilling, or we have no pretensions to write a Philosophy of Life in London. We shrewdly suspect that the man who would spend the shilling he might have, in the testaceous and cerevisial dainties presented by Philips, instead of satisfying his appetite, would be more likely to acquire one, calculated to lead to the disbursement of other shillings.

Nor can the man of twelvepence be an epicure in the sense of smart provincials, who are accustomed to boast, on their return to "our town," of the excellent dinners they have had in London for a shilling. Excellent dinners, forsooth! we presume they allude to the cook-shops, or, as they are sometimes more ambitiously styled, dining-rooms, where the platter, ration, allowance, or what you will, is either tolerable, bad, or decidedly uneatable, according as you arrive when the steamed joint, a shaving whereof forms your "excellent dinner," is either just up, half cut, or cut to pieces, and when your arrival five minutes sooner or later determines whether the articles of soup, vegetables, poultry, fish, or pastry you can have are hot, cold, or intermediate; whether in short, you are to get something which nobody would eat if they could help it, or some other thing which nobody would eat whether they could help it or not.

Our epicure must have an inkling of an accomplishment disdained by boarding-schools, never alluded to in the supplement of educational five guinea a-piece *extras*, and held in supreme contempt by young ladies "finished" thereat; we allude to the unfashionable and now forgotten accomplishments of plain roast and boiled.

With a stewpan, the art to handle it, and a shilling, may be com-

manded in London a greater variety of luxuries, or if you choose to call them by so humble a name, necessaries, than in any other city in the world. A shilling will purchase poultry, flesh, or fish; a wild duck may often be purchased for sixpence, a brace of teal for twice that sum; with a shilling you may dine sumptuously upon your choice of the choicest fish; a pound of cod-fish, a pound of eels, sixpence; a pair of soles threepence. With a shilling you can purchase of the Queen's purveyor two pounds of good meat,—we do not mean roasting meet, but prime meat,—perhaps from the very carcase of which the sirloin has been sent to the Palace, for eightpence; and, what is still more wonderful, you will be civilly entreated, and thanked for your money. For a groat you may command a variety of vegetables and small *et ceteras*, converting, with the unladylike skill in cookery we suppose you possessed of, your raw material into a couple of dinners, neither less nor more than sufficient for satisfying nature, which is all you or anybody else can desire.

Now there is not a counter-jumper between the time of shutting shop at nine, and " must be in at ten," strutting into a tavern and calling for a shilling's-worth of brandy and water, who will not consider our observations upon the value of a shilling " cussed low,"—not an omnibus cad who puffs a shilling away in bad cigars between the *H*angle and the *H*eagle who will not despise us from the bottom of his waistcoat; not a tattered cabman, who, with a wife and children starving at home, and a miserable horse starving in the street, tips off, at the bar of the Green Man a liquid shilling, who will not bring in against us a verdict of " No gemman."

From a contempt of shillings, Cabby, comes the work'us, and worse; better consider with us the philosophy of spending a shilling, than consider with yourself the philosophy of not having a shilling to spend.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN LONDON.

The multiplication of human beings in London multiplies the necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries of life; and while it renders each more independent of the other as an individual, increases the helplessness and dependence of the mass. But this helplessness and dependence is hardly perceptible, save to the philosophic observer; money, that universal interpreter, steps in to the assistance of every man, and enables him to converse with his fellow in language not only intelligible, but unmistakeable.

Imagine a populous nation—say a million and a half of human beings; suppose them scattered over a territory as large as Scotland; let the conveniences, and wants, physical and intellectual, be confined mainly to the cities and towns, or the rural seats of the nobility and gentry; let it be necessary that you should be continually sending to Edinburgh or Glasgow for whatever you require beyond the mere sustenance of animal life, and that you should repair thither at great fatigue, expense, and loss of time for medical aid, education, recreation, intellectual converse, and refined enjoyment.

On the other hand, suppose this diffused population concentrated in a space of thirty miles square, upon the banks of a fine river. Imagine all the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets huddled together into one mighty mass; its wealth, fashion, and splendour, figuring away at the outskirts, and its squalidity, hunger, misery, and rags, skulking in lanes and alleys in the middle. Picture to yourself all the conve-

niences, requirements, and refinements of a rational creature, and everything in addition that makes the paradise of fools, contained within a magic circle, whose diameter is represented by a sixpenny drive in an omnibus; imagine everything you can possibly want, or that money can purchase, to be had next door but two, or over the way, or first shop round the corner; imagine every necessary and luxury of life adapted to every pocket, so that the ambassador and the artizan, the labourer and the lord, may partake at different rates of the same enjoyment, and you have some idea of the advantages of living in London.

But there is more than this in it. London is not merely an aggregation into a city of a nation; it is a nation without a peasantry; a people whose wits are sharpened by competition, stimulated by rewards, and urged perpetually to excellence by the pressure from without. To live in London, a man must be something more than a mere labourer, something above a tiller of the soil. He must be a handicraftsman, at least, and one of superior intelligence and skill, otherwise he cannot remain; if he is not equal to the requirements of the place, he must retire, making way for somebody that is. Even those to whom the hard task of servile work is allotted, must know their business, though it be but to carry a hod; for the lowest walks of life, a low talent is required.

You enjoy in London security to a high degree; you are protected not merely by the proximity of multitudes on all sides, but you are secured still further by the systematic *surveillance* of the authorities, and the ready submission accorded to the officers of the law. This, it is true, you enjoy in all great cities, more or less; but, perhaps, nowhere is the submission to law more complete than here; nowhere are offenders against person or property more easily secured and punished.

For you are miles of street brilliantly lighted, so that you can pursue in safety the midnight way; for you thousands of vehicles fly from corner to corner of the far-extending towns, emulous to convey you from one end of London to another for sixpence; for you the shops display profusely their most costly and expensive wares; for your amusement and instruction, talent of every kind is imported from every clime; for you Savoyards grind music in the streets, and Italians at the Opera; for you, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, conduct magazines and reviews, and pen articles in the newspapers; you get the fruits of the labours of hundreds, at your own home, or if you are homeless, seated in your coffee-house, over a three-halfpenny cup of tea, and a pennyworth of bread and butter.

In London you have within easy reach the elements of knowledge, not of books merely, but of men, the most valuable of the two, because the most practical; as it has been well observed, he who makes books from books may be useful, but can scarcely be great.

The man whose notions of life are derived from books alone, sees human nature, as in a glass, darkly; the student of life beholds it face to face. He who carries the precepts of sages, and the experience of the closet into the active duties and real business of life, will resemble him who should take charge of a ship on a long and intricate voyage, with knowledge acquired by reading the Nautical Almanac, or Parkerton's voyages and travels.

Whether your tastes incline towards reading, reflection, conversations, or observations, here is a world within your grasp; the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil is before you; you have only to pluck and eat.

A FEW THOUGHTS
UPON THE "PASSING AWAY OF THE OLD YEAR," AND THE "COMING OF THE NEW." 1843-4.

There is no cheering light in heaven—the winds are wild and drear,
And mightily prolong the dirge of the worn and wasted year;
Whose sands are run—whose course is done—whose reckoning must be
Where the cradle of the future lies, by the grave of "Forty-Three."
Merrily, as in simpler times, the frantic bells rejoice,
Mingling with carols, and the sounds of the blending harp and voice,
Whilst the poor, with old Solicitude, their plaintive cries begin,
And waiting the accustom'd dole, say, "*Let the New Year in!!*"
New Years are welcome—like *new* friends—but even with a tear,
We say "farewell!" to the dying form of the worn and wasted year.
Let others hail the rival with a peal of festive joy,
A bumper on my lonely hearth, "Honour to *Thee*, old Boy!"

We are alone in our ancient turret, and midnight is within a single stride of us; the cheery faggot, renewed upon the primitive hearthstone, blazes with unwonted fury, and the trimly curtains of pictured chintz are pursed around and before the diminutive casement. Our "family bard," the attentive cricket, welcomes our studious presence, from his anchoritical shelter, behind the old Dutch tiles, whose legendary faces adorn a recess, reflecting the spirting flame of our winter's fire. A gusty wind careers about the gloomy wards and vaulted passages, so that you can scarcely hear the clamour of mirthful voices, abundant in the streets and upon the highways of the vicinity. Our comrade, the odorous meerschaum, has inflicted an intolerable seriousness upon our brain to-night. It *might* be, the modicum (thrice diluted) of Sullivan's whiskey, or the neglected invitation to romp with our *cousins*, in the "Bailly-close." However,

Tymes and seasons
Habe thoughtes and reasons.

And thus, involuntarily, may *we*, at this critical hour, swoon into doleful dump at the departure of the Old Year, which, minute by minute, is gasping upon its solemn death-bed, divested of all regal ordinance, and stricken to the very spine by the javelin of the executioner—Time. Old Pensiveness is guiding the forlorn December, ungarbed of its wig and hereditary mummeries, to the starting-place at the ensuing obsequies, and Young Hope upon tiptoe, like an elastic Mercury, vested in vernal green, stands upon the alert to throw open the portals of the New Year, when "you will see," (as the showmen say,) "bi-fronted January, coaxing rueful-haired Aquarius, who on this occasion wears a Temperance medal," to break the pledge, and his everlasting "water-pot," and quaff a "leetle drop" of cogniac or anniseed, "to keep the cold out" on the *lucky morning!* Verily, Mr. Bentley, we are surrounded by emblems and hieroglyphics, so we will whirl an additional log upon the fire, feed our bronzed lamp with a spoonful of lustrous oil, and quaff desperately the residuum of the last concoction, to "the memory, and to the blessings of good Forty-Three!" whilst the musical kettle, steaming in the ashes, suggests the preparation of a gracious libation as a welcome to the "proclaimed" year.

"*There are two birth-days in every man's life,*" said Charles

Lamb, and *he* was the spirit which, in mortals' disguise, quaffed sympathy and kindliness from all those old customs which, reared in the mellow goodness of the past, convey hope, unity, and a smiling morality to the existing generation. *The* one "birth-day" he described as the *day* of the individual, and which is consigned, in due season, to ravenous children and their newly-breeched associates; the other *is the nativity of our common Adam*, and is combined with a sentiment too powerful for dispersion, and too pleading for silence, negligence, or irreverence. The former is observed in youth, with an atlas-load of plum-pudding, ginger wine, and the et cæteras. (I remember it was always a profitable observance to the family apothecary, and usually terminated by "Vin. Antim. Tart.," or a succession of the "*real* James' powders.") The *latter* birthday, we know, is a great heart-warming! a simultaneous expression of joy and anticipation. It is sunshine after sudden darkness, a holocaust of good intentions. (N.B. *Paving material* for "Auld Nickie.") It is a curtain of golden tissue between the desolate past, its visitations and disappointments, and an untrodden pathway of promised amendment, felicity, and all fruitful advantages. Therefore, it cannot be renewed (until the "scythe-man" is dethroned) without many emotions.

A young mother, yearning over the beauty and reflected tenderness of her first-born child, registers its darling life by moments, by minutes, by hours, days, weeks; at last, with reluctance, by the changeful moon. Thus she is schooled in every change, and wise in every incident connected with the first stage of its vegetable existence. With such an exception, and a few others, (abrupt departures from established chronology,) *years* are the appointed reckoning; all other subdivisions of time are but the contrivance of ploughmen, watch-makers, creditors, and condemned criminals. Minutes are laughable minutiæ; we sprinkle them away, like comfits at a carnival. Hours are dissolved in our arrangements, like the atoms of sugar in our evening's toddy. Weeks are dispersed in air, with as little heed as a volley of "dust shot" from a Christmas fowling-piece at a deceptive old shoe in a hawthorn boundary. The twelve months are but "small change" in the estimation of a "pure" gentleman; but the knell, which reveals the departure of a *year*, makes a contemplative economist even of the little schoolboy, who sits "blowing his bubbles" at the holiday threshold; and every rational biped, from the herdsman in the hovel, to the student in the cloister, starts at the proclamation, and reminds itself of vicissitude, mortality, and of millions upon millions, huddled into the hereditary corruption of the tomb. "Time," with a gentler beat of his ebony wand, denotes the intermediate stages of pilgrimage; but no sooner has December counted the last sand-fall in the hour-glass, than the vigorous old man unslings from his hirsute shoulders the ceremonial gong, and with a mighty "Bang-ng-ng!!!" which all the world shall hear, he sends its wizard pulses home, surging like tempest waves, to every human heart.

Yes, indeed, we *live by years!* and every past year is "subpœna'd" for the great *account* hereafter. Therefore is the exit of the faded year, and its renewal in a succeeding year, a crisis throughout, with ideas of prophetic fervency, and an amazing earnestness. To one it is all blame, to another, regret; to the unfortunate, anticipation; to

the man of the *ledger* and the *counting-house* a period for new books; a methodical "punctum saliens." But we read the interesting legend, and we overlook the moral. Take a hundred of to-night's red wassailers; five only may have struck upon the right consideration of the change; twenty shall grow hypochondriacal with unbidden megrims; three scores and ten shall drown obtrusive wisdom in nonsense and the bowl, and all sensual gratification. But "let us be merry and wise," and the laughter is in our ears; our innate and irritable tenacity of life, shall excite *all* to some unacknowledged perception of this time-token. In sorrow and in joy, man oftentimes startles at his own brief ghostly shadow in the mirror of truth, and sometimes feels sadly ashamed (like a baronet of his elbow friends at a "liberal election,") of his old dog-companion — his animal nature, which wags its fat pampered limbs by the master's side, all hungrily.

THE NEW YEAR.

"As the vulgar," says Bourne,* "are always very careful to end the old year *well*, so they are also careful of beginning *well* the new one. As they end the former with hearty compotation, so they begin the latter with the sending of presents, which are termed *New Years' Gifts*." To those who are much interested, abundance may be collected from antiquarian research concerning the origin and establishment of ceremonies, connected with the "one wide feeling" at this notable period of the mortal scheme. Hebrew, Pagan, and Roman documents illustrate this annual celebration. The cold grey eyes of great grandfather *Time* have beheld the feasts of the Israelite.† Scandinavian, Druid, and Etruscan, in ages far withdrawn from this over-analytical and practical generation; with whom *emblems*, which are "unwritten" language, are at a discount, maugre the purity of their eloquence; for *such* these verses are inscribed ever upon the amulet worn devotionally over their "Præcordia," viz.

> "When alle thynges else doe offe theyre musicke fayle,
> Money's y^e stille swete-syngyng nightingale;"

and for the gratification of such we will "accomplish the distance with celerity."

Tatius the Sabine, who was joint king with the adventurous Romulus, gave out to the gaping multitude daily encircling his throne (or primitive three-legged stool), that he had been presented upon the *first day of January* with some consecrated and ominous boughs from the forest of the goddess Strenia, in token of future good fortune; and hence began the custom of presenting new years' gifts, such being termed *Strenæ*.

> "Jani Calendis.
> Atque etiam *Strenæ* charis mittuntur amicis," &c.
> (*Hospinian de Orig. Fest. Xtian.*)

The Romans henceforward made the day a holiday, consecrating it to the ancient god Janus, offering sacrifices to him, and thronging to

* "Popular Antiquities," chapter xvi.

† On the first day of the month "Tisri" the modern Jews have a splendid entertainment, and wish each other "*a happy New Year*." "Reperiunt mensam dulcissimis cibis instructam. Ei cum assederint, quivis partem de cibis illis sumit, et 'Annus,' inquit, 'bonus et dulcis sit nobis omnibus!'" (*Hospinian de Fest. Orig.* p. 54,) read *Hospinian*.

his altars, erected upon the Mount Tarpëia, decked in their new apparel; and they began, after a period of Saturnalian license, their several employments upon this day, wishing one another prosperity, and being heedful not to give utterance to anything ill-natured, vexatious, or quarrelsome. Although Mr. Bourne, in continuation to the above extract, informs us, that new years' gifts "are superstitious and sinful," we need never be ashamed that we are as forward as the heathen in manifestations of friendship, love, and respect; and we opine the aforesaid reverend gentleman was whipped out of all propriety in his youth by a "bumper" of prejudice and pedantic trumpery, entitled "Bourne Senior." In that very excellent compendium, — that well illustrated old book, *Dei degl' Antichi dal Vincenzo Cartari*, printed in Venice, 1587, we learn, that Janus was contemporary with Saturn, and was the first who erected temples to the ruling deity, with ordination of modes of sacrifice; whence he himself was assumed to be a god, and reverenced with divine honours; and the Romans believed that he was posted at the gates of heaven to convey the prayers of the multitude to their destination. Every blue-nosed grammar-schoolboy at home for the "*vacation*," is intimate with the "double-faced immortal." Macrobius conceives that the sun is the planet thus personified, and that the same two faces (the youthful aspect and the graver one) refer to the rising and setting of the sun, and his appearances in east and west during his appointed course. However, paying with due courtesy for all this at its full value, Janus was the God of the year, and frequently in sculpture, the fingers of his hands were arranged so as to represent the number 365, according to a manœuvre of digital correspondence in use with the Romans, as antiquarians testify. The name of "January" is derived from this Pagan deception.

The month was named by our Saxon ancestors Wulꝼe-Monað or wolf-month; and such a designation would be suitable at the present date, because (as is well understood by needy young men of liberal propensities, by "Crocky'd" aristocrats and desperate housekeepers,) herds of ferocious wolves now rush forth in hungry battalions from offices, and tradesmen's back parlours, and assail the portals of those trembling people who have negligently permitted the dust from merry heels and lacerated carpets, to obscure the visibility of certain recently delivered accounts, now sallowing into premature oblivion upon the domestic "file." Their howling betimes is loud and fearful;—and Heaven defend us from the wolves! It was also named "Æfter-Yula," the "second yule," or "yule after Christmas;" for as the Christmas holidays included the twelve days terminating at "the Epiphany," and as the whole time was devoted by our ancestors to joviality and an unrestricted indulgence, the Feast of the Circumcision or New Year's Day, was esteemed a great day in the Rubric, and of equal honour, in a festive consideration, with the Nativity preceding it. *Christmas Carols* there were, and *New Years' Carols* also, and the windows and the furniture were replenished with green boughs; for such arose from a sentiment of joy and gratitude; and when they filled their young hands with Nature's evergreen trophies, they read therein a benediction,—a lesson of hope, life, cheerfulness, and plenty,—for the mind loves "*activities*." In the middle age, from the court to the

hovel (hovels were numerous), mirth was dominant, and as much wassail as could be derived from a clinking purse at one's own belt, or the like musical ornament at another's. The royal precincts were then rife with stately nobility; virgins, rare to behold, in embroidered sandal; dames in tiffany, squires in point device, like "the honours" upon playing-cards. There was great sprinkling of sweet rushes, in courtly apartments, and festooning with "Holme ivy, and bay, and laurel," and hanging of tapestries and costly tissues. And there were banquetings, the like of which were never seen before or afterwards;—strange union of cookery, pharmacy and toy-work. Fish, flesh, fowl, and fruits, embalmed in oil, cream, and "transparente crocante," and between the diversified courses "subtleties of many stages," with "vanes ande towres embattlede," "dragons, baliskes ande pennons, contrariwise." After adjournment to the more capacious hall or corridor gallery, there would be introduced masques of rare invention, played by "simple men." And when the "citterns, organs, and shalmes," of the regal party were silenced, you would hear upon the stairs the lilting pipe and the quaint tabor, whilst young maids, garlanded with green leaves would enter to a sportive tune, bearing the deep wassail bowl, wreathed with ivy, &c., and when they had sipped modestly of the spiced liquor, they would curtsy and say "Happy New Year!" to the "proud hoste ande mightie companie," who returned gracious wishes from the same bowl; with largess also, which occasioned such a shout as made the old antlered mazzards and wolf-skulls to rattle ludicrously upon the cedar wainscotting. It was customary for our kings and queens to make "offerings" at God's altar upon the greater festivals, and Leland, in his "Collectanea," (*ex manuscripto perantiquo*, says he,) affords items to such effect under an article "De oblationibus Regis et Reginæ in Diebus Festis."

"In die Circumcisionis unam unciam auri."

So late as January the 1st, 1758, we find in our *Vade Mecum* that George the First then ordered a thousand pounds to be distributed amongst the poor in the London parishes, "*according to annual custom!*" We shall be delighted to receive information that such *is* the annual custom. In the frost of puritanical winter, which succeeded to the tornado of the Reformation, most old customs were shorn, even to the display of their nudity. The present observances consist in an exchange of wishes for a "Happy New Year," interchanges of gifts amongst kindred or young associates, a subdued appetite for festivity, the banqueting occasionally being confined to grave old friends, to grandmammas, and grandchildren, to club-feastings, and to a tavern jubilee, or a private "spread," with clerks unloosed from public offices. It is no longer a "*second Christmas;*" and amongst the poor and unblessed it would rest unreverenced, but for the wheezy congratulation of old neighbours, the clamour of custom-loving school-boys, and the torrent of belfry-music by night. I have observed much happy sentiment amongst the Scotch upon this occasion. They are a domestic people; their feelings are active and enduring. The eager desire for the *first* good wishes, the attendant forfeits, the bountiful morning entertainment, "the wee things" round the grandsire's knee, suffocating with the fiery sip of "Hie-

land" liquor,—picture, in remembrance, hospitalities received from Lowlander and Uplander in younger days. In Norway there still prevails a queer superstition of "reverence and fealty due" to an invisible domesticated spirit, somewhat after the fashion and education of a Scottish "Brownie." This is called "Nippen," and upon his kind patronage the prosperity of certain families is supposed to depend: benevolence and evil are his right hand and his left. The rich, the poor, the old, the young, master and servant place a savoury cake at his haunt at the New Year; and when the wolf or bear have munched the enticing junket, they are satisfied that "Nippen" has received his wages, and that due sacrifice has been offered to him. A system of emblematic fire-worship prevailed at a far distant period, more or less, in the United Kingdoms, and we find traces of it clinging to the trail of Mystery, wheresoever popular traditions have best endured. In some parts of England,—I speak *positively* of South Staffordshire,—something of the superstition is retained. Should any old dame or careless hussy happen to be without fire or candle light, she would at once be denied upon applying to a neighbour within the twelve Yule-tide days, as the gift would cause a descent of speedy ill fortune upon the venturous donor.

"When an author," says the vigorous Hazlitt, "would delineate a Christmas gambol, old English habits, or English feelings, he may borrow his illustrations from *Herrick*, and he only, to fill up the poetical outline." *He* tells us, as we learn from other sources, that the holly and ivy of Yule gave way to the branches of the box-tree in the early year; boughs of various kinds were then used until Easter, and afterwards yew and rushes in due season,

> Thus times do shift; each thing his turne does hold;
> New things succeed as former things grow old.—HERRICK.

To those who with lugubrious chaunt accord with the dirge of the past year, he says,

> Thus as ye sit about y[r] embers,
> Call not to mind the fled Decembers,
> But think on those that are t' appear,
> As daughters to the instant yeare:
> Sit, crown'd with *rose-buds*,* and carouse,
> Till "Liber Pater" twirls the house
> About y[r] eares, and lay upon
> The year your cares—that's fled and gone.
> And let the russet swaines, the plough
> And harrow, hang up resting now,
> And to the bagpipe all addresse,
> Till sleepe takes place of wearinesse;
> And thus throughout, with Xmas playes,
> Frolick the full Twelve holy days.

The waxen candles, which formed the New Year's present, were emblematic, he tells us, of renewal or permanence of life. The Epiphany (our "Twelfth Night"), the "feast of kings," is still remembered, with "lots" and confectioners' ware, and by the appointment, in well-known frolic, of a king and queen for the occasion. *St. Distaff* is the name of an old feast upon the morrow after "Twelfth Day." Listen to our Herrick:—

* Artificial?

Partly work, and partly play,
We must on St. Distaff's day
Give St. Distaff all its right,
Then bid Christmas sports good night,
And next morning, every one
To his own vocation.

It is apparent that the good wives of those days suffered the whirl of the spinning-wheel to subside, that the damsels might freely enjoy their annual amusements. Upon St. Distaff, then, half work and half play were judiciously prescribed, a dispensation which old schoolmasters generally assume, with very good judgment. On Candlemas Day, February 2nd, the wassail bowl again accepted its cheerless post upon the cornice of the antique cupboard in the family parlour; the trappings of "mummers," &c. were thrust into the carven chest, and the pipe and tabor were slung upon the ungarnished wall; for upon Candlemas Eve, says the poet,

Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the baies and misletoe,
Down with the hollie, ivy, all
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall,
That so the superstitious find
Not *one least branch* there left behind.
For look! how many leaves there be
Neglected there—maids! trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see!

And here let us return with enlivened features to our New Year, which all so cheerily welcome, as if Janus, or January, were the god of revolutions, rather than the dry-nurse of a musty repetition. Shall there be no more villains, say we, in *this* New Year? — no bankruptcies, no taxes, no widowhood, no starvation? Are waits to be a night-phantom of indigestion? and shall murder be a hush-word for colicky babies? Are heroes to be less expensive, and statesmen reasonable? Are churchyards to be sown, after the frost, with mignionette and clove "jilly-flowers?"—and will the poet be looked upon as a more respectable creature than your butcher or your potato-merchant? Will "gentle Russia" travel in pilgrimage to pious Rome? — or shall Pennsylvania, blushing through the rags of insolvency, become frightfully honest at the exasperation of the Reverend Sidney Smith? I suspect *not*. Just look into the face of your *soi-disant* New Year! Fancy yourself for one moment "Private Smith, No. 79, New Police," — take him by the collar, and "*la lampe à la main*," scrutinise the visage! — then (as the cadger politely observes to the audience) "take your *change* out of *that*." Bless your innocence! why, the very New Year is, after all, a jocular deception—an infant with a beard! — youth upon crutches—it is a masquerade of Juvenility: before you have dragged your culprit so far as the "lights of Candlemas," you will acknowledge the cheat. As one Lord Mayor is unto another Lord Mayor, so is one year unto the other year. It is a conventional conceit, which is our bewilderment—the year is born *old!* Its propensities, its amusements, its fasts and festivals, are like those of its predecessors. We, like children in a midsummer garden, throw from our hands one fading flower, enamoured of a pouting bud or a gaudier semblance. As the child turns with fear from the countenance of a

haggard old mendicant, to find comfort in the smiles of its buxom attendant, so do we frown with disrespect upon the drooping old year, and pursue a pet phantom of fairer prospect in the new. Would we were pupils of old Francis Petrarch, who tells us, in the "Triumph of Time," "*it is a miserable vanity to venture the heart upon things which are ruled by Time!*"

"Che mentre più le stringi, non passate,"

as the wondering, bright-eyed boy, who gazes with an instinctive love of purity upon the winter's icicle within the ruby grasp of its tiny fingers, and the more he presses the seeming treasure, the sooner it hath passed away. Well, may conscience be our stubborn guide in retrospect, our unbending counsellor in the future; and, since the New Year is a festival, and festivals breed kindness, let us all remember how low true charity will bend to find its full desire. My Uncle Timothy says, that "every man who looks kindly upon a poor *man* is a rich one;" and in good truth, sirs, the throb of an honest heart in such a moment is worth the whole cave of Ali Baba, with its money, jewelries, and unbalanced gold.

I cannot proceed with my MS., for the tremendous knocking at the next door. Well! it is not at the next door, for I have been to the casement — indeed I shall move my ricketty lamp thitherward. Some thin fellow, without his coat or hat, is talking to Doctor Crump, who is leaning out of the window on the second floor. "I shall be with *her* directly, Mister Finch," says the obsequious accoucheur. Oh! another little Finch upon the New Year's morning—I perceive. And there is a stir upon the steps of Alderman Bootle's house — six men, and a servant-maid with a lantern. Poor, poor Alderman Bootle!—he fell down dead last week at a fish-stall, with his brow upon the very dainty he was bargaining for; and they are conveying his leaden coffin into the mournful house by night, whilst the poor widow is weeping over her gin-and-water in the housekeeper's room! What a blaze of light there is at Gilbert Twist's, the pursy banker! Ah! his eldest son was married to-day, and they are off to London by the "*latest train.*" Bless my heart! you can hear the fiddling at this distance! Hark!—hush!—oh! horrible! — how I wish that left wing of the new workhouse was in the Bay of Biscay! That poor child again—pining, pining from sunrise to sunset, and from sunset to sunrise again, like the starved whelp of an absent hound. The mother, wretched soul! has no heart to enjoy food within the unholy boundary; and the offspring, wasting away, body and limb, to a mere shadow. Bob Chiselworth, the governor, says "they can't allow ale to moping mothers to find food for sickly babbies! — and so the child must die, although it has "lots of physic," and "every chance," and "as much luck as the rest." *He* who made that tender child knows its full value, and of *some one* it shall be required, though now it pines and dies unheeded, save alone by her whose heart is dried up with excessive grief. However, pens and ink away! for the bells have commenced their drowning peal. It is a puzzle to me how the very steeple can endure the reverberation. My bumper has grown cold; but it is going to a heart, that needs no fervent liquor to inspire a joyful mood. It is our custom to ramble over the country some five miles hence, to "let the New

Year in" over the threshold of our "Mellow Auntie," a maiden lady, deep in ancient association, and a lover of all by-gone means of mirthfulness. So—a "Good Welcome to the New Year," and a Happy New Year! to you, good masters and gentle readers,—and adieu! for, as we trudge along gaily over the cool fields with our flageolet, we shall be thinking of our masculine privileges of the leap-year, and of the woes we shall inflict on our resentful, dark-eyed cousin, Ellen, when she comes wooing at our feet with languor and supplication.—Bless those bells!

December 10th, 1843.



THE SERVANT-OF-ALL-WORK.

One of the most prominent "wants" in the daily advertisements is invariably "a servant-of-all-work," who understands "plain cooking."

Although there is really not one in twenty who can "bile a 'tater" in perfection (which is, perhaps, the best test of their knowledge in the culinary art), they boldly express their confidence in being able to please. "The last place as they was in they cooked everythink, and master werry often had a matter o' twenty to dinner, and they did everythink. But, then, the missus was so partic'lar, and fond of finding fault, there was no pleasing of her, and she was continually changing!"

Notwithstanding the limited wages of six, eight, or ten guineas per annum, the servant-of-all-work generally scrapes together

enough to make a smart appearance on her "day out," which is usually once a month, or once in six weeks; and Mary is kindly permitted to go as soon as she has got through her morning's work, made the beds, set up candles, filled the kettles, cleaned the knives, and put everything in forwardness for the domestic demands of the day. She usually peeps in at the parlour about twelve o'clock, her face red with exertion, and varnished with yellow soap, with the intimation of, "Please, missus, I 'm going," and departs with the injunction to be home in time to fetch the nine o'clock beer for supper, &c.

Already half tired with the morning's exercise, she nevertheless starts flauntily forth, with ribbons flying, and struggling hard to thrust her red, coarse hands in her black-kid gloves, which, she declares, invariably "busts" in the seams before she can accomplish her task.

The other "gals" in the street, whose attention she endeavours to catch by her short nods, looking down areas, and up at windows, where they are respectively employed in preparation for dinner or window-cleaning, look at her with admiration, and are unanimous in declaring that she "*does* dress at any rate;" and if they should chance to see that she has "another" shawl, or sports a new bonnet, they wonder how she does it!

As her object is the greatest possible quantity of pleasure at the smallest possible outlay, she walks every step of the way to her "cousin's, at the east or west end of the wide metropolis, as the case may be; if she can get any one to go out with her, and has no young man paying her attentions, then her great delight consists in seeing the drapers' and mercers' shops, and criticising the shawls and ribbons, and other "flimsy temptations," to which the heart of woman is subject. If fair time, of course, that popular amusement supersedes all other attractions; gilt gingerbread, penny-trumpets, and "scratch-backs," are her delight; and Richardson's show, and the equestrian troop tempt her to extravagance: and in this case the want of a beau is doubly felt, for she has not only to disburse her own personal expenses, but to frank her private friend, who has kindly consented to accompany her.

Time, however, flies with rapid and untiring wing, and she is obliged to hurry home, and she arrives just in time, worn out with heat and fatigue if in summer, and in winter probably drenched in some uncharitable shower, the "pitiless storm" paying no respect to her unprotected and hard-earned wardrobe, which is, ten to one, as she pathetically expresses it, "spiled and ruinated!"

A servant-of-all-work, if a decent body, generally stipulates that she may be allowed to attend a place of "worship," leastways once of a Sunday. They have, ordinarily, a horror of Roman Catholics, "'cause they crosses theirselves, and goes on their marrowbones to imiges, and they once burnt a lot o' people in Smiffield!" and this is about the extent of their theological knowledge.

A servant-of-all-work that is a "thorough" servant, who has had "experience" in various services, entertains a decided objection to the intrusion of the mistress into her *sanctum*, the kitchen; like an independent and despotic sovereign, she considers the invasion of her territory as a declaration of war, and a pertinacious persistence in such a course, frequently leads to a warning on her part; for she

has an "'orror" of people prying and "poking their noses" into the mysteries of those particular depôts, the cupboards "aside" the fire-place, and the dresser-drawers; for, in the one there is generally a preserve of kitchen-stuff, dripping, and candle-ends; and in the other capacious receptacles of odds and ends an indescribable miscellany of paper, string, rags, doctor's bottles, bits o' soap, pinching-irons, combs, and toothpicks, in the "most admired disorder," the arrangement of which it is impossible for any less-practised hand to make, or the utility of which no other mind could possibly conceive.

The servant-of-all-work, under forty, is particularly gracious with the knock-knee'd baker, and snappishly short to the butcher, while, if above forty, the scales are turned, and the latter functionary is in the highest favour, for she is probably fond of nice things, and an occasional kidney or sweetbread secures her patronage and favour; while the baker finds in her so severe and just a steward to her master that he cannot succeed in making a dead man during the whole year.

The lords of the creation usually know nothing of the internal machinery of the domestic economy which conduces to their daily ease and comfort. The master is generally the favourite, for he never finds fault; the services required by him are ordinarily limited, and he is very contented so long as he finds his shaving-water outside his bedroom-door, his boots regularly cleaned, and his hat and coat brushed. For the edification of his "lordship," we will unveil some of the mysteries of his householdry in the following dialogue between a mistress and a new applicant for the place:

"You have a good character, of course?"

"Yes, mum; I was nine months in my last sitiwation."

"And why did you leave?"

"'Cause, mum, the wittals was werry short, tho' the work was plenty."

"You'll find no want of that here. Eight guineas you demand?"

"With tea and sugar."

"We always make good tea, and, of course, you'll have the pot; and I allow half a pound of moist a-week. You cook well, of course?"

"Plain j'ints, mum; or anythink of that sort."

"Very well, if your character suits, I engage you; but, as I do not like changing, I wish you to understand before you take the situation what I shall require of you. We breakfast at eight o'clock in the winter, and seven in the summer; dine at two; tea at six; sup at ten; and go to bed at eleven. After breakfast you make the beds, dust the rooms, and on *wet* days go to market; dress the dinner, lay the cloth, put on a clean apron, and wait at table. After dinner wash the dishes, and do up the kitchen, and get cleaned ready for tea; after which, unless we have company, you will do house-needlework till 'tis time to bring in the tray, except when a hot supper is required, which frequently happens when a friend drops in. Every Tuesday the bedrooms and stairs are swept; on Fridays the rooms are washed, and the windows cleaned; in the evening the tins and kitchen-utensils are scoured; on Saturdays the parlours, and kitchen, and out-door's work is done. We wash once a month, except a 'dab' once a fortnight of the handkerchiefs towels, dusters, &c. By rising early, and good management, you

will find you have sufficient time to keep your clothes in repair, and always appear tidy."

While in the enjoyment of health and strength the servant-of-all-work is seldom out of place for any length of time, and being usually well-housed and well-fed, they imagine they shall never want, and rarely lay by anything for a rainy day out of their small stipend, and hence, should sickness incapacitate them, a hospital is their refuge, and, in that irremediable disease, old age, the work-house!

Yes, a youth of labour, and an old age of penury and starvation is their lot. In the West India colonies, before the abolition of slavery, when the negroes were unable to work from infirmities, they were always protected by their masters, and provided with the necessaries of life; but in this land of freedom and universal benevolence, where servants-of-all-work spend their days in drudgery, and, in most cases, the darkness of a dungeon-like underground kitchen, they are left to the tender mercies of the "unions" when they can no longer be turned to account.

Kind reader! if you are blessed with the wherewithal to keep a servant, look with commiseration upon their ignorance and improvidence, and their future prospects, and encourage, at least by kind words and gentle treatment the daily and poorly-remunerated labour of the SERVANT-OF-ALL-WORK.



OTHĒE;

OR, THE FISHERMAN OF THE PULK.

A TALE OF THE COAST OF NORFOLK.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

PART II.

WHOEVER has attended to the particulars already given, must have perceived that the poor fisherman had completely lost his wits, and had become as mad as a march hare. The world chose to account for this misfortune of the fisherman's in a manner which differed very widely from the truth, asserting that it arose out of the catastrophe at the Pulk, when, in fact, it preceded and led to it. It was almost a doubt whether or not Othēe had ever been thoroughly sane; but, at all events, he had managed to pass muster in the world without exciting any violent suspicions; but his present condition was such as to leave the matter in little doubt. No one was so well acquainted with his case as Betty Dyer; and if publicity were desirable, it could not be in better hands.

After the visitor of Betty Dyer had told her doleful tale and departed, that curious personage went out into her little garden, under pretence of "getting a breath of air," as she expressed it, but in reality with an intention of asking Othēe some questions relative to the tale she had heard. She went out fully prepared to "pump" Othēe, but he was nowhere to be found. The bower was vacant, the machine gone, the hut locked.

Little did Mrs. Dyer dream where, and upon what errand her neighbour was gone.

As Othēe was not to be found, Betty thought she would walk into the town, and inquire what damage had been done by the extraordinary spring-tide which they had had that day. There was a talk that one of the ships then in the process of building, had been washed away, with a large quantity of timber. This Betty did not believe, but she resolved she would go and see.

It is quite necessary that the reader should know what sort of a place the Pulk is, and where it is situated. It lay, then, at the opposite end of the town to that at which Othēe lived, and was about a mile distant from any habitation. The last signs of life in the busy little community to which the fisherman belonged, ended with a tolerably extensive ship-yard, in which, at that period, two or three merchant vessels were upon the stocks building, and in different states of progress. All beyond this was a dead, dreary, and desolate flat, which went under the name of the Salt Marshes, and extended very many miles. It was about two miles from the sea, and if one allows it to be six, or eight, or ten miles, or more in length, that space will comprise an area as wild and dreary as any to be found in a civilized country. The greater part of this space was intersected in the most irregular way, by muddy creeks and ousy pits of different shapes and sizes. That part of it near the town was frequented by portions of school boys and others, who went there to bathe, but I believe no one ever went alone.

That branch of the sea, which has already been described, ran on in a

pretty straight direction for about a mile, and here were the bathing places; but at the end of this it took a sudden bend seaward, and beyond this nobody went. It was in the very angle of this turning that the PULK HOLE was situated. In the dialect of Norfolk, *pulky* implies stocky, or short, so that the Pulk was a kind of hole suddenly becoming deep, and beginning and ending abruptly. There was nothing peculiar in the appearance of this spot, but there was something in it which never failed to inspire fears and uncomfortable feelings in everybody that visited it. Without attempting to invest the Pulk with any superstitious horrors, there were sufficient reasons to look upon it with dread, since several children had been drowned in it, and there were, in consequence, perhaps some marvellous stories attached to it; yet how it happened that everybody knew these, so as to have a fear of the place, is rather unaccountable.

To return to Othēe. Betty Dyer was quite right in her supposition that many of the thoughts and fancies which showed themselves in his rambling talk and disordered ravings, were the offspring of the uncurbed and poetic imagination of young Martin, whose name the fisherman sometimes mentioned, and whose ardent and romantic character appears in some way or other to have affected him. It was certainly strange, as Betty also observed, that these ill-assorted individuals should have become companions; but there is a reason for it, which the reader will know by and by. Young Martin, in the wild enthusiasm of his nature, would often pace the smooth sea beach, with Othēe by his side, reciting those thoughts and ideas which he had strung into rhyme, and which Othēe, like a simple creature as he was, delighted to hear of, the fishes that lived in the crystal waves, that slept on beds of golden sand; who had eyes of diamonds, scales of silver; who were inheritors of all the rich treasures of the deep. The poor fisherman took all this literally, so that these recollections mixed themselves up with the strange notions that took possession of him, and became motives upon which he acted. After having once given way to the fancy, that such fish as young Martin described really existed, it was the most natural thing for Othēe to form the wish to catch them, and for this purpose he set about making the machine which has already been described. Othēe knew they did not live in the sand and mud, and in shallow water, like the dabs, butts, plaice, and flounders, which he had been in the habit of catching, but that they inhabited deep places. The sea would have been the proper field for taking such game, but Othēe possessed no boat, much less a ship, to set out on a cruise to catch them. He had also picked up a strange notion, taken perhaps from some misunderstood metaphor employed by young Martin, that these "odd" fish only lived in places where disasters had happened, where wealth had been sunk, or life lost; that the dead were their companions, their food—in short, that they had been devoured, and become fish, and that their spirits were continually wandering on the borders of the sea, swimming upon the wave, or riding on the spray.

It was a jumble of these ideas together which undoubtedly suggested to Othēe to go to fish in the waters of the Pulk, where, as the story goes, instead of the fishes he expected to take, he caught the Devil, and went mad.

As has already been said, the full moon in conjunction with the winds or some other influence, had produced a "spring tide." This

had brought about one of those singular phenomena which the rude people of the coast call the *bore* or *eager*.

This had happened in the early part of the day; and the moment the passage to the sea-shore was practicable, many persons were to be seen there, searching about for whatever might be cast on shore. Upon the present occasion, however, all those who came returned disappointed.

It was that sort of evening in which no mortal under ordinary circumstances could remain insensible and untouched by the spell nature had placed around him, or refrain from breaking into terms of the most lively admiration; it was one of those moments in which all nature, earth, sea, and sky, unite in one sentiment of pure and tranquil enjoyment. The spot was the long low beach, the smooth, shell-bespangled shore, the margin of the deep, the restless, the endless ocean.

Away to the left, in the far distant west, the sun was sinking in a flood of his own glorious light, which was reflected by the now tranquil sea. The whole hemisphere was one blaze of gorgeously coloured splendour, slowly fading, but still beautiful in every change and gradation. Turning round, the opposite hemisphere presented one vast field of the richest purple, unbroken by a cloud or a speck, except one bright glowing star that hung midway between heaven and earth, and looked like a lamp whose flame had been lighted at the sun. The distant town lay low in the haze of earth; the square tower of the little church, and the tall masts of the largest merchantmen, were the only objects touched by the last rays of the light of heaven. Few objects intervened between, but there were some. The remains of an ill-fated vessel, long since stranded upon the beach, and half sunk in the smooth sand, presented a melancholy memorial; scattered about at short distances from each other, were low sand-hills, covered with a long wiry grass. These were of strange and uncouth shapes, and of different heights, from five to twenty feet. It was the same spot upon which the party spoken of were surprised and surrounded by the tide; there was the hill, upon which they found a resting-place until the boat arrived; and at a short distance was to be seen the sand-hill, upon which stood the signal-pole, where the daughter of the fisherman and the father of Martin lost their lives.

Within a hollow of this wild and sandy retreat, there were a couple of figures,—one a youth, the other a man of between fifty and sixty years of age. The man was lying asleep, and the youth sat by his side, looking upon him with an air of deep sympathy, and perhaps sorrow.

There was something very striking in the look and character of this youth. He was tall, and appeared to have outgrown the dress he wore; he had a light blue short jacket on, with sugar-loaf buttons, nankeen trousers, much too short, and over all he wore what seemed to be a boy's pinafore, which covered his bosom, and was tucked up into the waist-band or something he had tied round his loins, while from underneath this the ends of three or four volumes appeared that looked like school-books, and out of one of his pockets there projected a black case, such as schoolboys carry pencils and pens in. He wore no hat; his hair was abundantly long, and in the greatest disorder; his expression was wild, sad, and sensitive, his complexion fair; and although there was no appearance of ill-health, but much evidence to the contrary, this youth was so excessively pale as to attract attention; indeed, it was on that account that he was commonly denominated by

people who always preferred a nickname, the Pale Boy. He had for some time passed the age of boyhood, however, and had the character of a highly intelligent young man. The person over whom he appeared to be watching with marked tenderness, was a common-looking fisherman, whose pallid haggard look and disordered dress would have given the idea of some poor shipwrecked wretch, whom the benevolent youth had rescued from drowning. The sleeper moaned in his disturbed slumbers, and presently the youth asked, in a soft and pitying tone, " Are you better, Othēe ?"

" I think I am, Master Martin," answered the man, waking up abruptly and staring about him wildly ; " was it a dream, do ye think, or what ?"

" For my part," said the youth, " I should think it were something more ; judging from your condition, something has happened to you Othēe, but what I cannot learn from anything you have yet said or told me."

" Where did you meet me, Master ?" asked the fisherman.

" I found you lying upon the wet grass, and removed you hither ; that is four or five hours ago, since which time to the present you have never woke."

" Where 's my tackle ?" asked the fisherman.

" I don't at all know what you mean, Othēe," said the youth ; " do explain yourself."

" Master," said the fisherman abruptly, " I 've been with the Devil, —I 've seen him !"

" Why where, Othēe ?" asked the youth ; " you have dreamt it, my good fellow."

" No, no !" said Othēe, " I 've seen and felt him,—I caught him in the Pulk !"

" Ridiculous !" ejaculated the youth.

" Master Martin," said the fisherman in a more serious and rational tone than he usually spoke in, " I know the difference. Ha'n't I lived about in these here marshes all the days of my life ? and didn't I know all the wild spirits that wander about in 'em ? No, no, it was none of them, but one ten times worse ! Oh, Master Martin, them fish as you have told me about with golden fins and silver scales, and them that drop pearls in the sea, I wish I had never gone about to catch 'em, I do ; and yet I know there is,—I 've heard 'em whisper."

Othēe was getting a little wild, when the youth put his hand upon him, and begged he would tell him what had happened.

" I 'll tell you, then, Master Martin. When the tide was gone down, the high tide we 've had to-day, I thought I would try the tackle at once, and not wait no longer for the bait, because there ha' been no graves opened for the last week, and I did not see no chance of none, so 't was no use to wait ; so while your mother was talking to Betty Dyer, I went in and took my tackle on my back, and put part of an old sack over it, so as no one should see it. As I didn't want no one to see me, I went and took my way by the North Field lane. Nobody was there but Nathan Wayborn, who was asleep. I did not meet a sould till I got to the end of the lane, and then there was a tall man sitting upon the gate picking his nails. I knew directly there was no luck for me ; it was that—that Sisson, and I knew well enough there was mischief. Well, I went on, walked through the field, and went over the sea bank. There was the cod-slavers by thousands, and upon high water mark the star-fish and sea-toads, and the snap-weed

by cart-loads. The grass was reeking on the marsh, and the *meal* was looming, all in motion. There was a whizzing all about me, which I did not like, but none of 'em showed themselves. I didn't like to go—nobody likes to go to the Pulk alone, but I knew I must, 't was the only place, and so I went. The tide was pretty high, and running out strong as I crossed; but I didn't mind, over I went. I got my tackle in order, and my bait, and when the eddy was a little still, I threw it in. I knew the stone wouldn't pull the buoy under water, I knew it couldn't; but in a twinkling down it went. Up came the bubbles and the mud, as black as ink, and something jerked the rope ever so many times, enough to break my wrists, or pull it out of my hand. I knew something was amiss. I felt afeared; I'd a mind as good as my life to leave go of the rope, and run away, but I thought I would not; so I pulled, Master Martin, pulled with all my might, till my sinners were fit to crack, and my eyes struck fire, and cheeks burnt, while a cold sweat came over my forehead, and my ears sung again. I looked at the place where I had thrown in the tackles; it had not come up, but I saw the water sink all round it, till it made a hollow like a cup. I saw the buoy, and the rope, and the hooks I had fastened upon it, and the stone I had tied to the end of it; and as the hole got deeper and deeper, I saw sitting upon the black mud a horrible sight. I see it now!" exclaimed the fisherman, seizing both the hands of Martin in a convulsive grasp. "I see it! I see it! Thousands and thousands of frightful things were crawling about him; in at his eyes, out of his ears and his mouth, and round his body, and between his ribs; and the smallest were crawling about, and hiding themselves in the folds and wrinkles of his sodden skin, and his hair was alive, and his look, Master Martin, I never seed nothing like it afore! I wanted to leave go of the rope, but 't warn't of no use, I could not; it hung to my hands as if 't had been pitched, I could not let go! There I stood staring, and in the meanwhile a thousand ugly imps put out their heads out of the water and out of the mud, all round the big one. Presently he began to grin; such a mouth! I trembled all over me; my knees shook, and my teeth chattered. All at once he began to pull the rope, hand over hand, just like a sailor. I held back, but 't wa'nt of no use, I was obliged to go, step after step I was forced to follow; every moment I was getting nearer and nearer this horrible sight, till presently I came to the edge of the water. I could not bear to look, and so I turned my head and cried out for mercy, but the more I cried and shrieked, the harder he pulled; and now with a sudden jerk he dragged me down to him upon him. Oh, Master Martin! I touched his cold and slimy body—he hugged me in his arms, and stifled me in his horrible bosom. The waters then came pouring in upon me—I heard them in my ears, and felt I was choking, dying—I—"

The narrative of Othēe was here interrupted by a loud, hollow laugh close behind, which, coming suddenly as it did, might have frightened any one. The poor fisherman fell at once upon the person of the youth, burying his head in the best way he could, and grasping him so tight, as almost to cause strangulation. Young Martin was startled, and, turning his head suddenly, he saw, standing upon the bank, the tall, lean figure of Sisson, who still continued his laugh.

Without addressing the intruder, the youth turned to comfort the fisherman, and to assure him there was nothing and nobody to fear; and while this was doing, Sisson stepped down, and placing himself on

the opposite bank, put himself into a position, very much resembling that the fisherman described in the relation he had overhead.

As soon as the poor terrified man looked up, he saw the figure before him in the obscurity of evening, and giving a loud and terrible shriek, he jumped up, and in a moment escaped over the ridge, and was seen no more.

Young Martin rose and stood on the bank, looking all round him. There was light enough to see to some distance, but the fisherman was not to be seen. There were many low sandhills similar to the one they occupied, and most likely he had hid himself in one of these.

Sisson kept his seat, and continued to laugh in rather an unfeeling way; so much so, that Martin at last remarked, "I don't see, Mr. Sisson, how the distress and fright of a poor ignorant man can occasion such mirth."

"Don't ye," responded Sisson; "well, you are a compassionate youth. Go after him; though I don't think there is any fear that he will run into the sea and drown himself. I should think he would have a dread of water as long as he lived, after being pulled into it by the devil." And here he broke out into another laugh.

Martin had departed in search of the fisherman, but the intruder kept his place, occasionally smiling and muttering to himself. This man was a very singular creature, whom everybody looked upon with a kind of dread, without knowing why. Who he was, or where he came from, nobody knew, and some even feared to inquire. He was a tall, cadaverous-looking fellow, with a very peculiar expression of face. The upper part of it, his forehead, eyes, nose, and cheeks, wore a fixed and determined frown, while his mouth laughed—not actually laughed, nor smiled, but there was that sort of something between both, which may be called a grin. He was a superior sort of person, and had had more than a common education. His profession, if he had any at all, was that of a scribe; and such employment as he had consisted in writing letters for illiterate people, and keeping the accounts of some low tradesmen. There was a report that he had been a schoolmaster, but nobody knew where or when. He made his appearance at the little town we have described just after the time that the vessel belonging to the father of young Martin was burnt at sea, and first attracted attention by some unfeeling remarks he made upon that calamitous event.

The search of young Martin for the lost and distracted fisherman was an unsuccessful and a very short one; he returned in a few minutes,—and when he appeared upon the ridge he seemed somewhat agitated, and approached Sisson, who still kept his seat in rather an awkward and discomposed manner.

He was hailed by that worthy as soon as he made his appearance, who said, "Halloa, Master Martin, you have given yourself no great trouble about your friend, that's a bit of the right sort of system; begin the world in that way, and you'll find you may continue it with advantage throughout."

"You joke, Mr. Sisson," replied the youth.

"I do," returned the man; "the most serious thing in the world is a joke, and, in this case, the truest."

"I can't subscribe to your doctrine, Mr. Sisson."

"You will, if you live long enough; there is plenty of time for you yet. But come, I think we have stayed here long enough."

Here the man stood upon his feet, and began buttoning the

shabby old black coat; he wore the bit of green baize, which served him for a waistcoat, and made two or three long strides on his way to the town.

Following after him with a deportment very unlike his usual manner, the youth addressed him in a low serious tone, and said, "Mr. Sisson, there is something I should very much like to ask you, if you would allow me?"

The man stopped, regarding the youth for a moment, and then said in an altered tone of voice, "Very well, let us walk on then."

"I have an impression, Mr. Sisson, that the mind of the fisherman is unsettled,—I would not say that he is mad."

"I think you might with tolerable safety," observed Sisson sarcastically.

"I am sorry for him, poor fellow," returned Martin, "but that which I particularly refer to occurred some time ago, before any signs of disease had made their appearance. It is true that he has frequently made the same remarks since, often touched upon the same subject, and once or twice has made a direct statement of facts, which perhaps it would not be proper to think seriously of, considering his conditions. Perhaps you never heard of certain misfortunes which have befallen our family. I am young, but my poor mother—"

"Well, well," interrupted the man, "what is it that the fisherman has said?"

"You may have heard that my father lost his life in an act of humanity?"

"He was a fool," observed Sisson; "well?"

"I reverence his memory the more. But before this calamity befel us, we had sustained another; a vessel belonging to my father, in which was embarked the bulk of his property, and many valuable papers, was destroyed by fire, and burnt at sea in sight of the town! The whole of this direful event has ever been involved in the most impenetrable mystery, and perhaps my anxiety to know something of so dreadful an event has led me into the folly of listening to the suggestions of a madman, and of intruding the subject upon you."

"Well, well!" replied the man, with some impatience.

"I am almost ashamed to tell you, but the fisherman has frequently told me that you were the only person who could give any information upon the subject."

"Then he told you the truth," replied Sisson quickly, as if relieved by the inquiry having reached a point.

Suddenly stopping, and clasping his hands, the youth ejaculated, "Heavens! is it possible that I am in the presence of one who really knows something of a calamity, the memory of which has ever tortured us with doubts, and burthened our hearts with sorrow. I beg your pardon, Mr. Sisson, but I fear I cannot hear the relation now, and yet I feel I cannot leave you until I know what I fear to hear."

"Well, another time," coldly replied the man.

"No, no, Mr. Sisson; I beg of you, tell me at once."

"Let us walk forward, then," observed Sisson; and, as he turned his back, he asked, in a low voice, and rather mysterious manner, "Did not the fisherman make the communication of *another* matter to you? Did he not tell you that the girl he lost was not his?"

"Good heavens!" said the youth, putting his hand to his forehead, "*that*, then, is confirmed. Now I see you know the truth."

"I do, young man," said Sisson, turning suddenly round, and striking his breast violently several times; "I do know the whole history—eternal curses on it! Shame upon him, and shame upon me, that I have not outlived the feeling, the memory of the wrong! I never, never—But no matter, I am revenged—that's something; and, for the rest, it can't last long, that's consoling. You are innocent, however guilty he might have been. Might have been?—he was, curse him!"

"For heaven's sake," said the youth, "Mr. Sisson, tell me who it is you are speaking of!"

"Another time," muttered the man.

"No, no; for the love of God, I implore you to tell me the history of our calamity!"

"Well, well, hear me to the end without interruption.—Many years ago, a young man, of ruined fortunes, went to seek an asylum in the island of Guernsey, and to eke out the remnant of a tolerably good fortune, spent, it must be confessed, with imprudence, but not viciously. This man had been born a gentleman, and inherited a detestation for all the petty means by which men amass wealth. He chose rather to live on an income barely enough for the demands of nature. To him such a lot was no hardship; but he had a wife and a child, a girl then of fifteen. Some years had rolled on—this girl had been the companion of her father wherever he was, at home and abroad. The father, who had dipped into the follies and the wickedness of the world, felt the delight which a communion with innocence and purity never fails to inspire. A new and fresh existence had been given him; he was perfectly content and happy, even to the forgetfulness of the past. His wife (women are ever the slaves of mammon) could not forget her former more prosperous condition; she therefore cast about for the means of increasing their income; and it was at last determined to put the best furniture into one end of the cottage they inhabited, and to let it, while they took up an inconvenient abode in the other. It was not long before some strangers arrived, and to one of these the "apartment" was let. He was a young man of insinuating manners. After a few months, it was discovered that their daughter had fallen a sacrifice! The mother wept, and upbraided her daughter; the father, absenting himself for a day or two, returned to his family. He treated his daughter, however, with none of that harshness usual in such cases. On the contrary, he continued his kindness to his daughter; in short, his manner showed that he thought her condition sufficiently unhappy. The health of the poor girl rapidly declined; and, in spite of all her never-ceasing attendant could do, who watched her night and day, until he—no matter—in the end she died, but her child survived. After a time it was taken away by its parent, and some few years passed before anything certain was known about it, and then little more than that it was living.

"The world now contained nothing that could cheer or warm the fatherless heart; it could put forth nothing capable of touching his feelings, so that, in circumstances in which he was expected to weep or exhibit anger, he smiled—smiled. Well, he continued to inhabit the cottage, which had been the scene of his misfortunes; his wife died, they say, of grief, and he still kept possession of it. It was a

solitary place; it stood alone, but he had bought it; it was his: he had a right to do as he liked with his own; so on a certain night he set it on fire. On that night there was a merchant-vessel ready for taking her departure. For many days previously waggons, horses, and busy men were occupied getting in her lading,—a rich cargo, as 'tis said. Her owner was there also, and about to take his passage home in her, and all was ready. He was a fine, healthy man, and a good companion. He had dined with his friends, who had pledged him in bumpers of costly wine, wishing him success, a speedy voyage, and a welcome reception at home. The tide was just upon the turn, and all was ready; so the mate went to the hotel, which was just at hand, to say the moment had arrived for departure, and no more time was to be lost. At this the party issued from their places of mirth and friendship, but they would not part until the last moment, so they accompanied their friend, the happy and wealthy owner, to the very plank which led him from their shore, and made the first step towards home, and when the vessel yielded to the efforts made to get her on her way, their salutations and adieus were still heard even in the distance, borne by the wind. Happy, happy man! fortune was smiling upon him; the weather serene, the breeze fresh, and home within a few days' sail; his enjoyment was perfect, not even clouded with a single fear. But the devil is sometimes found lurking when his presence is least suspected, and so it was here. The happy owner little thought there was one watching him whose malicious purpose hell itself might have been proud of suggesting; one who had nursed vengeance in his heart for years. Secure in the safety of his good vessel, and in the possession of his wealth, the dotard forgot that there was one man he had deeply injured, ruined, cursed, and least of all did he imagine that man was within a few yards of him. In the confusion of leave-taking and departure, this man had slipped on board the vessel unseen by any, and lay hid himself among the cargo in the hold. The owner now so secure and happy, was the seducer of the girl I told you of, and the man who had smuggled himself into such good company was—her father!

"How think you this desperate man meant to revenge his honour and his child's wrongs? I have told you that he had prepared himself by burning in one blaze of ruin all that he possessed. Then as he lay he heard the mariner's song, heard first one and then another speak of his home, his hopes, the greeting of his children. Damnation! the thought was madness to him, deprived of all, and by a wretch now within his power. The implements he had prepared and brought with him for the purpose were now got ready; they were the means of providing fire; and after a few minutes the funeral-pile was lighted, intended to destroy all the guilty and the innocent together. The ship was set on fire! Terror seized on all; confusion reigned; destruction raged, and death spared none—except the two wretches for whose twin-existence the limits of the world were *not* wide enough."

Overcome with emotion at this part of the narrative, Martin could repress his feelings no longer, but exclaimed,

"For God's sake, Sisson, tell me, am I to apply these facts to our own dreadful misfortune? My heart misgives me. The ship was ours, and the owner?"

"Your father!" exclaimed Sisson,—"the incendiary, myself!"

ORGANS.

BY HAL WILLIS.

Organs are both natural and artificial! The natural are those developed in the cranii of men, which are as palpable and legible to the fingers of a phrenologist as the embossed letters invented for the instruction of the blind. The artificial are those invented by the ingenuity of man, and are very frequently fingered by the blind, and made to "discourse most eloquent music." Both, however, may be considered phrenologically. The Pandean pipes, or the mouth-organ, with which the player amuses the populace, gathering pence from his audience, may be classed with the natural organ of *acquisitiveness*. The church-organ, loudly pealing through the solemn aisles of the Gothic cathedral, clothed in a dim religious light, and of which every *peal* is a prime minister to the sacred cause, may justly be termed the *organ* of *veneration* largely developed.

The difference between the finger-organ and the barrel-organ is as distinct as the organ of touch and the organ of sensitiveness; both, however, will, and may be indiscriminately "played upon" in cases of fire! by the same hand,—provided the organ of destructiveness be not too prominent in the operation!

The newspapers are organs "peculiarly adapted to large or small *parties*," and sometimes represent the organ of ferocity, and very frequently the organ of mendacity, taking their "tone" from those who are selected to preside at these "powerful instruments." Additional keys—the vulgar term them "*notes*"—very often produce the most astonishing *variations* in the political *tenor*, especially of those great organs which are supposed to represent the *vox humana* or *vox populi!*

The Times is (*par excellence*) the organ of communicativeness, strenuously advocating the repeal of all the unions—except *one!*

The Morning Post is the organ of taste—or fashion, delighting in aristocratic "movements."

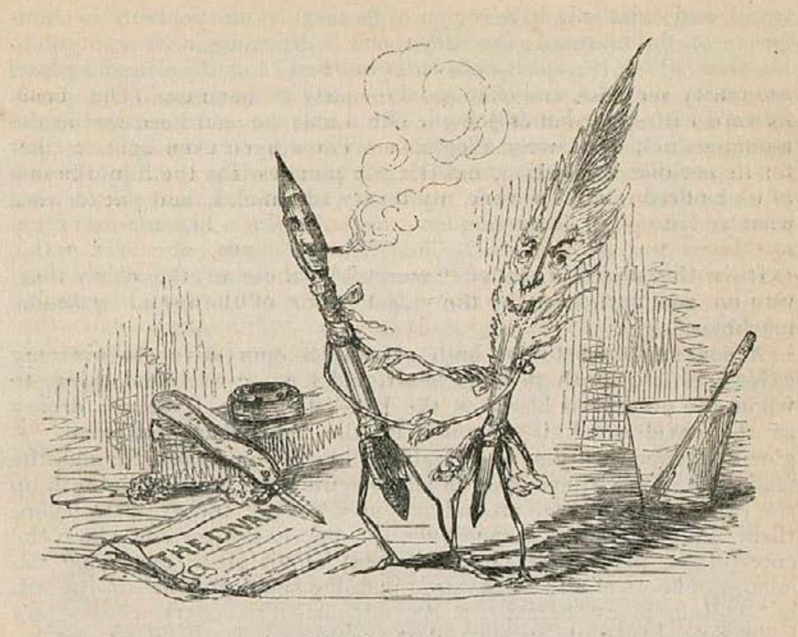
The Dispatch (*facilis descensus!*) is the organ of combativeness, detailing with much gusto police reports of assault and battery, and interesting details of horrid murders, providing sweet music for the million!

Some public men are sometimes called organs. For example, there was Whitbread, the brewer, who was one of those *tubs* which are said to stand on their own bottoms, (a sort of *barrel*-organ!) who had a good heart and (like his porter) a good head; but (like a drunken pot-boy) he was incapable of carrying out his full measures!

There is, again, the great, the eloquent, the persuasive patriot, Daniel O'Connell, Esq., of Derrynane, who may be truly termed the "*mouth*-organ" of Ireland!—a man who appears to have been anticipated by that splendid and inspired poet, Burns, when he wrote that line,

"There 's a chiel amang ye taking *notes!*"

and no *change*, (sorrow a bit!) sons of Erin, will ye be getting! His very life is *rent*—his very garments are *rent!* And he is, doubtless, a very excellent advocate; but, like most advocates and gentlemen of the bar, he professedly does not work without a fee! The organ of touch (and take!) is largely developed in this really extraordinary man.



THE DIVAN.

"Le tabac est venu, et l'Orient n'est plus fier de son opium."

This is an excellent motto to begin with, stolen for the nonce, according to the fashion of the day, from the French, from one of the sprightly little *Physiologies* which started up like rockets, and went out as suddenly, finally tumbling, uncut, from the franc of the publisher to the forty centimes of the bookstall. Like their "bifteks," they were overdone. And, having borrowed these few words, we will lay the little volume aside.

We are in our Divan. It is not a large public room, adorned with paper-hangings of wondrous views, dimly seen through the *chiaro-oscuro* of smoky varnish, and animated by the constant motion of visitors, the rustling of papers, and the transit of waiters, with covered cups of the infused berry; but a snuggery of our own, with ancient stuffed settles, worn into comfortable hollows for reclining, and staid and solemn furniture of other days: so quiet, too, that the rumble of the night-cab is not perceptible, nor does the vigil-bringing discord of the streperous waits reach its precincts.

It is past midnight. All are, or ought to be, thinking about repose, but the restless imps who haunt the engines of the press at Bangor House—small demons, whose unceasing visitations drive the throbbing brain to madness—still wait for copy: and we have none. The more that we reflect upon the utter despair of our position, the more do we become bewildered; we will fly to tobacco for relief. "Quand on n'est pas content, il faut fumer."

Now we have lighted a mighty pipe, and its vapours rise in dense and curling rings around us, as we gradually lose sight of the material

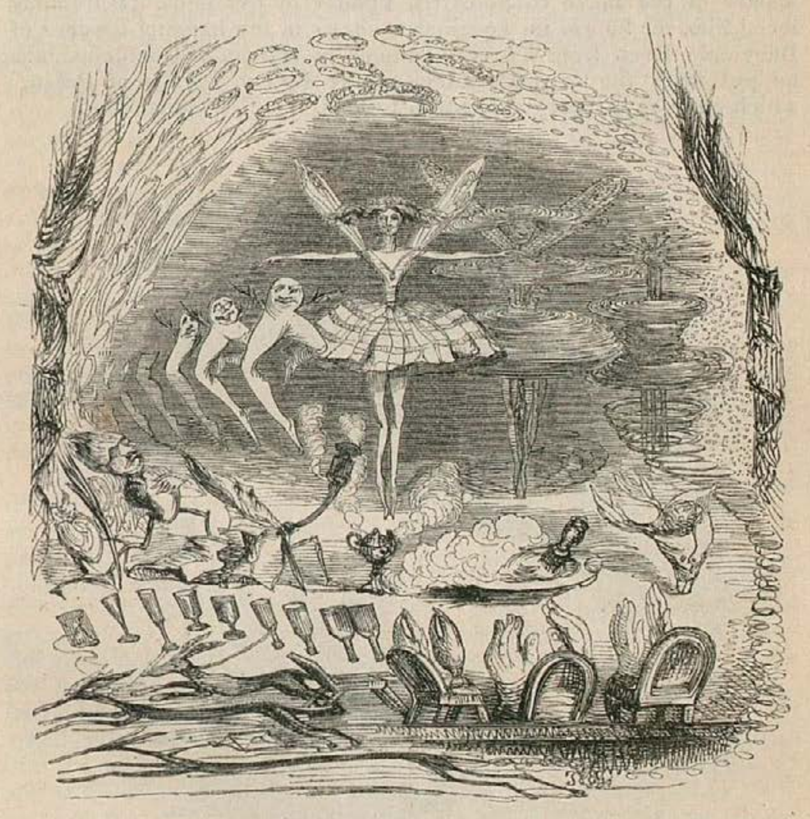
world, and exist only in a region of fantasy. Our penknife is slumbering on the inkstand; the very spoon is dreaming in its empty goblet, from which the spirit-and-water has fled; but the pen and pencil are trusty servants, and offer spontaneously to assist us. They come forward with their hands joined, like Lablache and Fornasari in the trumpet-duet, and swear allegiance. The crayon even lights a cigar for its peculiar inspiration, and the pen plunges into the liquid bosom of its kindred ink. To work, my trusty adminicles, and put forward what ye list.

It is Christmas, miscalled "merry" by those of the olden time, who are now christened by the vulgar name of the useful hydraulic machines.

A soul-subduing torpor hath spread its oppressiveness over my existence. Joy hath fled my heart, and I am a wretched thing, to whom the present is blank as the box-list of the Lyceum; dreary as the novel which is compiled by the industrious nobleman. A gloom, deeper than that of the glaciarium, is upon me. To me, the festivities of Christmas have no allurements; the joy that lighteth up the countenances of all around me, as visions of turkeys float before them, infecteth me not; and even the impressive cartoon which the enterprising grocer exhibiteth in front of his shop, displaying the mirthful effects of a snuff-coloured pudding and a pink sirloin, causeth no emotion in my breast. Rude, unpolished revellers, whose souls are comforted with beef, who fill the air with noisy mirth at the ungraceful feats of clowns and pantaloons, I am not of ye! My soul panteth for more ethereal joys, the refined fascinations of the ballet. Oh! thou perfectest creation of mankind, climax of civilization! the gent, he of the azure stock, clingeth not with more fervour to the promenade concert than I to thee. Thou art as the breath of my life, as the glimpse of sunshine which penetrateth to the mignionette in the window of the milliner's back-room. Oh! Ellsler, queen of Sclavonian dances! Cerito, joyous dispenser of graceful realisms! and thou Carlotta, that skimmest over the knotty surface of the boards as the swallow skimmeth over that of the smooth lake, when ye have ceased to charm the enamoured atmosphere with your evolutions, then does my soul droop and sink within me, melancholy spreadeth its neutral tints over my mind, and I retire into solitary places, like unto him who feareth to encounter the fatal strip of parchment. Oh! season of festivities, that stereotypeth a grin on the faces of little boys, that expandeth the heart even of Poor Law Guardians, and maketh them dole forth the expensive beef and the costly pudding, to the unwonted contentment of the pauper, I sicken at the reeking steam which thou sendest up from innumerable festive boards, mingled with shouts of punch-inspired merriment. To me thou art unmirthful as boxing-day to the housekeeper, for lo! thou bringest no ballet with thee!

I will seek kindred beings, souls of my own gossamer complexion, graceful wielders of the lorgnette, and with them I will pass this season of tribulation. To thee, oh Lumley, gentle caterer of heavenly banquets, urbane purveyor of pirouettes, tasteful ruler of *ronds de jambes*, to thee will I go in my despondency, for thou too sighest for the time when thy mansion, which is now silent and deserted, shall

echo with the strains of Costa and the plaudits of the elegant multitude. To the great Alfred, too, will I hie me, royal patron of the enchanting Carlotta, who extendeth the bright glories of the ballet far into the season of dulness. Thy great heart, oh Bunn, vibrateth harmoniously with my own — thou too floatest joyously upon the zephyr of a revolving petticoat. Thee, too, will I seek out, fanciful historian of the opera, whose pen reflecteth with matchless craft the rainbow tints of that earthly paradise, and spreadeth out columns of perfumed thought. Patient sufferer of rude gibes from the relentless jester, thee will I drag from thy mournful obscurity, and we will assemble together, and retire far from the sound of empty revelry, to commune over the glories that have fled, and utter brilliant prognostics of the future. We will recall the dazzling scintillations which stream from the foot of Elsler, the joyous bound of Cerito, and the leap with which Carlotta caused our hearts to tremble with mingled



THE BALLET OF INDIGESTION.

ecstasy and terror. Our eyes shall gaze upon the counterfeit presentments of their forms, upon the tinted lithograph will we gloat and criticise the skill of the artist, whose daring hand hath endeavoured to trace the fleeting graces of the ballet. Our ears, too, shall be de-

lighted; for on the cornet-à-piston I will play unto you the *valse de fascination*, the notes whereof shall much rejoice your souls, and our food shall be that which is beloved of the figurante. We will eat lobster-salad, and our lips shall be refreshed with the sparkling wine of champagne, and the indigestion caused thereby we will hail as the thirsty pilgrim haileth the fountain in the desert; for it will be fraught with blissful dreams of the beloved ballet.

The ballet hath indeed departed; its meteors were transient. Pantomime succeedeth, and in its turn will pantomime leave. Widdicombe alone is undying and perpetual. Iò! Widdicombe!

When the world was young, Widdicombe first saw the light. To his care was entrusted the breaking-in of the colt, restless with his forty days' sojourn in the ark, as soon as Noah found out a patch of ground dry enough for the circle. At the Hippodrome of Greece was he ruler of the ring. Ovid sang of him as the Centaur. He was master of the horse to Sesostris, builder of pyramids. Semiramis loved him, for he got up equestrian shows in the hanging gardens of Babylon. Even from his recollections of the era of Confucius doth he put forth the "Grand Entrée of the Bronze Cavalry of Pekin," which equestrian Batty delighteth to lead. Iò! Widdicombe!



The ballet hath, indeed, departed; we have said it. But on Widdicombe do we place our trust. Camille Leroux, her of the iris vestment, so wondrously delicate,—incomprehensible, yet leaving nothing to the imagination,—may appear at his bidding, if he maketh haste be-

fore the offer of the transatlantic equestrian; let her be secured; let her dazzling beauty flash round the arena, and we will look down on her foreshortened attractions from the clouds to which our brains take wing, and exclaim, "Iò! Widdicombe!"

There was not in that most accurate of all places, the City, a more accurate personage than Mark Minimum. So regularly did he pass the Red Cap in Camden Town at a quarter to nine, that you might have set your watch by him without fear of a blunder. His hat was accurate, for not a fibre of nap rose above the level of the rest; his waistcoat was accurate, for there was no little unbuttoned nook, betokening negligence; his hair was accurate, for the same little semicircular curl always appeared from behind his right ear, and approximated his eyebrows always at precisely the same distance. He kept his books with surprising exactness, joying much in decimals, though hating them when they *would* be "recurring" decimals, and anything like guess, or allowance for errors, was utter abomination. Averages he loved not, for they were to him but pompous slurring over of inaccuracies; and when he ascertained by a morning newspaper that a sovereign could not be weighed even at the Bank of England without the risk of an error of at least two one-hundredth's of a grain, he felt his heart sink within him. He would have liked all virtue and vice to have been measured by an unsliding scale; he would have liked to calculate the human heart by figures, and to have made the observer of man a sort of Babbage's machine.

With the fine-arts and literature Mark had nothing to do. If he turned to poetry, it was to Pope's works, because he had heard that the bard of Twickenham lisped in numbers. As for music, he only knew it as something to abhor; for a barrel-organ in the street had once interrupted him while calculating the cubic contents of the largest pyramid. Nevertheless, one Samuel Restless, a friend, using arts of persuasion that a subtle Greek orator might have envied, induced Mark to go with him to the Promenade Concert.

What to Mark was Jullien? In vain did the emperor of conductors display the broad expanse of his white waistcoat; in vain did he fling himself majestically into his throne; in vain, with extended arms and portentous countenance did he call upon his band to moderate their volume of sound; from Mark Minimum he could win no admiration. Köenig might bid his cornopean utter penetrating, sonorous, undulating melody; Baumann might make his bassoon grunt harmoniously; the great Jullien himself might alight from his eminence, and imitate the lark with the tiny piccolo; Mark did not admire. At last his friend began to talk about somebody being a good "timist." Mark asked what he meaned; and the conversation wandered presently into a description, by Restless, of bars, and semibreves, and quavers, and so on, Mark all the while paying the most earnest attention.

"Let me see," said he. "Two quavers one crotchet; two crotchets one minim;—'gad, it's as good as the pence-table!—two minims one semibreve. There must be something in this music!"

"BANG!" went a pistol, the grand effect in the Danois quadrilles. Women shrieked, and one slender young man spilled his very weak negus in his shoes. Mark did not start.

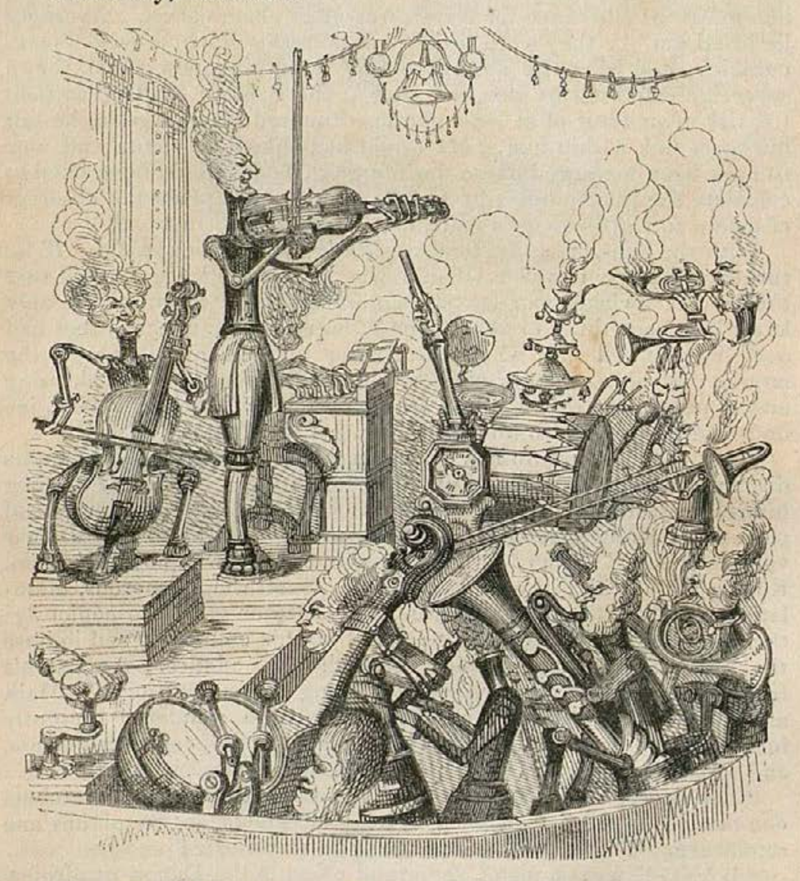
"What is that for?" said he.

"It marks a certain point in the time," said his friend.

"Excellent!" said Mark; and in a week he was an assiduous student of music.

His friend Restless called on him. "Sam," quoth Mark, "I have been hard at it. I have bought the choicest of instruments." It was a metronome, the ticking of which gave him the most exquisite delight. "And look ye, Sam," he added, "I have a project about music which will astonish you. I hear you talk about feeling, and expression, and the devil knows what; but that, Sam, is all gammon. The only valuable thing in music, the only thing that raises it above the level of pitch-in-the-hole and chuck-farthing, is its capability of accuracy. Preserve precision, and you have preserved all that is worth preserving. Suppose one of our mustachioed friends played one, two, three, while his neighbour played two, three, four, would you not call it detestable?"

"Assuredly," said Sam.



"Then would I have a concert," said Mark, "in which one steam-engine should work the whole body of musicians. Observe the soundness of my plan," he continued. "Those human musicians,

each being actuated by a separate will, might deviate from the path of uniformity, and even the monarch in the white waistcoat might occasionally relax from his vigilance. Then I have but one will, or rather, which is better still, no will at all."

Sam nodded.

"Note, too, the moral effect which I may produce. I read in the papers of Infant Sapphos, and Infant Lyras, and all sorts of high-pressure children, and I hear of their being petted and applauded, till it is enough to turn their poor little heads. For I reason thus: if a certain quantity of flattery is too much for a lass of twenty, what will it be for a little feminine of five, who appears befrizzled and be-sashed for the occasion? Try it by the rule of three, my dear boy. Now the folks who applaud these prodigies can only be pleased with the littleness of the performers; and therefore I conceive an infant form of cast iron, worked by steam, would answer admirably. I would introduce such a machine between the acts of my grand concert. Only mark what I should gain in my favourite precision!—what a destruction to vanity, and spoiling of the infant mind! Such artists, too, might be multiplied at pleasure, and serve to play to sleep the children at home."



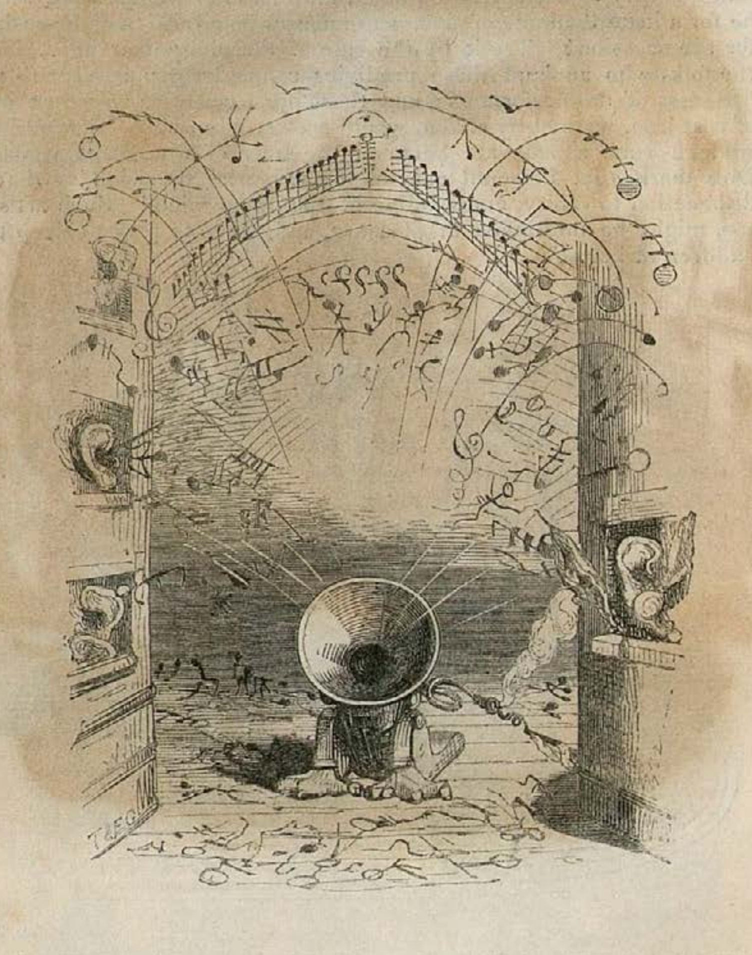
"All that you say is very sound," remarked Restless; "but I see a difficulty. With human musicians, if one goes wrong, he can be set right again. Now, what would you do if your engine went wrong?"

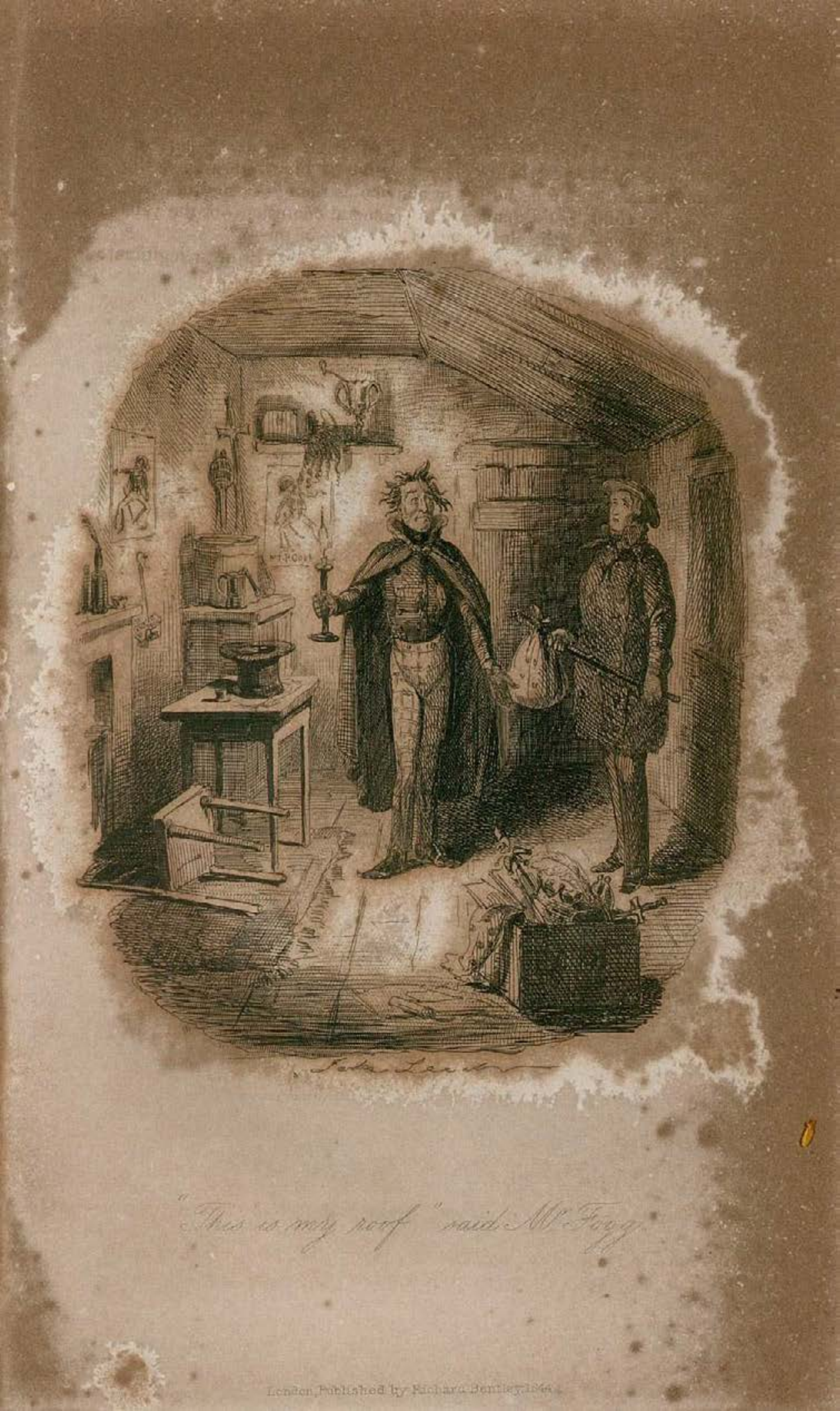
Mark looked aghast for a while; at last his face brightened up. "I have it," said he. "There should be no safety valve, and the

machine should be so constructed that, on the slightest failure of the slightest part the whole concern would be blown to atoms. Thus the mistake would be buried in oblivion as soon as committed."

"But think," said Sam, "of the general confusion—of the yells of the children—of the shrieks of the women—of the—"

"It would," interrupted Mark gravely, "merely be a legitimate carrying out of the pistol effect in the Danois quadrilles."





"This is my roof," said Mr. Fogg.

London, Published by Richard Bentley 1846.

[illegible] FORTUNES OF THE S[illegible]

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY [illegible] LEECH.

[illegible]

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the lock yielded. If these precautions were not taken, the key turned stiffly round and round in the socket, producing no [illegible] [illegible] the door [illegible] night-bolt. The [illegible] occasionally caused [illegible] to new lodgers; but the [illegible] once mastered and understood, they rejoiced greatly in their double security.

Followed by Vincent Scattergood as closely as the gloom permitted, Mr. Glenalvon Fogg entered the house, and groped his way up the creaking and disjointed staircase. When he had climbed as high as he could go, another door was opened; and after he had stum-

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER V.

Vincent Scattergood meets with an engagement.

The house, from whose humblest attic issued forth those harrowing incidents of domestic tragedy and nautical adventure, with which Mr. Glenalvon Fogg, dramatic author, startled the Monday night galleries, and appalled the pits of minor theatres, was situated in a blind court leading out of Drury Lane. You would not have found your way thither unless you had been shown, for the entrance was like the long private approach to an exclusive dust-bin, widening into a narrow parallelogram of ricketty houses, so that the ground-plan of the locality would have put one in mind of the sectional outline of an eau-de-cologne bottle. There was a gutter in the middle, obstructed into various lakes and waterfalls by the ingenuity of the resident children, to which the pavement on either side inclined; and one lamp at the extreme end, which left a neutral ground of gloom before the next one in the street, opposite the entrance, caught up the illumination. Some of the houses were destitute of bells and knockers, and the doors remained open all night. Others had whole regiments of little knobs on the posts, one below the other, like the stops of a church-organ, with an array of small brass labels accompanying them, that resembled the show-plates put forth by enterprizing trunkmakers, graven with the names of various individuals who are commonly supposed to have ordered large outfits of travelling-desks and portmanteaus, which they never paid for.

Mr. Glenalvon Fogg had a bellpull. It was the inside of a window-curtain tassel screwed on to a skewer. But this was only for the service of visitors, as he furthermore possessed a key, which in its powers was more complicated than anything the most lock-perplexing engineer ever invented, for nobody could use it but the owner, and sometimes he could not himself. It required to be inserted for a certain distance in a hole five times its size, with no scutcheon; and then, whilst the top of the door was pulled towards him by the knocker, and the bottom kicked from him by the foot, a peculiar twist was made, and, provided the key was in a complaisant mood, the lock yielded. If these precautions were not taken, the key turned wildly round and round in its socket, producing no more effect than if it had been the door-handle of a night-cab. The whole ceremonial usually caused great distress to new lodgers; but, the task once achieved and understood, they rejoiced greatly in their double security.

Followed by Vincent Scattergood as closely as the gloom permitted, Mr. Glenalvon Fogg entered his house, and groped his way up the creaking and disjointed staircase. When he had climbed as high as he could go, another door was opened; and, after he had stum-

bled over the table of the room, and kicked a chair into the fire-place, he contrived to find a lucifer. Its lurid promethean glare as he kindled it against the side of the mantelpiece, appeared to give him pleasure, as any sort of tinted fire was wont to do. He waved it about as he would have done a torch, and hummed a few severe melodramatic bars as he lighted the candle, with the air of the Genius of Envy invoking the Fiend of Mischief.

"This is my roof," said Mr. Fogg blandly, as he lighted the small end in the candlestick,—one of the eighteen-penny brass ones come to distress, which, to judge from the displays in shop-windows, furnishing ironmongers think the chief thing necessary for young couples establishing. "This is my roof."

Vincent looked towards the ceiling, and saw, from the sloping rafters, that he spoke literally.

"And this," continued the dramatist, pointing to a turn-down bedstead, painted in the imitation street-door pattern; "and this my lowly couch. But let content invest it, and the sleep is sweeter than on the gilded pillow." (This was from his last play.) "I am sorry I have no similar accommodation to offer you, but you shall have the mattress."

"I am afraid I am putting you to a great deal of inconvenience," observed Vincent.

"By no means, my dear sir," replied Mr. Fogg, as he began lugging off the mattress. "The sacking is sufficiently soft. With respect to blankets—with respect to blankets—um—I was thinking—"

"Oh, now don't mind me," said Vincent, who perceived that there was not a superfluity of the articles in question. "My coat has kept off a little more cold than this; and, so long as I get shelter, I am not very particular about my bed. I hope you don't object to the smell of tobacco."

"By no means," returned the dramatist, as he made preparations for his night toilet. "A pipe on the stage is a good effect; it imparts an air of nature to the scene, especially if smoke comes from it. Heigho!" he continued, yawning, as some distant and apparently half-frozen bells wheezed out their chimes. "It is very late, and I shall not be long going to sleep. I dreamt a plot last night—one of wonderful situation. I wonder if I shall do so again."

"Try this first," said Vincent, as he took a small flask from his pocket. "I don't expect it has paid much duty, but possibly it will be none the worse for that."

"Now, by my halidame!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg, tasting the contents; and then, descending to the everyday style, he added, "That is excellent—most admirable. Good night!"

Having thus expressed himself, he curled up in the bedclothes like a human dormouse, and was soon asleep, revelling in visions of sudden entrances and unanticipated *dénouemens*. Vincent smoked his pipe as he sat over the hearth—more from habit than custom, for the fire had long since departed,—and then, throwing himself upon the mattress, he placed his bundle for a pillow, drew his rough coat closely about him, and soon slumbered as soundly as his host.

It was late in the morning when they awoke. Vincent had a faint recollection of having opened his eyes about daybreak, and seen some aged female wandering about the room; and now a fire was burning in the grate, and a cloth was laid for breakfast, variegated

at every part with inkspots. The visitor left Mr. Fogg to adorn, whilst he went down to a barber's, and refreshed himself with a shave and an ablution. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, and found his host ready for his meal; of which, however, there was no very great appearance beyond a coffee-pot on the hob.

"I saw some most attractive sausages just now," said Vincent: "suppose we have a pound. I am not so very hard run but I think I can afford that trifle."

There was a mute expression of satisfaction at the offer on the features of Mr. Fogg, and Vincent hurried away to make the purchase, soon returning with the luxury, as well as a pot of porter.

"There!" he exclaimed, with a mingled air of triumph and satisfaction as he placed them on the table; "we shall do now!"

"We must cook them," observed the author, "ourselves."

"Leave that to me," said the other. "I know all about it, provided you supply the means. Have you got a frying pan?"

"I cannot say I have," said Mr. Fogg; "but I have an old property, that will answer every end."

And, going to a large box that was in the corner of the room, he routed amongst the rubbish with which it was apparently filled, and produced a battered theatrical shield, which had apparently been used before for the same purpose.

"There!" he exclaimed, thumping it with his fist, in token of its soundness, "that was part of a debt from a country manager. I sold him two three-act dramas, out and out, for fifteen shillings, and he could not pay me even that; so I took it out in properties. It has stood a great many desperate combats."

"We'll see if it will stand fire equally well," observed his guest.

Under Vincent's culinary superintendence the sausages, after hissing and sputtering on the shield, were transferred to a dish on the table; and then he drew the chest towards the fire, and sat upon it, as they commenced eating, with an excellent appetite. The meal was pronounced excellent, the porter unequalled; and by the time they had finished they began to feel as if they had been acquainted with each other as many years as they had hours.

"And so you do not wish to go home again?" asked Fogg, in following up a conversation which Vincent started during breakfast respecting his own affairs.

"Well, I don't like to, to tell the truth: in fact, I scarcely know where my home is situated just at present. I'm afraid I have tired the governor out with my unsettled disposition; although, to be sure, he never did much for me. He failed, as a lawyer, about a year ago, and then they all went to live at Boulogne. He had hundreds of chances, but let them all slip through his fingers."

"You did not go with them?"

"No; I went to sea,—the refuge of all the ne'er-do-wells. And yet I think I could have got on if I had been regularly put to something. But whenever I spoke to my father about it, he said he would see, and it would be all in good time, and there was no occasion to hurry—you know the kind of character."

"Precisely," said Mr. Fogg; "more effective in the legitimate than a domestic burletta. Fathers should always be energetic in the latter."

"Eh?"

"Excuse me,—a passing idea," replied Mr. Fogg. And then he continued, speaking dramatically, "Go on; your story interests me: you spoke of friends—of home. You have a mother?"

"Yes; and a sister—a dear, good girl, who had more sense in her little finger than all the rest of the family put together. Poor Clara! I believe she was the only one at home who kept things at all together."

And Vincent remained silent for an instant; whilst Mr. Fogg poked the fire with a toasting-fork.

"Have you any plot laid out of what you mean to do?" asked the dramatist.

"Nothing in the world," returned his visitor. "I couldn't stand the sea any longer, and so I left it of my own accord. I must contrive something, though, or it will be getting interesting before long."

"Can you write?"

"Of course I can," replied Vincent, looking as if he were astonished at the question.

"Yes; but I mean, can you compose?—are you anything of an author?"

"Not that I know of."

"When I first came to London, I was not much better off than yourself," observed Mr. Fogg; "but I got an introduction to the press, and turned reporter of accidents. I lodged at a public house next an hospital, and got them all first-hand from the porter's assistant. I was paid, as usual, by the line."

"And did that bring you in much?" asked Vincent.

"Well, I was obliged to nurse and humour the accounts a little, and say as much about nothing as I could. I mean, I generally commenced by throwing the whole neighbourhood of the occurrence into a state of the greatest excitement throughout the afternoon, in consequence of a report that such and such a thing had happened. Now, you see, that in itself makes two or three lines; although, in reality, the chances are that the very next door didn't know anything in the world about it, or if they did, didn't care."

"I can't tell whether I could manage that or not," said Vincent, "because I never tried. Still, I repeat, I must see about something or another."

"I think I could insure you nine shillings a-week, for a month or so," observed Mr. Fogg.

"Indeed!" cried Vincent eagerly; "and how?"

"By getting you into the pantomime at one of the theatres over the water, as a supernumerary. Should you object to that?"

"I should not object to anything that brings me in one halfpenny," said the other.

"Well, I will see about that at once, then," continued the author. "I have to read a piece at the theatre this morning, and I will mention it to the chief of the supers. In the meantime, whilst I am gone, will you look over this manuscript, and see that there is nothing wrong in the nautical phrases."

"I will do so, to the best of my ability," said Vincent.

"And, by the way," said Mr. Fogg, as he took his cloak from the peg, and rubbed his hat with a blacking-brush, "if you think of any good incident in your own family or career, just jot it down, will you? It will all work in."

Vincent smiled as he promised compliance, and betook himself to his new task, with the assistance of a pipe; whilst Mr. Fogg, wishing him good morning, and telling him to make himself at home, started forth upon his dramatic and philanthropic mission.

CHAPTER VI.

The Mysteries of Pantomime.

The stage-entrance of the transpontine theatre, towards which Mr. Fogg now bent his steps, was guarded by a janitor of particularly severe aspect and demeanour. Next to beadles and toll-takers, there is no class of persons so capable of inspiring awe, or repressing exhibitions of what is commonly understood in well-conducted circles to signify merely the outer husks of corn, as stage-door-keepers,—those antitheses to turnkeys, whose business it is to sit in a lodge, reversing the ordinary duty of a gaoler, and occasionally occupied in keeping creditors from going in, instead of debtors from coming out.

Scutt—the chorus and supernumeraries called him Mr. Scutt—was a fine specimen of his class; and he kept the hall of the theatre, whose fortunes Mr. Fogg was about to increase by his dramatic production. He had been in that situation for thirty years, and outlived half a dozen lessees. He had known the fairies rise to peasants, then to pages, and lastly to chambermaids; he recollected every year in which any piece had been performed, how long it run, what time it took to get up, and who acted in it. And yet, with all this, it was very remarkable that he had never seen a play in his life, nor did he enjoy a very clear idea of what a dramatic representation was like; being only conscious that the performers wore dresses different to what they walked about the streets in, from having seen some of them occasionally come down to speak to acquaintances inside the wicket.

Some people have a great desire to get behind the scenes of a theatre, and will invent the most artful schemes, and presume upon the faintest knowledge of anybody therein occupied, to accomplish their object. But Scutt would have been a very unfortunate guardian to have "tried it on" upon. There was a force in his speech, and a roughness in his manner that made the self-sufficient quail, and frightened the timid out of their wits, by the awful "sir" or "madam" with which he commenced his speeches. Indeed, to form a picture of him, exaggerated but characteristic, you must imagine Dr. Johnson, if he had taken to drinking, come to distress, and been provided by Garrick with the situation.

To Mr. Fogg, however, as an author of the establishment, he was most especially polite; and on this present morning they had a pint of "deviled ale" from the house near the theatre, in company. And, this being discussed, Mr. Fogg took his way to the green-room, invigorated in mind and warmed in body, to read his piece.

In compliance with the prompter's call of the previous evening, which had been locked up in a little cage, like a bank-note at a money-changer's, the performers were all assembled, sitting as gravely round the room as if they had been acting Venetian sena-

tors; and not wishing to encourage the author too much, or make him think more of his position than he ought to do, as their underling, by laughing at his jokes or admiring his pathos. The stage-manager stirred the fire, and the call-boy brought a glass of water, and then Mr. Fogg began reading his play, which was in two acts, throwing all his exertion into the task of making every part appear desirable, and "bringing up" the bad ones. This took about an hour and a quarter, and then the meeting broke up, having condescended to pronounce the last situation "tremendous."

"Mr. Fogg,—one word, if you please," said an actor to the dramatist, as he left the room.

The person who addressed him was Mr. Dilk, the heavy-melodrama gentleman and general outlaw.

"You 'll excuse me," said he, "but I think you may recollect our bargain."

"Indeed I cannot call it to mind at present," said Mr. Fogg.

"I believe you promised to always give me a leap or a fall," said Mr. Dilk. "Now there is neither in my part, as it stands."

"I don't see how we could bring one in very well," answered Mr. Fogg.

"Can I be shot, and hang to a beam by one leg, after the combat?" asked the actor. "I like an effect, you know—you understand me—an *effect*."

"I can't contrive it, I am afraid," replied the author.

"Then I don't think I can make much of the character," said Mr. Dilk. "Now, look here," he continued, after a minute's pause. "I never yet fell from the flies. Don't you think, if I was to appear suddenly, and confront the murderer through the roof of the cottage, instead of entering by the door, it would be a hit!"

There was a chance of Mr. Dilk's being discontented with his part, and it was a principal one. So Mr. Fogg agreed to interpolate the situation, albeit it had not much to do with the plot. But had Mr. Dilk wished to slide suddenly down a rope from the hole above the chandelier to the stage, the chances are that he would have gained his point. As it was, he departed perfectly satisfied; and then Miss Pelham, the leading heroine, attacked him.

"I hope, sir," said that lady, in a voice resembling a Meg Merrilies of private life, "you will not allow Miss Horner to sing her song so immediately before my scene."

"There is no other situation for it, my dear lady," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Very well, sir," said Miss Pelham; "then every point will be ruined. The comic part, too, is cruelly strong—enough to stifle everything. I am confident you will find it necessary to cut out all the jokes."

Mr. Fogg could hear no more, but rushed in despair to the room of the stage-manager, being interrupted on his way thither by Miss Horner, who caught him by the arm, and exclaimed, most energetically,

"Mr. Fogg, you are the author of the piece—recollect *that*—you are the author, and have a right to do as you please. Don't consent to have one line of my part cut. You don't know the evil spirits there are in this theatre. There 's a certain person—you understand—always will be the head. Jealousy, and nasty petty feeling.

Don't allow a line to be cut, or the part will not be worth playing."

Mr. Fogg uttered a groan in response, and took refuge with the stage-manager. Here, after an interview with the captain of the supernumeraries, he procured a weekly nine-shilling engagement for Vincent, and then started home again, receiving a promise that his play should be brought out in three days from that morning, which was declared quite a sufficient space of time to get up the most elaborate minor theatre drama ever written, including scenes, dresses, incidental music, and lastly, being of least consequence, the words of the author.

Vincent had not been idle at his new task during his patron's absence; and, the ideas of a dramatist respecting nautical subjects being somewhat opposed to what they are in reality, he found plenty to alter or improve upon. Mr. Fogg was greatly set at ease within himself by these corrections; and, on the strength of their day's prosperity, they dined together at an alamode beef house in the vicinity, and therein consumed unknown meats of richly-spiced flavour, inscrutable gravy, and india-rubber texture.

The pantomime being the last piece, Vincent was not required at the theatre until half-past nine, at which hour he wended his way thither, accompanied by his host. They passed the stage-door, where he was formally introduced to Scutt, that he might be known again; and then diving into various obscure labyrinths, Mr. Fogg at last conducted him to the chief dressing-room of the "supers."

It was a rough, bare apartment, something like a kitchen without its appointments, and a prolonged dresser running all round it. There was a coke fire at one end, and over the mantelpiece two bits of broken looking-glass, and some burnt ends of corks, which far outrivalled the curious natural products of Macassar and Columbia in the rapidity with which they produced mustachios and whiskers. The dresser was covered with demoniacal properties, and round the walls hung a series of heads, supernaturally large, as if they had just been decapitated from giants. But there was nothing ghastly in their appearance; on the contrary, the expression of their features invariably inclined to conviviality, so much so, that they appeared in the constant enjoyment of a perpetual joke. And when any of the supernumeraries, who were not men remarkable for hilarious countenances, put one of these heads on, you immediately invested him with the unceasing merriment it expressed, and gave him credit for great comic powers and extensive humour: although, from the circumstance of his being compelled to talk through the nostrils, his voice, when he spoke, somewhat disappointed you in its general effect, being anti-stentorian, and rather disproportioned to the head it issued from.

Vincent was introduced by Mr. Fogg to an "Evil Genius," known to the rest as Poddy, and not appearing to rejoice in any other cognomination, who promised to shew the new member of the company his business. Poddy was the butt of the dressing-room. He had been a "super" all his life, never having arrived even at the dignity of delivering a message, nor indeed opening his mouth at all upon the stage, except when he cheered, as a "mob" in Julius Cæsar. He was remarkable for wearing everything much too large for him, especially helmets, which always came over his eyes. But his great

practical knowledge made him generally useful, and he was never without an engagement at one or the other of the theatres. No one could carry an emblazoned banner so well as Poddy, so as never to shew the back of it, but always to keep it on the same plane to the audience, in whatever direction he might be going. And in pantomime he was equally great, and would change his dress a dozen times in the course of the evening. His personation of the simple-hearted shopkeeper who admits the clown into partnership, upon the bare strength of his obsequious bows and promissory advantages, was, as a whole, perfect; and in the tumult of popular excitement, at the end of the scene in which the characters are changed, he performed an unwary image-man, of unstedfast footing, in a manner which usually drew down a roar of applause, more particularly when a flabby fish, hurled by an unseen assailant, levelled him with the ground, and his unknown busts of *papier maché* rolled silently and unbroken about the stage.

No one but Poddy could fall back so naturally into the "RASPBERRY JAM," which in pantomimes appears to be usually kept loose in a hamper; no one could afterwards exhibit the injury his fashionable summer trowsers had sustained from the accident with such effect. And when, as the maimed member of the Legion, he limped from a box, labelled "Damaged fruit from Spain," and had his crutches kicked away from under him by the clown in a heartless and unprovoked manner, his physical capabilities for pantomimic victims were singularly apparent. He regretted that the slide formed by the application of the purloined butter to the ground was not more frequently introduced, maintaining that, however ancient a joke was, people always laughed at it just the same; and that, however slow a Christmas piece might be going, the forcible intrusion of a hat over the eyes of a policeman, or indeed any acknowledged authority, always recalled the complete satisfaction of the audience.

By the direction of this experienced gentleman Vincent was thrust into a painted envelope, of the last supernatural fashion, with canvas and whalebone wings running from the heels to the wrists. A terrible head, with green tinsel cheeks, and red worsted hair, was then added, and finally, as the pantomime was about to commence, he took his place with some others similarly attired, in a large contrivance which was to descend from the back of the stage upon an inclined plane, and then open; being ostensibly drawn by two dragons, but in reality let down by two carpenters, with a third who rode behind to turn the revolving star, and light the red fire the minute the adamantine portals in front flew open. At length the piece began, and when the gong gave the signal the apparatus started off, Vincent keeping his feet tolerably well, from his nautical practice, although the progress was somewhat vague, and to common minds alarming; much resembling the unsteady and awe-inspiring journey which is made down a steep beech in a bathing-machine let down from above high-water-mark by a windlass; at which period the ignorance of where you are going, and the knowledge of the approaching immersion, usually combine to produce a state of feeling far from agreeable, the pulsation of your own heart being alone equalled by the bumping of the pinless cushion against the wooden walls of the vehicular tenement.

In this, his first scene, in which the chief action was to express

obedience, by assuming the position of the fighting gladiator, looking upon the ground after something he had lost, Vincent acquitted himself remarkably well, so much so, that he was complimented by Poddy thereon when he returned to the dressing-room; in return for which he stood some gin-and-water, and they drank it whilst they changed their costumes to those of different every-day characters allotted to them.

"Pork, eel, mutton, or mince," said a female voice, calling attention to itself by a previous knock at the door.

"Let me recommend you a pie," said Poddy to Vincent. "It is the nourishingest thing going for a penny; a great card to supers."

Vincent declined the refreshment thus spoken so highly of.

"I'll have half a pork tart with any one who'll toss with me for it," cried a Fiend of Despair. "Now, Poddy, you are always game. Sudden death—cry to me."

"Woman!" ejaculated Poddy.

"It's a man!" returned the spirit, with fiendish triumph, as he took off his head, in anticipation of the repast, never allowing his adversary to see which side the money turned up. "You may get two, if you like."

"Poor Poddy is very unlucky; he always loses," remarked another demon, in tones of commiseration.

This was followed by a general laugh, implying a hidden joke, and possibly a reflection on Poddy's sagacity; who, however, shared the confectionary with his supernatural opponent, and then finished his toilet as the foreign gentleman in tights, with an eye-glass, who was to have his coat torn off by rival omnibus cads, and the discovery made that he had no shirt on. Several of the other supernumeraries dressed as visitors to an exhibition, including Vincent, who retained his half-nautical attire; others prepared to keep toy and pickle-shops, in frock-coats, and long hair,—the prevalent style of pantomimic tradesmen who have to rush in frantic surprise from their houses, after the clown has knocked violently at the door, and laid himself down in front of it, or the harlequin has leapt through the large jar of "CAPERS" in the window, the label whereof directly flaps down, and changes to "PICKLED;" and then they went up to the green-room, which was far above them; for, as the opening scene was that remarkable portion of the globe, "the centre of the earth," in which the demons had to figure, the management had ably kept up the delusion, by placing them as near that locality as the resources of the theatre would permit.

The green-room presented many tokens of that heterogeneous confusion which may be imagined to exist behind the scenes of a theatre during the performance of a bustling pantomime. All sorts of curious "properties"—fairies' wands, wicker shapes, and monstrous heads—were lying about, brought thither by the call-boy to be in readiness. Several of the characters also were sitting round, awaiting the moment of their appearance, the chief part being the lady visitors to the aforementioned exhibition, and promenaders, who were elegantly attired in scanty cloaks and cardinals of pink glazed calico, trimmed with white rabbit-skin dotted black, which had a fashionable effect. And every now and then the harlequin or clown rushed in, panting and exhausted, and leaned their heads upon the

mantelpiece for support, whilst torn to pieces by a hacking cough, or refreshed themselves from a jug of barley-water, common to the chief pantomimists, placed on a shelf in the corner of the room; but before they had recovered they were always called off again. The harlequin had to take fresh leaps whether he had breath or not: and the clown's duty was to throw the house into convulsions by a moral lyric, descriptive of an unprovoked assault committed by several ill-conducted lads upon an ancient woman of diminutive stature, who supported herself by retailing apples, but was slightly addicted to an unmentioned liquor, only to be guessed at by its rhyme to the last verse, unless supplied by any youth of quick perception in the gallery.

At the end of the room were two little children, mere infants, asleep: one a fair-haired thing of four years old, and the other somewhat its senior. They had been tied to a floating cloud as fairies in the opening scene, and now were not again wanted until the conclusion. Their little legs had trotted backwards and forwards a long distance during the day to and from the theatre; and their night's work only commenced when it was already advanced. They were paid sixpence an evening for their attendance; and the weekly three shillings doled from the treasury was a sum not to be despised. But the effects of this artificial existence were painfully visible; for their lips were parched and fevered, their cheeks hollow and pale, even in spite of the daub of vermilion hastily applied by the dresser, and their limbs shrunk and wasted. To the audience, however, they were smiling elves, who appropriately peopled the "Realms of Joy," to the centre of which blissful region their presence was confined; and, so long as this end was answered, little else was cared for.

In front of the curtain, amongst the audience, there were many other children, to whose amusement these little martyrs ministered. They were not asleep, nor were they even tired—not they; for every means that could be devised to lessen the fatigue attendant upon this one instance of prolonged "going to bed" had been carefully put into practice. And when Vincent appeared again upon the stage, he could see their merry smiling faces through the glare of the foot-lights that blazed and smoked between them, and, albeit not over-addicted to quiet reflection, could not help comparing their real elfin mirth with the forced smiles of the fictitious spirits he had just quitted. And most beautiful to all, although all knew not at the moment from what agency their own sudden exhilaration sprang, was their sunny and unalloyed laughter, which rang in joyous peals from one box to another, clear and musical above the coarser shouts of merriment that greeted any unforeseen comicality.

There are few more pleasant things in life, in this matter-of-fact conventional world of ours, than taking a child for the first time to a pantomime; there is nothing that re-opens the spring of old feelings and recollections with such a burst of gladness, however closed up and encrusted over the well may be, by rust accumulated from the damp of disappointment, and the chill of worldly buffeting and unrealized hope. Their mirth is truly glorious: glorious from its purity and reality: glorious from its inspiring effects upon our own hipped and tarnished spirits. And heaven forbid there should be any whose withered sympathies are not refreshed by it; for they

must either be proof against all pleasant emotions, or never have known what a home was, when they numbered no more years than the joyous children around them.

The pantomime at last concluded. Men in dirty jackets, and paper caps, who dispensed dazzling brilliancy which flickered in coloured lights upon the concluding *tableau,* ignited trays of prismatic fires behind the side-scenes; the little fairies were aroused from their real visions of everyday life to the fictitious regions of enchantment. The curtain fell upon the magic realms of eternal bliss, which in ten minutes more were cold, dark, and unpeopled: the clown put his head under the drop-scene, and wished the audience "good night," to provoke a parting laugh; and then Vincent rejoined Mr. Fogg, who had haunted the theatre throughout the evening, and was now waiting for him, talking to Scutt in the hall, in the full importance of being inside the exclusive wicket, whilst many friends and relations of the demons and sprites were in attendance without.

"Well, how do you like your new engagement?" said the author to his new friend as they proceeded homewards.

"Oh, very well," returned Vincent unconcernedly; "it will do until I get tired of it, and then I must find something else. I never kept to anything above a few months."

"Let me recommend you," continued Mr. Fogg, "not to fall in love. Green-room attachments usually end in poverty and quarrelling."

"I do not think that there is much fear of that, from what I have seen to-night," answered Vincent.

"You cannot tell. When I married the late Mrs. Fogg's family—"

"Who?" interrupted Vincent.

"My wife's family—two sisters and three brothers, unemployed: I married them all one hapless morning. When I did this, I thought I made a prudent step. But I was mistaken."

"In what manner?"

"Because professional people should never marry one another. At that time I performed, instead of wrote; my late wife was also an actress; and so the properties, effects, and situations of our own domestic drama never went well, for neither of us had time to look to them."

"But you could both earn money at your profession."

"When we both got engagements. It was acknowledged that I bore my wife down a rocky pass better than anybody else; but then every play had not a rocky pass in it, and so the time I spent in carrying her up and down the top flight of stairs at our lodgings, for practice, was thrown away. And, you see, being such a clever actress, when we were not engaged, the realities of life came but strangely."

Mr. Fogg became evidently affected by recollections, and for a time they walked on in silence; but the toll of Waterloo Bridge recalled him to the present, and when he got on to that structure he stopped suddenly, and observed to Vincent,

"There has never been done with this bridge what there might have been."

"So I have often heard my father say," returned the other; "he was a shareholder."

"I mean in a dramatic, rather than a speculative point of view," said Mr. Fogg. "What a flat that shot-tower would make, painted in neutral tint, the windows transparent, and lighted up, with a regulation ten-inch moon behind it. Then a 'set' of the roofs and chimney-pots before it; and in front of all, the balustrades, built. It would save any last act that was ever written."

"I think it would be very effective, little as I know about theatricals," said Vincent, gently drawing Mr. Fogg onward, for it was very cold. "After all, the principal rule for success appears to me to consist in shewing people what they know something about."

"You are right," said Mr. Fogg; "I find it so in the drama. Tell them pleasantly what they are already acquainted with, and they will applaud; and say it is what they knew, but never thought about. Confound them with deep reasoning, which they do not altogether see, and they will call you dull. You must try and write yourself."

Vincent expressed his readiness to attempt anything that would tend to fill his almost exhausted purse; and then the conversation went off into several ramifications, which lasted until they arrived at Mr. Fogg's abode, where he again took up his residence.

CHAPTER VII.

Merchant Taylors' School.

It was some little time before the confusion excited by the last ebullition of Mr. Joe Jollit's humorous idiosyncrasy had subsided; and when it did, it was very evident that the festivities of Mr. Snarry's *réunion* had received a check which could not be very easily got rid of. For the host himself looked with ghastly dismay towards replacing the fractured glasses and decanters; Lisbeth was too much flurried by the unexpected and unprovoked assault to which she had been subjected, to care any longer in what manner the wants of the guests were administered to; and the voices of the Chicksands were heard in fearful anger, betokening a stormy morrow for the hapless Snarry. Mr. Joe Jollit, too, was completely crestfallen, — "funny men" are soon abashed when any awkward *contretemps* arises,—and slunk off somewhat secretly, after making a vague offer to the host to pay for what he had broken; and then the rest of the company went away one by one, each thanking Mr. Snarry as they departed, for the very delightful evening they had spent. Mr. Chicksand shewed them all out of the street-door, in his white Berlin gloves, and received the parting shillings, in his capacity of imaginary butler, which somewhat consoled him; except that the illusion was carried a little too far in the case of Mr. Bam, who dispatched him, in a very off-hand manner, some distance up the road, to get a cab for Mrs. Hankin and her sister; and never gave him anything after all.

In the meantime the new-comers had been ushered into the parlour, the only room in the house at present unoccupied. Little conversation passed between them, except a few expressions of discom-

fort, for they appeared worn-out, and jaded with the voyage. The young girl sat close to her mother, on a low cushion by her side, and the gentleman, without dispossessing himself of his travelling-costume, marched impatiently up and down the room; whilst the youth was already asleep in a large arm-chair, which had been an easy one before the springs were dislocated, and stuck up in various uncomfortable positions from the seat. But fatigue is a good anodyne, and he slept as soundly as he would have done in the most luxurious bed ever contrived.

At last everybody had gone, and then, with a thousand apologies, Mr. Chicksand ushered her new tenants into the drawing-room, now lighted by a single candle, but still redolent of evening-party odours,—lamps which had been blown out, pachouli, white-wine vapours, and cut oranges. The arrangements for the night were soon made, Mr. Bodle having given up his bed to the young gentleman, and slept on the sofa himself; the demand being made upon the strength of his not having paid for his last fortnight of occupancy. And, in another half-hour the halls of revelry were wrapt in silence, everybody being asleep but Mr. Snarry, who kept awake for the purpose of holding a long argument with himself as to whether the evening had gone off well, or otherwise, hunting up every pleasant reminiscence he could command to cheat himself out of the conviction that the termination had been rather unfortunate.

The inmates of the house slept until a late hour the next morning, except Mr. Snarry, whose duties called him with heavy eyelids to Threadneedle Street, and Mr. Bodle, who expected a pupil. But at length they were collected at breakfast, and certainly appeared in a somewhat more cheerful aspect than they had done on the preceding evening; for the morning was clear, frosty, and exhilarating, the Chicksand Wallsend blazed and crackled in the grate, and a bright sunbeam shot into the apartment, as if to greet the party assembled with a pleasant welcome.

Mr. Scattergood, a stout, heavy-looking man, who did not appear capable of any particular emotion, was seated by the fire, apparently taking great interest in his son's proceedings, who was making some toast. His wife had once been very handsome; traces of beauty still remained in her features, which, however, spoke deeply of trouble and long-continued trials; and even the very good-looking girl who was superintending the breakfast-table bore a thoughtful and half-sad expression upon her face, which ill accorded with her years. And this gave her the appearance of being somewhat older than she looked; for Clara Scattergood was not yet eighteen: and, without being absolutely beautiful, there was a sweetness and intelligence in her countenance which was sure to attract, when a higher style of female loveliness would have been passed unnoticed. She was a softened and feminine likeness of her brother Vincent, with whom we are already acquainted. Her eyes, like his, were large and dark, but more tranquil and confiding in their expression; and her black hair, which grew with the same luxuriance, fell in heavy rolling curls over her fair neck and shoulders, unconfined by tie or comb of any kind. She was now evidently trying to bear up against her own feelings, as she assumed a cheerful tone of speaking. But she was

pale, and her eyelids were red. She had evidently been weeping during the night.

"I wonder when we shall hear from Vincent," observed Clara, as she took her father his coffee. "I hope they will forward our letters that come to Boulogne without loss of time. It is three months since we have had any news of him."

"It will all come in good time, my Clara," said Mr. Scattergood. "I see no reason why he should not be quite well."

"It seemed hard not to have him with us at Christmas," continued Clara. "It was the first time we had ever been separated."

"I am afraid we must make up our minds to many such separations, my love," observed her mother, "until times are a little changed. Our first business will be to see about Frederick's going to school. My brother has given him a presentation, and will pay his first year's expenses. We should look to it without delay."

The little boy, who was still before the fire, did not appear to enter into the urgency for any hurry, as his face assumed a very lugubrious expression.

"Well, we will see about it next week," observed his father.

"Why not at once, papa?" inquired Clara. "He is perfectly ready to go this very day, if requisite. And perhaps uncle might be hurt at our not appearing to feel an interest in his handsome offer."

"I think I have too much to do at present to see about it," replied Mr. Scattergood.

"I am really too poorly," said the mother, and her appearance bore out the truth of her words, "or I would go myself to the master's where my brother has arranged for him to board. We should at present study everything by which our expenses may be diminished."

"I 'm sure I eat very little," said Frederick, as he looked with an appealing expression in his mother's face. "I think we had better let papa settle it all."

The boy knew his father's disposition, and that a prolonged vacation would await his taking the affair in hand.

"I think I could go with him myself, if you have no objection," continued Clara. "At all events, we could call on the gentleman he is to live with, and make some arrangements. I see nothing to hinder us from going there to-day."

Mrs. Scattergood appeared to think with her daughter, and, in spite of her husband's apathy concerning the undertaking, and Frederick's downcast looks, it was finally agreed that Clara should go with her brother that morning, and prepare the way for his entering the public school to which he had procured the presentation. She was not long, after breakfast, in getting ready for the journey; and then, with her young companion, they rode to London Bridge in an omnibus, and set off in quest of the establishment.

Thames Street is not exactly the thoroughfare which any one would select by choice for a promenade, unless they had qualified themselves to walk upon its very narrow pavement by a course of lessons upon the tight rope; and even then there are countless inconveniences to encounter. The unwieldy waggons appear to take delight in threatening to crush timid pedestrians with their huge wheels; and the iron-bound posts join in the conspiracy, and lean obstinately back against the houses, until, in the despair from the

perfect impracticability of passing between them and the wall, the hapless wanderer plunges madly into the mud and gutters, and pursues his onward course as he best may. Everything in Thames Street is identified with the locality. Its waggons are, apparently, never seen anywhere else, nor are the men of ponderous highlows and mighty whips who guide them; its very mud has a peculiarly commercial and wharfish look, preternaturally remaining in the same state of fluidity during the hottest summer; and if you met the same people who jostle you on the scanty footpath in any other part of the metropolis, you would stare at them as natural curiosities, evidently as much out of their place as frogs in Regent Street.

In one of the many lanes which run up from Thames Street, between London and Southwark bridges, anybody who has the temerity to venture into such obscure districts may perceive a long dingy brick building, with little claims to architectural beauty, occupying a very large proportion of one side of the thoroughfare. It is adorned by six or seven gaunt, chapel-looking windows, with semicircular tops: and, on sultry summer afternoons, when their casements are thrown open, an academic hum disturbs the usual silence of the district, broken only at other times by the cries of men from one to the other, as ponderous woolsacks and packages slowly ascend from waggons to the top-stories of adjoining warehouses. But when they are closed, all around is severely silent, except at stated hours of the day, and then a rush of juvenile animation takes place from the old portal; and the lane instantaneously swarms with the jacketed and lay-down-collared youth of England, each with his complement of learning dangling by a strap from his hand, from the ponderous lexicon to the light *Exempla Minora*, to be used as a weapon of attack, or an auxiliary to study, as occasion may demand. The ancient statutes of the building provide that one hundred boys shall be here taught at five shillings per quarter, fifty at half-a-crown per quarter, and a hundred, or upwards, for nothing. But as these rules were made in days of "wonderful sacrifice," when sheep were sold for fourpence each, and poultry for a penny, it was subsequently found necessary to alter them, and make everybody pay a respectable sum, in keeping with the importance of the academy. An inscription over the doorway of the building, will tell the traveller that it is Merchant Tailors' School. We should more agreeably write "Taylors," in compliance with the taste of its supporters, who wish it distinctly to be understood that it has "no connection with any other establishment either of cheap outfitters, or retailers of "Gent.'s Fashionable Wrappers," which thoughtless people might be apt to imagine from its name.

Clara and Frederick went to the door as soon as they found out it was the place they were in search of. But there was no porter, nor bell to summon one with; neither did anybody appear, until an old woman emerged from a kind of cupboard under the stairs; and from her they learnt that the Rev. Mr. Snap, with whom it was intended Frederick should board, lived some little distance from the school. She gave them some directions as to the nearest way to his abode, and then the brother and sister made the best of their way to his house.

The Reverend Mr. Snap was at home. He was an elderly man, very pompous and scholastic, whose very glance spoke of difficult

Greek verbs, and wonderfully complicated numbers to be imperatively found out, where not even *x* was given as a clue. Abstruse paradigms and remote derivations were, so to speak, at the extremities of all his fingers; and the manner in which he worked out deep problems, of no use when they were discovered, of old women trying to determine how many eggs they had broken without counting them, and other artful puzzles, by playing at noughts and crosses, and multiplying *a* into *b* many times, was a wondrous thing to reflect upon. He received Clara and her brother in his study, and, somewhat relaxed from his usual staid bearing, as he contemplated her intelligence and address.

"I have heard from your uncle respecting his intentions," said the master. "He wishes to know if there is any chance of the ultimate election of your brother. How old are you, little boy?"

"Ten last May, sir," replied Fred, who was sitting in great tremor on the very edge of a chair, close to his sister, making a bird's nest of his pocket-handkerchief.

"Mamma wished him to be entered as soon as it could be done conveniently," said Clara. "Our circumstances are somewhat changed, sir, to what they were; and every one at home is an additional expense, however trifling.

"He can enter immediately, if that will suit you," answered Mr. Snap. "The Christmas vacation is just finished, and it will be as good a time for him as any other to commence."

"Mamma would have come herself, sir, to have seen you," remarked Clara; "but she is very poorly, having only arrived yesterday from Boulogne; and papa's occupations usually prevent him from interfering much in our family arrangements."

"So I have heard," answered Mr. Snap, in a tone which implied that he was somewhat acquainted with Mr. Scattergood's character. "But they have sent a very satisfactory representative." And Mr. Snap even smiled. "You may go home, and say that I shall be ready to receive your brother whenever he is ready to come."

If it had remained with Frederick, possibly his advent would not have taken place until a very remote period. As it was, he made his bow to the Reverend Mr. Snap with great alacrity, apparently very glad to quit his presence. And then, satisfied with the result of her mission, Clara took his hand, and they returned home, Freddy being encouraged to walk thither by the example of his sister, who led him to think it was not such a long way, after all, and scarcely worth getting into an omnibus for; holding out a hope that he should have the shilling thus saved to add to the contents of his money-box, when the particularly black day of the week came upon which he was to go, for the first time, to Merchant Taylors' School.

THE DUMMY.

A LEGEND OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

BY DALTON.

> This is the man should do the bloody deed ;
> The image of a wicked, heinous fault
> Lives in his eye. *King John.*

It was in the January of 18—, when, having passed in safety the perils of "Great Go," I determined to put into practice a pet scheme of making a shooting excursion into the wildest part of the fen country: there, at least, my memory would be able to discharge with all reasonable speed her confused cargo of Latin, Greek, history, algebra, arithmetic, moral philosophy, mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, and sundry other *ticks* which oppressed it. Accordingly, packing up half a dozen shirts, and as many pounds of "Pigou and Wilkes' best canister," I took my place, one clear frosty night, on the box of the Holbeach mail. On we sped some ten miles along a dull, dead road ; then came a tree, then a bridge, then a rattling and jolting over the stones of a dirty, dreary town ; then a turnpike, then ten dull miles more, and another tree, another bridge, another jolting, another dreary town, and so on, till at daybreak we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of Wisbeach. Here it was necessary to engage a fly to convey me to the place of my destination, a lonely village, about fourteen or fifteen miles distant. I found ——, however, of much higher pretensions, and of far greater extent than I had anticipated, and, to say the truth, felt half inclined to quarrel with it for its gentility. The public buildings were numerous, comprising a church, two dissenting chapels, the stocks, a pound, and a very comfortable commercial inn ; to which may be added a red-brick house, belonging to the attorney, and a white-stuccoed house, the abode of the surgeon.

There was, indeed, little room for choice as regarded lodging, and at "The Chequers," the inn aforesaid, my carpet-bag was pitched. Here the first couple of days passed away cheerily enough. The weather was fine, the birds abundant, and mine host's fare undeniable. On the third morning, a louring sky gave promise of a regular wet day, which promise was most exactly observed, and the rain came down in torrents. For some time I endeavoured to pursue the sport, till my gun, having exhibited many symptoms of reluctance, at length positively declined to go off at all. Nothing, then, remained but for me to do so, and make the best of my way back to what the classic Robins would term my "*dulce domum*." What, however, with the violence of the storm, which beat mercilessly in my face, the increasing darkness, and my imperfect knowledge of the country, it was soon pretty clear that I had lost my bearings, and it was near ten at night ere, drenched, chilled, and wearied, I reached the outskirts of the village. "The Chequers" was, of course, situated as near as might be in the centre ; and stumbling on, now up to my knees in mud, now breaking my shins against some heap of rubbish, I gained the churchyard, through which a shorter pathway led to the inn in question.

The church itself, though much dilapidated, and even shorn of its fair proportions, as was indicated by the ruined walls around, was

yet a picturesque and a noble building of the — but really, having the fear of Camden Societies, and the like, before my eyes, I am afraid to say of what century or what style. Enough, it abounded with windows, pointed arches, lofty buttresses, hideous corbels, and other grotesque carving. Whence the materials came, or how they were conveyed thither, no one could pretend to say; the erection was commonly attributed to the agency of the devil or the monks, and probably one or other had a hand in the transaction.

As for myself, I was at that moment far too discomfited either to speculate on its origin or admire its beauties, even had the latter been visible, but, nevertheless, could not help being struck, as its dim outline stood forth against the gloomy sky, with a light, a pale bluish flame proceeding apparently from one of the windows. I paused—and, but that my curiosity was as thoroughly damped as my powder, should have forthwith made farther examination; a piercing gust of wind, however, decided the matter, and hurried me forward. On looking again, the light had disappeared, and I thought no more of the matter till, encased in a dry suit, comforted by a capital supper, and seated in front of a glorious fire, I mentioned the circumstance in the travellers' room.

The company therein assembled consisted of four individuals besides myself. A stout, cheerful old gentleman, with a bald head and pigtail, smoked his pipe on one side of the huge grate. He was a man evidently of active habits, and kept bustling in his chair, poking the fire upon scientific principles, explaining them the while, and snuffing the candles with a decision that quite startled one; his manners and appearance were above the common run of farmers, and his age seemed to exclude him from the fraternity of bagmen. A little more quiescent, and he might have been the vicar,—a little less philosophical, and he would have passed for the attorney; as it was, he could but be the village apothecary. His *vis-à-vis* was a commercial traveller, in the wine and spirit line, a jovial, red-faced, white-teethed, apoplectic-looking person, and seemingly well acquainted with the practical part of his craft. The landlord, a middle-aged man, both meek and sleek, who said little, but whose ever-varying expression was a sufficient index of his thoughts, sat apart from the circle, and watched with manifest uneasiness the many unprovoked pokings and snuffings inflicted by the doctor. A young gentleman, with a sporting air, in a striped shirt, shooting-jacket, and Wellington boots, who turned out to be an attorney's clerk, and was kind enough to bestow much notice and patronage upon my humble self, completed the party.

On my casually mentioning the circumstance that had attracted my attention in the churchyard, a sudden silence fell upon all. The medical man hastily laid down the snuffers, as if they were unpleasantly warm; the landlord and my young Mecænas looked resolutely in my face, the one with an incredulous, the other with an inquiring gaze; the traveller alone remained undisturbed, and appeared to regard the *tableau* with much inward merriment.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "What! they are at it again, eh!—a long game, upon my honour."

"Who are at it, and what is it they are at?" said I, as confused ideas of lead-stealers, body-snatchers, and church-robbers in general suggested themselves.

"Oh, ask Mr. Evans," was the reply. "*He* knows: nobody ventures to tell that story in his presence."

I looked inquiringly at the apothecary; he shook his head.

"The story, sir," said he, "which Mr. Baggs alludes to, though well known here, is yet one I am by no means fond of relating. It is too sad, too strange, and perhaps a little too long, for mixed company."

On such a night, with such a blazing fire, and such a bowl of steaming punch before us, a tale "o'er true" was a luxury not to be let slip. Persuasions, entreaties, were lavished upon Mr. Evans, and at length, although with some signs of reluctance, he thus began:—

"It is now nearly forty years ago since I first commenced practising in this lively part of the country. In those days I was possessed of little save a small floating capital invested in drugs, the necessary instruments of surgery, and a wife,—the last as necessary an article, perhaps, as any to a man of my profession. A very hard life we led of it at first, and it was not without much ado, and many strugglings, that we contrived to keep up cheerful looks and decent appearances. The population was at that time thin, and scarcely humanized; it was even reported that they were born with webbed feet; I do not vouch for the fact. Indeed, it was very rarely I had an opportunity of judging how they were born; for such was their heathenish ignorance, that a few barbarous receipts, handed down from Shem, Ham, or Japhet, together with an implicit reliance upon the powers of nature, sufficed for them in every emergency; and it was long ere they could be induced to have recourse to professional advice, and submit to be physicked like rational and christian people.

"It was with no little surprise, then, that, one winter's night, as I was on the point of retiring to the arms of Morpheus and Mrs. Evans, I received a summons to attend a strange lady, who had just arrived at The Black Lion, and who was prevented by sudden indisposition from pursuing her journey.

"'A lady at The Black Lion,' quoth I, buttoning on my greatcoat, in a state of extreme bewilderment.

"'Quite a lady, sir, — quite young and alone, one servant, and coach-and-four, sir,' was the reply.

"Such a thing had not occurred within the memory of man. Our country was rarely visited at all, save by the landlord's agent, and an occasional commercial traveller; but a lady, attended, too, merely by a servant, it was well nigh incredible; and, full of conjectures, I set forth to wait upon my new patient.

"The Black Lion was situated about half a mile from the village, or what was then the high road: you may have noticed its remains in your excursion to-day."

"I did so," replied I, interrupting the narrator; "the old sign-post drew me thither, in the hope of gaining shelter."

"Sign-post, indeed!" repeated the apothecary, with a shudder; "God keep us from many such! The storm was never witnessed that would drive me to seek shelter *there*. But to proceed—spite of wind and wet, I made my way as rapidly as possible across the fen to the house in question. The fens in those days were fens indeed; no drainage, no inclosures, no subsoil ploughs and Lincolnshire short horns; the snipe, and the bittern, and the moorfowl had it all to

themselves. Where you now see corn waving and stock feeding, in those days not a living being, save those bred and born among the wilds, dared set foot. The paths across the morasses were few, and known to few, and rarely traversed, save in the pursuit of wild ducks and fen-birds. But of all the frequenters of that perilous region, Giles Roper, the landlord of The Black Lion, was held to be the most skilled and the most adventurous. He was a dead shot, and not thought to be over nice at what he pulled trigger. Many and strange were the stories told of his exploits, but little of good was known of him; and his house was the resort of sheep-stealers, poachers, and especially of low gamblers, ruffians almost as desperate as himself.

"Such was the character of the man and the spot which I was about to visit, and it was not without feelings of sorrow and apprehension that I learnt that a lady, young, sick, apparently rich, and unprotected, save by an aged domestic, had been compelled to seek so doubtful an asylum. On reaching the house, I was ushered at once to the chamber of the sufferer. It was a mean apartment, low-roofed, not over-clean, and evidently ill suited to the rank of its present occupant. Costly garments were heaped on the ricketty chairs, and on the plain deal table stood a magnificent dressing-case, with an ebony cabinet, curiously inlaid, and clasped with silver, by its side. I approached the bed, and, to my surprise, found the upper portion of the lady's features concealed by a black silk mask; the mouth alone was visible, the lips of which, bloodless and quivering, disclosed teeth perfect in shape and colour, but fast set in a paroxysm of pain. I gently opened the hand which lay clenched and rigid by her side. A single jewel sparkled on her finger; it was a diamond of marvellous size and brilliancy; but, alas! no plain gold ring was to be seen. As the spasm passed, I begged to be allowed to remove the covering from her face; it could but prove oppressive in her present state; 'twas vain. In a low, gentle, but decisive tone, she replied, 'it might not be.'

"Here was evidently an affair of mighty mystery. The lady had doubtless good reasons for guarding against recognition; and, at all events, it was no part of mine to pry into her secret. Meanwhile, many and anxious were the inquiries of her grey-haired attendant as to the condition of his mistress.

"'Thanks! thanks!' he exclaimed, raising his eyes to heaven, while the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks as I announced at length the birth of a female infant, with the assurance that no present danger was to be feared either to mother or to child. For some days all went well; the lady, proud of her new treasure, was fast recovering strength; but the babe itself, weakly and sick, I felt from the first its days were numbered and few. It was even so; ere a fortnight had elapsed the young mother clasped her firstborn cold and lifeless to her bosom.

"Well, sir, the pursuits of our profession are said to steel the heart, as well as nerve the hand, to enlighten the intellect, but to dull the sensibilities. It may be so, and it is well that it should be so; but I was untempered then, and never can forget the effect produced on me by the tearless, noiseless agony of that bereaved one. All desires, all interests seemed to have forsaken her. The mask was laid aside; concealment or discovery affected her but little

now; and with her pale, lovely face shaded by locks of dark and dishevelled hair, she would sit for days without motion, without speech, but with a look of anguish and bewilderment on her brow that haunts me to this hour.

"The child was at length removed; calm it lay, and seemingly well content in its little coffin; then came the gush of tears and the burst of grief: then did the mother become fully and fearfully alive to her loss,—alive to the blow, but blind, poor creature! to the blessing.

"One evening, on entering the apartment, I found her just rising from her knees; she was more composed, and better than I had yet seen her, and announced her intention of taking her departure at the expiration of another day. She placed a most handsome present in my hands, and spoke in feeling terms of my kindness.

"'I shall tax it,' she said, 'yet further. You will accompany me to-morrow in my first, my last visit to the grave of my poor child?'

"I readily assented, and it was arranged that I should call early on the morrow for that purpose. As I was about to take my leave she gently laid her thin, soft hand upon mine.

"'Doctor,' she said, looking sadly up into my face, 'my sin has been great, but my sorrow has been grievous. I have prayed,—how unceasingly, how earnestly!—for pardon, and I dare hope I am forgiven.'

"Poor soul! I never heard her speak again.

"On descending the stair, I found the landlord in the passage, apparently waiting my appearance. He motioned me into a small sanded room, yclept 'The Parlour,' and significantly closed the door. There was an oily smile on his ruffian countenance, and an offensive familiarity in his demeanour, that made my gorge rise; but it was not my cue to quarrel with the meanest of the neighbourhood, far less with a man so noted as Giles Roper; so I e'en gulped down my indignation, and submitted to his noisome society as best I might.

"'Here's to ye, doctor,' he commenced, pushing towards me a beaker of smoking punch, — the punch, by the way, at the Black Lion, I am bound in justice to admit, *was* fascinating,—'Here's luck! broken bones, and a sickly season; but in the meantime, I hear I am to lose a lodger, and you a patient, eh, Mr. Evans?'

"'The lady,' I replied, 'health permitting, departs the day after to-morrow.'

"'Umph! well, I should be sorry to say anything uncharitable or ungentlemanlike; but some folks, you know, are not quite so rich, or quite so honest, perhaps, as other folks gives them credit for.'

"'Well, Mr. Roper,' said I, not precisely divining his drift, 'possibly they may not be—what then?'

"'Oh, nothing—nothing,' muttered the innkeeper. 'I suppose,' he added suddenly, 'you have got your fees all right; but all I can say is, not a penny of my bill has been paid yet—that's fact!' The blood rushed to my face; I never felt so inclined before or since to kick a man out of his own house, or, indeed, out of any house. It was a luxury, however, not to be indulged, and I endeavoured to reply with composure,

"'If you refer to my patient, sir, I beg you will understand that I have been remunerated richly, nobly.'

"'Oh! I never questioned the lady's liberality,' interrupted my

companion, changing his tone, 'it was her means I took the liberty of doubting; we've none of us seen the colour of her gold as yet.'

"'You may make yourself easy on that point,' replied I, rising to depart; 'to my certain knowledge your visitor is as able, as I am sure you will find her willing, to satisfy every reasonable demand.'

"'She has money, then?' asked Roper eagerly.

"'As this may serve to prove,' and I exhibited the *rouleaux* with which I had just been presented.

"An expression of exultation, almost devilish in its character, passed over the man's face as I spoke; it was brief as the lightning, but in the instant I saw my error, and inwardly cursed my folly in being trapped into such a disclosure by so shallow a device. Roper evidently perceived my vexation, and observed, in a careless tone, as he took down an immense single-barrelled gun,

"'Well, well; I only wish the thing that's fair. Nobody can complain of my charges but the ducks—eh, doctor? If the young woman *has* lots of the rhino, why the devil send her luck with it; but I am bound for the wild moor fen, and, with your leave, will bear you company as far as the village; we are off to-night on a fowling excursion.'

"Now, albeit Mr. Giles Roper and his duck-gun were not exactly the companions I should have chosen on a dark evening, with a large sum of gold upon my person, still all fears on my own account were swallowed up in the concern I felt for the safety of his guest, and I was too well satisfied to learn that he must be absent from home till day-break, to quarrel with an extra quarter of an hour of his society. His glance, his conversation, the more I reflected upon them the more pregnant with evil they appeared, and I determined, that night once over, it should be my care that his guest did not pass another under the roof of The Black Lion.

"Early on the following morning I set forth, according to my promise, deeply impressed with the necessity of urging the invalid to accelerate her journey. It was needless; her last journey on earth was ended. She lay dead in her bed. Those eyes, once so bright, and yet so soft, were glazed and starting from the sockets; that pale and gentle face was swollen and discoloured; her dark hair torn, and a broad livid mark, as of a man's hand, stamped on her ivory neck. She, so young, so beautiful, lay there in that vile den, dead, murdered, with none but strangers to gather round, not a kindred tear to moisten her cold brow; not a loving hand to cast a flower upon her grave.

"You may have noticed at no great distance from the church-door a plain slab of white marble; our kind old vicar caused it to be placed there; beneath lie the fair stranger and her child. Pardon and peace be with them!"

The old gentleman paused, and brushed away a tear that ran trickling down his nose.

"But, surely," said I, "the name and history of the murdered lady have since been brought to light?"

"Never, sir; to this day both remain a mystery. The motive of her secresy must be obvious; it has been well maintained; but one individual, who ere long must follow her to the dust, could divulge it. With that person it perishes for ever."

"And that person," said I abruptly, "is yourself."

The old gentleman made no reply, but a shade of displeasure passed across his brow. Hastily stammering forth an apology, I inquired if no steps were taken to discover the perpetrators of the foul deed?

"You shall hear, sir," resumed the apothecary. "An inquiry, such as it was, was set on foot immediately; but, to confess the truth, there was no one to pursue it with energy; our vicar was too infirm; I myself too ignorant in such matters, and too poor; the country squires were for the most part too indifferent or too distant; and in those days our humble village was not blessed with the presence of a lawyer."

Here my patronizing young friend, the clerk, emitted a heavy cloud from his cheroot, shaking his head the while with a commiserating air, as much as to say, "Poor devils!"

"From the evidence of two women who had been left in sole charge of the house,—the hostler having been sent to —— to arrange about post-horses, and the landlord being engaged with the fowling-party,—it appeared that no alarm had been heard during the night, but that on entering the fatal apartment on the morning, they had found it stripped of every valuable, and its occupant a corpse. The marks of strangulation were fresh upon her person, and the finger of her left hand, from which the diamond-ring had been withdrawn, crushed, and bloody. An entrance appeared to have been effected through a scullery-door, one so ricketty and ill-secured that it would scarce have resisted the efforts of a child; thence access was easily gained to the remainder of the house. Suspicion at first naturally fell upon the lady's servant, the old man of whom I spoke, and who slept in an adjoining outbuilding. All search for him proved fruitless; he was nowhere to be found. But it seemed scarcely possible that a person of his age, an evident stranger too to the country, should have been able to make his escape on foot, so successfully as to leave no trace behind whatever; it appeared far more probable that he had shared the fate of his unfortunate mistress. And now, spite of the *alibi* which he set up, supported by the testimony of two dissolute characters, named Marsh; spite of the disappearance of the old man, whose guilt the landlord maintained to be manifest, public opinion gathered heavily round Giles Roper; so heavily, indeed, that although no direct evidence could be adduced, he, together with his two associates, found it advisable to quit the neighbourhood for a time.

"Meanwhile nothing further could be done, no clue could be discovered either to the missing servant or to the property which had been stolen; the body was accordingly buried in the spot I have mentioned, and the affair permitted to rest.

"About eleven months had elapsed, and people had well-nigh ceased to talk or think about the matter, when Mr. Roper once more ventured to take up his residence at his old abode; and it was reported about the same time that the two companions of his retirement had been seen lurking about the adjoining villages. The Black Lion, however, was deserted; bad as its former frequenters were, partly from a feeling of just horror, partly, perhaps, from superstition, they turned from the scene of bloodshed, and shunned the company of the reputed murderer. About this time, too, in consequence of the drainage then being commenced, it was found necessary to turn

the high-road into its present position, and the branded inn was left in its solitude. But one visitor was known to cross the threshold; the sexton. He was a strange old man that, and had exercised his calling beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the parish. He lived alone, with the implements of his trade, and never seemed happy but when called upon to ply them. At the grave he was all glee and merriment; singing and whistling at his work, and tossing up the heavy clay with an energy that had done credit to one in his prime. At other times he was moody and malicious in his manner; the children one and all looked upon him as an evil being; the women abused him, and the men contented themselves with exchanging a passing salutation. His evenings had been for the most part spent in the bar of The Black Lion; and then his eye would light up with a fierce and almost fiendish interest as he pursued the course of the games of chance, of which the bar in question was commonly the scene.

"Such was the sole companion left Mr. Roper. Giles, however, was not a man particularly sensitive to indications of popular feeling. He stood his ground manfully; smiled at averted looks, and resented open insults. His bold bearing in the course of time had, probably, borne down the resentment of more active enemies, and been accepted by the indifferent multitude as an evidence of innocence. The trial, however, was not allowed him. Before a month had elapsed from his return he was summoned to a sterner tribunal than that of man. Pursuing his customary sport one day in the fens, his gun burst in the firing, and the wretched being was brought maimed and senseless to his home. The effects were beyond measure frightful; three fingers hung loosely by the lacerated tendons from his right hand; his left was shattered to the elbow; the lower jaw was fractured, and a piece of the broken metal had buried itself deep in the centre of his forehead.

"On being informed of the accident, I once more, though not without a feeling of distaste and repugnance, hurried to the roadside inn; as I was ascending the stairs I heard footsteps hastily pacing the room above, and at the same time the following somewhat remarkable words were audibly pronounced, in the harsh shrill voice of the sexton: 'Cheer up, Giles Roper; you will have fair play. We have sworn it on the book, Giles. *Alive or dead, you will have fair play.*'

"A groan from the dying man was the only reply. On my entering, the sexton seated himself, and relapsing into his habitual silence, watched the proceeding with a contemptuous scowl. His miserable companion was far beyond the reach of human skill; nothing remained but to dress his wounds, and administer an opiate. Having done so, I departed. Giles Roper died that night."

"Now, sir," interrupted the commercial gentleman, who had been gradually wound up to a state of excitement quite charming to witness,—"now for the extraordinary part of the story."

Mr. Evans continued. "The man died, and was buried. About a week after the funeral, one dark, stormy night, I was returning from a visit to a patient who resided at a considerable distance. The wind, laden with the heavy miasma of the fens, swept howling across the level; at times a burst of sleet, sharp and sudden, would almost strike me from the saddle; then the moon for an

instant would be seen on high, stemming the rushing clouds; and then, again, the icy fog, in huge rolling masses closed around. My pony was well nigh up to her knees in mud and water, and, spite of my exertions, it was past twelve before I gained the village; no sound save the melancholy moaning of the wind was to be heard in the deserted street. The good folks retired right early then. Dismounting,—for in so dark a night the road was dangerous,—I made my way along the narrow causeway, and on arriving at the church was startled by perceiving an appearance similar to that which attracted your attention to-night. A light was glimmering through the church-window. Feeling assured that no good could be working at such an hour, in such a place, I left my nag to find her way to the stable as best she might, and, leaping the low churchyard wall, approached the building. For a moment my heart failed me; an indescribable sensation of awe came over me as I felt I was within a few yards of some dark and unhallowed deed. The qualm passed in an instant; the next my nerves were strung, and my pulse beat full and firm as ever.

"It was no hard matter for one young and active to raise himself by means of the buttress, and the uneven surface of the stone-work, to the level of the window in question. Merciful heavens! what a spectacle met my gaze as I did so! Forty years have passed since then, yet every feature of that fearful sight is fresh in my memory as though I looked upon it but yesterday.

"You, sir, have examined the interior of our church, and could not fail to have remarked an antique tomb, that stands near to the altar. It is the resting-place of the founder of the pile. The good knight's shield and banner still hang from the wall above. Round this tomb were four persons seated, engaged apparently at play. In three I recognised at once the sexton, and the two brothers Marsh; the fourth was a corpse. Yes, there, in his grave-clothes, bound and bandaged, sat Giles Roper, the landlord of The Black Lion. There was a terror in that sheeted form, dragged from the charnel-house to join the impious revel, that might have appalled a stouter heart than mine. The face, half hid by the shroud, half lit by the flickering lamp, seemed, as the shadows flitted across its livid features, to waken into life, and vary its expression with the progress of the fearful game.

"Before the dead man counters and cards were placed, and as his turn came round to play, the sexton regularly selected one of the latter from the parcel; while from the ebony cabinet of the murdered lady, which stood, half emptied of its rich contents, on the centre of the slab, the victors drew their stakes at the conclusion of each deal. Of this party the sexton alone seemed to be at ease, and he grinned and chuckled as he swept up his double portion of the glittering coin, now chiding, now praising his ghastly partner as the luck ran with or against them. On a sudden the stone which had hitherto supported my weight, slipped from its position, and with a vain attempt to save myself, shivering the window in the act, I fell heavily to the ground. The light was instantly extinguished, the players were evidently alarmed. Not a moment was to be lost. Bounding across the turf, I again leaped the fence, and ran at full speed towards the more respectable quarter of the village.

"In less than half an hour a body of the principal inhabitants

were assembled, and, my story hurriedly told, we proceeded *en masse* to the desecrated church. All was dark and still, and every portal barred. The blacksmith, however, by the vigorous application of a sledge-hammer, soon effected an entrance through a small door, which, opening into the belfry, communicated with the body of the building. Chancel, nave, and aisle, all were searched; pew and pulpit—all in vain. Not a corner, not a nook was left unexplored; but no trace of the sacrilegious visitants was to be discovered. Already had my companions begun to wax discontented, and to grumble at being roused from their beds on such a bootless errand; hints even were thrown out concerning stocks, horseponds, and similar instruments of popular and primitive justice. Confoundded, and almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my own senses, I leant hopelessly against the old tomb, when suddenly a something sparkling on the pavement caught my eye: it was the diamond ring!—the same I had seen on the finger of the fair stranger.

"Again the tide turned. 'To the sexton's!' shouted the blacksmith; 'the old fox must have run to earth; we'll unkennel him yet.' And, shouldering his huge hammer, he struck off, followed by the whole crowd, towards a small cottage which was close at hand. The door was forced in a moment, and, spite of his curses and protestations, the wretched culprit was dragged from his bed, and placed under strict watch for the remainder of the night. As day broke, parties, armed with the readiest weapons they could procure, started off to scour the country round, and ere noon the two Marshes, bound and handcuffed, were brought in, having been found concealed in a neighbouring barn. The vault in which the landlord had been buried was next examined, and the coffin-lid found to be clumsily and imperfectly secured, the body itself betraying evident symptoms of recent disinterment. Still, spite of every endeavour, no portion of the stolen property (the ring excepted) could be brought to light; even the runners sent down from Bow Street were foiled.

"The prisoners, meanwhile, stoutly maintained their innocence, and doubts began to be apprehended as to whether we could bring forward sufficient proofs to insure conviction. Under all circumstances, it was thought advisable to make overtures to the younger Marsh, whom we had reason to believe less deeply implicated than the others. After a little decent hesitation, he consented to be admitted king's evidence, and it was from him we learned at last the full particulars of the mysterious transaction.

"It appeared that on the night of the murder Giles Roper, having quitted me, proceeded to join the two brothers and the sexton at the house of the latter; thence, after waiting a sufficient time, the whole party returned to The Black Lion, and, leaving the Marshes to keep guard over the old servant, the landlord, followed by the sexton, entered the house, and made his way to the fatal chamber. Here, while the latter was employed in collecting the booty, Giles with an iron grasp seized the lady by the throat, and with his left hand pressed heavily on her mouth. So suddenly and so successfully was the movement executed, that not a cry escaped her:—a few convulsive struggles, and all was over.

"The sexton was next despatched, together with the witness, to convey the spoil to a place of security,—no other than the antique

tomb before mentioned, a large stone of which, though apparently firm as masonry could make it, opened readily to one who knew the secret. Meanwhile Roper and his accomplice, with the old man, pinioned and blindfold, behind them, drove off to the wild-moor fen, and, having dragged their victim to the edge of one of those dark, deep pools, then so common in that district, fastened a bag of shot about his neck, and plunged him headlong in. Notwithstanding the ingenuity with which this fiendish scheme had been contrived, suspicion, as has been seen, attached so strongly to the real perpetrators, that they were obliged to fly for a time from its effects. Before they separated, they all bound themselves by an oath, too horrible to repeat, to meet on that day twelvemonth in the church, there to divide their ill-gotten wealth as chance might decide; and, at the instigation of the sexton, they had on the appointed night dragged their dead companion from his grave, and compelled him to fulfil his share of the engagement. The result of this meeting has been shown; it remains but to add, that the lost treasure was found in its old hiding-place, and that the two murderers were condemned, executed, and gibbeted by the road-side, immediately opposite the scene of their foul crime. That gibbet, sir, was the sign-post you took notice of to-day."

I shuddered at my mistake. "But the light," I exclaimed, after a slight pause; "how do you connect the light I saw this evening with circumstances which occurred forty years ago?"

"Ay," exclaimed the commercial traveller, rubbing his hands with glee, "the light—explain *that* to the gentleman."

The apothecary smiled.

"The light," said he, "that attracted your attention I take to have been one of the fen-fires—an ignis fatuus, so common in these marshy districts, and especially frequent in places foul with the decay of animal and vegetable matter. I have seen many such in the very spot in question; and a little examination would probably have convinced you that it proceeded from the low grounds below the church, and not from the interior of the building. There is, however, a tradition current among the old ladies here, doubtless, owing its origin to the very appearances we are speaking of, that on certain nights in the year (which they are, by the way, have never been very clearly determined) the phantoms of the three felons assemble round the old tomb, and with lamp lit, and cards shuffled and dealt, there await the coming of their pardoned accomplice to resume the game. Your vision will probably serve to corroborate the tale; indeed, you are at liberty to apply to it which solution you deem fit."

"Well," I observed, at length, "without calling in a Jove to unravel my knot, your tale is of itself sufficiently full of wonders, and seems to speak to us of the more than common interference of an all-guiding Providence."

"Ay, sir, that does it," replied the apothecary, in a graver tone; "it speaks to us of a never-closing Eye; it speaks to us of that stern truth,—let man hide murder as he will, let him shroud it in the darkness, let him bury it in the grave, there is yet a revealing hand above,—MURDER WILL OUT."

D. I.

A GOOD GLASS OF ALE.

BY BALZAC D'ANOIS.

"SIR," said the man, "I tell 'e, ye never tasted such a glass of ale in your life!" And, so saying, he banged his great lumpish fist on the table with such force that I expected the board would fly to pieces. "I don't care what sort of man ye are; but just drink a pint of that, and it will soon find out what you are made of. It goes down as mild as milk; but I never yet saw the man who was not the worse for a pint of it."

This was said in the parlour of a public-house situated in one of the corners of the metropolis. The house being of no very genteel kind, the guests in the parlour were little above those who are usually seen in a tap. The speaker was a big burly fellow, with a red, full countenance, and a heaviness in his aspect which denoted an habitual beer-drinker. He had asked me the quality of the ale which I was drinking, and was continuing the conversation by expatiating on the virtues of the beverage sold at an Alton alehouse in another part of the town.

"Mind, the name's 'Figgins,' and it's one of them Alton alehouses,—and ye never saw such a glass of ale in your life."

The speaker here assumed the aspect of indignant defiance, as if I had contradicted him.

"I have no doubt of it," said I very mildly, hoping to stop what seemed to me most causeless wrath; but the man's voice became louder, and his fist fell with redoubled force on the table as he bellowed,

"If you don't find it as I say, come back when you have drank a glass, and say that I have told you a falsehood."

Now, considering the place in question was at least a mile from the scene of conversation, the challenge to come back on the chance of seeing this eccentric person, was no very hazardous one. I bowed assent, still looking as mild as possible; but the extoller of the "good glass" wound up his own zeal till it approached perfect fury.

I was exceedingly glad to pay my reckoning, and leave the house, seeing that I was likely to be involved in a quarrel, without the slightest provocation on my part; for so determined was the advocate of Alton ale to pick a quarrel, that it was of little consequence whether the party addressed agreed with him or differed from him. As I passed through the door, I heard sounding after me from the parlour,

"Mind you ask for the old ale! Ye never tasted such a glass!"

I was now subjected to a new kind of annoyance. Doubtless you have often felt the suffering which arises from a pair of eyes being constantly fixed upon you, while you are utterly unable to recognise the person to whom the eyes belong. In a full theatre you must sometimes have perceived some stranger staring at you, till he so fixes your attention, that you are lured on to stare at him also. Other faces seem to vanish,—the whole of the surrounding objects seem to be fading,—that one countenance absorbs your entire mind. My annoyance was somewhat similar to this. A miserable cabman, who was making a wretched horse draw a dilapidated vehicle, took

a violent fancy to me. Never allowing his cab to get one yard beyond me, he stared at me as I walked; he made significant signs with his whip, and appeared determined to have me for a fare. There was something sinister in the aspect of the man,—there was something imperious in his gestures, which, as it were, denoted an absolute right to force me into the cab, that was to me singularly repelling. I tried to look elsewhere,—I tried to gaze on the objects in the shops. My efforts were in vain; my head, by an irresistible impulse, was turned towards the cabman, and I was compelled to stare almost encouragingly at his inauspicious signal. At last, with a desperate effort, I forced my countenance towards the shops, when a brilliant golden light at once flashed upon my eyes. Gradually it began to form itself into letters, and the word "Figgins" was presented to my sight. I recollected the name spoken by the disagreeable man in the public house, and, my attention being now attracted, I perceived the large canvas blind, inscribed with black letters, that marks an Alton house. I rushed in, darting a triumphant look at the cabman; but he merely smiled, and my heart quailed within me as I saw his features assume a kind of resemblance to the advocate of the good glass of ale.

The interior of the shop presented to view the usual apparatus. There was a row of bright pumps to supply the beverage in various grades to the customers, the grades being called "mild," "imperial" and "old." There were sandwiches in little white plates, every one inscribed with the name of the meat which the sandwiches contained. There were little baskets of captains' biscuits, and there was a glass mustard-pot. Behind the counter stood a woman, with singularly hard and forbidding features; and altogether there was something about the place which continued the uncomfortable feeling I had experienced during the whole evening. The customers were gloomily intent on their occupation of consuming the provisions before them. One was eating sandwiches at such a rate, that he seemed almost to be bolting them whole; and a man behind the counter, who went on perpetually carving ham for him, darted at him looks of execration for the trouble he gave. Another continually poured down huge goblets of ale, till at last the woman impatiently cried out, "If you want any more, the pump may serve you itself, for I shall not." Whereupon, to my amazement, the pump of *mild* ale began to work of its own accord, and the customer, without the slightest sign of surprise, held his glass beneath the spout, and replenished it. It was not without some misgiving that I asked for a glass of the "*old* ale."

"The *old* ale!" repeated the woman, somewhat raising her voice, and giving the first sign of emotion I had yet heard or seen. Every one of the customers, and also the weary man who was carving the ham, stared at me for a second with an indescribable expression, and then, with a peculiar smile, returned to their occupation. The glass was filled by the woman, and handed to me. I was about to raise it to my lips, when I paused for a moment; for I fancied that a lion's head, which decorated one of the pumps, had assumed the likeness of the quarrelsome man in the public house. It was but a fancy,—so I raised the glass. Already had it touched my lips, when the surface of white foam, which was of course presented to my face, gradually expanded, and that to such an extent, that I could

not see its limits. It was as if one huge vertical sea, in a violent state of foam, rose immediately before me. As the first particles of liquor wetted my tongue, I seemed to be growing lighter; indeed, all sense of gravity was receding from me. A very delightful taste seemed to pervade my whole frame, and, to my utter amazement, I felt myself drawn up into the ocean of ale. Bubbles kept rising around me as I passed through the brownish fluid; every one of them shot forth others in countless abundance, and every one presented a grotesque face, which grinned at me as it flew by. My ears were filled with a dull, stunning noise. There was but one thing I could hear distinctly, and that was the sound of a well-known voice, that cried through the confusion, "You never tasted such a glass of ale in your life!"

At last this indistinct sensation passed away, and I seemed to come to my senses. I found myself in a strange field, with a large crop of barley in full ear overspreading the entire landscape. There was a thickness about the atmosphere, and the sky, instead of being blue, was of a deep amber colour. I was idly plucking an ear or two, when a voice of thunder broke upon my ear, saying, "Let us celebrate the mystery of the Beer-Bacchus!"

At once there came before me the most motley assemblage I had ever witnessed. Mechanics, city clerks, law students, medical students, all went along in grand procession, supported and moved by rolling barrels, on which they kept their position by the same talent as that of the tub-dancer, who used to excite wonder at the minor theatres. Every one of them brandished, with vehement gestures, a pewter pot; every one of them darted forth clouds of tobacco-smoke in all directions. They were followed by a troop of waiters, bearing massive plates of sandwiches, huge cold joints, and massive pots of mustard. At last the procession was closed by the Beer-Bacchus himself, who rode in a car, fashioned much on the same plan as those that clowns used to make, at that remote period when there was ingenuity in Christmas pantomimes. Those huge cheeses which must be familiar to every one who has stopped to take refreshment at a country inn, formed the wheels; the half of an immense butt, festooned with ears of barley, formed the body, and the vehicle was drawn by four sturdy brewer's horses. The Beer-Bacchus was a portly personage, who wore a crown of barley on his head, and occasionally wetting his mouth from a huge silver tankard, solemnly smoked a gigantic twisted pipe. He courteously invited me to his car, and, as I entered it, said with an air of great benignity,

"Did I not tell you that you had never tasted such a glass of ale?"

The Beer-Bacchus was, in fact, the same with the man in the public-house, and — greater wonder than any I had yet seen — he now looked pleasant and agreeable.

The car rolled on; and as we proceeded the voices of the shouting bacchanals who advanced before us underwent a singular change. They were gradually modified into ordinary London cries, such as the shout of omnibus-conductors, and the invitation of the butcher to "buy." Bacchus himself, too, dwindled into a very small compass, till at last he vanished altogether, and I was alone in a vehicle, which bore no resemblance to the one I had ascended. It was completely closed, and lined with deep-blue cloth, ornamented with little tufts. In fact, I was in the interior of an ordinary cab, rolling

through the London streets. A thought flashed across my mind: could I be with the sinister-looking cab-driver, from whom I had fled into the Alton ale house? The window merely afforded me the sight of a pair of drab-coloured coat-tails, and all that concerned the identity of the driver was left to mere conjecture. The sense of mystery grew more and more oppressive. A dead weight was on my mind, which soon became a material pressure. The sides of the cab drew close together, and bound me so tightly that I could hardly breathe. At the same time they lost their opacity, and I seemed close confined in a kind of transparent prison, through which I could see all sorts of glittering objects. I strove hard to release myself, but could not stir so much as a finger, so great was the counter-pressure.

"He'll go off of himself presently if they don't open him," said a squeaking voice in my immediate vicinity.

"Ay, that he will," answered another squeaking voice; "and then the Fates be merciful to those tarts!" Upon which both the voices uttered a shrill, tittering sort of laughter.

Turning my eyes to the direction of this novel sound, I saw a number of little red heads, the size of a cherry, immersed in a dark-coloured liquor. This by no means inconvenienced them; but on the contrary, they were all giggling in the merriest mood,—my strange condition seeming to be the grand cause of diversion. Presently some long white cylinders appeared through my prison, and bending round it, seemed to grasp it firmly, and bear it through the air. Then the pressure around me diminished in a slight degree, and there was a hissing and bubbling around me, similar to that which I heard when I was drawn into the glass of ale. This terminated in an explosion as loud as a battery of artillery, and suffering the most excruciating agony, I was driven through an aperture that was by no means proportioned to my natural size. Every bone in my frame seemed to be crushed to a jelly.

Recovering from the shock, I found myself standing on the other side of a pastrycook's counter. A lovely girl, with beautiful ringlets falling about her neck, held in her hand an empty soda-water bottle and a glass, into which she had poured its contents. I now understood my previous situation. I had been confined in the soda-water, and had been placed on one of the shelves, among some large bottles of brandy-cherries. For the first time during the evening I felt perfectly free.

My gratitude to the delightful creature who had delivered me from the spells that had so long encumbered me, knew no bounds. Throwing myself on my knees before her, I grasped her hand, and imprinting on it a thousand kisses, "Lovely spirit!" I exclaimed.

I could say no more. My ear at this moment experienced a smart, tingling and exceedingly startling sensation. Something like anger appeared in the countenance of my deliveress; but I may be mistaken in this particular, as the whole shop, with the damsel, and all its contents reeled away from my sight, and left nothing behind, but a confused emptiness in my mind, from which I did not recover till this morning, when I found myself in my own bed in my lodgings.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE BELL ALLEY.

Every lane teems with instruction; every alley is big with erudition.
CONNOISSEUR.

HAPPENING upon one occasion to have business in the vicinity of the Bank of England, when in the act of proceeding to the place where our business demanded our presence, we discovered—not an unusual discovery with us, be it known —that we wanted shaving. Eagerly casting our eyes around for some retired little emporium, where this depilatory process, which custom, warring against nature, has rendered necessary, might with greatest ease and readiness be performed, we entered a narrow passage, leading we knew not where, but which, reasoning by analogy, we guessed would lead us, in the course of nature, to a shaving-shop.

From one passage we turned into another, up and down, right and left, in and out, now emerging under an archway, now descending a flight of narrow steps beneath a warehouse, again appearing on the other side; here, pausing to reconnoitre a series of lanes, radiating from a secluded pump as from a common centre; there, gazing awhile in mute astonishment at the strip of sky overhead, not broader than penny riband; pausing at every new ramification of this labyrinth, bewildered like Aladdin in the enchanted cave, and uncertain which way to take, the object of our intrusion into these intricate localities was well-nigh forgotten, when, as good fortune would have it, we chanced to light upon the barber's pole, that indicated the shaving-shop of Mr. Frizell.

The shop was a shop of the last century; its bay window adorned with pots of pomatum, small old-fashioned bottles of scented oil, and a profusion of razors, "all of the olden time," projected into the middle of the narrow passage with an expression of supreme contempt for the convenience of the passengers; from the end of its parti-coloured pole dangled by a bit of packthread a veritable Mambrino's helmet; a shield, which might have been the property of Don Quixote de la Mancha himself, if the half-obliterated announcement of the proprietor had not been decipherable thereupon, clung in a defensive attitude to the well-worn door-post; altogether the establishment was as unlike the "Hair cut in the most fashionable style within" places at the West End of the town as it is possible to imagine. Nor did the tonsor himself at all resemble one of the be-puffed, be-periwigged *artistes* in hair that abound in our great thoroughfares; dusky-browed was he as his shop, and retired as Little Bell Alley, wherein he delighted to dwell; he made no ostentatious display customary among the members of his learned profession of "*barbaric* pearl and gold;" he was a man of few words, and fewer gestures, in short, a decided anti-Figaro.

It may be supposed that so favourable an example of a tribe unu-

sually garrulous, and gossiping to a proverb, was a master of his art; we have reason to say so, for never did that beard of ours, cross-grained not only by consistency of fibre but by direction, yield with such unfelt resistance as to the rapid, smooth, and imperceptible razor of the shaver of Little Bell Alley. In fact, our beard was removed, even to the downy pile, without our knowing it; the operation was that almost impossible thing so often announced, so seldom found, a "clean shave for a penny."

Of Mr. Frizell we bought a case of razors, warranted to *shave*. For these we deposited half-a-crown, in part payment, determining to return upon a future occasion and redeem our bargain. These important matters being concluded, we set out once again upon our return to the *terra cognita* of Cornhill, engaged a diminutive charity-boy in a muffin-cap and buckskin shorts, to guide us safely to the nearest point of exit from the curiously involved, or rather reticulated neighbourhood of Little Bell Alley.

Some days after, while sitting at the first-floor middle window of The Black Horse, in Coventry Street, observing with an astonishment undiminished by daily contemplation the opposing tides of human existence that perpetually ebb and flow in that animated thoroughfare, we recollected the adventure of the razors, and determined to go in search of them, and Little Bell Alley.

The great avenues of life, the leading arteries of communication in London, are open to all observers, are sufficiently explored by the wandering feet of curious myriads; these are the beaten tracks, the turnpike-roads of town; the places we are about to set out in search of are the by-paths, footways, short-cuts, bridle-roads of London.

The ocean-stream of life flows adown the Strand, whose courts, lanes, and blind alleys, are so many creeks and inlets; the Mississippi of existence rolls along Holborn Hill in a tremendous tide, while its eddies are reflected into the mouths of a thousand tributaries, ever absorbing and pouring out their atoms of human life. These comparisons may appear somewhat turgid and magniloquent, but we should be glad to know what less grand and majestic images are worthy to typify the rolling masses that flood a living tide along London streets.

These courts, lanes, and alleys, have a character peculiarly their own, bearing no analogy to the by-places of great provincial towns: the courts of London, those at least interlacing with the leading thoroughfares, are no more nor less than narrow streets, sacred to the pedestrian, where, undisturbed by noises vehicular, and the chaotic intermixture of waggon, 'bus, and cab, he can saunter at his ease, pausing to look about him, without obstructing the thoroughfare, or wending his desultory way without being himself obstructed.

SIDNEY ALLEY, the first of these, our favourite *viæ sacræ*, has its origin hard by the place where Hamlet—not Hamlet the Dane, but Hamlet the Jeweller,—whilom rejoiced to inhabit, where Coventry Street, that supplemental Piccadilly, wonders to find itself cut off in mid career by the rectangular interposition of Princes' Street. The direct communication with Leicester Square, which Coventry Street, by means of its "most lame and impotent conclusion," is unable to carry out, is facilitated for pedestrians only by Sidney Alley, a very favourable specimen of our metropolitan by-ways, and one to which we first introduce the reader, in order that we may be able to

carry him the more pleasantly from one to another. In this short anastomosing artery of pedestrian life, the shopkeepers devote themselves almost exclusively to the fair sex, and to those decorative essentials that make even the fair sex still more fair. Here are bargains of lace and veils, infinite choice of stays, from six-and-six-pence, *upwards;* variety inexhaustible of baby-frocks, boys' caps and tunics, and, in short, every modification of frippery, ticketed so low, indeed, that it is a wonder how anybody can venture into places where, the shopkeepers assure you, every article is *alarmingly* low. When once in, however, your alarm of the most timid is speedily dissipated, as they will find, perhaps to their cost, that whatever they may happen to want has in itself the elements of an *alarmingly* upward character.

Emerging from Sidney Alley into Leicester Square, we pause to look about us, meditating as we contemplate this, by no means one of our most select localities, upon the migratory tendencies of the world of fashion, since first we had the happiness to rejoice in the possession of a fashionable world. The houses now introducing themselves to our notice, presenting us their addresses in great gilt wooden letters, as WATERLOO HOUSE, DIMITY HOUSE, LEICESTER HOUSE, and devoted to the sale of haberdashery, boasted, some three quarters of a century since, a very different style of occupants. Mansions now occupied by gunmakers, cheap booksellers, cigar-dealers, porter and ale merchants, *restaurants*, and the like, were tenanted by such men as Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Where Miss Linwood has now her curious exhibition of needlework, and where a mob is daily and nightly congregated to witness the transit of pasteboard cavalieros across a pane of glass, — indication sufficient of the attraction of the sixpenny show within,— stood the mansion of the Sidneys—Philip and Algernon—

"Ah ! how unlike to Gerard Street,
Where beaux and belles together meet,
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along ;

and in later times the royal residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, the friend and patron of the poet Thomson. Not far from this spot, in Gerard Street, Soho, Dryden lived and died ; and nearer still, in St. Martin's Street, was the residence of Newton : Hogarth, Woollett, and Sir Joshua Reynolds inhabited houses in the square.

With the progression of London westwards, it is curious to observe how, while the commercial world stood still, clinging with mercantile tenacity to its original shop, *the City*, where it flourishes supreme to this day ; the fashionable world, on the contrary, had an instinctive tendency to escape from place to place, as the world of business, and bustle, and every-day toil pressed upon its outskirts. We find, at an early period, the great mansions of our people of fashion, in Ely Place, for example, in Southampton Buildings, in Gray's Inn. Some time later, when the class became less warlike, and more gregarious, we have them erecting noble mansions along the *then* suburban line of the Strand. As this class increased in numbers, jostled by plebeian wealth, detached mansions were out of the question, and we find the fashionable world condescending to sit down round the circumference of Lincoln's-inn Fields ; thence

they migrated to Leicester Square, and the streets immediately adjacent. Here the world of fashion contentedly remained, until Marylebone began to provide, in Portman and Cavendish Squares, new hives for the migrating swarm. Here, in a parallelogram, contained within Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Bond Street, and Park Lane,

"The twice two thousand for whom earth was made,"

together with their dignity, pride, airs, assumption, ambition, jealousy, pug-dogs, footmen, and the rest of their equipage remained, till the original genius of a Cubitt struck out the grand idea of Belgrave Square. Then, and not till then, was it discovered that a new migration was necessary; a city of palaces arose, as it were by magic, in the swamp that formerly desecrated the future site of Belgrave Square, and the streets and squares adjacent. Yet, who shall cease to admire the fickleness of fashion, and the "vain, transitory splendour" of palaces wherein it dwells; Hyde Park Gardens, with another, and a yet more magnificent city at its back, sprung up in a twinkling on the northern side of the Park, and behold! the world of fashion, ere the rooms are well dry, migrate in myriads to this delectable location. How long they may remain, or where next the tide of change and the accumulation of conveniences may waft them, yet remains for future historians to record; but, we confess, we expect nothing less than that the third next following generation of the fashionable world, should the migratory tendency still set in a western direction, having progressed by easy stages from parish to parish, will find itself pleasantly seated in the flowery meads, somewhere about Windsor and Eton.

Now we leave the square for Cranbourne Alley, grand repository of bonnet and stay-makers. At every door stands, half in and half out of the shop, like a spider in its web, a pale-faced, sickly-looking young woman, in a cloth cloak and faded silk bonnet: these are canvassers for customers, or, as they are technically called, "touters," and are unrivalled by the other sex in pertinacity of solicitation.

Indeed, it is by no means an uncommon occurrence in Cranbourne Alley for a lady, with whom you have been walking along very pleasantly, interchanging the compliments of the season, or any other compliments, suddenly to disappear, as it were by the magic wand of an enchanter. Lost in amazement, you look round, wondering by what accident your companion has been spirited from your side; in ten or fifteen minutes you discover her in the dusky recesses of one of the bonnet-shops, when she very naturally inquires if you happen to have five-and-thirty shillings, to pay for a small purchase she was tempted to make,—such a love of a bonnet,—*so* cheap, &c. &c. You find, while disbursing the "needful," that your fair friend had been only "touted," not *spirited* into the bonnet-shop. Having paid for the love of a bonnet, to the tune of five-and-thirty shillings, like another Orpheus, you once more conduct your Eurydice to the realms of day.

Sometimes worse consequences attend the fatal curiosity to which ladies wandering in Cranbourne Alley are prone, of speculating upon the "loves of bonnets" in the windows. Two rival "touters" may happen to seize the unsuspecting damsel at the same moment, and, as this predatory animal was never known to let go its hold, the lady is attempted to be dragged into two bonnet-shops at the

same time, with the almost inevitable result of the deposit of the skirt of her gown in the one, and her head-dress in the other.

Cranbourne Alley, like all the other alleys that form the subject of our present contemplation, has its tributary alleys. Old print, and older book-shops, picture-dealers' dusky galleries, and public houses, retired into private life, abound. One wonders, wandering up and down, how people who have money to spend discover these unobtrusive retreats.

Crossing St. Martin's Lane, which may serve as our meridian of Greenwich, we keep a southerly course for a short distance, until the inlet of May's Buildings, bristling on either side, like the mouth of a dragon, with rows of artificial teeth, arrests our devious course. This is the paradise of dentists and cuppers; every variety of artificial tooth, molar, incisor, canine, is displayed in every variety of artificial gum, waxen, composition, golden; a profusion of ruined grinders, "elegant extracts," as we may say, are displayed, by way of contrast, oftentimes set out in the form of a star—we presume a *Tuscan* ensign of nobility—and tempting announcements of the low prices of dental apparatus, invite the preference of those whose mouths are to let *unfurnished.* The small boys, with large livery buttons, running hither and thither, are the dentists' and cuppers' boys; a small boy, in large livery-buttons, being an indispensable appendage to dentists and cuppers, as well as to all other medical and surgical establishments.

We pass under a low archway into Little May's Buildings, and pause before the window of a surgical instrument maker's, to contemplate the awful machinery by which the accidents and ills that flesh is heir to are relieved. What frightful apparatus is this of saws, and double-edged knives, and probes, scalpels, forceps, and the horrible machinery of the surgeon's art! What powerful rhetoric in the hands of a popular preacher would be this infinite variety of instruments of torture!

To a son of Bacchus, instead of appealing to his conscience and his inward sense of shame, we can imagine the preacher holding up an instrument for relieving bloated dropsy of its watery load, saying,—

"Behold, unhappy tippler, this curious machine; its six-sided point bulged out to perforate, as with a gimblet, thy beer-barrel of a body; regard attentively how it lies sheathed in this silver tube, which is intended to remain a sewer, or conduit, to conduct the peccant humours from thy bloated carcase; reflect, while it is yet time, what infinite torture will this instrument in the surgeon's hand inflict upon thee, and that thou, who tappest so many barrels, shall at last be thyself a tapped barrel; consider, ere it be too late, when this instrument shall, as I may say, decant what thou hast already decanted, what a *Guy* thou wilt look like, thou miserable swiper of swipes!"

What salutary warning might not quarrelsome fellows, who delight in pistolling, or breaking heads, derive from a discourse illustrated somewhat as follows:—

"Brawlers, look here! this circular saw, vertically turned upon the handle of a corkscrew, is called a *trephine;* the breaker of heads, whose head in its turn is broken, shall be subjected, as he lies delirious on his hospital couch, to its dreadful discipline; a scalpel (here it is) shall lay bare his unlucky skull, of which, unless it be more

than usually thick, the trephine shall extract a piece the size of a shilling; then this lever (look at it) insinuated under the broken *nob*, shall elevate, if possible, the fractured portion from (if he should have any) the subjacent brains; imagine, children of riot, the agony that will accompany the repairing of shattered skulls, through the instrumentality of these terrible instruments, and keep quiet; so shall you escape a predestinate broken pate."

The duellist might be exhorted after this fashion:—"Man of honour, this is a ball-forceps, for extracting bullets from the thorax, or elsewhere. Observe its cutting edge to make good its entrance, in search of the leaden messenger of death; then, behold how, by an internal spring, it opens when at length it has penetrated the depths of the wound, embracing the ball; conceive the torture that must attend the withdrawal of the bit of lead, and how satisfied thou must feel that, though thy flesh is lacerated, thy honour is sound; and that although thy life, not to mention thy soul, is in danger, yet that thou hast given or received satisfaction in a quarrel about nothing, or about something nothing worth: regard this surgical instrument, and reflect, shooting, or being shot, how little satisfaction can, after all, by the *duello* be given or received."

Stop—let us peruse this embossed card:—

"BLACKWELL'S

ROSTRAKIZION;

OR,

INIMITABLE CURLING COMB.

Insert the comb in hot water, press the spring at A, the comb disappears; withdraw, and the curl is complete."

Nothing is more characteristic of London ingenuity and enterprise than the perpetual fertility of invention that distinguishes the professors of every art and trade. Here, in Blackwell's Rostrakizion, or inimitable curling-comb (a pair of curling-tongs, with a concealed comb, elevated or depressed by a spring,) we have a good example of the apparently trivial things to which invention can descend; the list of patents weekly published, illustrate the fact at greater length. When we recollect that the fees for taking out a patent for the United kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, amount to nearly three hundred pounds, we can scarcely find words to express our astonishment and admiration at the enterprise of men who are content to risk such a sum, upon the remote possibility of their invention being sufficiently appreciated by the public, as to secure them a return.

How many patents have we not heard of for filtering machines, for smoke-jacks, for candles that require no snuffing, for lamps to burn common oil, for machines to keep water hot, and wine cool, for corking or uncorking bottles, in short, for every little thing, of which we knew not the inconvenience until the remedy was supplied.

London furnishes everyday illustrations of the theory of human perfectibility. To-day, you walk forth, and see, for example, scavengers at work, with their huge shovels projecting the mud of our streets, having first swept them, into their frightful carts; to-morrow, you see a gaudily-painted machine, drawn by a great horse, and attended by one man, performing simultaneous operations of

sweeping, shovelling, and carting the *alluvium* of our streets, without difficulty or delay, as if merely working for its own amusement.

Perhaps, while you are sauntering about, your attention is arrested by the laying down of the new wooden pavement; you consider it a wonderful invention, and go away, satisfied in your own mind that we have at length gained perfection in the desirable matter of street-paving; returning in six weeks, you find the blocks being taken up, and some of improved construction being laid in their stead, and this goes on, ripping up, and repairing our wooden streets, until you begin to imagine the heads of those who authorise these perpetual revolutions must be of a material somewhat ligneous.

What is true of wooden pavements is true of everything else; progressive improvement is always at work; nor has our wonder at one successful application of mechanical skill to the ordinary purposes of life subsided when we are called upon to wonder "once more" at some improvement superseding the subject of our former admiration.

Where will this perpetuity of improvement have an end, or to what shall the children of men at last attain? we often ask ourselves, and nowhere so often as in progressive London; yet the inquiry is vain; the only limit to the social progressiveness of mankind would appear to be the point of cessation, by natural laws, of the tractability of the natural agents subjected to man's will, and disciplined for his service by the power of his intellect.

Let us proceed; infinite, and infinitely various, to be sure, are the methods of getting a living in London. Here is one:—

"W. DAVIS,
Handles put to tea-cups, mugs, jugs, &c.; stoppers taken out of decanters."

We are now in Covent Garden, but having already in our "WORLD OF LONDON" taken a stroll through this "vegetable kingdom," we pass on to the principal entrance of Drury Lane, where we plunge once again into the loved obscurity of VINEGAR YARD, RED LION COURT, RUSSEL COURT, and their sub-denominations.

This is strictly a theatrical and bacchanalian neighbourhood; here commercial enterprise appears to be divided between spirituous liquors and theatrical properties; Hamlet's dresses, and heavy-wet; rabbit-skin robes, and rum-shrub; peppermint cordial, and point lace; brandy and buskins. Russel Court, however, is an exception; literature here is worthily represented in a profusion of second-hand bookshops; of these, some are ticket-shops, others are not; at the former, as might be expected, you pay a high price for what is little better than waste paper, at the latter, you may have works of sterling literary value, at their exact commercial value; our experience telling us that a really good book is not, save by the merest accident, to be obtained, save at a really good price; and this is just as it should be.

Here—at the sign of The SHERIDAN KNOWLES we pause, for rest and refreshment; we choose this sign, because the landlord pays respect to literature by placing over his door the head of our greatest living dramatist, and deserves to be encouraged for his sign's sake.

"Boy, a pint of old ale, the paper, and a screw of tobacco."

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER STAGE TOWARDS LITTLE BELL ALLEY.

Leaving The Sheridan Knowles, we stalk, like a giant refreshed, across Drury Lane, and are lost in the intricacies of White Horse Yard. Here, although only across the street, the alleys have a totally different character from those tributary to Vinegar Yard. The habitations are poor and dilapidated, as are also the inhabitants; ruined faces and places stare you out of countenance on every side; chandler's shops, rag and bottle warehouses, penny-a-bottle ginger-beer establishments, marine stores, old-iron warehouses, give abundant evidences of a population struggling against imminent want, and the small necessities of life perpetually recurring.

Holding our course right onward, noticing by the way a street full of stunted old women, each with a short pipe in her mouth, seated by a basket of carrots, turnips, lettuces, the stock-in-trade of each establishment averaging, perhaps, eighteen-pence. With this amount of capital, an old basket, and their time, do these poor creatures contrive to keep off absolute starvation, for, to say that they gain a livelihood were to insult their misery ; in all weathers, poorly clad, badly shod, with no solace but their pipe, and no luxury save an occasional "drop o' gin," which by hook or crook they contrive to procure, they manage to exist, until a hard winter, or long-continued wet weather, dismisses them to their fate, in the workhouse or the hospital.

We have often thought, while contemplating these poor creatures bandying a jest, or discussing some matter of old-womanly gossip among themselves, how astonished a carriage-and-pug-keeping lady from the West End would be if suddenly set down among this curious congregation ; how much ashamed would she be of allowing herself to be troubled with airs or vapours, or fretting herself into fits, because she has been refused admission to some coveted *set*, or long-ambitioned ball, seeing here women, many of them infirm and old, whose happiness is complete, when, after patiently sitting by their basket, and chaffering from morning till night, they are at length enabled to fling the empty basket over their shoulder, and lighting their pipe, trudge homeward with a capital, wherewith to face the world, on the morrow, of two shillings, or two-and-sixpence.

We now enter Clare Market, the former abiding-place of the famous Orator Henley, with his congregation of butchers, whom he used to edify with ebullitions of atheism ; Henley has been long since dead, or, as he would say himself, *annihilated*, but the town never wants a babbling infidel. Here is always one or more loud-talking Antichrists holding forth to vagabonds of both sexes, and only persecution, which, unluckily for themselves, they do not suffer, can bring them into notoriety, or elevate them from obscure infamy to the bad eminence of apostles of infidelity.

Talking of hospitals, here is an hospital appropriately located in a grave-yard, in Portugal Street, which, although not exactly a court, or alley, is yet so directly in our way that we feel an irresistible desire to explore it. Here, indeed, we have the Valley of the Shadow of Death ; almost in juxtaposition, the College of Surgeons, King's College Hospital, and the burying-ground of St. Clement's

Danes; a happy and convenient centralization, by which a patient's solution from all sublunary cares is managed promptly, and, as it were, syllogistically, thus:—

Minor, .	The College of Surgeons.
Major, . .	The Hospital.
Conclusion,	The Burying-Ground.

The legal neighbourhood, noted as it is for centralization, is hardly so admirably adapted to its purpose as this medical locality; but, stay,—there is a villanous odour somewhere, let's hasten onwards; no matter how robust a man's health may be, the combination of dead-house, pest-house, and charnel-house, may be too much for him; there is plague in the air, and pestilence is borne in every breeze.

Portugal Street is not merely a medical, but a medico-legal neighbourhood; were we to make a *catalogue raisonné* of the public buildings, we might enumerate the College, the Hospital, and the Insolvent Court, which, in truth, is only an hospital for incurables in, or rather out of pocket.

What a melancholy place! spectators seem as if they had already passed the ordeal of the court, and despite the dingy hue of their faces and habiliments, we may safely infer that the majority have been lately *white-washed*; the rest seem to await their turn, paying minute attention to the interrogatories of the judge and counsel, addressed to a party now before the court.

She is a poor woman, dressed in widow's weeds, with a pale, attenuated face, and a mingled expression of misery and anxiety, that give a yet more pinched character to the features, whereon poverty has plainly set her seal; yet is she dressed with the scrupulous neatness of better days, as if the distress that has sharpened her face had no power to render her indifferent to her personal appearance; she is as tidy to-day in the Insolvent Court as she was in the days of her prosperity, for attention to dress is, perhaps, the last remnant of vanity that clings to woman. Misery and misfortune make men slovens; though she be on her trial for her life, a woman will take care that her figure and her face shall be set off to the best advantage.

"To what do you attribute your insolvency, ma'am?" inquires a rough-voiced barrister, modulating his tone, in pity of the poor woman, to something like the sound of a nutmeg-grater.

"Since—since my husband"—(a long pause)—"since my husband died, sir, the world has altogether gone against me," was the touching reply.

The rough-voiced barrister sat down,—a murmur of pity from the dingy auditory, above which we could catch the expressions, "hard lines!" "poor creature!" pervaded the court, and even the Sheriff's officers relaxed their cast-iron features into a ludicrous tenderness of expression.

"There is no opposing creditor, I suppose?" asked the judge, less in a tone of inquiry than deprecation.

A rough-looking man, with hair combed flat over his eyebrows, presses forward.

"Do you oppose this poor woman, sir?" asked the judge, somewhat sternly, as we imagined.

"I was going to ask—"

"Oh! Mr. Brown," interrupted the insolvent, "if *he* had been spared to me, I could have paid you all."

The opposing creditor tried to look inexorable, but it would not do. Glancing at the court and the counsel, he saw that the sympathies of his auditory were on the other side: scratching his head, and muttering, Mr. Brown sat down, and was silent.

"Let the insolvent be discharged forthwith," said his Honour.

The widow curtsied, and, taking in either hand her little children, passed through the crowd, which made way for her, and quitted the court.

Entering a narrow postern, we found ourselves in the spacious area called New Square, of Lincoln's Inn. Happy they who, like ourselves, have no other business here than that of indifferent spectators! Yet is there something melancholy in the dingy, desolate appearance of those dark staircases leading from doors inscribed with the densely-packed names of legal inhabitants to their respective chambers. Here would appear to have been obtained a perpetual injunction against sunshine, and we breathe as if our pulmonary organs were in Chancery.

We enter the spacious hall, emblazoned with gilded names of great lawyers inscribed in the oaken pannels, the windows "richly dight" with shields, escutcheons, quarterings, supporters, and all the blazonry of the herald's art, casting a "dim *forensic* light;" the court has just risen; solicitors are busied forming into bundles their voluminous depositions, interrogatories, pleadings; barristers, especially the briefless, gossiping with professional fluency in groups throughout the hall.

The carriage of the Chancellor draws up before a private door; a crowd, lawyers' clerks, writing clerks, laundresses, nursery-maids, assemble to see the great man; the great man appears, languid and exhausted, as well he may be, who not only keeps the consciences of kings, but is guardian of all wards, custodian of all lunatics, and in a great degree administrator of not only the supreme law, but the general government of the country,—an aggregation of labour, responsibility, and power, in the person of one man, to which the universal world, we presume, can in a free country afford no parallel. And yet—what an example and a lesson for all men!—this great personage, taking, by virtue of his high office, precedence of every man in England not of the royal blood, has elevated himself to this giddy altitude from the condition of the son of a professional man, by naked talent and sheer industry. Wonderful country, that can include such tremendous prizes in the lottery of life; and not less wonderful men, who daringly put forth the powerful hand, and claim them as their own!

We are in Chancery Lane, or rather we steal across this ominously-sounding locality, and dive, like a rabbit, head foremost into a Thermopylæ of a place, where no more than one adventurer can go abreast, called Church Passage.

This is the most impoverished, most wretched of its class that we have yet visited. Frightful, one-eyed, pock-pitted creatures hang about the doors, or peer distrustfully through the patched and papered windows; ricketty children paddle in congenial dirt; here are shops where victuals are offered for sale much less eatable in ap-

pearance, and probably in reality, than the cat's-meat of a respectable tripe-shop; here are rag-shops, with the customary black doll dangling by the neck above the door.

From this miserable abode of unfortunate humanity we proceed to the Liberty of the Rolls, as a chaotic aggregation of tumble-down tenements has the honour to be denominated. Certainly this Liberty is a most extraordinary place; every house is dressed in the unquestionable livery of a Chancery suit; we see here a lively illustration of the condition of tenements and tenants, where the law is the landlord.

From Little White Alley we get into Great White Alley; turning Poll's Corner, we leave Lee's Buildings, and Birch's Buildings on the left. Our next appearance is in Acorn Court; then turning and doubling with intricate sinuosity, worming our way, now to this side, now to that, like a corkscrew, we emerge from the more than Cretan labyrinth at Roll's Buildings, and rejoice to behold again the familiar face of Fetter Lane.

At the Horse Shoe and Magpie, in the lane, we turn down West Harding Street, and find ourselves in a mechanical or engineering literary neighbourhood. Here is the Glasgow and other type-founderies; here a trade, of whose existence we were as yet in ignorance, that of *printer's* smith; here, in New Street, an ornamented iron gateway, surmounted with the royal arms, richly gilt, introduces us to the printing-house of Spottiswoode and Co., an establishment of itself, for its magnitude, management, excellence of workmanship, and minute division of labour, well worthy of a separate article.

Descending Harp Lane, half a century ago famous for its lower-class ordinaries, where the obsolete practice of diving for a dinner might once have been studied in perfection, and which then, as now, was a fifth-hand furniture mart, we find ourselves, at length, in Farringdon Street, the equatorial line of our devious and intricate voyage.

Here we are compelled to emerge from the by-ways into the highways, as far as Basinghall Street—name abhorred by shipwrecked merchants. The court is sitting, and in the presiding judge we recognise the caustic editor of the Examiner, examining a ruined horse-chaunter.

Here, nearly opposite the Court of Bankruptcy, begins that curious labyrinth, to whose entrance we have given the reader a clue, which he must needs unravel for himself. Who shall describe the intricacies of Leathersellers' Buildings, Blue Hart Court, White Rose Court, Swan Alley, Blue Anchor Court, Green Court, courts of every colour, every shape, running up and down in the heart of the blocks of city-warehouses, like children at play? Who shall delineate the various haunts of the thirsty votaries of Bacchus nestled within their precincts, or describe the statesmen, theologians, gossips of The Dr. Butler's Head, The Blue Last, or The Shepherd and his Flock?

Herein the reader must minister to himself. Having now conducted our attentive followers where never was attentive follower conducted before, from the beginning to the ending of one of the long line of London lanes and alleys, terminating with Little Bell Alley, we cannot part from him and them without an expression of regret that we are doomed to meet no more in this world.

Adieu! Sidney, and all ye other alleys,—*our* alleys, where dwelt not one but a thousand Sallys, there no more to dwell; where, free

from noise, bustle, and business, we have sauntered at our own sweet will, secure from danger by quick revolving wheel, nor annoyed with frequent crossings, nor requests to remember the poor sweeper; where either side or the middle of the way was alike pleasant and secure, with no intermediate paving-stones, slippery with unctuous mud; where dwelt, in the shady paths of life, a simple and innocent race of arcadian shopkeepers, careless of civic or parochial offices, resigned to the privation of a one-horse chay, ambitious only of small profits and quick returns; where, on the hospitable book-stalls,

> "Fair Knowledge to our eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of Time, did oft unfold;"

where, in the sequestered coffee-shop, to a select studious few, the hospitable Betsy, with profuse raven ringlets and taper waist, proffered for our earliest use the hoarded (for *us*) evening paper. To what remote region, adorable Betsy, hast thou migrated, with thy warm welcome and coffee, thy round of compliments and buttered toast? The tempestuous Strand, haply, numbers thee among its beauties; haply, compelled by fate, thou hast emigrated to the distant regions of Russell Square; the hateful noise of cabs rattles, it may be, in thy little ear, and from thy pulpy hand unlettered counter-jumpers snatch, without thanks, the fragrant cups of twankay!

Adieu! Cranbourne, and all ye other alleys, once again adieu! No more shall the stunned and tired wanderer of the stony-hearted streets turn, delighted, into thy sequestered, cloistral paths, where carriage people, and respectable men keeping gigs, dare not insult with carriages and gigs pedestrian poverty. No more can we say to the cab-driver and loud-throated cad, "Abiste, profani," nor hail your interminable twistings and twinings, sacred to the pedestrian; no longer here will the pedestrian be an exclusive, or the equestrian excluded; no longer is your exclusive privilege destined to impart

> "An hour's importance to the poor man's heart."

Your doom is sealed; respectable men in gigs conspire against you; carriage-people boast, like O'Connell, that they will drive coaches and six through your vitals, and come out at the other side; commissioners of metropolitan improvements have determined your destruction; omnibus men and cabs are with difficulty withheld from dashing over your ruins to Whitechapel and Mile End.

Already, as with tearful eyes I linger upon the shore of Coventry Street, I see half the business of destruction done; my favourite book-stalls are knocked to pieces; my angling-shops, with gold fish dangling from pendent rod above, are swept up in the metropolitan commissioners' net; my lamp-posts, growing up securely in the middle of the flagged causeway, and shedding around the alley impartial light, are grubbed up, with malignity worthy the dark ages.

Among the ruins of my old-fashioned book and print shops the rising gin-temple, pale-faced as its future tipplers, flouts the sky; shops, emulous of Regent Street in price and quality, already begin to swell in unwieldy bulk along the line of metropolitan improvements! Yet shalt thou not, unrecorded, perish altogether from the surface of the earth. What brick and mortar failed to preserve, pen, ink, and paper may cause to be immortal. This flimsy page, flut-

tering between the finger and thumb of posterity, may embalm the vanished glories of our by-ways of Town, when the ravages of metropolitan improvers and the Vandalism of men in gigs shall be forgotten. The solitary, threadbare student, who,

"To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride,"

turned, foot-sore and care-worn, into thy quiet precincts from the bustle of commerce in which he has no business, and the pride of wealth in which he has no share, shall preserve the grateful memory of the noiselessness and security you were accustomed to bestow!

CHAPTER VIII.

COMMERCIAL LIFE.

One of the leading general ideas the stranger acquires of London is its great and generally-diffused wealth.

Whatever end of the town we visit, whether we see in the east commercial, or in the west ostentatious wealth, it is *reflected* everywhere, diffused everywhere over this vast metropolis. The shops reflect it from either side our streets, the warehouses of the manufacturers, the docks of the shipowners, the stores of the merchants are full of it; nay, it is hoarded in holes and corners, in the lanes and alleys; it adorns the suburbs, and makes a cultivated garden of miles around the town; poverty shrinks, owl-like, into by-places from the hateful light of its diffused sunshine.

London has been long familiar with wealth; it is not a new thing, and therefore it is not either too closely hoarded, or too recklessly speculated upon. There is a judicious enterprise in the use of it here, unknown to poorer places recently made rich. The employment of wealth in London is eminently an employment of action, a turning of it from one thing to another; a system of golden irrigation, where the speculator directs his current in whatever direction he sees a reasonable probability of increased production through its fertilizing agency.

To trace the origin and growth of the enormous wealth of London would be to write a history of the progress of civilization over the world. But it is to nature, or, to speak more properly, to the inscrutable wisdom and bounty of Providence, that we must come at last for the true explanation of *real* wealth before enterprize, industry, and commerce diffuse it, and before *credit*, like a magician, enables its ready, secure, and uninterrupted transfer from place to place, and from hand to hand.

Yet how seldom does the pride of artificial wealth condescend to fix its speculation upon its humble origin!

We talk magniloquently of our enterprize, our industry, our trade, our commerce, our national faith, our commercial credit; yet, after all, whence comes our *real* wealth, our *means* of money, our *great first cause* of commercial life? Buried i' th' earth, after all, is our Bank of England; silks, satins, gold, jewels, wines, spices,—whence are they but dug out o' th' earth, disguised as iron, coal, copper, lead, tin? Who made these things, or what is man, that he should pride himself on what the God of nature has bounteously been pleased to bestow upon him, and to withhold from others? Natural wealth is at the root of our grand superstructure of riches; it is the

stone-and-lime foundation of our lath-and-plaster opulence. All that we have done is but the inevitable consequence of our inexhaustible resources, and is as little subject for the exultation of pride as if a man, whose careful father bequeathed him a strong box well filled with uncoined gold, should regard himself as its creator, because he deposits his gold at a banking-house, taking in exchange portable, marketable, and convenient securities.

Not only has Providence bestowed upon this favoured isle of Albion a profusion of *convertible* wealth, but He has been farther gracious enough to bestow it upon us *guarded;* we have inherited not only the treasure but the *strong box,* surrounded by defences impregnable, the locks, bolts, and bars of insularity. It would seem that, as we were made rich as a prey, we were insulated as a security. The happiness of the dispensation towards us is, not that we are naturally *capable* of acquiring enormous wealth, but that we are naturally *secured* in its enjoyment.

What is true of all England is, in an especial manner, true of its heart, and soul, and brain, its London.

There lies before us at this present writing a map of London in the time of the Saxons; no mean place even then; perched upon dry, gravelly, easily-accessible hillocks, fenced with circumferential forests, at once the means of warmth and of defence; well watered, free from pestilential airs, and open through its perpetual highway, —a highway whose tides not only serve as a medium of transit, but as a motive-power to all the then approachable world, what future greatness did not its locality alone portend! what means of ultimate extensibility, of which even now, after the lapse of ages, we can form no idea! The possible extent of future London—the London of those who are fated to smile at the barbarism of us, their remote ancestry, is a speculation upon which, as we rove idly about the town, we are often puzzling what little we have left of brains. Wonderful, and suggestive of many thoughts it is, to walk to-day in a suburban field, green with the verdure of ages, browzed on by the sheep and ox, sported over by the excursive sparrow-shooter, the recreating ground of truant schoolboys, dilatory 'prentices, and the young fry of the purlieus;—that day three months, or at most six months, again rambling that way, to find yourself in a great new-born city, palaces, churches, streets, squares, crescents, polygons, shrubs already planted, walks already laid out, high-sounding names in large letters, at every corner of every street, crescent, square,—nay more, inhabitants already settled, pictures hanging on the walls, rich curtains depending within the plate-glass windows, servants in rich liveries, and carriages at the doors.

Truly it is no wonder that, as we go on and see these things, and wonder, our favourite exclamation should have become a cuckoo cry, "*Where does all the money come from?*

Let any man who thinks we are drawing at sight upon his credulity take a walk to the westward of the Edgeware Road, through Hyde Park Gardens, Sussex Gardens, and all the other gardens of great houses, as far as Westbourne, where the deluge of brick and mortar pauses, arrested by winter's icy hand, only to flow with accumulating westward force in spring and summer, and say if this extension of the habitations of men is not more than wondrous—if it is not *miraculous.*

When we consider that each and every one of the myriads of houses that spring up, mushroom-like, are let as soon as they are built, or sooner, we cannot but be astonished at the accumulated power of attraction drawing so many human creatures into one vortex of busy life. When we reflect, moreover, that each of these habitations presupposes an income and an expenditure, from hundreds of thousands a-year, downwards in the descending scale of wealth to hundreds without the thousands, we cannot but feel bewildered at the magnitude of resources, permitting to their fortunate possessors so splendid a display of the luxuries, conveniences, and superfluities of life.

Yet this, which everybody sees, this exterior distant view of magnificence to which our vision is confined, is the least of that which sets us wondering. External show is not only not desired by almost every class in London, but it is really as much as possible avoided. They have that within these crowded palaces that passeth show; their luxuries are domestic, their pleasures self-contained, their splendour secluded; yet even that which they cannot hide, that which is all that we are permitted to behold, that which peeps from their doors and windows is enough to bewilder us and to confound.

CHAPTER IX.

Muck-worms, have at ye!

And why—why have at muck-worms? Expound, if you please, the reason of the abundant secretion of bile, the overflowing of the gall-ducts, with which men who have not so much are accustomed to regard men who have so much more? Why is it that there exists a prejudice against the architects of the fortunes of their families, the builders up of that respect and consideration that await the third and fourth generation of the first founder, who perhaps had denied himself for this remote and perspective advantage, in which he never could participate, every gratification, every pleasure that life had to bestow?

The accumulation of that miracle-working thing called *capital*, the provision by trade and commerce of everything that distinguishes the polite from the barbarous state; the preservation, by giving them employment, of thousands of his fellow-creatures from misery, idleness, and want, is the work of the money-getter, who is, after all, only one of the brokers of civilization.

Yet such is the power of envy in the human breast, so strong the instinct of hating, slandering, depreciating, that while wholesale villains, of sorts all and sundry, have been in all ages regarded with more or less of romantic consideration, the money-getter has been pelted with hard-boiled putrid names, as if he were an animal not only useless, but dangerous to society at large.

An Alexander the Great, a Napoleon, shall go forth to rob all nations, burglariously breaking into their frontiers, and carrying away everything that he can lay his hands on, their pictures, plate, and crockery, nay, what is greater loss, the title-deeds of their independence. He makes the butchery of tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, as good men as he, accessory to these his burglaries; and, after disseminating misery and want, and blood and wounds, over a quarter of our globe, shall be called an emperor and a hero, and shall stare you out of countenance on every lobby,

and on every mantelpiece, with his plaster-of-paris physiognomy; whilst honest Jack Elwes, the *miser*, as people spitefully call him, who wore for seven long years one coat, for which, by the by, (and this we mention merely for the rarity of the thing,) *he had paid on delivery*, is called all manner of names, and is only remembered in execration!

Honest Jack—we are happy to have an opportunity of paying an humble tribute of respect to thy much-abused memory—thou greater than the great, thou victor of vanity, extravagance, vice, thou conqueror of thyself, thou more than emperor!

Jack Elwes, look you, lived upon hard-boiled eggs, which he carried in his pocket, but he never was charged with cheating his butterman; and if a man choose to be satisfied with hard-boiled eggs, instead of going to a *restaurateur*, a tavern, or *table d'hôte*, is that a matter of which you, or I, or policeman 999 Z, are entitled to take cognizance? Jack Elwes had no wife—was that his fault? no child—was that his misfortune? yet Jack never appeared in court a defendant in case of *crim. con.*, nor did parochial functionaries ever dub him, against his will, with the unenvied title of putative father. Jack Elwes paid his way,—unlike many a gentleman, *for he paid his way*; despising the vanities of life, he was content with satisfying its necessities; he took pleasure in shewing mankind, in the person of one man, how little mankind really and truly want, and for this lesson of self-denial and frugality is his honest memory despised. His self-imposed penury, which, be it always remembered, was his *pleasure*,—and we hope in this free country a gentleman may be permitted to take his pleasure as he likes, whether in spending or getting,—enabled him to accumulate an enormous fortune, long since diffused among the mass; and for this not a nasty bookshop in Holywell Street that has not expanded in the window a sixpenny tract, with a coloured frontispiece, giving a full, true, and particular account of the life and adventures of John Elwes, THE MISER!

Yet, in the honesty of their virtuous indignation, let no miser-hater forget that during a long existence, for we suppose we must not venture to call it *life*, this man injured in life not one human being benefited by his death; that no dishonesty was ever imputed to him in any transaction, public or private, that ever he was engaged in; that, although he represented a shire in Parliament in times super-eminently dishonest, he always voted, miser though he was, *against* the minister, and voting always *against* a ministry maintained in power by corruption, he must, right or wrong, in detail, have always been right on principle; nor have we any record of Jack's "free and independent" constituents petitioning against his return, as in our days, on the score of his not having bribed the electoral body to their heart's content.

Let us have no nonsense about money-getters, or misers, or narrow-fisted fellows; so long as they cannot take it to the grave with them, let us be content; a life-interest in the yellow clay is surely little enough reward for the trouble of scraping it out of the dirty ways of life, and, the longer it is kept, there will be the more of it. The time is not long when the original accumulator will no more be able to restrain the descending flow of this pent-up treasure; some time it will "fertilising fall," and deposit, like the waters of the Nile, the means of future good wherever it lingers on its course.

London is a world of money-getting; we have long since scouted the romance of naked toes, the ideality of empty bellies, and the dignity of the philosopher without twopence; we have established a standard of respect altogether different from that of monarchies, autocracies, and republics; Rothschild is a Crœsus, a Midas, who turns everything he touches into gold; our "merchant princes" swarm like honey-bees on May-day; we boast every gradation of marquis, earl, viscount, baron, in our commercial world, only we represent their rank by substantial things, not shadowy sounds; we have great men, good men, responsible men, all measured by a thermometer inserted in the breeches-pocket.

Again, if we regard the aristocracy of commercial wealth in an utilitarian point of view, how splendid is their position! how much does the mere exercise of the power,—that is, the capital they possess, benefit mankind!

From them, after all, it is that we derive our means of employment, enjoyment, and support; enterprise opens the way to labour, and labour returns the profits of enterprise; we are at work, after all, not for ourselves, but for each other, and none is more actively employed than the capitalist, or with less selfish motives; for labour enjoys its wages, as it earns them, from day to day, while the capitalists, with the command of immense wealth, rather *uses* money than enjoys it. He builds towns, digs mines, intersects the face of the country with railroads and canals; the sea is whitened with the sails of her countless ships, bridging the ocean in all directions, giving to the temperate the products of the torrid zone, and flying from end to end of earth, messengers of civilization and comfort.

He is the working man, called in by science to aid the practical conversion of theory into practice; without him knowledge is worthless, and valueless the power of mind; without him we can neither build an aqueduct nor print a pamphlet; without him we should huddle in caves, feed upon roots, and rudely tear the skins of savage animals, to defend us from the cold.

Let us not be told that all this he doeth for the love of gain; the love of gain is like other passions, harmful only in excess; but it is not for the love of gain, that the merchant, more than any other man, employs himself; the lucre is a means, the *end* is a station in society, a laudable emulation to excel, and an honourable fame in his calling.

We have often thought that the capitalist should have the same sort of talent with the general; both must risk their lives—for capital is the *life* of the commercial man, — repeatedly and boldly; both must be endowed with patience, courage, fortitude; both must possess, in an eminent degree, forethought and long-sightedness; and, lastly, to crown all, both must be fortunate to the end.

When we contrast a nation of shopkeepers with a nation of soldiers, a people given to glory with a people devoted to industry, we cannot but smile in derision at the insanity of mankind, that affects a preference of the one over the other, or confers the title of honourable upon the profession of arms, as if, forsooth, it were more the part of men of honour to plunder other nations, rather than to labour in their own, or as if buying and selling were less honourable than cutting and maiming.

Compare an artizan with a soldier; the one is doing something



"Money is a mere drug—times never were so du

London, Richard Bentley, 1844.

every day of his life which contributes to the ease, comfort, convenience of some of his fellow-creatures, and to his own; he is contributing his mite to the progress of mankind; he has something to show for the days he has passed upon the earth; the other is doing nothing when he is not doing worse; and is merely an unproductive when he is not a destructive labourer.

It is inherent in every good that evil shall attend it, when it becomes a good in excess; than the accumulation of capital there can be no greater good; than its accumulation in excess there can be no greater evil. For the tendency of accumulated capital is to absorb within its vortex lesser accumulations; industry on a small scale is reduced to nothing by industry on a great scale; nothing makes money so rapidly or so plentifully as money. The evil is, that the reproduction of wealth by wealth is unreal, contributing only to the bloated wealth of the individual, adding nothing to the convenience or happiness of mankind.

Capital accumulated to excess in few hands becomes monopoly; producing the same evils in our own day that crown monopolies, and monopolies by patent, produced in our own country in remoter ages, and produce in other countries at this day; its inevitable tendency is to divide society into the two classes of which that erudite philosopher, Sancho Panza, observed the world to consist, the very rich, and the very poor; the have-everythings, and the have-nothings.

Before its silent, but irresistible power, lesser capitalists sink into bankruptcy, and return, from whence they came, to the ranks of labour; labour vainly asserts its rights, for capital can live where labour would starve, and continues growing, like a tree, while its proprietor is sleeping: it compels the many to pay for the protection of the few; and, while it embarrasses industry, exacts a greater tax for purposes of state, from the value of the industry that remains; in time, it arrives at such a height, that, giving nothing, it takes everything.

From the very lowest to the very highest, through all the infinite gradations of our social scale, the money-making, industrial character of London life is manifest, and is made more manifest by comparison with other places, where the industrial tendencies are not so prominent; where they take other directions is where the same certain rewards for industry do not exist.

The industry of our part of the world is dependent, dependent upon governments, on monopolies, or patronage; the industry of London is in the highest degree independent. We read in a newspaper the other day that the Isle of Skye within the last forty years furnished to the army alone forty general officers (a general officer *per annum*); six hundred commissioned officers of various ranks in the service, and upwards of ten thousand private soldiers; yet this Skye is a barren isle, of some sixty miles long, and twenty broad, yet we see that, whatever deficiencies it may be subject to in other articles of productive industry, it produces astonishingly fertile crops of "food for powder." In Edinburgh, you will encounter on the public promenades, and at every evening-party, a crowd of young men, of no ostensible occupation, of genteel appearance and address, and evidently persons of some condition; when you inquire who or what they are, you are informed that they are waiting for commissions.

In Dublin, in like manner, the sons of gentlemen, and tradesmen,

instead of following the pursuits of their fathers, are going to the bar, going to the church, going into the army, and, meanwhile, going about the streets. London, on the contrary, is a place of money-getting.

"There are few ways," said Dr. Johnson, "in which a man may be more harmlessly employed, than in getting money;" but money-getting is not so much an innocent as an arduous employment.

The man of rank exults in his long-drawn pedigree, in his alliances, and the purity of his blood; the man of talent prides himself on his intellectual power; why, then, should not men of wealth, with reason, pride themselves on their money?

If, to bring himself and family from an humble station, to rank with the nobles of the land, be a subject of honourable ambition in the man of talent, is there anything less worthy honour in a man devoting himself with energy to accumulating power in another shape, that is to say, *money*; or, is there any mighty difference in the amount of mental labour necessary to the attainment of power in the one shape or in the other?

We think not; we think that commercial talent is a gnat in its way, as any other talent, and requires, in an eminent degree, a union of qualities rarely in the same man found united. There are required in the man ambitious of wealth, as of power, alike foresight to determine him to a profitable course of action, caution, discretion, firmness in the course he takes; and, in the highest degree, integrity and self-denial.

There seems a vulgar error among men, that money-making is a merely mechanical pursuit, forgetting that this applies only to the retail money-maker: the small shopkeeper, and that class who use no adventurous means to augment their little capital, but rest perfectly satisfied with small profits and quick returns. But the great monetary concerns of London are in the nature of great risks, speculative, uncertain, remote; it is in the prospectiveness of its tendencies, and its great courage, that the strength of metropolitan commercial enterprise mainly consists. London capitalists possess the most extraordinary and extended empire in the world, because they influence the monetary transactions of the world, that is to say, almost every triumph of war, and every more lasting victory of peace, has its origin and end in the readiness or reluctance of the magnates of the Stock Exchange to furnish the means, apparently inexhaustible, at their command.

And if these enterprizes of war, or conquests of peace, demand great intellect for their conception and execution, shall we refuse the meed of praise to the qualities of courage, caution, and foresight that furnish the sinews of the one, and the means of enterprize in the other?

The neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, the Exchange itself, when the full tide of commercial wealth at the hour of High 'Change floods its central area, is a highly-interesting locality to the student of London life.

He cannot fail to observe in the faces of those who are bustling about him, hurrying to and fro, a decided expression of the *real*. Sharp, keen, decided, and somewhat stern expression, greets him whichever way he turns; the rushing to and fro, as he stands idly contemplating the scene, impresses him with a lively idea of the value of time to men of business.

The unostentatious, and apparently obscure holes and corners in which an enormous amount of business of different kinds is transacted, surprise one accustomed to the splendid counting-houses of provincial men of business.

Let his business call him to the office of a leading stockbroker: after threading his way through devious lanes and alleys, he arrives at a *cul de sac*, where a *crib*, more like a cobbler's bulk than a place of business, marked with the names of BULL, BEAR, & Co., indicates the place of business of that great firm. Entering, you find there is hardly room to turn round; a little railed inclosure, lighted by four oiled-paper-panes of glass, divides the crib; files of prices of home and foreign stocks, railway shares, and scrip, are suspended, in lieu of decorations, from the walls; a wooden clock, slowly ticking, solemnly warns us of the value of time, in a place where stocks rise or fall one-eighth per cent. per hour; an elderly gentleman, with an anxious *investing* face, seated on a box, is perusing, spectacles on nose, the money-article in a morning paper.

Your business is investment or speculation, no matter which. Mr. Bull, the man of parts of the firm, a cheerful, agreeable man, of good manner and address, takes your pleasure upon the subject. You inquire the price of certain stocks; Mr. Bull informs you, professionally, that he will "feel the pulse of the market." He disappears for that purpose; you amuse yourself, meanwhile, in attending to the remarks of the elderly gentleman, who deplores the abundance of money, with very much the same melancholy air with which we ourselves have often deplored its scarcity. Mr. Bear, the man of business, raising his head from the desk, and popping his chin over the railing, assures Mr. Muck-worm that money is a drug —a mere drug, that times *neevr* were so bad; and sorrowfully remarking, that he has an hundred thousand pounds lying idle at his banker's, buries his chin and his sorrow behind the railing.

At short intervals inquisitive heads are poked through the half-opened door into the crib, and the mode of salutation struck us as rather amusing. "How 's Bolano's Scrip?" "How 's Spanish Actives?" "Portuguese Bonds stirring?"—and other inquiries of the like nature, to which Mr. Bear, without raising his head, replies in *figurative* language, and the heads are immediately withdrawn.

A young lady makes her appearance, accompanied by her solicitor, and an exceedingly sweet-smelling, Adonis-like young gentleman. The lady is veiled, and so remains, a chair with difficulty having been poked from behind the railing for her accommodation. The solicitor and the man of civet, getting on either side of Mr. Bear, hold a *sotto voce* conversation. We can only catch a few broken phrases, of which "twenty-five thousand," "in name of Mr. Alonzo Frederick Augustus Gubbins," "Court of Chancery," "Three-and-a-Half," "marriage-settlement," "separate use," "India Bonds," "Long Annuities," "issue," are frequently repeated.

This happy pair having withdrawn, Mr. Bull returns from feeling the pulse of the market. He still preserves professional language, so that he might pass almost as much for a physician as a stockbroker. The market, he says, is *feverish* to-day; there is a "*flush*" of buyers, and sellers are firm; would recommend your waiting a few days, when he expects a *crisis*, and prices, he thinks, will become more natural.

OLD QUEEN JEANNE OF PAU.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

In the Basse Plante of the town of Pau, which is an open grove, extending between the castle and the promenade called the Park, there is, on one side, not far from the baths of Henri Quatre and the fountain, a small cottage, where lived an old widow, named Jeanne. She had one son; but he had been away from her almost ever since he was grown up, first to serve in Napoleon's army, and since that, being married, and settled in Paris, she had rarely seen him, and none of her neighbours had done so at all, for the few visits he had paid her were secret, and no one knew of his arrival till he was gone.

Jeanne was a very singular person at all times; but of late years a notion possessed her brain that she was no less a personage than the Queen of Navarre herself, and that the castle belonged to her as a right. She had allowed this thought so to take possession of her mind that she was accustomed to dress herself in a costume as near that of Jeanne d'Albret as she could devise, and, seating herself by the mouth of the enormous well in the castle-yard, she would remain for hours answering the questions of strangers relative to the building, and detailing all the circumstances of the life of Henry Quatre so minutely that it was difficult to imagine she had not lived at the period she described. She never related the event of his death without the deepest emotion; and so agonised was she at times that she inspired pity. She always named him as her son, and spoke of his second wife, Marie de Medicis, with dislike, while his first, Marguerite, she merely named with regret.

She was a Catholic, and treated with great scorn the legends which are rife of Jeanne d'Albret having caused her Catholic subjects who would not conform to the new religion, to be imprisoned and starved in a tower, which is still shown.

"This tower," she would say, "which to all appearance has no opening, has indeed a dungeon never yet explored, and there many fearful secrets lie hid; but no victims were ever there immured by me, although if I chose to disclose facts, I could relate strange histories which I know, of what passed in its walls. There is only one person, however, to whom I am permitted to tell a certain secret, and give a certain treasure which I have found here, and I wait at this well till he arrives. The time of his appearance is near, and for that reason I attend constantly on this spot, hoping to meet him. When I have once told the mystery my mission is accomplished, and Jeanne d'Albret will be seen no more. I am doomed to exist in the body till that moment, but then my purgatory ceases. I shall recognise him the moment his eyes meet mine, and he will at once know me, though we have not met since the fatal day when I drew on the embroidered gloves sent me by Queen Catherine."

Of course these conversations of the supposed Jeanne d'Albret were only listened to as the hallucinations of insanity by the greatest part of her hearers, nevertheless there were some on whom her earnest assertions made an impression, and she was generally looked upon with a certain respect, mingled with awe, by all classes.

This was at a time when recent troubles in Spain had filled the town of Pau with Spanish emigrants, and, according to the usual hospitality of the English, who are the chief residents there, and have all the finest hotels, they were received and assisted with the greatest kindness and liberality.

One night there was a great assembly in the Rue du College, where all the most fashionable society was united. The rooms were very much crowded, for most of the guests had arrived, when there was a sudden sensation, produced by a whisper that a stranger was entering. All eyes were turned to the doors as they flew open, and the servants announced Don Juan Lehonza.

A tall, graceful Spaniard entered, with a very distinguished air and manner; and, as he made his bow to the mistress of the house, every-one was struck with the dignity of his deportment; he would have been very handsome but for a pallid hue which overspread his countenance, and in spite of his beautiful features rendered his face in some lights almost ghastly. He appeared to converse very little, and only in Spanish, which he spoke with the peculiar accent of the Basque provinces. After a time he approached the pianoforte, and sat down to the instrument. Scarcely had he struck a chord before he had convinced all the listeners that he was master of a most extraordinary talent. His execution was amazing, and his taste fascinating. As he played, his face lighted up with animation, and his dark eyes were brilliant to a dazzling degree. He seemed quite absorbed in his subject, and presently, in a manner quite unexpected, joined his voice to the music, whose sweetness thrilled the hearts of his auditors. He sang in the Basque language, to one of those strange, wild, moaning airs which remind one of the mournful laments of the Irish: the words had the following meaning, as far as their tenor could be understood.

Fly from me, fly! the bright stars shine.
But mark! amongst them is not mine!
The trembling leaves of yonder rose,
If thou but touch them will unclose,
But there I dare not turn my eye,
For at my with'ring glance they die.

The waves of Fate have o'er me roll'd;
My star has set; my doom is told.
The rocks of Destiny are dark,
And lurk to crush my fragile bark:
The surges sweep; the storm is high;
The bolt has fall'n,—fly from me, fly!

There was something so solemn and fearful in the style of his singing that a shudder ran through the company, and as he ended a shriek was heard, and one of the ladies sank fainting from her chair. She was taken into the balcony, where a magnificent moonlight scene was spread out far and wide. The extensive gardens of the hotel descended a long slope, which was terminated by the murmuring waters of the rushing Gave, that foamed and leaped over its rocky bed with a ceaseless sound, and now sparkled with the reflexion of innumerable stars, so large and distinct in the transparent blue sky of the south, that each one seemed a cluster of diamonds on fire, while the snow-mountains in the distance gleamed like giant shadows. The air soon recovered the fainting lady, whose emotion had so much overcome her, and she endeavoured to shake off the nervousness which had occasioned her illness.

"It is strange," said she, "but to-day I had a long talk with old Jeanne d'Albret of the castle well, and she told me I should meet with something to-night which would have an influence on my future life. The awful tone of this stranger, and his peculiar countenance, so im-

pressed me while hearing him sing, that I imagined he possessed some spell over me, and I became so terrified that I could support myself no longer. Who is he? We have never seen him before to-night."

"He is," replied the lady of the house, "a Spaniard of noble birth, obliged to quit his country, and, in fact, in such haste that he is destitute of everything, and he exerts his magnificent talent now, in order to support himself. It is very sad; but till better times arrive I fear it will be the case with many of his countrymen. He is of Guipuscoa, but has served in all parts of Spain, and is, as you see, a very distinguished man."

The young lady who had been so much affected sighed, and expressed her commiseration for his position, and, as she did so, to her surprise, she beheld him at her side in the garden. He bowed, and appeared greatly distressed at the effect his singing had produced, and became most eloquent in apology. His young admirer seemed by no means difficult to appease, and they were from these circumstances naturally led to converse with less reserve than first acquaintances generally do, so that by the end of the evening they had established an intimacy.

Therèse de Mellin was from Provins, in Champagne, that antique and beautiful city of the red rose of Palestine, said to have been first introduced there by the troubadour, Count Thibault. There is something altogether eastern about this most singular place, and the character of its inhabitants is said to be different from that of the natives of other parts of France. They are sentimental, and indolent, and inclined to romance, as their fondness for their native roses seem to declare, as well as the delight they take in hearing the nightingale, which is said really to sing better in the groves of Provins than anywhere else.

There was something a little mysterious in her position; she had come to Pau for health, and was accompanied by an elderly gentleman and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Jubert, who were her guardians. She appeared to have a fortune, but no one knew precisely to what family she belonged. She was about eighteen, and very beautiful, and the affection which subsisted between her and her guardians seemed very tender.

Therèse was remarkably sensitive to outward impressions, was timid to an almost painful degree in trifles, though at times she showed resolution which surprised those accustomed to see her nervous agitations. She had a leaning to superstition, had great faith in miracles, and was a convert to the belief in mesmerism, then much in vogue.

Lehonza was just the sort of person to make an impression on such a mind, and in his presence she allowed herself to imagine that she felt an irresistible fascination, which she attributed to an inward sympathy, and when she found that his belief and impressions on all mystical subjects accorded with hers, the attraction was complete.

After the time of their first meeting, Lehonza was scarcely ever seen absent from the chair of Therèse at all the parties where they both appeared; and when he played and sang she had no ears or eyes for any other. It was evident to all that they were attached, and to her father the conviction brought anything but happiness, as he dreaded to control her wishes, yet he would by no means have desired such a son-in-law.

Pau is a place where the search after amusement never tires, and

not a day passes but new pleasures are devised, and novel enjoyments imagined. It is very much the custom there to form parties to the two nearest baths, where the magnificence of the Pyrenees first appears, and as they are easily reached, scarcely a week passes without an expedition to the Eaux Bonnes and the Eaux Chaudes.

A day had been fixed, and a number of guests invited, amongst whom was Lehonza, who was never omitted on any occasion of festivity, and Therèse and Monsieur Jubert, her guardian, as a matter of course.

Although November had begun, the air was as soft as summer, and the sun overpoweringly bright, while the clear blue sky brought out the long range of snowy peaks which form a barrier on one side of the town, in such strong relief that it appeared impossible that they could be at twenty miles' distance.

To the foot of the gigantic Pic du Midi was the course of the gay party directed, and some, laughingly, almost insisted that they could see the very spot where they proposed stopping, so very clear were the hollows, and ravines, and paths to be discerned, as the sun shone on the pinnacles of ice and the clefts of shining talc.

One of their attendants remarked that the mountains came out too brightly, which was a bad sign; for the day seldom ended without a storm which begun with such brilliancy. "I would rather," said he, "see them all in mist for another hour."

But no one cared to listen to prognostics of evil in the midst of weather which inspired nothing but cheerful fancies, and the carriages drove off over the rugged street of the worst-paved town in France, with a stunning sound which precluded remark till the high road was reached; and they were all soon following the course of the beautiful river, as its azure and crystal waters foamed over the rocks that cause those numerous cascades which make it so lovely to the eye.

The village of the Eaux Chaudes is situated in a gorge of the mountains, between almost perpendicular rocks, which seem ready to fall and crush the buildings beneath, as has occasionally happened. The gorge, one of the wildest and most romantic in the Pyrenees, extends, following the course of the boiling river, to the foot of the Pic de Gabas, the road constantly ascending, till the point is reached where there is only a bridle-way, and from thence a rugged footpath to the top of the Pic du Midi: the lower road, leading to Spain, is used only by contrabandists and travellers.

Some of the gay party from Pau had proceeded along this gorge, and were enjoying its wild beauties, when a sudden gloom took place of the bright sunlight which had made the scene all summer, in spite of the snow which covered the paths. The scream of an eagle was heard over their heads, and a distant growl of thunder, as if of wolves, sounded in their ears, and warned them to return as quickly as they could to the inn in the valley.

Lehonza and Therèse had ridden on in advance of the party, who were all mounted, and were so much absorbed in admiration of the scenery, that they did not attend to the call which summoned them to return, and the winding of the rocky road soon rendered all sounds inaudible to them. It was a strange scene for a declaration of love, and a strange moment chosen by the Spaniard to throw himself from his horse at the feet of Therèse, and pour out the expression of his devotion to her. The storm which threatened at that instant burst forth, a furious wind came howling up the gorge, sheets of lightning

illumined every rock, and the thunder pealed and cracked as if nature were hastening to destruction. Yet Therèse was scarcely conscious of anything but the eloquent appeal made to her, and, as she looked upon her kneeling lover, forgot all besides. She felt compelled, as it were, to listen to him, and a sort of fascination made it impossible for her to withdraw her eyes from his; nor did she withhold from his entreaties the confession of the affection she had felt for him from the first moment of their meeting.

"Therèse," he said "the first words you heard me utter contained a warning to fly me: this you did not do, and I have no control over the rest. You have now agreed to love me, and I am forced to take immediate advantage of your consent;—you must depart with me instantly for Spain. This day news has arrived to me that my party has risen, and hope of success dawns on me. I must leave this side of the Pyrenees instantly—there are reasons why I cannot return to Pau. The pass of Sabas is near; we are well mounted; your guardian, you are aware, will never consent to our union, but you are fated to be mine. A spell is around you, which it would be in vain to resist. We must fly together."

The guardian of Therèse, finding that neither his charge nor her companion returned, after a short pause of agitation, during which he and his party had some sought shelter under the overhanging rocks, and others rode daringly on through the storm, began to grow so much alarmed, that, in spite of assurances that they had no doubt found a retreat for the moment, and were only waiting till the tempest might abate, he resolved to ride forward and ascertain their position. The wind was so furious that he could not induce his horse to face it, therefore he was obliged to attempt the way on foot, and struggled forward over recently-fallen masses of rock and heaps of snow, calling loudly, in the hope of attracting their attention, but in vain. The farther he went, the more violent grew the tempest, the force of the wind increased fearfully, and he saw the pines on the opposite side of the ravine twisted out of the earth, and dashed on the earth as if by an invisible hand, while the commotion around of distracted nature communicated its wildness to his heart, and, exhausted and terrified, he sunk senseless at the foot of a pile of rocks.

He was found the next morning by some shepherds, when all was so calm and still in the valley, that it seemed like a dream that anything could have occurred a few hours before so fatal as the ruin around proclaimed. He was senseless, and, when brought to the hotel at the Eaux Bonnes, a medical man of the party declared life was in the utmost peril. He was placed in a carriage, and taken back to Pau; but no tidings of his charge or Don Juan were obtained. It was feared that they had been precipitated into some abyss; but no trace of them was found anywhere.

The unfortunate man lingered some time in a dangerous state, and recovered slowly, only to become aware of the fearful loss he had sustained. When able to walk, he was assisted by his wife and servants to the sunny terrace beneath the castle; and one morning, as he passed through the castle court, he paused to take breath by the side of the great well, where, seated at her usual place, the Queen Jeanne, as she was called, was gazing into the huge abyss which yawned beneath.

She rose and saluted him, and, coming round to his side, requested him to send on his servants, as she must speak to him on a subject of great moment, concerning his lost Therèse.

In great agitation, M. Jubert agreed, and for some time they remained in deep consultation, though the subject of their discourse was heard by no one. The event made a great sensation in Pau, a place where, as every one's business is to be excited and amused, the singular circumstances were frequently discussed; but Monsieur and Madame Jubert soon after left the town, and by degrees it died away, and new topics of conversation took its place.

It was remarked with surprise that, immediately after the disappearance of the lovers, the Queen Jeanne was missed from her usual station at the well in the castle court, and no inquiries were able to elicit the fact of what had become of her: she was never seen afterwards.

It so happened that an English gentleman, who was of the party to the Eaux Chaudes on that fatal day, made, two years afterwards, a tour in Spain, and, arriving at Madrid at the time of a bull-fight, was present at that strangely savage entertainment. Just as the sports were about to begin, the royal party entered their box, and, seated by the side of Queen Christina, the Englishman recognised with amazement Therèse de Mellin. His surprise was increased when, in one of the combatants who entered the arena he beheld Don Juan Lehonza.

He could scarcely recover his breath, from surprise, to inquire of a bystander if he knew who the lady was whom he pointed out. The answer was still more perplexing; for his neighbour answered,

"That beauty is a daughter of the late king: she is Donna Teresa de Lehonza. Yonder is her husband just entering the lists. She was brought up in Paris, her birth being kept secret; for her mother was said to be of the royal house of Bourbon. However, no one knows for certain who she was. During our late troubles Lehonza was obliged to fly to France; but since Queen Christina is all-powerful, and likely to continue so, he is returned, and brought with him his pretty wife, of whom it is said the Queen, although she appears so fond of her, is not a little jealous; for it is whispered that she is in fact legitimate; and a certain party would willingly set up her claim in preference to that of young Maria. We have a prophecy here that Spain will never be at rest till we have a sovereign who wears the ring of Henri Quatre of France, sent to him by Philip of Spain. Donna Teresa is reported to wear that ring on her finger, although it was known to have been dropt years ago into the well of the castle of Pau. How she came by it is unknown."

"It matters little," said a voice close beside; "she will never wear the crown of Spain; for whenever she appears a dark cloud is over her head. She never came in public yet that we did not have a storm. Hark!—that was thunder, and the heat is stifling."

At that instant a low howl was heard, the wind came sweeping furiously along like an unchained lion, peals of thunder shook the sky, and one of the most violent tempests that had been known for years desolated Madrid and its neighbourhood.

A few days after this the insurrection broke out which drove Queen Christina from Spain; she fled, and with her her only friend and comforter, Donna Teresa. Her husband remained, in the hope of contending successfully for Christina, and for some time wherever he led his

troops victory followed; but at length his fate overtook him. It was to the rugged passes of Val Carlos, in the mountains which lead to Roncesvalles, that he had conducted a handful of brave troops, and they had advanced a considerable distance, having, as they thought, made the stronghold their own, when treachery, which is always lurking on all sides in the ranks of the Spaniards, effected his ruin. One of his band had betrayed his movements to the enemy, and he was suddenly set upon by a strong body. The brave few defended themselves with great valour, but were all destroyed, and Lehonza was obliged to fly. He had yet a chance: his horse was swift, and he had gained upon his pursuers — a few moments would have carried him beyond the Spanish frontier, if he could reach the little bridge over the torrent of Arneguy. A stone wall stopped his course; he urged his horse to attempt the leap, which would have placed him in safety —it refused, and the pause gave time for the unerring aim of a rifle, the ball from which pierced his heart. The horse leaped, and fell on the other side with his dead rider.

On one finger of Lehonza's hand was found a ring of peculiar workmanship; it had on it the initials H. R. It was given to the captain commanding the party; but when it was afterwards inquired for, as being the mystic ring said to have belonged to Henri Quatre, on which the destiny of a sovereign of Spain was to depend, the young officer could not recollect what had become of it, and it has not yet been recovered.

Donna Therèse is still the faithful friend of Queen Christina. They weep together the loss of those dear to them; and both were seen but a short time since in Paris by the English traveller who related this adventure.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

A TALE OF THE TOWN.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

It is one of the strangest things in the world, that is to say, in the little circle of our own acquaintance, that since the year 1763—A. D. 1763—Anno Domino 1763,—Ann*a* Domini having occurred previous to Georgio Domini in these kingdoms some half a century before,—that since 1763, eighty years ago exactly, ten beyond the threescore and ten allowed to the modern patriarchs, who survive their grand climacteric, —that since that date the Flitch of Bacon at Dunmow has *not* been claimed! Oh, dear! what can the matter be? Are people more quarrelsome or inconstant than of yore? Cannot a honeymoon last as long as another moon without an eclipse? and does the distemper begin so near the beginning as to poison all the rest?

Such were the thoughts which rushed through my mind when I was assured, in argument, that there was in all London but One Happy Family. "I, myself, know a dozen," I replied.

"Point them out," coolly rejoined the calumniator.

"Nothing so easy. Look, for example, at Lord Scampley, and his beautiful lady, rolling in boundless wealth, and overflowing with felici-

ty. All around them is splendour and gaiety; they love each other; and every new day adds but a new pleasure to their golden existence."

"Ah, my friend, how mistaken you are; these are but appearances. I will show you the truth. Lord Scampley, in the language of the world, was a high-spirited, dashing fellow, and kept sowing his wild oats till he had hardly a wild oat to sow. He was no longer to be excited by night-brawls and drunken orgies, and, for a change, he resolved to turn over a new leaf. My lady had heard that reformed rakes make the best husbands, and at any rate knew the value of a noble title and a rich provision; a coronet for life, and a magnificent jointure for death. Could such parties love? no, but they could marry; and you are blind enough to suppose that the union can be happy. On the contrary, his lordship is annoyed into absolute apathy; and her ladyship has discovered that a reformed rake (if reformed) is not worth a heigh-ho! Their splendour only adds to their misery; and there is not an event in the whole chapter of accidents which could alter their state without being hailed as a blessing by one or both of these elevated beings. A death, a birth, a catastrophe, a crisis, a crim. con., a anything, so it would but disturb and put an end to their happy family dream, were to make earth a heaven, and their joyless inheritance a garden of Eden."

"Well, it may be so—it may be so."

"It is so. I heard Lord Scampley state it substantially at his club the other night, after a limited potation of champagne; and I saw a letter written by the lady to her parents, in which she bewept her unfortunate fate in the most pathetic style."

"Let us, then, descend a little in the scale. There is Dorus, the merchant banker, wealthy, respected, honoured, without a care to perplex him. The wife of his bosom more comely than when he wooed her in girlhood, and a family of sons and daughters, the former all that a father's aspiring heart could wish, the latter all that a mother's natural pride could desire. Surely they are a happy family?"

"Alas! they are about the most wretched in the metropolis. Dorus never had a feeling on which happiness could be grafted. His heart and soul were set on the accumulation of fortune, and all else was swallowed in that insatiable gulf. The wife of his bosom, of whom you speak, was too soon aware of this deadening fact, and her warm, affectionate disposition was turned to stone by it, as by a Medusa's head. They have lived together so as to deceive the world; but they could not deceive one another. And yet there has been a family born; and born to know all this, from the acute perception of infancy to the certainty of more mature observation. And the consequences;—nor is father esteemed, nor is mother beloved. Charles is a wild, though concealed speculator, and Richard a confirmed gambler. Robert is all for the turf, low and slangy, and Thomas as creeping a villain as ever sprung from a dunghill. Emily is secretly attached, if not married, to the handsome under-butler, and Perdita's weak intellect is inflamed into a passion for her music-master, Signor Grubio, whose coal-black mustachios, whiskers, and beard, though they look heathenish, are most truly Christian, for they dye daily. Within six months of this time the Dorus bubble will burst; and nothing but a conserve of secured bags of gold remain to save the happy race from poverty as well as disgrace."

"Bah! But there is the jovial Easton, and his merry little wife, and their six beautiful children, like a cluster of human angels, smiling round their table, and enlivening their hearth."

"Why, surely you are mad! It is these very cherubs who have destroyed Easton's peace, and worry his merry little wife out of her senses. He is jolly that he may forget them for a while; and she is only mirthful when foreign pleasures release her from the annoyances of home. One pretty child or two may do very well; but few women can bear to sacrifice all their other enjoyments on the altar of a crowded and noisy nursery. Mrs. Easton's temper has been fretted into inconsistency and asperity, which she liberally dispenses upon her husband, her elder branches, and her servants. A brief cry drives her distracted; and the dump of a fall, though, perhaps, only a joint-stool overturned, throws her into a state of indescribable confusion and ill-humour. These fits have now become so frequent that Easton is glad to be absent from his once dearest magnet of attraction as often as possible; and, if the truth must be told, sometimes returns to her not in a condition to renew her affection, or amend her spleen. The poor babies lead an uncertain life, sometimes petted, sometimes chafed, and sometimes unkindly checked, and unjustly punished. Thus formed, their future prospects cannot be of the brightest. I hope you are satisfied?"

"Quite!"

"Let us turn to Welshere. He has no children. His circumstances are amply comfortable. Mrs. Welshere is an amiable and charming woman, with literary tastes similar to his own. A more congenial couple never could exist. There surely can be nothing to mar their perfect and uninterrupted happiness. There is one thing, one bitter thing, and you have touched upon it, which utterly poisons and destroys all their felicity. It is the want of children. They envy the very beggars in the streets, though they may have only borrowed, hired, or stolen brats, in filth and rags. Mr. Welshere would give his soul for a son; and Mrs. Welshere sighs hers away in an unlanguaged longing for a baby of either sex, and however small! Their beautiful Charles-the-Second spaniel, Flora, is the only creature living that has cause to be of a contrary way of thinking; and she appears to be so sensible of it, that I am inclined to consider her the sole sensible being in this unhappy family."

"For heaven's sake, where are we to go, if happiness is neither to be found with the lofty, with the rich, with the fruitful, or the fruitless? Blooms it in a humbler sphere, with Johnson the shopkeeper, Williams the clerk, or Smith the mechanic?"

"No. Johnson is but Dorus in miniature—on a small scale,—and with more fears of want of success to agitate him. With less of comfort, his wife is but a bustling, alienated Mrs. Dorus. Their family is more promising, but they are much distressed how to provide for them in the world. In short, they are all full of anxiety and care. Williams, the clerk, is so much away, that Mrs. Williams is dull without company. She is therefore glad to receive gossips at home, or walk abroad merely for a temporary amusement. Of this Williams does not always entirely approve, and little coldnesses and occasional bickerings are the consequences. They could not claim even a rasher off the flitch. Smith is a great politician, a liberal, and belongs to the Institute, to which he is so addicted, that you might fancy the Institute belonged to him. Of this partiality Mrs. Smith does not cordially ap-

prove, and wishes Smith would stay more with her and the bairns, poor things. Her little dirty maid may (rarely) be seen going to the beer-shop at the corner about dusk, with a little dirty jug in her hand, which would not hold a gill of beer, and which she covers with her little dirty apron as she comes back. But Mrs. Smith belongs to the Total Abstinence Society, and there is no judging from appearances; only the Liberal has given her a cuff when he found his way home at eleven o'clock from a lecture, by Mrs. Macowen, on the Wrongs of Women."

"Stop. I perceive that the poor cannot truly be said to be happy. But is not Crosswick, the *millionaire millocrat*, with his gay buxom partner, and family, and immense establishment, the centre of happiness in one bright circle round?"

"No more, I beseech ye. Crosswick is so delightfully mated, that, in the midst of a fever of wretchedness, endured with slight intermission, from the trials of that gay buxom partner, he, in a passion of despair, exclaimed, 'Would to h—l I were a pauper; for then I would be obliged to go into the Union, and be separated from my wife and all that belong to her!'"

"Then there is no happy family on earth—yes; the Queen, God bless her! is happy."

"No such thing. The fatigues, and ceremonies, and cares of royalty were never allied with human happiness.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

But the Queen is no subject; so we will only wish her an increase of blessings, and to be as happy with her accomplished spouse and royal offspring as mortal may be in this sublunary sphere."

"Then, I repeat, there is no happy family on earth."

"Yes, there is one, and in London."

"For the love of mercy, where?—and who?—and what?"

"Listen: they are not men, but beasts; not human, but brutal. Their daily resort is Trafalgar Square, where you may witness them and their happiness in a cage. At night they live upon equally amicable terms; quarrel or sorrow are unknown to them; and their beatification is so great, that the gentleman who provides (or their commissariat) has voluntarily inscribed on a board attached to their dwelling-place, 'The Happy Family.' This is the only happy family in all London, search where you may, in palace or in hovel, in square, street, court, place, terrace, or alley."

"Suppose we visit them?"

"There are three cats, three rats, three owls, three guineapigs, a hare, rabbits, pigeons, starlings, daws, hawks, and mice. Sleek and happy do they look, and happy they are; could men and women but take them for models, and live in contentment as they do! See how fondly they nestle together!—how the cats suckle the rats!—how the owls blink blandly, and pet the mice. *Redeunt saturnia regna.*"

"On similar grounds, and by similar means, mankind might be similarly happy."

"There are entirely different tastes. One likes meat, and another feeds on vegetables; so there is neither envy nor strife about one of the too common sources of mortal dissatisfaction."

"But the grand secret must be let out. If you were to treat rational beings as these brutes are treated, they would be equally quiet, easy, and comfortable.

"For instance, take your old tabby aunts, and stupify them with opium, and there would be an end of their shrill tongues and prowling interference. Like the happy cats, they would doze away their lives, purring and puzzling to know whether they were awake or asleep. What improvement in families, where such creatures exist, would be accomplished in this way! There may be doubt upon the China opium question, but there can be none upon this.

"Next, where you find politically inclined bipeds troublesome and annoying, draw their teeth, as their ratting deserves, and the old files will become calm and harmless. Here, again, the example of the brute-creation teaches us the useful lesson; and how our rats might subsist in harmony with innocent young rabbits and pigeons without gall.

"Your softly sybarite, easy, good-natured folks, who seem to live only to eat and drink, whose appetite being satisfied, require nothing else, are represented by these guineapigs, whose motto might be 'Live and let live.' They never would disturb society, but, on the contrary, serve as sorts of cushions, or what the steamers call fenders, to prevent the collision of more striking bodies.

"These owls, the sleepy old Doseys of the day, are not, however, to be trusted with mice at night. A separate maintenance from sunset to sunrise is expedient for them; and the only difference with respect to their hawk friends is merely to reverse the order of time, turning night into day, and day into night, in respect to their victualling department. Proper precautions are better than *ex post facto* acts of parliament, and more conducive to the well-being of mankind, as well as of fowls. The mystery of good management is to deprive the *feræ naturæ* of the power of injury, as you would give cats laudanum, draw rats' teeth, trust owls only in the day-time, and hawks only at night; whilst you suffered the timid hares, the gentle doves, the dainty daws, and the sucking pigs full liberty to do whatever they pleased, knowing well that they could hurt nobody if they would.

"Thus the scheme of individual, family, and national happiness were complete. Charles Fourier's system of association is folly, without providing against dissension and wrong by eradicating causes of evil, and affording scope for the more extensive and uncontrolled freedom of weakness.

"But the moral of all amounts to this, that there is but one happy family in the metropolis of Great Britain, and that it is in all its habits beastly; that even this desideratum is unattainable except by drugging, removing instruments of force, separating, and governing with a discretion unknown to the social or family compacts of man; and that, in short, abstract happiness is so extremely rare, that nobody grudges a penny to see it, though only in a cage, and under a keeper."

THE YEOMAN'S GRAVE.

A WILTSHIRE STORY.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

It is many years since I gambolled in —— churchyard, a truant schoolboy; and yet, when I paid a visit to it last autumn, I found but few material changes. There were, it is true, a few more tombs in the "Litten,"* and some of the older monuments had suffered from ill-usage; but the church itself externally had undergone no change, while the old yew-tree looked as vigorous as ever, studded with thousands of crimson berries.

There was a conclave of starlings basking in the morning sun on the pinnacles of the tower, and I fancied, like the vizier in Eastern story, that I could comprehend the language of birds as I listened to their chattering and chirring. A pair of young ones seemed to be rejoicing at the fright they had occasioned the old miser in the village, by making strange noises, at which they are such adepts, in the dilapidated roof just above his chamber. Another was imitating the owl that sat in the old ivy-covered elm, near the parson's house, last night, and three or four of them appeared to be laughing and exulting at the buffeting and pecking they had given the old night-prowler, whom they had caught from home that morning, carried away by the ardour of the chase, till the sun, peeping over the distant hills,

> "Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy,"

warned him to return precipitately to his ivied retreat.

I entered the church, where I found some changes. First, the walls had been white-washed by some zealous churchwarden, who had "repaired and beautified" the building during his year of office. The same careful personage had also caused to be daubed out two very remarkable ancient paintings, which, when a boy, had excited my wonder and admiration, and which, with my little smattering of antiquarian knowledge, I was now desirous of examining and interpreting. A monumental brass had suffered, but not from the same cause; most probably from the visit of some pseudo antiquary, with the organ of "acquisitiveness" largely developed. The marble monuments looked dingier, and the armorial bearings, the pride of an old house, were sadly faded; "Gules" had lost its florid hue, "Azure" looked less ethereal, "Sable" had become rusty, and "Or" glittered in patches only, a fit type of the tinsel of this life,—"bracteata felicitas!" A rusty helm or two hung above, void and grim as the fierce visages that once tenanted them. There was also a marble monument, not an old one, executed at great cost,—not less, perhaps, than five hundred pounds,—in which is represented a dying woman, waited upon by Faith, Hope, and Charity, the second holding a huge anchor in her left hand,—taper fingers grasping the anchor of a frigate!—while her right points upwards. I smiled at the trite puerility of the design, and,

* A corruption of the Anglo-Saxon lictun — *i. e. the corpse inclosure.* In the west of England the path across the grave-yard is called the *lichway* by the country people.

reading the inscription to the memory of the deceased, couched in the hyper-florid language of laudation, thought of the sarcasm of an English writer, and devoutly wished I had lived in the days of such a godly personage. It was impossible not to compare the short reign of this amiable being with those of the fierce spirits whose dust was beneath, and whose armorial insignia mocked the place. I could not help contrasting the "pomp and circumstance" with what it *ought* to be; nor could I forbear asking what it would avail in the great account, when plumes and shaven crowns, the warrior and the monk, the simple ploughman and the sage, the high-born beauty and the lowly country wench, shall be regarded without distinction; when heraldic coats shall cover no foul spot, and that *red hand*, that red right hand, the boast and ornament of many a proud escutcheon, shall be held tremblingly up to plead before the judge of all the world!

With these reflections I quitted the church, and re-entered the grave-yard where I found an old man digging a deep grave.

"Good morning, Thomas," said I. "So you 're at your usual work?"

The old man made a pause, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looking up, regarded me attentively.

"Eeez," he replied.

"It 's some time since we met, Thomas," observed I.

"Ee—ez, zur, 'tis. Be 'nt you Measter ——?"

"To be sure I am."

"Well, now, nif I didn't thenk zo, that I did! Why, you be'nt a bit altered, zur, only a leetle paler like. I thought I kneowed 'e when 'e vust spwoak to m'; but my eyes be but middlin'. I be quite purley wi'out m' spectitles."

"Who is this grave for?" inquired I. "It 's a deep one."

"Oh, vor poor owld Dame Pinnock—the poor body as lived on the hill yander. They do zay as how a was ninety-vower year owld, zur."

"Ah! I remember her well: she was the widow of Farmer Pinnock, who shot his son."

"Eeez, zur, a was; the varmer hizzelf lays about a spit deeper: I 'll sheow 'e his coffin in a minnut or two."

With these words the old man proceeded to shovel out the earth with renewed vigour; and in a short time the spade struck on the coffin-lid.

"There a is," resumed he, relinquishing his spade, and brushing away the mould from the coffin-plate with his hand; then spelling the inscription, "*Willum Pinnock, Yeowman, died the twenty-fowerth day of June, zeventeen hundred and ninety-nine!*" That 's e! Ha! a was a stout owld man in 's time, and as brave as a lion; but, owin' to that terrible zun o' hisn a lost 's wits *en*tirely. People do keep a long time in this ground ov ourn, zur; his coffin's inamwoast as zound as when a was made—that a is! His zun lays underneath un."

"I wish you would tell me the story of that poor man," said I; "I heard it when a boy; but I should like to hear it from you."

"Why, d'ye zee, zur," resumed my acquaintance, scrambling up out of the grave, and seating himself on a tombstone, "thuck poor body as lays there had a zun; a vine stout young vellow a was, too, but the girtest hang-gallus in ael the county. People 'oondered whatever would become ov un. A run on vor a lang time at a vine rate, and then, when a 'd got into debt a' wi' every publican vor miles round, a

began to vind out that the place was too hot to howld un; zo one marnin' a tuk 'zelf off, and went clane away, nobody kneowed where. About dree year a'terward a coomed whoam rigged out as a zailor, and towld um a had zailed all auver the 'ooruld. A zoon tired his vather wi' his strange ways; and when a couldn't get un to allow un mwore money a dreatened to shoot un; zo Measter Pinnock went to the magistrate, and zweard the peace agen hin; and Tom Pinnock, vindin' it no use, tuk hizzelf off agen. About vive year ater that, dree or vower ill-lookin' chaps one night was at the Black Lion in the town yander, when in coomed a young man, and called vor zummut to drenk. Now these chaps was bad uns, and they axed the young man to drenk wi' um. He warn't no ways unwillin', zo in a very zhart time un gets very thick, and they tells un they was a gwoin' thuck very night to rob owld varmer Pinnock. Now this young man was nobody else but Tom Pinnock hizzelf, and 'nation queer it made un look, no doubt. Though a was zich a bad un, a didn't like to gwo wi' strayngers, and rob 's awn vather. But they zoon zilenced and auver-persuaded un by tellin' ov un that old Pinnock was a stingy owld 'oosbird, and that a had cut 's only zun, who was in voreign parts, off wi' a zhillin', and made a will that gied ael th' property to his nephee. This was too much vor Tom, zo he made up 's mind to be one in the robbery; and now comes the mwost terriblest part o' the stwory. The varmer had been in bed about two hours, when a heard zomebody breakin' into the house. Up a gets, an' looks out o' the window; but the thieves had already got in, and was comin' upstayers. They comes right to the door ov his room, and there stands the varmer, wi' a girt blunderbus, lwoaded and cocked: the moon was up, and a couldn't zee um plainly; but just as Tom was gwoin' to run into the room a got the whole contents o' the blunderbuss, and it pretty nigh bleowd his yead from his body. Away runs the thieves, and poor Measter Pinnock, struck a light, and called up the house to zee who a'd zhot. Massey, ho! 'twas his own zun! the zite pretty nigh druv un crazy; a went into strong vits, and everybody thought a wou'd never a lived auver't, but a did; a lived many years, very many years aterward, though a was never hizzelf agen, a used to be constantly lookin' behind un, and when a was a-dyin' a cried out to the people as stood round the bed to 'keep Tom off.' It 's vive and thirty years last Midzummer, as a was burried here; and yet it zeems but 'esterday."

Such was the story of my rustic friend, which I give as near as possible in his own language. I left the spot, saddened by the recital, which in my estimation was not the less tragical because it was delivered in a dialect with which I had been familiar in my boyhood.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CHAPLAIN'S GALLERY.

He that will do good in the ministry must be careful as the fisher to do nothing to scare souls away from him, but allure and invite, that they may be toiled within the compass of the net.—GURNALL.*

THE gallery, to which allusion has been so often made, and which the ex-governor ardently desired to convert into a seed-bed of ceaseless contention, was an awkward, unsightly, ill-contrived appendage to a building in the centre of the prison, called, by courtesy, a chapel. It commanded the entire body of the prisoners, and was divided into three compartments. That in the middle was occupied by the chaplain. On the right sat the governor and family; on the left, the magistrates, and those privileged with the *entrée*. Where the attraction lay I could never discover. Whether it was that the gallery held very few,—that it was generally hot, and always overfilled,—that there was considerable difficulty in procuring "a pass" to it,—that its occupants were sure of being well squeezed on getting in, well squeezed on coming out, and thoroughly roasted during the whole period they sat in it,—or that the influence of all these circumstances was agreeable during the hours of devotion, perplexed me to the last. This much was certain, admission to the gallery was a boon universally coveted, and eagerly contended for. To me its indiscriminate occupation was matter of inconceivable annoyance. Why persons of education and refinement should wish to worship there,—should like to gaze on the debased multitude around them, —should risk hearing the plain, harsh, and somewhat coarse appeals necessary for so depraved an audience,—can only be accounted for on the principle of the general perversity of human nature. Moreover, smart bonnets, and gay ribands, and bright shawls are a mockery in such a building; they contrast frightfully with the misery of those who are grouped around. Besides all this, the fashionable appearance of the privileged parties distracts the attention of the prisoners. I remarked this again and again. Often did I note their gaze riveted on Miss Julia B.'s bonnet, or Mrs. D.'s feather. Could it be otherwise? It was their opera—their *spectacle*—their single glance at the *beau monde* during the long and dreary week—the only thing amid chains, and fetters, and prison gloom, and prison tears, which served to remind them of the world they had quitted. Nor was this all. More than once have I caught some young audacious felon making *les beaux yeux* at a fair face above him. Punishment, of course, followed, severe and memorable. It was necessary; but I grieved at it. Often, often have I wished the spectator's compartment shivered into fragments, or at least, that petticoats were excluded from its precincts.

But if the presence of the fair sex somewhat puzzled me, much more did their language, One travelled lady remarked,

"I always feel *so happy* in the chaplain's gallery! It is so pleasant to look down upon so many good-for-nothing, wicked, vile creatures, and to think that THERE they are,—all boxed up—all safe and secure—properly punished for the present, and quite harmless! I wouldn't lose the sight for the world."

Another—*she* was a highly religious lady—observed with emphasis,—

"I enjoy vastly the service in the gaol chapel! It's so *comforting* to hear those reprobates talked to so plainly, and told WHERE, to a moral certainty, *they're all going to!*"

I thought I should have gone wild when these confidential comments were made to me!

The object of one old woman was more extraordinary still. She did not care for excitement like the travelled lady, nor did she trouble herself about "doctrine" like the religious lady; but whenever, by expostulation or entreaty, she could obtain "a pass," in the gallery was she sure to be seated. On one memorable Monday the master-motive was disclosed.

"I must say," she remarked, "I like attending the gaol chapel. I prefer it to any place of worship I am acquainted with. It is such *a safe place* to go to. You feel so *secure!*"

"In what respect, madam?"

"There are no *collection sermons!* You never see the begging-box go round there; nor have you ever the nuisance of putting your hand in your pocket and rummaging out a sixpence. It is a great *deliverance.*"

This was truly a novel view of the economy of a gaol chapel!

Now and then a magistrate would make his appearance, and frown portentously on the upturned faces below. One there was, an austere, saturnine old gentleman, who, when any statement particularly strong was made,—and, alas! before such an auditory the terrors of Revelation, as well as its promises, must be unfolded,—used to face briskly round to the prisoners with an air which said,—

"*That's* for *you*—all for you—entirely for you—it's said on purpose for you—see to it—and make the most of it!"

Another there was, bulky, and of very lethargic temperament. A few moments, after the text was announced, sufficed to give him over to Morpheus, and soon he was "as fast as a church." When the sermon closed he woke up, and, on the conclusion of the service, made a point invariably of expressing his "entire concurrence" in the sentiments of the preacher. "A very rousing sermon! Quite the thing for these wretched people Can't fail to be remembered! Shall be the better for it *myself* as long as I live!"

This eccentric had church patronage, and more than once had said to me,

"Mr. Cleaver, should an opportunity ever present itself, depend upon it, I'll put you into a snug chimney-corner for the remnant of your days."

I heeded little the remark. I viewed it as one of those speeches which the wealthy and the influential are privileged to make to the dependent and the struggling, and which, in point of fact, mean—no-

thing. One morning, after a cordial greeting, he drew me aside, and said,

"I've heard startling intelligence within the last half hour! My sporting neighbour, the rector of Boreham-cum-Bagpuze, has had a bad fall, and is not expected to survive the day. If so, my boy,—if so—you understand me?—At present more would be unseemly; but, at all events, breakfast with me to-morrow at ten."

With what anxiety were the events of that morrow anticipated!

CHAPTER XXX.

THE VACANT BENEFICE.

You tell us that your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

The Poet Gay to Dean Swift.

As if to warn me that my career was to be one of continued toil; that for me the *otium cum dignitate* of a benefice was not in store; that I was to die, as I had lived, in harness, hindrances the most vexatious and annoying intercepted my progress to my patron-expectant. Fifty yards from my own house I fell—*omen sinistrum!*—over the street-slide of some mischievous urchins, to the infinite damage of certain habiliments, which then received their *coup de grace.* A refit was indispensable. This accomplished, I sallied forth once more, only to encounter a messenger from the chairman of the visiting justices, touching certain returns which that worthy required to be forwarded, *without fail,* by bearer. These were transcribed; at two P.M. I was once more in the street; and at three found myself in the presence of Sir Francis.

"Do you imagine this to be my breakfast hour?" said he testily; "I've been expecting you the whole morning anxiously and impatiently; but, no matter, it avails not."

"My late arrival, then, has ruined me!" I exclaimed. "The living has been bestowed on a more punctual applicant?"

"Bestowed! stuff! Now don't talk," he ejaculated, seeing me about to speak; "if you love me, be silent, and listen."

"One word, Sir Francis—"

"No; not one word. Again I say, listen — listen. I've played the part of hearer this whole morning: now I turn it over to you."

I acquiesced, *in torture!*

"One of my territorial plagues," said the baronet, "is, as you well know, the living of Boreham-cum-Bagpuze. Thrice have I had to present to it. The vexations, annoyances, entreaties, solicitations, it brought on me were incredible. I, who hate correspondence, and write with infinite labour and difficulty, found one morning fifteen letters on my table, each requesting the favour of "a very early answer." I, who cannot endure strangers, and carefully eschew making a new acquaintance, was waited upon, during one short week, by eleven clerical gentlemen! Seven distinct sets of testimonials were submitted to me! I wished Boreham-cum-Bagpuze at the bottom of the ocean! And why the incumbents should die in such rapid succession, — unless it were, purposely, to plague me

with filling up the vacancy, — was a harassing and inexplicable mystery. I resolved to institute some inquiries on the subject.

"'Is Boreham an unhealthy district?' was my question to my surgeon.

"'A very apoplectic country, sir,' he replied, with imperturbable gravity; 'the pasture very rich; the work very light.' I presented," continued the Baronet, "the youngest, healthiest, and heartiest subject I could find, and was congratulating myself, six weeks after his induction, that Boreham-cum-Bagpuze would never again disturb the quiet of my days, when yesterday my old housekeeper sidled up to me as I crossed the hall, and, with a low curtsy, observed, 'Melancholy news, sir, this morning from Boreham!'

"'Of what description?' said I, with a sort of ominous shudder.

"'Alas! sir, the rector has been thrown from his horse; is severely injured on the head; and cannot possibly survive the day.'

"'Nor shall I many, with another vacancy before me.' I veered round; tottered back into my study; threw myself pettishly on my sofa; and looked at my writing-desk in despair. Visions of future letters, visits, entreaties, canvassers, rose before me, and addled my very brain. This morning, while musing, an idea crossed my mind, and I started up exultingly: 'I can free myself from all my difficulties. I'll sell the living.'

"'Can't; it's simony,' said a voice from the other end of the room. It was that of my ubiquitous kinswoman, Mrs. Cordelia Crawley.

"'Now heaven have mercy on me!' said I, 'for man and woman will not;' and I sullenly resigned myself to my fate.

"'Excuse my abrupt entrance, Frank,' cried my visitor, in that high-squeaking voice which is peculiar to her; 'but every moment is precious. You will think me an importunate suitor. I have been such, I admit, of late years;' here she did her best to perpetrate a sigh; 'but, to my nephew, Geoffrey, and Boreham: it is not, I hope, disposed of? Ah! your bow reassures me. All is, then, well. Pray think of him. His advancement is very dear to me; and I have failed signally elsewhere. My last rebuff I have never told ye. Having met the present Dean of ——, repeatedly, at Bifron's, the moment I heard of a recent vacancy in ——shire, — to which the Dean presents, I drove over to —— Deanery, and was admitted. But little time was lost 'ere I entered on my mission.

"'I have heard, Mr. Dean,' said I, 'that the living of Beechenhurst is at your disposal. May I ask the refusal of it for my nephew, Geoffrey Crawley? He is a very fine young man, and would do infinite credit, Dean, to your discrimination. He stands six feet three inches in his stockings; and is singularly accomplished,—the very man, in fact, for a retired church in the provinces. His knowledge of country sports is practical. He is a crack shot at a pigeon-match, and the best bowler but one in the Marylebone club. He has no objection to a little coursing occasionally, but never trespasses; of a social disposition; and the very man for a rural parish.' Such was my request. Now, rack your brains, and see if they will give you the Dean's indefensible reply. He looked all astonishment, and said, 'Your nephew's qualifications I admit, madam, are EXTRAORDINARY: in point of fact, they are far too good for any living in my patronage.' There now! there's a reply for a Very Reverend,

for a Christian Dean! Oh, Frank! what a mass of heartlessness exists around us!'

"'Self has many worshippers; and I feel—'

"'Shocked! I knew you would,' said Cordelia, taking the words out of my mouth, and finishing the sentence in her own way; 'but, as to Geoffrey and Boreham? There is, I hope, no previous engagement,—no pledge actual or implied, elsewhere?'

"'No positive pledge,' said I, at length permitted to speak. 'It is true, that after the last presentation had been filled up, Dr. Drainemwell called once, and wrote twice, to the effect that he was most desirous I should bear in mind his brother's testimonials upon any future vacancy. I replied to Dr. D. cautiously—'

"'Of course you did,' exclaimed my kinswoman, who could no longer be a listener; and then, reddening greatly, she rose a note in *alt.*, and repeated, in tones which made the room ring again, 'Dr. Drainemwell! Dr. Drainemwell! he's a quack; and I detest quacks, political quacks, religious quacks, politico-economy quacks, but, most of all, medical quacks. I've cause. You shall hear. My brother, Ralph Crawley—he's now a major in the —— Foot—was in his early days what is called 'a very gay young man.' One luckless morning, when I had been worked up into an agony of apprehension respecting a young woman, who, the world told me, was about to become my sister by marriage, I bound myself by a written engagement that if he would only renounce 'billiards, and the *milliner's daughter*,' I would not only buy him a commission, but defray all his '*incidental* expenses' till he obtained a troop. A more unhappy bargain I never made in my life! Heaven only knows what was the amount of his *regular* expenses! His *incidentals* were so constant that they rarely left me a guinea in my pocket. Open the window! The recollection of those frightful documents that used to come quarterly always takes away my breath! He joined his regiment while it was lying near Liverpool, and had gone through his first five drills when he was included among a party of seven who were invited by Dr. Solomon to dine at Gilead House.

"'Now the doctor, though a quack, and a most successful one, was a well-informed man, had travelled a good deal, was very conversable, fond of military society, and kept a capital cook.

"'As Madame Marabout, the French consul's sister, said to me in Liverpool, '*C'est vrai, il est charlatan, ce pauvre Docteur Solomon, mais on dîne fort bien chez lui.*'

"'The dinner passed off well. The wine was in fine order, and circulated briskly. And when they had all had enough, the greatest simpleton of the set — I forget his name — starts up, and says, 'I want no more wine; let's have something else. What say you? Shall we drink our host's health in his own Balm of Gilead?'—'Agreed! — agreed!' In vain the doctor remonstrated, begged them to use his cellar freely, to order from it what they pleased, but to spare his laboratory, the whim of the moment must be gratified, and nothing but the 'Balm of Gilead' would go down. It was reluctantly ordered; its appearance on table warmly cheered, and bottle after bottle,—for its taste is by no means unpleasant—disappeared. What was their astonishment the next morning to receive a note from the doctor, stating that, as they had chosen to forget the character in which they were invited to his house, and had descend-

ed from the rank of guests into that of customers, he had no alternative but to treat them as his debtors, and therefore inclosed his bill, 'THIRTEEN GUINEA BOTTLES OF CORDIAL BALM OF GILEAD, £13 13*s*.' That they drank this quantity it is absurd to suppose. The doctor, however, was determined to teach them a lesson on the score of propriety, which they should not speedily forget. Ralph's quota of this came, of course, among the *incidentals*,' continued the unfortunate woman, 'and was paid accordingly. It was indeed hard. *I*, who never took a quack medicine in my life; wouldn't if I was in my last agonies; never was seen within the walls of a Dissenting chapel (*I look upon both practices as equally sinful*); that *I* should have to pay for such trash out of my Tontine annuity, did indeed afflict me! I'm an orthodox Christian, I'm happy to say, inside and outside! and all I beg is—since die I must—that I may be killed by a regular practitioner, and buried in a cheerful churchyard! But, *I'm a woman of few words!*' resumed Mrs. Cordelia Crawley after a brief pause, 'and must return again to the original subject,—my nephew's fitness for the preferment of Boreham. You should hear him read. One trial would decide you.'

"'He is not a theatrical reader,' said I, in a deprecating tone.

"'Heaven forbid!' was my kinswoman's hearty response; "I've no *penchant* for aught connected with players. My endurance in the cause of the drama has been lavish, I can assure ye.'

"'How so, madam?'

"'You shall hear. In the warm summer of '26, when the heat crammed the watering-places with cattle of all descriptions, I became acquainted at Broadstairs with Lady Honoria Briggins. I believe I shall have some trouble to make you understand her character. In her own language, she was '*a woman all soul!*' This latter phrase I cannot say that I completely comprehend myself. I believe, however, it means something excessively intellectual, and *spirituel*. Though how the latter term can apply to Lady Honoria, who weighed two-and-thirty stone in her dinner-dress, puzzles me again. But we must take her own word for it. She was 'a woman ALL *soul!*' and she separated on the third anniversary of her marriage from Sir John Berkeley Briggins, because, poor man! '*he had* NO *soul*.'

"'For a gentleman so peculiarly circumstanced he certainly did wonders. He hunted three days a week; and once won the St. Leger. He bred prize-cattle. A pig of his — it was so large, poor creature! that it could not walk, and was carried round the field by four men on a kind of bier, — was pronounced '*a perfect picture*.' He grew Brobdignag cabbages; and raised a turnip of such dimensions that three men contrived to sit upon it. He was in his glory at a ploughing-match; and shone at county meetings and agricultural associations. Followers and admirers he had not a few; for he was an inveterate stickler for the farmers' interests; a great consumer of brown stout; and never alluded to the malt-tax without tears in his eyes. He never blinked his opinions, and was in public a very *subduing* speaker; for, whenever he touched on the corn-laws, or the currency question—his favourite topics—he lulled his auditors to an extent that was irresistibly ludicrous. The parting between this worthy couple was painfully pathetic. 'God help that poor woman!' said Sir John. 'I hope she'll come to no harm. I've *my*

misgivings, though! Her friends, however, ought to take care of her.'—'Heaven be thanked,' said Lady Honoria, 'that I have escaped from that earth-born creature, Sir John, at last! The man has no soul. At least, if he has, it is among his Brobdignag cabbages. Soul, did I say? He has no heart even. It's all gizzard!'

"'It was a few mornings after this memorable separation that I had the misfortune to make Lady Briggins's acquaintance. She was going to Broadstairs with one of her *protégées*, to procure for her the advantage of a few lessons on stage effect from Mrs. Warner, then playing there. In an EVIL hour,' said my kinswoman emphatically, and she groaned bitterly at the recollection,—'in an evil hour I was persuaded to join the party, and advance my quota of the expense. If I had not—if I had not—but to mourn over past follies is idle. The *protégée* on this occasion was a Miss Estifania Clayton. Her ladyship was never happy without an animal of this description, and so far had been marvellously unfortunate in her choice. One of her *protégées*, a staymaker's daughter, made love to her youngest nephew before her face; and, when desired to adopt a different line of conduct, replied, 'I will, madam,' and the next morning TOOK *the young gentleman to church*, and married him. Another *élève*, a tall, dark-complexioned, sentimental youth, who was destined for foreign diplomacy, and learnt German accordingly, mistook, as he left the house one Saturday evening, Lady Honoria's jewel-box for his own dressing-case, and never came back to explain! These were mortifications certainly; but the present *élève* was 'to make amends' for the backslidings of all her predecessors. She 'was a genius of the highest order; her capacity for the drama was unquestionable; and her Lady Macbeth was to efface all our recollections of the grandeur of Mrs. Siddons, and her Belvidera to surpass in truth and tenderness that of Miss O'Neill.' The chamber of Estifania—by the way, she had a thick Dutch-built figure, coarse, hard features, and a rough, manly voice, rare requisites for tragedy!—was directly over mine; no language can describe what I endured in consequence. Juliet was to be her first character; and at four o'clock in the morning have I been awakened out of my sleep by hearing 'Good night! good night! good night!' repeated in all the tones in which a most discordant voice could give it. You recollect the passage, I dare say. It is the first 'Good night!' in the balcony scene,—

'Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.'

And then the rehearsals of that 'Amen'—that grand 'Amen,' as Fanny Kemble made it, in the fifth scene of the third act, would, I really thought, have driven me distracted. Go where I would, 'amen!' was sounding in my ears. It haunted me in my dreams. I have often woke in agony out of my first sleep, fancying I heard five hundred parish-clerks all saying 'AMEN' over me at my own funeral. No! I feel I never shall be the woman I was before I went to Broadstairs. That fearful 'amen!' and the farewell to the nurse, delivered, as Estifania did it, in the most frightfully sepulchral accents,—

'Good night! God knows when we shall meet again,'—

which has often been my lullaby, as I composed myself to rest with infinite difficulty—These combined have given me such a surfeit of Romeo and Juliet, tragedy and comedy, actors and actresses, that the very sight of a theatre turns me sick.'

"'Nor was this all. *She had no notion of dying!* And, as her patroness was far too heavy and corpulent to bend, much more to fall down and roll about in the various contortions that Estifania required, the daughter of the Broadstairs manager was called in to teach Estifania *how to die.* The rehearsals of all these manœuvres took place over my aching head. Ah! you laugh; but, let me tell you, my rest was so broken at that period, that I have never yet recovered it, and never shall.'

"The woman of few words sighed here most audibly, but, after a pause, proceeded—

"'The manager's daughter, a little, pale, emaciated creature, with large sad-looking eyes, and sweet, though subdued expression, made her appearance every day at four in Miss Clayton's room, for the express purpose of *teaching her how to die.* She was very young, but was a finished actress in miniature, and at a faint, or a start, or a fall, or a scream, or a die, quite inimitable.

"'Poor little soul! I think I see her little, haggard, care-worn face, as she slowly ascended the stairs to Estifania's study. She looked half-starved, and I never allowed her to leave her pupil without taking some refreshment in my own room. On one of these occasions, when she appeared more than usually exhausted, I happened to say to her, 'My dear, you seem *very, very* tired.'—'And so I may be, madam,' was her reply, 'for *I've been dying all day!*' But I have wandered from my subject,' said Mrs. Crawley. 'Where were we?'

"'Dying,' said I.

"'Now, don't quiz me: I can't bear it. Any rebuff you please but that. The morning is nearly gone; now give me grateful cause to remember it, and promise me the living.'

"I saw no chance of escape, and slowly replied,

"'If Mr. Geoffrey Crawley's testimonials are in every respect satisfactory.'

"'That is a sweeping proviso,' said Cordelia musingly; 'but, however, I can have no fear. His testimonials are first-rate. I accept, sir, your condition,' said she, turning to me in her usual confident tone, 'cheerfully and thankfully.'

"'Subject to that,' I repeated, 'he is—'

"'The Rector of Borcham,' said the footman. The door opened, and the EXISTING incumbent presented himself. He looked paler than ordinary, shaken, and nervous,—but there he stood.

"'You appear surprised to see me,' were his first words, after he had bowed lowly to my fair visitor, and shaken hands with myself; 'but I learnt that some exaggerated report of my accident had reached you, and I thought the readiest explanation would come from my own lips. I have had a bad fall, was completely stunned, and for more than an hour insensible, but have taken precautionary measures, and am nearly myself again.'

"To describe Cordelia's countenance at this unlooked-for spectacle is beyond me. Every muscle of her countenance seemed in action.

"'Then you are not dead?' She spoke hoarsely and doggedly, as if extremely reluctant to credit the evidence of her senses.

"'Not that I am aware of,' said the young man, with a smile.

"'Then you ought to be. You 've no business to be alive that I know of. Look you, sir, I had obtained the promise of your living for my nephew Geoffrey.'

"'Indeed!' and the smile became a laugh.

"'Very amusing to you, I dare say!' cried Cordelia, whom the laugh had thoroughly and completely incensed. 'You seem much to enjoy the dilemma in which my affectionate zeal has involved me.'

"'Can I do otherwise?' said the young man, yielding to a fresh burst of merriment, in which, for the life of me," cried the baronet, "I could not help joining."

"'Ugh!' cried my kinswoman, as, in despite of all my entreaties to remain, she swept indignantly out of the room, 'what a mass of heartlessness exists around us!'

"Such," concluded Sir Francis, "is the scene I have gone through this morning. It dissipates, as you will observe, all your hopes respecting the living; and leaves you no other course but—"

"To return to gaol," said I, seizing my hat, and taking my leave.

OUR FATHERS.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Our fathers! Time its record bears
  To their unblemish'd fame,
And every olden spot endears
  Some high and saintly name.
Earth teems with memories of those
Whom ages guard in deep repose.

Calmly they rest, those grey old men
  We fondly love to trace,
With rev'rent mien, and sage-like ken,
  And cheerful beaming face;
With locks as white as riven snow,
And furrow'd, yet undaunted brow.

Where lonely stands the time-worn church,
  The little hamlet's pride,
There, stranger, ply thy curious search,
  And oftentimes beside
The crumbling edifice thou 'lt see
Somely rudely sculptured effigy.

Despise it not! that fragment brings
  A moralizing theme,
And o'er it, as the sunset flings
  A warm and passing gleam,
It may a light to thee impart,
And wake to thought thine inmost heart!

Though nameless, yet we know that 'neath
  That cenotaph lies one
To whom we owe a wreath in death,
  And not ourselves alone,
But those who can but prattle o'er
The greatness of their sires of yore!

A warrior!—Can the patriot boast
  A lineage more proud?
Some patient monk!—Hath Learning's host
  More *wisely* been endow'd?
Could we at times revive the spell
Of their own day, it might be well!

Behold yon ruin!—'twas a fane
  Where once, at quiet even,
Would rise the penitential strain
  Of godly men to heaven!
What hand arrests the spoiler's sway?
What heart but mocks it in decay?

The vigils of the midnight hour,
  Not idly spent, nor few,
The struggles of the mind for pow'r
  To those high souls are due;
And we, unconscious of their might,
Derive the blessing, theirs by right.

Affection!—there was truth within,
  That now we blush to name;
Art spreads an holocaust to sin,
  And scorns a virtuous fame.
The darker ages do but prove
How weakly man recedes in love!

Our fathers!—foremost are ye still!
  We echo but the sound
Of those rich notes of ancient skill,
  So joyous, yet profound!
The light that o'er the past is thrown
But dims the glory of our own!

THE ENGLISH CAPTIVES AT CABUL.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY ONE OF THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

On the 27th we had a visit from Mahommed Ukbur: he brought Major Pottinger with him, and remained at Zandah some days. As usual, we had occasion to rejoice at the proximity of the Sirdar, for the day after his arrival we had tea, sugar, some clothes and shoes distributed amongst us. He spoke of his prospects with great candour to the gentlemen, and did not scruple, in their presence, to upbraid the chiefs who were about him with the pusillanimity of their countrymen, who had betrayed him into his present dilemma. From Major Pottinger we learned, for the first time, that Captain Mackenzie had really been sent on a mission to General Pollock at Jalalabad. Among other things, Mahommed Ukbur informed us, that it had been determined by the Cabul chiefs to put all the hostages to death. They were to be taken to a spot chosen for the purpose, where all the principal chiefs were to be assembled; each was to name a separate victim, and with his own hand put him to death; thus excluding themselves from all chance of the pardon of the British government, and as it were, binding themselves by this bloody sacrifice to stand or fall together. The Sirdar gave us to understand, that he had no immediate intention of removing us from Zandah. The gentlemen, therefore, set about erecting little bowers, or huts, for the construction of which the young fir and juniper trees on the surrounding hills furnished the greatest facility. These were stuck into the ground at proper intervals, and their boughs and tops drawn together and interlaced overhead. More boughs and twigs were interlaced along the sides, and broad pieces of bark laid on as a roof to the whole. Rude as were these dwellings, they were to us a comfort, a luxury; for every party had now a cabin of their own, where they could pass the day, and the delight of a cheerful little fir-chip fire, round which we huddled during the cold evenings was not the least of the advantages we reaped from our leafy dwellings. We were, indeed, a striking instance of how much comfort consists in comparison. Miserable as was our situation, compared to what it had been during the palmy days of the British at Cabul, we yet congratulated ourselves on the improvement of our circumstances, from the time when we had first become captives, and were cooped up like so many felons in a gaol-like fort, and allowed merely to pace the court-yards like criminals in a state prison.

About this period, (the beginning of May,) scarcely a day passed that we did not hear the sound of guns firing at Cabul. Every Affghan who was questioned as to the cause, gave a different reason. One would call it a salute, another would declare that the chiefs were fighting among themselves, and others, to terrify us, affirmed that it was the Feringhees being blown away from guns. On the 3rd of May, the party from Teyzeen were sent up to Zandah, and we were glad to be once more together again. Captain Mackenzie also returned from Jalalabad. It can scarcely be said that any advantage was expected from his trip, beyond its being a sort of

opening for proposals from either side; therefore we felt little disappointment when we were informed, that the period for our liberation appeared as far distant as ever. One benefit from the communication, was a large packet of letters, some newspapers, and a small sum in gold mohurs, to be divided among the party.

On the 4th an order was sent for Major Pottinger and Captain Koup to join the Sirdar immediately. It would appear that Captain Mackenzie's return had decided him on going at once to Cabul, and by taking the above two officers with him, he would be enabled to communicate more directly with General Pollock; or perhaps he thought their presence with him would make it appear that he was supported in his measures by British officers. Whatever may have been the reason, it has nothing to do with this narrative; it only affected us, inasmuch as we were sorry to lose them.

The 8th was marked among us by a very slight fall of snow. The weather continued very pleasant. Our bowers were delightfully cool in the day, and fires of an evening were most comfortable. We continued to be amused with all kinds of reports as to the doings at Cabul, and the expected advance of General Pollock from Jalalabad. There was little else to break the weary monotony. On the 10th of this month the Andersons were blessed by the arrival of their long-lost child.* Mahommed Ukbur, on leaving Zandah, had promised to endeavour to send her; and, as he always had done with us, had fulfilled his word. The child's own account of her capture was simply, that when she and little Boyd were left alone on the camel, an Affghan horseman came and took away her little companion, and that she, in her fright, fell over the side of the pannier, and found herself up to her knees in snow. While she was crying for some one to come and assist her, and wondering at her forlorn situation, a horseman came and took her up; he placed her on his horse behind him, and galloped off to Cabul, where he arrived about dark; he gave her "pillau" to eat, and water to drink; but she suffered dreadfully from the cold. This lasted for a few days, when at length she was taken to the house of Nuwab Zuman Shah, who had charge of the British hostages, and there she saw Conolly, Webb, and two or three more whom she knew. She was then sent into the *undhuroon*, or female apartment, where she was treated with every kindness, had milk given her to drink, sweetmeats, and preserved fruits to eat, and a fine fire to warm herself. The Nuwab became very fond of her, and used to carry her about in his arms, and on more than one occasion was obliged to make her over to the charge of Dr. Campbell, to rectify his mistake in over-feeding her with sweetmeats. Many weeks afterwards poor Captain Conolly gave her parents further particulars,—that on hearing that an European child had been brought to Cabul, he endeavoured to purchase her, but that the horseman made such an exorbitant demand for her that he hesitated to do so, fearing that if other children were brought, he would have to pay equally dearly for them. While he was thus striving to get the child at something like a moderate price, Ameenoolah Khan, one of the Cabul chiefs, was urging him to go and pay his respects to the King, Shah Soojah. He (Ameenoolah) having previously arranged that, in the event of his compliance, he should be put to death in the King's presence, that it might

* Since died of cholera at Neemuch on 13th September, 1843.

appear his majesty had sanctioned it, and by these infamous machinations would become compromised beyond redemption with the British government, and implicated with the common cause of the Cabul Sirdars. Conolly, who had been kept informed of all these kind intentions, begged of Ameenoolah to get the child for him, allowing him to suppose that by so doing he might have some hope of gaining over his victim to wait upon the King. Ameenoolah eagerly seized the bait, and brought the child, when Conolly told him plainly that he was perfectly acquainted with his charitable arrangements in his behalf, and left him to lay other snares. Conolly eventually gave the horseman four hundred rupees for the child. Although the arrival of their long-lost girl must have been a *jour de fête* to the parents, there was even in this a drawback; during her four months' long captivity she had totally forgotten English and Hindoostanee, and could only chatter away in Persian, a language with which her mother was certainly totally unacquainted.

On the 13th we had another distribution of little requisites, sent us from Cabul by the Sirdar. The nights and mornings still continued bitterly cold. We could not learn a syllable to be relied on regarding ourselves.

On the 16th the ladies received an invitation to breakfast with the families of Mahommed Shah Khan, and Dost Mahommed Khan. Some of us, only out of curiosity, availed ourselves of this attention. Affghans and Europeans all sat round in a circle, the centre being formed by the standing-dish, pillau, flanked with curry, baked cakes, and some curds. A deceased sergeant's daughter, Hester Macdonald, a young girl, and servant to Mrs. Eyre, was our chief interpreter. Our conversation was chiefly on the subject of our release, and the probable termination of hostilities. Our dresses were an object of intense curiosity to our Affghan hosts. They were certainly very good-humoured, and some of them very pretty; they sent a few (what they considered) delicacies to those of our party who had not come to breakfast. We took our departure about two o'clock, well pleased with the civility of our new acquaintances, though heartily tired of our visit. Captain Mackenzie returned in the afternoon from his second jaunt to Jalalabad; he brought us letters and newspapers, as usual, and a few gold mohurs for the party, but he did not appear overladen with good news. He passed the night at Zandah, and started for Cabul in the morning.

On the evening of the 20th we observed a fire blazing on the top of one of the hills in the direction of Cabul; intended, as we were told, as a signal that our troops had left Jalalabad. The weather still continued delightful.

On the 21st we had another breakfast with our Affghan friends, and, strange coincidence! on the afternoon we again received some sundries from Jalalabad, consisting, among other things, of some chintzes for ladies' and children's dresses, the distribution of which was a work of some difficulty, and afforded us subject for some days' discussion, so badly were we off for something to talk about.

On the morning of the 22nd the yaboos (ponies) arrived, to remove us all to Cabul. It was with something like a feeling of regret that we prepared to leave Zandah. We were in a delightful climate; and though our fare had been very coarse and scanty, we had enjoyed more liberty than we could possibly do at Cabul. Moreover,

we had allowed something like a hope to grow upon us that some of the neighbouring hill-tribes would by some means effect our rescue, and carry us as a peace-offering to Jalalabad. However, on the 23rd, by 10 A.M. we were all on the move. It had been impossible to procure camels for the ladies and children, and consequently the panniers were placed upon mules. They proved a much easier and quicker conveyance than camels; and it was a matter of astonishment to observe these little animals, laden with heavy camel-panniers, with two grown people and several children in them, cross the mountains. Their sure-footedness is notorious; but the manner in which they almost sprung from rock to rock, up and down hill, with so heavy a burden, was most surprising. The first part of the road was over hills, which after a couple of hours brought us to the fort, near Teyzeen, where poor General Elphinstone died. Thence we made a short cut over a difficult ghat, that brought us to the bottom of the famous "Huft Kotul," or seven hills, where our army had been so cruelly butchered on the 10th January. The road was still strewed with corpses only partially decomposed, and from this cause the rest of our march was unusually sad and disagreeable. Our destination was the fort at Khoord Cabul, the one we were taken to on being sent over to the Affghans on the 9th January. It was dusk before we reached it; weary from the length of the march, and harassed in spirit from the dreadful recollections conjured up by the sights on the road, we were glad to betake ourselves to rest, which we did much after the manner that we adopted on our previous visit here. A cup of tea without milk was all that we could find appetite for. From the time we had descended from the Zandah hills the climate had become very perceptibly warmer, which, no doubt, had added considerably to our fatigue.

On the 24th, after a hurried breakfast, we were off by 8 A.M., travelling as the day before, and taking a western course, in a straight direction, for Cabul. After traversing a fine open plain of about three miles, we crossed a difficult little stony ghat. All parties were obliged to dismount; and here again we had occasion to rejoice in mules having been substituted for camels, for in many places the way was a mere goat-path, where none but animals accustomed to such difficulties could possibly have travelled. After passing the above-mentioned ghat, we had another mile of plain, which brought us to a nice pool of water, and trees, where we halted for half-an-hour, to allow the rear to close up. We then ascended by the winding course of a mountain stream for about two miles, which brought us to a pillar some sixty feet high, with an urn on the top. It is said to have been erected by Alexander the Great, but the Affghans can give no account of it (not even traditional). The column is circular, some twelve feet in diameter, built nearly all of small stones, with a few bricks to form the edges of the cornices. We now had a very difficult stony descent, of about two miles; all parties were obliged to dismount, and walk down it. At the bottom of the descent we found a few trees, and some deliciously cool clear water, where we halted for about half-an-hour. About three miles more, along a good road, brought us to Aly Mohumud's fort at Shewakee, situated in the mouth of the gorge leading to the Zoormut country, on the right bank of the Cabul river, and about three miles from Cabul. From Alexander's pillar we had a magnificent bird's-eye

view of the valley and town of Cabul, and a great part of the Kohistan in the distance.

Mahommed Ukbur had some guns on the spur of the Syah Sung hill, and was firing away at the Bala Hissar, of which Futeh Jung, the late King's son, had possession. The Kuzzilbaches, we were told, still kept themselves aloof from all parties. We got very bad quarters at Aly Mohumud's fort, many of us being obliged to pass the night in an open cow-shed ; but the civility we experienced from Aly Mohumud's people was a delightful contrast to the rudeness and indignities we had been obliged to put up with among the Ghilgies. Being in the neighbourhood of Cabul, ice was abundant; and Aly Mohumud, by a supply from his stock, enabled us to luxuriate in iced water, which, after the heat, dust, and fatigue of our march, was most grateful. We reached Shewakee about three o'clock, and evening had scarcely closed in when we spread our blankets on the ground, and well tired, lay down to sleep for the night.

On the 25th, Aly Mohumud removed all his family from the fort we were in, and gave up the whole of it to our accommodation. We immediately took possession of the "zunnan khaun," or women's apartments, which we found roomy, and tolerably clean. There was a fine large garden attached to the fort on one side, in which we were allowed to promenade when so disposed, and a stream on the other side, with some fine shady trees, became a favourite resort of the gentlemen.

A day or two after our arrival, Captain Troup came to see us. He and Major Pottinger were living with the Sirdar, in a little fort between us and Cabul; they had very bad accommodation, but continued to be well treated. The Sirdar had desired Captain Troup to ascertain what he could send us to increase our comfort, and he left us with a list of requisites that must have astonished Mahommed Ukbur. However, his mode of supplying our wants weighed lightly on his finances, as the different tradesmen were obliged to furnish each a quota without payment. Being near Cabul, we had more opportunity of hearing what was going on; but, although reports poured in upon us, they were so contradictory in their tenor, that we were in as complete ignorance of the real state of things as when we never could get a report to listen to. However, they were food for speculation, without which we must have died of monotony. We distinctly heard firing every day at Cabul; but who the parties were engaged we could only surmise. We were in daily expectation of hearing that General Pollock had left Jalalabad, and the reports to that effect were very numerous. It was, of course, a matter of the greatest anxiety to us, as we were plainly given to understand that we should be carried off to Toorkistan on his advance. We had friends, however, who tried to comfort us with the assurance that the people of Cabul would not allow us to be taken away, but would detain us as a security against the destruction of their city,—how weak a reed to lean upon was afterwards fully proved.

On the 7th of June we heard that Mahommed Ukbur had gained possession of the Bala Hissar, and he actually sent to congratulate us, as if it were a subject for us to rejoice at. At the same time we were informed that camel-panniers were preparing to send the ladies and children to Jalalabad. It would be impossible to describe the

hope that was raised in some of us by this report, though most of us could not bring ourselves to believe it.

On the 18th June (Waterloo) we were told that the Sirdar was preparing to carry us off to Koorlum. Sooltan Jan was to have charge of us, with an escort of four guns and three thousand infantry. Captain Mackenzie, who was with the Sirdar, wrote to us to be prepared for a sudden move; so that there was sufficient reason to conclude something of importance was going on. There was constantly some change taking place in our guard, supposed to be intended to prevent our tampering with them. Some attempts of the kind were made, but without success. Towards the end of June, the Sirdar having been informed that we felt unsettled at the idea of being hurried off, sent us word to make our minds quite easy,—that there was no chance of our being moved for some time to come. From this we concluded that there was no immediate expectation of the British force advancing. About this time Mahommed Ukbur caused Futeh Sing to be proclaimed king, and himself vuzier.

On the 26th, we were much surprised by the arrival of all the Europeans whom we had left at Budecobad. They had not fared so well after we had left them, and were right glad to be near us again. About this time Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Waller were taken very seriously ill; the former was almost despaired of; and it was some weeks before they regained their strength. On the 7th July, Captain John Conolly was allowed to pay us a visit. He gave us very little news; he knew nothing of General Pollock's movements. Mahommed Ukbur was all powerful in Cabul. Though hated by nearly all the other chiefs; they feared him too much to offer us any assistance.

On the 10th, Captain Troup was sent on a mission to Jalalabad, which, as far as our liberation was concerned, ended as fruitlessly as Captain Mackenzie's. He returned on the 27th, bringing with him a load of little useful articles, soap, brushes, needles, medicine, &c. On the 19th, Mahommed Ukbur came to the fort, and had a long chat with some of the gentlemen. The day following, Mahommed Shah Khan restored to Lady Macnaghten the jewels he had taken at Budecobad. It was surmised that he could not raise money on them in Cabul, as the money-lenders considered them dangerous property; or probably no one was willing to acknowledge the possession of money to so large an amount. On the 30th, Captains Lawrence and Troup were sent on another mission to Jalalabad. They did not return till the 10th August: the result of their trip was most unsatisfactory and indefinite. The Sirdar appeared willing to come to terms; but General Pollock's policy seemed to be merely to temporize. The Sirdar saw his drift, and expressed himself in very strong terms on it. While we were thus in a sort of vortex of anxiety as to the chance of our government coming to terms with the Affghans, we had other sources of the deepest solicitude and distress to occupy us. Our beloved friend, the younger Conolly,—(when I say our beloved friend, I am sure that I speak the feelings of every one that knew him, for he was all that was amiable, and to know him was to love him,)—our beloved friend, the younger Conolly, who came in on a visit on the 31st July, had been taken ill on the same day. Every attention that our situation would admit of was shown him; but, poor fellow! his time was come, and on the

7th August, after eight days' illness, he left us, it is to be hoped, for a better world. In him was lost as gallant a spirit and as amiable a young man as Britain can boast among her many gallant sons. God bless him !

On the 2nd August we experienced a very smart shock of an earthquake. About this time Mrs. Anderson was suddenly taken very seriously ill ; and a day or two afterwards we lost two European soldiers, and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Trevor's servant. Mrs. Mainwaring, Captain Lawrence, Captain Souter, Dr. Magrath, and Captain Anderson were also very ill for a few days. On the 12th August, our party was increased by the arrival of the officers who had been left hostages when we retreated in January. Many were the tales they had to tell. On the 23rd we were most agreeably surprised by the arrival of the officers of the 27th Native Infantry, who had been made prisoners at Ghuznee. They had reached Cabul the day before, and had been received with much courtesy by Mahommed Ukbur. They told us to prepare for a move at any hour.

On the afternoon of the 25th an order arrived for us all to start, which was followed by the almost immediate arrival of Major Pottinger, Captain Troup, and our old acquaintance Mirza, with the ponies and camels. The Sirdar sent a message that Mrs. Anderson, who still lay most dangerously ill, might for the present remain, and that her husband, and children, and Dr. Campbell might stay to take care of her. Mrs. Trevor was taken very ill this very same day ; and Captain Troup, who from the first might have been called the Good Samaritan of the party, exerted his influence with his old acquaintance Mirza, and contrived to get permission for the poor widow and her numerous family to remain where they were. He himself volunteered to explain to, and settle all with the Sirdar in the morning, and rejoin the rest of us by a forced march. With the above exceptions, we were all soon on the move: Bameean was said to be our destination. The reason for this sudden arrangement was said to be that General Pollock had left Jalalabad, and that General Nott was within twelve marches of Cabul.

It will be as well to leave our Bameean party for a time, and give the history of those who remained at Cabul. It would be difficult to describe the feeling of desertedness that we experienced on the morning after the departure of the rest of the prisoners. Captain Troup went to Mahommed Ukbur to explain regarding Mrs. Trevor being left behind. It was most fortunate that we had a few rupees left among us ; for we appeared to have been completely forgotten, and received no rations of any description for several days. We were, however, fortunate in securing the offices of a Kashmerian, by name Hubert Khan, living with his family in the fort. Through his means we were enabled to make a few purchases, and he afterwards took opportunities of informing us of all that was going on. Captain Troup came and passed the night of the 27th in the fort, and got all the Hindoostanees who remained safely conveyed into Cabul, where they had better chance of getting food than in the fort. On the 29th we received positive information that General Pollock's force was on the move, and the report of an action at Gundummuck reached us, in which the Affghans were said to have suffered severely.

Captain Troup paid us another visit, and left us again on the morning of the 30th. He told us that Mahommed Ukbur was encamped with a small force at Igah Sung. Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Trevor still continued dangerously ill. Their children, too, were nearly all sick; and Dr. Campbell was put to the greatest distress for want of medicines.

On the 1st of September, Captain Troup was obliged to go and join Mahommed Ukbur, who ordered him to bring all his traps, as he intended to keep him altogether near his person. We were, however, delighted to see him back in the evening. He came accompanied by Captain Bygrave, who, I should have mentioned, had not been sent with the other prisoners, the Sirdar, for some reason of his own, always liking to have a British officer near him. Hubeeb Khan told us that our fellow-prisoners were detained in a fort halfway to Bameean; that the Candahar force, under General Nott, had arrived within a short march of Ghuznee; and that Sooltan Jan was about to start with a large body of horse, in that direction.

On the 6th, we heard of General Nott having retaken Ghuznee; and we had a long visit from Mirza. He was sent by Mahommed Ukbur to arrange for our removal. He seemed very well inclined to favour our wishes to remain where we were. It was impossible to move either of the sick ladies; any such attempt would have been their immediate death-warrant. Indeed, they were neither of them at the time able to sit up on their couches. As a last argument, it was thought advisable that Mirza should have ocular proof of the deplorably weak state of the poor invalids, who, being made to understand the object, prepared to see him. Although he had known them both well before, he confessed that he should not have recognised them; and that, having seen them, he would tell the Sirdar that he might as well put them to death at once as move them. We afterwards heard that he fulfilled his promise to the letter; and the Sirdar sent a very kind message that they should make their minds easy. This intimation was sent by Dr. Campbell, who had been into the town to try and pick up some little medicine. Hubeeb Khan told us that General Nott had taken several guns in an action near Ghuznee. This proved true.

On the 7th Captain Troup was directed to prepare to go and meet General Pollock at Gundummuck, with a proposal that he should give hostages for the safety of General Nott's army, if he (General Pollock) would suspend hostilities. Captain Troup explained to Mahommed Ukbur the absurdity of such a proposal, and begged that he might not be made the medium of making it. The Sirdar took it all in good part, and sent off an Affghan with his letters, and allowed Captain Troup to return to us at Shewakee. Mahommed Ukbur's messenger returned in a day or two, not having fulfilled his mission. He said that the sentries round General Pollock's camp fired at every one that approached, and he had not been able to deliver his letters.

On the 8th, all the provisions, and property of every kind were removed from the fort. We had had scarcely any supplies given to us for the last fortnight, and we were given to understand that the people were all about to leave the fort. News of another action, in which the Affghans had suffered great loss, hurried their movements.

On the 9th, there were only about eight or nine decrepid old

men and women left in the fort; and it became a matter of most grave consideration how we were to subsist ourselves, and prevent any attempts of the Affghans to plunder us. About midnight on the 10th we were surprised by a visit from Aly Mohumud, the owner of the fort, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Abbas Khan. They made some proposals to the gentlemen about carrying us off; but, as their project seemed badly concocted, and we doubted their sincerity, we pretended to decline the offer. About noon Abbas Khan returned, accompanied by a servant of Captain Troup's, who had been sent into the Kuzzilbach quarter, to ascertain if Abbas Khan were a true man. He again proposed to carry off Captains Troup and Bygrave; but these officers would not consent to leave the rest of the party. While this discussion was going on, a horseman from Mahommed Ukbur came to conduct Captains Troup and Bygrave to his camp; but, as he came without ponies, he was sent back again with a letter to the Sirdar, representing the impossibility of meeting his wishes until the animals arrived.

At 7 A.M. on the 11th the ponies came, and Captains Troup and Bygrave started. The few gentlemen who were now left tried all they could to bribe over the old steward of the fort; but he was staunch to his salt, and, though he did us no injury, he could not be prevailed on to assist us. We hitherto continued our walks in the garden, and endeavoured to glean particulars of what was going on from any one we might see. All we could learn was, that our force was still advancing; and, by way of consolation, we were told that if Mahommed Ukbur got worsted we were all to be put to death immediately.

It would at this period have been easy for the gentlemen to escape either into the hills for a day or two, or into the town; but the ladies and children were still much too ill to move, and all were compelled to await their fate, whatever it might be. Nearly all the people had by this time left the valley; and for some days past the roads had been thronging with cattle, laden with the families and property of the Affghans flying from British vengeance.

On the evening of the 12th, we were astonished by the return of Captain Troup. He and Captain Bygrave had gone through the Khoord Cabul pass with Mahommed Ukbur. While they were riding together, Captain Troup represented to the Sirdar the uselessness of dragging him about the country, when he might be of service to the sick at Shewakee. He urged his request at a fortunate moment, and contrived to get sent back with an escort of four horsemen. This escort he got from a sort of secretary of the Sirdar's, named Imam Verdee; who, wishing to have a friend among the British, told Captain Troup that he would send horsemen whom he might trust; and that they should have orders to obey whatever instructions Captain Troup should give them. I believe Captain Bygrave had some objections to availing himself of this opportunity. However, there can be no doubt but that the party in the fort were indebted to this manœuvre of Captain Troup's for their early liberation, if not for their lives.

Captain Troup's return among us was hailed with the greatest joy. For he had the happy knack of ingratiating himself with every one whom he had dealings with, and, besides, he was for his own intrinsic merits a prime favourite with us all. He told us that the

Sirdar had a very numerous force with him; that General Pollock was at Teyzeen, and that the morrow must decide who should be the conqueror. With the exception of the four horsemen who came in with Captain Troup, and the old steward, the fort was now completely deserted. We had not even the means of closing the gates against the shoals of Affghans who were thronging by night and day, and who, had they known our defenceless state, would to a certainty have paid us a visit. To rectify this in a measure, Captain Troup's servant was sent on the morning of the 13th to buy two padlocks, one for the outer, and one for the inner gates. Our anxiety was now wound up to the highest conceivable pitch. We knew that a very few hours must decide our fate; but it was incomprehensible to us why we should have been left entirely alone in this fort; for Captain Troup's four horsemen were merely there by accident.

At 3 P.M. people were observed running along the valley; and the old steward recommended the gentlemen not to show themselves at the gate. In a few minutes we learned that the news of Mahommed Ukbur's defeat at Teyzeen and on the Huft Kotul had just arrived. We tried hard to get the old steward to remain with us, thinking that his presence might keep people from forcing the gates of the fort; but nothing would persuade him to stay. We had now to look out for ourselves. There were but three officers, two sick ladies, and eleven children, besides a few Hindoostanee servants. Captain Troup's four horsemen promised fairly. They were armed each with sword and firelock, but there were no other arms in the fort.

The routed army of Mahommed Ukbur already began to make its appearance in parties of tens and twenties, but, strange to say, none of them appeared to notice our fort. They must have considered it a matter of course that we had all been disposed of. However, we resolved not to be wanting to ourselves. We had the gates closed; a few good stout clubs were provided; while the servants gathered into heaps all the large stones they could find, and placed them over the gateways, to hurl down on the heads of any assailants. Several skins of water were placed in readiness to pour over the gate, in the event of an attempt to burn it down. The four Affghan horsemen were placed each in a corner bastion, by way of separating them; and our Hindoostanee servants were posted so that the Affghans could not communicate without being observed. It now only remained to await the current of events. Ukbur's routed army still flocked along the road, which ran about one hundred and fifty yards from the fort. It was a bright, moonlight night, and nothing was to be heard except the tramp of horses, and the occasional shout of some Affghan who had missed his way.

At about twelve o'clock at night a large body of horse was observed to halt at about two hundred yards from the fort, and one voice from the party continued calling out; we knew not if he was challenging the fort, or what; but, while in this doubt, a small party was detached from the main body, and came straight down to the gate, and very quietly knocked. One of our Affghan sentries answered, but declined opening the gate. The gentlemen were not slow in hurrying to it, when the Affghan without told them his name was Abbas Khan; but, as they still hesitated to admit him, he said Jan Fyshan Khan was there, in command of two hundred Kuzzil-

baches, for our protection. The reply was, "Call Jan Fyshan here, and then there can be no mistake." In two minutes more the old fellow's voice was heard; the gates opened wide; we admitted his followers, one hundred and forty in number, and received this true friend's congratulations on our most narrow and extraordinary escape.

It may be as well to mention that Jan Fyshan, or, as he has been frequently styled, the Laird of Pugman, had been one of the first to declare for the British. He had been staunch to them through good and bad fortune; and after their retreat from Cabul had several brothers and children killed, and lost all his property. He is now an exile in Hindoostan, and receives from the British government a pension of one thousand rupees per month.

To return. As soon as we had got the party inside, had reclosed the gates, placed proper guards in the bastions, &c., the servants set their wits to work for means to regale the five or six leading men of the party, while the rest were picketing their horses. We learned that Mahommed Ukbur's party had been totally routed; and that General Pollock would be at Boothkak, within five miles of us, in the morning.

At daybreak on the 14th, Jan Fyshan Khan mounted a hundred of his men, and leaving forty for the protection of the fort, started, accompanied by Captain Troup and Doctor Campbell, to pay his respects to General Pollock at Boothkak. They had not been gone a quarter of an hour before they returned in some disorder. On turning an angle of the road they suddenly found themselves in front of three or four hundred horse, under the command of Rooullah Khan, son of the notorious Amenoolah Khan. The Kuzzilbaches judged that the better part of valour was discretion, and did not let the grass grow under their feet till they were back in the fort again. In a few minutes Rooullah Khan's party were under the walls, when they halted for about twenty minutes. We ascertained that they had come expressly to carry us all off into the Loghur country; as it was, we laughed at their beards, and they were obliged to continue their march as empty-handed as they came. Our new friends were not long in plundering some sheep from a flock that was being hastily driven to the hills. A melon-bed was plundered; and in half-an-hour every man was busily employed in the discussion of a plentiful, and wholesome meal. At 3 P.M. another start was made for Boothkak, and with good success.

On the 15th, at about twelve o'clock, Dr. Campbell returned to us. He told us the British force was encamped at Bygramee, about three miles from us. We procured a couple of litters for the sick ladies from the town, and our Kuzzilbach guard got us a few donkeys and bullocks, by which means we got into General Pollock's camp by 3 P.M. Our arrival was unexpected, inasmuch as no conveyance or assistance of any kind had been sent us. We were regularly mobbed by the 3rd Dragoons as we entered the camp; many of them begging to shake hands with us, and others doing so without the ceremony of asking. The welcome of our friends was, though not quite so boisterous, quite as warm; and thus, after eight months and a half's captivity, and a few not very gentle ups and downs, we felt ourselves once more restored, under God's mercy, to our friends and liberty.

THE NORTHERN TOWER.

A TALE, PARTLY OF FICTION AND PARTLY OF FACT.

BY ALFRED BUNN.

In the feudal days of Richard the First,
When children in armourers' forges were nurst,
When sword and shield
Were the very first things they were tutor'd to wield,
When the anvil and hammer,
And all kinds of clamour,
Served the dears for a rattle,
And the clashing of steel and of iron convey'd
Some idea of what a magnificent trade
They 'd no doubt carry on, on some future fine day,
When they 'd have it entirely all their own way
In some desperate battle—
We sing of those times, when your chieftain was prouder
Of the feats that he did
Beyond what he was bid,
Of the splendid array
That was brought into play,
Of that dauntless degree
Of inspired chivalrie,
And those deeds in the thick of the conflict's alarms,
Surpassing your modern encounter of arms,
Than others can be
Of all the fine fun
They have luckily done,
Since combustible Schwartz introduced his gunpowder.

Well—a knight who had sprung up
From some martial stew,
(Such as one we have herein depicted to you,
Where sires bring their young up,)
Having gather'd some laurels
In those pretty quarrels
Which Richard with Saladin carried on then,
Having fought his way through
A battalion or two
Of the Saracen's biggest and bravest of men,—
Why, Sir Regimond cross'd again over the seas
To enjoy his ease,
That climax of comfort so welcome to all,
Which "*otium cum dignitate*" they call.
Our hero held state
With the brave and the great,
In a famous strong castle his family built,
By the wages of honour (or may be of guilt,)
But of which—why, it is not worth while to relate—
Suffice it to say,
It was certainly one of the best of its day,
Had ramparts well guarded,
A drawbridge and moat,
A portcullis, and gates that were worthy of note,
Which a fine stalworth warder each evening well bar did.

One night, dispensing wine and wassail,
(Good things which have titles, now, foreign and grand,
But were then better known as "the fat of the land,")
To table brought by page and vassal,
In which he in reality,
Like every fellow of true hospitality,
Very much prided,
And *at* which he presided!
While guest and host at board were seated,
And both with grape juice slightly heated,
When mirth prevail'd,
And many a chief his tale got through
Of what he had done—or meant to do,
Of terrible hobbles
Got into by squabbles,
Through following exemplars
They were set by the Templars,—
The disbursement of marks
For what now are called "larks,"
And other such squandering,
Resulting from wandering—
At this critical moment their ears were assail'd
With a terrible sound,
Which made them all quake,
And enough was to shake
The castle, and all it contain'd, to the ground.

In utter disorder
In rushes the warder,

And whisper'd some words in his chieftain's ear,
Which the latter one did not much like to hear.
"The night is dark"—"*What*, knight?" cried he.
"As dark," he replied, "as a night can be!
The sky is seam'd with pitch, and shorn
Of a single star, but never I ween
Was there ever seen
Anything half as black, since the world was born,
As he who now blew the castle horn."
(Though nothing, they say, a hero's nerve dashes,
Yet the cheek of *our* hero turn'd pale as ashes.)
"His helm and mail which o'er him clink,
And the cloak he is wrapp'd in, are black as ink:
He bridles a horse of gigantic growth,
Which, black as *they* are, is as black as both:
He summons you to him, and seems to say,
The matter between you brooks no delay!"

Sir Regimond's spirit suddenly sunk,
And a shudder or two he was seen to give—
In short, if the hero had happened to live
In the present day,
We should certainly say
He was what may be call'd in a bit of a funk;
But as knighthood is bound to meet any defiance,
And face it, as well as he can, with reliance,
He springs from his seat,
Makes a hasty retreat,
(But first, as he is of politeness the essence,
He begs they 'll excuse for a moment his presence,)
Darts across the quadrangle,
Orders down the draw*bridge*,
And then stands on the ridge
Of the moat, well prepared for a bit of a wrangle.

"*Well* met,—*well* met,"
Said he incased in the black helmet,
In voice with tone such as mortal ne'er gave,
But liker to that they say comes from the grave,—
"Your time is come,
Exceeding the limits I 've given to some—
The fame you have purchased by compact with me
Report has well varnish'd:
Your sword and feather
Kept true, and untarnish'd;
And now we, together,
Will add to the ranks of that good companie
Awaiting the doom of Eternity!"

He seized upon Regimond's arm as he spoke;
But the latter, not liking it, hastily broke
From his gripe, and, appalling
To mention, was very near falling!
"When first," quoth he, "that charm you gave,
Which had power my body and soul to enslave,
You promised some token forerunner should be
Of the time you required the penalty;
And therefore to come, without notice, to ransom one,
Is acting a part which I don't think a handsome one."

The knight, already black as jet,
Contrived to look much blacker yet,
And though, for the day,
Thus foil'd of his prey,
He bore it as calmly as any knight may,
In order to prove, however absurd,
That the Devil himself is a man of his word!

"I 've some faint recollection,"
Quoth the horseman in sable,
"And I 'll meet your objection
As far as I 'm able.
Look upon this!"—and e'en as he spoke
He drew from underneath his cloak
An old-fashioned lamp
Of the tint of the raven,
Whereon were engraven
Words of a cabalistic stamp;
It emitted a flame
Of a brimstone glow;
And as Regimond gazed
On the light as it blazed,
From whence it came
'Twas a riddle to know!

"I will never," the Black Knight said, "return
While the fire of this lamp shall continue to burn:
Guard it, by day,
From the sun's bright ray;
Veil it, by night,
From the moon's chaste light;
And place adamant bars
Between it and the stars!
For their purer gleam
Will extinguish its beam!

Darkness must cover it;
Breath not blow over it;
Heat come not near it;
For either will sear it!
Nor shake it, nor break it, and then it will burn on
As long as the great globe its axis shall turn on."

Sir Regimond listened, as well he might,
And the legend adds, in a deuce of a fright,
Which was somewhat increased
When the warning ceased,
And he, who its mystic matter spoke,
Had vanished as quick as in air the smoke!
Sir Regimond pauses, then seizes his prize,
And carefully back to the castle hies;
Reflects as he goes
On the power it bestows,
And says, "Bright as *my* star it appeareth that none shines,
And so I 'll not fail to make hay while the sun shines!"

The time rolls on; but the time 's not lost,
For Sir Regimond built up with caution and cost,
A keep, in his castle's *Northern Tower*,
To hold there in safety this type of his power;
Impervious, as to the tempest the rock,
Is its deep recess from the lightning's shock;
The wind and the rain
May assail it—in vain.
The words of the Black Knight fulfilled are, and done,
And, like a taut vessel, his "keep" stands A 1.

Time continues his course; for nor fortune nor clime,
Which can stop other movements can ever stop Time;
And once more Sir Regimond fearlessly hies
To that land where his hope of preferment all lies,
Where his fame used to shine—
His beloved Palestine!

Well, once more our hero is destined to gain
Immortal renown upon *Ascalon's* plain.
His deeds unsurpassed
Set his comrades aghast:
He fights, and he beats down with sword and shield
The infidel rogues who had vowed not to yield.
And, the conflict now o'er,
He sails back once more,
With esquires and pages his retinue swelling,
To the family dwelling!

Though glory be made up of pleasantish stuff,
'Tis a thing of which people may soon have enough;
And, to tell you the truth,
In Sir Regimond's youth
'Twas to him just the same,
Whether the weather was gentle or rough,
For he lived upon fame,
And *never* had what people call *quantum suff.*
But, as we get older our energies falter,
And things deucedly alter;
And *how* with our hero, and *to* what degree,
You shall instantly see!

A fearful catastrophe, grieve we to tell,
Sir Regimond's castle one evening befel;
To believe 'twas by chance we of course must incline,
For surely such things are not done by design;
The Castle 's on fire!!!

Though the bravest its ravage appals,
Yet the serfs scale the walls;
Ply water; hew beams down; ascend to the roof,
Which was not, we 're sorry to say, fire-proof;
Shout to those underneath to take care of their head,
For the heat was beginning to melt all the lead;
Throw goods out of window—a very odd plan;
Seize jewels, (and pocket whatever they can);
Give orders not to let the mob in,
They 've such an ugly taste for robbing;
In short, cut off communication,
In hopes to stop the conflagration!

Though Sir Regimond having worked hard as the rest,
Sits down for a respite, fatigued, and oppressed,
Yet servants, dependants, and peasants, don't shirk
One instant from hurrying on with the work.

Now a calm succeeds, while the ruin smoulders;
Now red are the skies;
Then it breaks on the eyes
Once again of the frightened beholders!
At length, by the dint of incredible labour
Of household, of kinsfolk, of friend, and of neighbour,
They hasten to apprize the master
They'd reached the end of the disaster,
By buckets of water; by an opportune shower
The great scene of danger they 'd managed to dout,
And every bit of the fire was out,
Save a trifling blaze in the old *Northern Tower*.

Sir Regimond rose, and again fell back,
Then shrieked loud enough all his muscles to crack:
"The *Northern Tower!* the *Northern Tower!*
'Tis the secret deposit of all my power!
The mine of my wealth, the stronghold of my fame;
The prop of my house, and support of my name.
Save it! save it!
Great as the danger, whoever will brave it,
May claim at my hands
One-half of my lands!"

They rushed, one and all, to their lord's behest,
And squire, and vassal, and serf did his best,
In vain—in vain!
The element mastery seems to gain;
When Sir Regimond's spirit gets madder and madder,
And he screams for his axe, and a scaling ladder!

On the topmost height is seen his form,
Like that of a demon directing the storm,
He lashes about his "morning star,"
(That nice little flail
With which they used, then, all tough things to assail,)
Then seizes a bar,
And hurling it out with a giant's force,
Why, in the wall goes, as a matter of course!

On the self-same spot where, in years gone by,
The talisman lay, it was seen now to lie;
Its sulphury light
Was precisely as bright
As if at that moment lit up for the night.
Sir Regimond grasped it,
With ecstacy clasped it,
And uttered a loud, exulting shout;
But whether that motion
In jeopardy brought it,
Or a puff of wind caught it,
Or the free, common air
Was not welcome in there,
We haven't a notion,
But—THE LAMP WENT OUT!

The walls and the ceiling began to scorch,
As if newly lit up by Apollyon's torch;
The floor gave in
With a booming din;
The casements were shattered,
Their fragments were scattered
Away on the winds, that howled afar
For the total eclipse of Sir Regimond's star?

As the dun smoke cleared,
By the blast hurried off,
An outline appeared
To Sir Regimond's eye, which made all his frame tremble,
So much did its figure The Black Knight resemble!
It hovered and fluttered,
And then, with a scoff,
Maliciously muttered,
"My prey! my prey!
The warning you asked for has passed away!"
And castle, and chieftain, and spirit, they say,
Were lost to the light on the breaking of day?

The drift of this tale is, to bear well in view,
With anything wicked have nothing to do;
For, as certain as fate, whether squire or knight,
Like all that *is* wick-ed, *it must come to* LIGHT!

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO SANDWICH.

BY HENRY CURLING.

A CINQUE PORT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Perhaps no town in all England is less known or sought after by the traveller than the town of Sandwich, in Kent; and yet, at the same time, is there perhaps scarcely a town in the kingdom so full of interest to the curious, and so well worthy the contemplation of the antiquary.

To me Sandwich was always a hallowed spot. Not a quaint old mansion in its Flemish-looking, pictorial streets, but seemed to have a whole romance attached to its dilapidated walls. A perfect remnant of bygone days, unprofaned by modern improvement, and unaltered by modern architecture, it remains a solitary specimen of a former age. Lone, desolate-looking, and standing within the roundure of its old-faced walls, the moat-like haven on one side, ditch and rampart on the other, gate-house and barbican at more than one outlet, and drawbridge at its principal entrance, it looks to the stranger, as he approaches from the Isle of Thanet, like some Dutch dorp in a Flemish painting, whilst its appearance, after entering its streets, in no whit belies the promise of its outward favour.

At first sight, the traveller would suppose he had made his way into some town threatened with sack and siege, from which garrison and inhabitants had stole off together in a hurry, without beat of drum. There stands the shop-board of the little jobbing tailor in Lucksboat Street; there flourishes the barber's pole at Hog's Corner; the butcher's block is incarnadined in Chantry-house Lane; pipes and tankard stand upon a cumbrous table in the Bowling Alley; and a hoop and pails are to be seen upon the brink of the delf stream beside Galliard's Bridge. *But* where are they who inhabit the town? *That* is the question. There remains the Court Hall, the Gaol, the Free School, the Fishmarket, the Butchery, the Mill Walls, the Butts, the Hospital, and three monastic-looking churches, nearly in the same condition, probably, in which they have stood, untouched, for the last three centuries at the least.

"*But* where, I ask again," says the stranger, "are the sometime dwellers of this town?" Ah! *where* indeed. Not a soul is ever to be seen in those tortuous blind alleys and old-world streets. The traveller gathers his cloak around him, passes on, and gazes as it were upon a city of the dead. He paces beneath the eaves of the dwellings of a race who have long since died out, and been forgotten, with grim, ogre-looking, and monstrous faces gaping, grinning, and making ugly mouths at him, from every "coigne of vantage" in the various buildings, as he walks; but the human face divine it is a rare chance indeed if he catches a glimpse of at any of the doors and windows during his peregrinations.

Yet every house seems in good order, every casement looks clean; shops are open, and bales of goods displayed; signs creak also in the

wind over head, and good entertainment is offered for man and horse, above the porches of various Chaucer-like hostels; nay, smoke is even seen to ascend from the huge twisted chimneys which sprout from every part of the roofs of the Flemish-looking houses. And yet, with all this, it looks a sort of low-country Pompeii.

Alas for Sandwich! once the favourite town of King Canute, and where he was wont to recreate himself by causing the hands, ears, and noses of the rebellious Saxon nobles to be cut off, and nailed to the Market Cross,*—Thy glory hath indeed departed from thee! Sandwich has always appeared to me the more singular, from the circumstance of its being ever the same: it seems "pleased with ruin;" it never deteriorates or decays. I have looked upon it with a watchful eye some thirty winters, and in all that period, although many of its inhabitants have emigrated and died off, house after house become uninhabited, and whole streets depopulated, still the place *flourishes* the same as ever, and not a stone can I find in it amiss from the first hour in which I knew it. *Semper virescit* ought to be its motto: more especially as in its principal streets for there you might turn your palfrey out to grass.

Notwithstanding, however, the present aspect of this singular-looking town, from the earliest period of our island history it hath been the theatre of war and slaughter. Ravaged by the Saxons, burnt by the Danes, plundered and dismantled by every horde of pirates who could command a fleet, it has always risen, Phœnix-like, from its ashes, and again stood ready for the fray.

During the wars of our fierce Norman kings, too, it played a most important part, being at times a great garrison, filled with thousands of archers and lances, and its haven choked up with high-decked vessels of war. Here generally embarked and disembarked those warlike knights and choice-drawn cavaliers engaged "in the vasty fields of France," during the wars of the Henrys. Down the Sandwich haven were wafted the "English bottoms," containing the motley assemblage accompanying the power of King John, as described by the immortal bard. The Mother Queen, the Lady Blanche of Spain, the Bastard Faulconbridge, and all the unsettled humours of the land,

> "Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
> With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,"

all glittering in their coats of mail, assembled upon the slimy banks of that river, to embark for France. And here again, in return, through the streets of Sandwich resounded the churlish drum of the French Dauphin, when he overran England, took London, and subdued all Kent, but Dover Castle.

In fact, Sandwich stands and seems to mourn over its lost importance. The curfew rings nightly the knell of its departed joys; but, like its neighbour, Richborough, it defies the scythman's efforts, and refuses to decay.

The year 1597 holds a most especial place in the annals of Sandwich. On Monday, the 31st day of August of that same year, about seven o'clock ante meridian, Good Queen Bess paid the town a complimentary visit.

* See Boyes's History of Sandwich.

Let us take a look at Sandwich a few days previous to that event. A most important functionary is progressing along the Fishmarket, no less a person than Matthew Mumble, the mayor. He is a "portly gentleman and a corpulent," and clad in doublet, ruff, trunk-hose, hat and feather, with gold chain around his neck, and cane in hand, he bears a seemly and most dignified appearance. Half-a-dozen obsequious underlings, with certain half caps, and approving nods, follow at his heels, listen to the law which issues from his mouth, and obey his various behests. For, be it known to the curious that Mr. Mayor of the year 1597 was a very different person from the same functionary of the year 1843. Matthew Mumble was therefore a personage having some authority in his own town, and to be feared and respected accordingly. Those were days in which a civic dignitary could be terrible in his great office; and here, in Sandwich, it was no uncommon thing for the mayor to receive an epistle from the King himself.*

Fussy and important at all times, on the present occasion Matthew Mumble was doubly great. He not only reigned paramount, and was the terror to evil doers in the town, but he was just now the *arbiter elegantiarum*, having the ordering of the fierce vanities incidental to the visit of the Queen. He seemed, indeed, to the small fry of the Cinque Port the greatest man in the realm, up to the very moment of the Queen's arrival. When, however, "the trumpet to the cannon spoke, the cannon to the heavens," and the Queen entered the Swandowne Gate, then farewell to the grandeur of Master Mayor; his high mightiness and mighty importance changed into obsequious servility, his body became flexible, and he became—Draper Mumble, behind his own counter.

Not, however, to anticipate matters, let us observe him in his progress through the town. Many matters have to be arranged, and much business to be got through. We have found him in the Fishmarket, and it may be edifying to see how he bears him in his office. Sandwich, in the year 1597, had a somewhat livelier aspect to what it now displays. Its houses were then filled with inhabitants, its port with shipping, and its streets with bustle. This, too, was a more bustling time than usual; the Queen's anticipated visit had set the inhabitants all agog; men quaffed potations pottle-deep to her Majesty's health in the hostels, and their wives sipped canary in goblets sitting in "Dolphin parlours;" sailors reeled through the blind alleys with their doxies, and swash-buckler bullies swaggered on the ramparts.

Meanwhile Mr. Mayor having taken to the streets, (soon after he had discussed his morning meal,) in all the circumstance of his official dignity and importance, and, accompanied by at least half-a-dozen of the *posse comitatus*, the rear being brought up by a couple of file of halberdiers, was progressing through the Fishmarket. The Fishmarket in Sandwich is even now a perfect picture of a place,—quite a scene fit for the *dramatis personæ* of Messrs. Beaumont and Fletcher to figure in. Every house in it seems to tell of a race who have de-

* King Edward the Third wrote to the Mayor of Sandwich touching some criminals to be executed. In other reigns, also, letters were written to the Mayor of Sandwich by different English kings.

parted, and are forgotten, and the dark-looking, old, weather-beaten tower of St. Peter's church frowning at one extremity, and the overgrown brick-built mansion at the other, take the spectator three centuries back as he progresses through it.

At that distant period every dwelling seemed to outdo its next-door neighbour in the oddity with which its walls were timbered and ornamented; whilst benches stood before many of their doors and casements, and the multitude of signs creaking and swinging above the various portals, formed a perfect gallery of pictures as the passenger progressed through the town. Hosiers, hatters, grocers, bakers, and a dozen trades beside, had their proper symbols and signs over the picturesque-looking, iron-studded doors, and diamond-paned windows of the shops they advertised; whilst, this being an age in which beards were cut, coloured, and curled, according to the profession of the wearer, and when the twist of a man's mustachio might make or mar his career in life, barbers' bleeding-sticks met the eye at every turn.

As Master Mayor proceeded through the Fishmarket, he ever and anon stopped to deliver his orders to the officials who dogged his heels. Hugh Lupus, the town-clerk and head lawyer of the place, walked a pace in rear, and served him as a sort of aide-de-camp on the occasion. The Mayor addressed himself to all and sundry, according to his wishes and their vocation, interlarding his various directions regarding the preparations for the visit of the Queen with the orders and regulations respecting the good order of the town.

"Master Lupus," said he, stopping short about the centre of the market, "take out your tablets, sir."

The bloated attorney whipped out his writing materials from the breast of his doublet, and, with pen and ink-horn, which, like the clerk of Chatham's writing materials, hung about his neck, prepared to take down the words of his superior.

"Set down, Master Lupus," said the pompous Mayor, "that I'll have a lion and a dragon, both gilded, and set rampant upon two posts at the bridge end. Is that down?"*

"Bridge end," said the town-clerk,—"both gilded, and set upon the bridge end, your worship—that's law."

"Ahem!" said the Mayor, "good! Now write that I'll have her great and glorious Majesty's arms, powerfully painted by Simon Smear, the sign-painter, and hung up at the gate-house facing the bridge. Stand back, my masters all, a trifle, and give me elbow-room. We must e'en do everything in proper form on this great occasion. Now, write, Master Lupus, that I'll have the whole town gravelled, and the principal streets strewed with rushes, herbs, and flags."

"Good!—that's down."

"Her glorious, gracious, and omnipotent Majesty," continued the Mayor, drawing himself up, "hath done me—yes, gentlemen, hath done me the honour of a communication direct from herself on this occasion. Her commands are—But stop, I'll read her letter to you."

As his worship was about to edify his hearers with the Queen's epistle, his quick eye, however, caught sight of something which gave offence to his dignity.

"Hallo there!" said he, after adjusting his spectacles, "what's this? Neighbour Phillpot drunk at this time o' day, and wallowing at our very feet! Here!—where's the hog-beadle?"

* These orders were all given on the Queen's visit.

"Here I be, your worship," said a huge, Bardolph-nosed fellow, carrying a stout staff with a brazen knob at its top.

"What's your office, sirrah?" said the Mayor; "and for what do you receive 7*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and a doublet for, yearly?"

"For watching," returned the beadle, "as noe person suffers his hogs, sows, or pigs to run about streets, your worship, without some one o look arter them, under penalty of forfeiture of the seame."

"There, then," said the Mayor, "there's a hog in the gutter at your feet, absolutely, my masters, wallowing in its own filth in our presence."

"This, your worship," said the beadle, — "why, this be Measter Innocent Phillpot, the brewer. Your worship have given orders* for so much strong beer to be brewed for her Majesty and the household, that the brewers be all drunk, sir."

"And, I say," continued the Mayor, "that I don't care what orders I've given. Folks sha'n't be drunk in Sandwich till her Majesty arrives. Get a barrow, and remove that swine. All hogs found lying in the street are forfeit to the hospital of St. John. So take him there, and let him be laid in the dead-house, to be redeemed for the benefit of that institution. Said I well, Lupus? Good! then let's proceed."

The mayor passed on a few paces, dispensing justice, and arranging matters of business.

"Lupus," he said, "mind, the houses in Strand Street are to be painted white and black; and scaffolds to be erected, and hung with black and white baize. And, d'ye hear? on the morning of her Majesty's arrival, send out, and catch a couple of hundred of those ragged children bounding about the town; let them be whipped, washed, and placed at the corners of the streets, spinning yarn. And, d'ye hear, Lupus, send out a file or two of the town-guard, and let them apprehend a couple of hundred of the biggest vagabonds they can lay hands on; let them be apparelled in white doublets, black galligaskins, and white girders; furnish them with calivers from the armoury, and place them upon duty, to keep the streets. Let them take order that the butchers carry their offal to the outskirts of the town† till after her Highness hath departed. See especially to this, Master Lupus, as her High Mightiness is afflicted with a marvellous delicacy in her royal sense of smell, and utterly abominates a bad savour. Above all, let every house have green boughs, and sweet-scented herbs and plants set against its walls, windows, and doors. Put that all down."

"It's all booked," said the obsequious clerk; "and as good as done;—it's law."

"It is so," said the Mayor; "and so is this, Master Lupus, and gentlemen all, so mind it. If I catch any butcher after to-day killing and paunching cattle in the streets till after her Majesty's departure, may I be perforated with a pole-axe if I don't make the town-council forfeit the value of the carcase for every such offence. So you'd better set that down, gentlemen all. Ahem! Where's the supervisor of the water-delf?"

* The brewers were especially enjoined to brew plenty of strong beer, in readiness for this visit.

† All these regulations were strictly enforced by the mayor.

"Here a be, your wortchip," said an amphibious-looking animal, in huge fisherman's boots, a blue fireman-looking jacket, with a brass badge, containing the Cinque Port arms, as large as a modern soup-plate, on his left arm, and a pair of canvas slops, like those worn by a French sailor of the present day.

"Go, sirrah!" said the Mayor; "perambulate the delf, from the roaring gutter to ditch end lane.* If you find any washerwomen rinsing clothes or tubs, or performing any other operation, to the detriment of the water, take up their clothes, seize their vessels, and disperse themselves. There, that's law! Master Lupus," continued his worship. "Was the woman Stokes, whom I convicted of witchcraft, executed according to sentence?"

"She was," said the clerk; "I had her drawn through the dyke till she confessed that she murrained your worship's cow in the marshes; and then she was hanged outside Canterbury Gate."

"Good!" said his worship, "these old devils' tongues here murrain us all, I think; I'll drown and hang the lot if my mayoralty hold good another year. Harkee, Mister Fasefright, whose is the door here without a tub of water before it, in case of fire? Levy, Lupus, —levy, sir,—levy a distress to the amount of one-and-twenty-pence-halfpenny this moment. Lift the latch. I'll see to it myself."

"An 't please your worship," said Fasefright, "best not."

"Best not!" said the Mayor. "What means the booby? Best not, quotha? Why not?"

"If your worship look upon the door," said the constable, "you'll see the red mark; the folks have gotten the plague here."†

"Ahem!" said the Mayor, clapping his fingers to his proboscis, and crossing over to the other side, "that's a reason."

The mayor now girded up his loins, and proceeded onwards, with the intention of leaving the Fish-market, and made for a narrow thoroughfare leading into Delf Street. Delf Street is so named from the circumstance of a stream of turbid water flowing along an antique-looking, brick-built channel, and washing the walls of the buildings on one side of it, occasionally even passing through a cavernous-looking passage apparently into the lower apartments of some of the houses. The narrow street leading into Delf Street bore a more singular appearance than any part of the town we have yet mentioned. The buildings composing it seemed as if they had been constructed for the convenience of the dwellers in the upper stories, since it was apparently quite easy for the inhabitants of some of the rooms to shake hands from the lattice-windows with their opposite neighbours, whilst those who promenaded beneath these "pent-house roofs" walked as securely from a shower of rain as if they had been pacing under a modern arcade. Oh for the good old times! when men and women could walk bravely apparelled, in foul as well as fair weather, without fear of despoiling their bravery!

The mayor, the jurats, the town-clerks, and various beadles, accompanied, as we have before hinted, by a sort of civic guard, consisting of a couple of files of halberdiers, now left the quaint-look-

* This was a standing order.

† Queen Elizabeth's visit to Sandwich was twice put off in consequence of the plague's raging in the town. Even when she visited it, it was not quite free from the pestilence.

ing street, and turned to the right into Delf Street. As the mayor proceeded to make his observatory progress along it, a strange perfume assaulted the senses of himself and *posse comitatus*. The savour which then struck upon the nostrils of the mayor proceeded from Neighbour Sullen's tanyard, and which, indeed, albeit it sufficiently pervades the whole town, makes this part of it absolutely a nuisance.

"Halloo!" said the Mayor, "I forgot this business, Master Lupus. Her gracious Majesty, it is well known, abominates the smell of new leather, and especially eschews the smell of a tan-pit. Nay, more than one of her noble courtiers hath, I am told, completely lost favour by coming into her presence in new boots. What shall we do now, gentlemen all? Knighthood I shall lose, if this smell pervade the air."

"Truly, for mine own part, I can't exactly observe," answered one of the peak-bearded jurats, "we shall utterly lose favour, if what you say be true, neighbour; for, what with tan-pits, slaughter-houses, delfs, ditches, and pigsties, our town here will be like to be in bad odour with her Majesty."

The Mayor was puzzled, and his jurats as much perplexed as himself. It was quite true that her Majesty abhorred the smell of new leather; and as Neighbour Sullen's tan-pit was one of the most evil-smelling businesses of that trade, the royal nostril would be like to be offended seriously, and *no* mistake.

Whilst his worship, with forefinger on his sapient nose, halted to consider this matter, a party, consisting of some half-a-dozen individuals, making a monstrous clatter as they advanced, were seen approaching from the opposite direction. This new party were all apparently strangers to the town, being bravely apparelled in the most extravagant fashion of that age of rich and extravagant costume. The embroidery upon their velvet doublets and cloaks sparkled in the morning sun; the feathers in their hats grazed the eaves of the old houses beneath which they walked, and their curiously-guarded rapiers were at least an ell and a half in length.

As they moved along, a perfect cloud enveloped each man's countenance, emanating from the instruments they held in their mouths, and from which they puffed huge volumes of smoke, a practice just then come into fashion, but at that particular period only followed by court-gallants, and men of rank and fashion. In short, each man held between his teeth a tobacco-pipe, with a bowl as big as a Scotchman's mull, and their united efforts enveloped them in a perfect halo as they walked. Like gallants of more modern days, they were somewhat uproarious in their mirth; and as they roared forth a song, as newly come into fashion as the weed they were smoking in their pipes, they ever and anon startled the town from its propriety by imitating the animals named in the burthen:—

"Hark! hark! bow-wow! the watch-dogs bark
Bow-wow!
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry cock-a-doodle-do!"*

"'Gad a mercy!" said the Mayor to his aide-de-camp, "what men are these, Master Lupus, ruffling it through our streets after this fashion?"

* Shakspeare's "Tempest" was peculiarly adapted to hit the tastes of the adventurers of the time. They fancied such islands really existed.

"An' it please your worship," said Lupus, "I rather conclude these to be some gallants from a ship that came up the haven last night. They are, I believe, some of Sir Walter Raleigh's followers. Eldorado men returned from the New World."

"I don't know that, Lupus," returned the Mayor; "these look like Spaniards or Frenchmen. At any rate, Sir Walter Raleigh is out of favour with her Majesty, I 'm told, and like to be committed to the Tower on his return. Draw across the street, my masters, and interrupt the promenade of these gallants; 'tis fit I know the names and callings of men roaring through the thoroughfares, frightening sick females and little children, and sending forth horrible vapours from their nostrils, resembling the smoke of the pit that is bottomless. Besides, I do perceive now that they have not obeyed her Majesty's proclamation. Their rapiers are at least a foot longer than the regulation. Halberdiers to the front.

The cavaleros, meanwhile, came swaggering on, their feathers fluttering and waving, their swords jingling and clattering, and themselves singing, bawling, and smoking alternately, when they were suddenly brought to a stand by the civic-guard of the Mayor. It was rather a dangerous matter to interfere with men of this description at the period we are writing of, since the adventurers, whose restless dispositions and desperate fortunes sent them to seek for gold in the New World, returned little better than pirates and desperadoes. However, Master Matthew Mumble was new to his great office, and he was resolved, like Lord Angelo, that "the body public" should know he could command, and let them feel the spur.

"How now, bullies?" said the foremost of the adventurers, a tall, handsome man, with an eye like a falcon, an aquiline nose, hair combed backward from the sides of his face, tremendous mustachios, and a complexion burnt to the hue of an Asiatic, from constant exposure to the hot sun of the tropics. "How now, bullies? What cheer now, that you lower your marling-spikes upon us in the Queen's highway?"

"We crave freedom of speech with you," said the Mayor, stepping a pace towards them, "since you have favoured our poor town with a visit. Allow me to introduce myself—I 'm the Mayor."

"Good!" returned the other. "Comrades, this is the mayor; methinks he looks more like an ass than a mayor. Speak on, old Tunbelly, only don't hold us here too long, as we want to take advantage of the tide in your muddy ditch, and get out to sea."

"Hereafter, as it may be," said the Mayor, drawing himself up. "I am in authority here; and, albeit I cannot regulate the tides of the Haven, I can the in-comings and outgoings of all vessels. May I crave to know at which of the gates of this town you gained admittance?"

"Ha! ha! comrades!" said the adventurer, again addressing his fellows, "here 's a Cinque Port baron in all his grandeur. Come, I 'll answer your question, old gentleman, as roundly as you have asked it. We came in by none of your gate-houses, but over your mill walls. Your Cinque Port warders refused us admittance into this grave of a town."

"I thought as much," returned the Mayor, "since I am well assured my warders would not allow so suspicious-looking a party to

pass with rapiers of the forbidden length, and her Majesty's proclamation only three weeks old. Here, Corporal Caliver, do your duty, sir. Break me off a foot from each of these gentlemen's blades on the spot."

This, as might be surmised, was easier said than done, and consequently a riot took place, which frighted the town from its propriety.

"To the fiends with your proclamation!" cried the foremost cavalier.

"To hell with the mayor!" cried another.

"Break our spits!" said a third. "Hark ye, my lads, if our blades *are* to be shortened by a foot, we'll shorten them in the midriffs of the mayor and corporation."

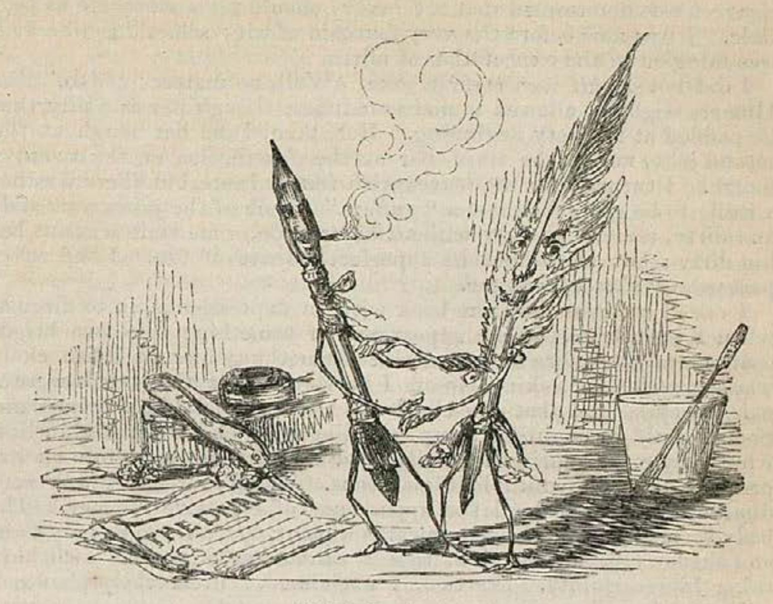
So saying, the adventurers whipped out their swords, and making a tilt at the halberdiers, overturned them in a twinkling, capsizing the town-clerk and three of the jurats, and seizing upon Master Mayor and the hog-beadle, soused them into the water delf.

This produced quite a sensation. Such an outrage as flinging the mayor of one of the Cinque Ports into his own water delf was indeed a circumstance even in these stirring times, and the whole place felt the insult. Bats and clubs were called by the 'prentices, the town-crier beat his drum, and the town-guard got under arms, the great bell of St. Peter's church was tolled, and the hubbub spreading from Canterbury-gate to the Haven-bridge, such a riot ensued, that a rumour reached Sandown Castle that the Queen had already arrived, and a royal salute was fired in honour of her coming at least a week before she actually visited Sandwich.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mayor being lifted from the delf stream, in the hurry and confusion was carried into the house where, a few minutes before, he had ordered a distress to be levied, in consequence of there being no tub of water before the door, and where, unfortunately, the plague was raging.

It was lucky for the offenders that, in consequence of the anticipated visit of Queen Elizabeth, most of the troops quartered in Sandwich were out upon the sand-hills exercising and platoon-firing, in order to be in good practice for the occasion; consequently, dashing into the Fishmarket like a company of Mohawks, they commenced a furious assault upon the townsfolk, who just at this time were providing themselves for dinner, and, without any respect to buyers or sellers, pelted them indiscriminately with soles, plaice, haddocks, cod, eels, and flounders, till they drove them out of the market by Potter's Street and the Butchery. In short, they might perhaps have succeeded eventually in gaining their vessel, had they not stopped to amuse themselves with this diversion in the Fishmarket. As it was, however, the alarm having spread, they found themselves in turn completely brought to bay at Hog's corner, and fairly surrounded by the indignant townspeople, who with pikes, matchlocks, clubs, bats, and swords, which they had hastily snatched up, seemed determined to sacrifice them to the offended dignity of the chief magistrate, and they were accordingly quickly in a critical situation.

Having, however, been at the sacking of more than one Spanish settlement, they held their own manfully, and such as could keep together managed to make a retiring fight of it, and getting over the churchyard wall, hooted and pelted by the mob, burst into St. Clement's church, and cried out for sanctuary.



THE DIVAN.

"Le tabac est venu, et l'Orient n'est plus fier de son opium."

THE OLD JOKE.

[*A Communication to the Letter-Box of the "Divan."*]

Everybody knows that the sellers of old books of the inferior class usually have at their doors a large drawer or two, crammed with the most miscellaneous literature, and bearing labels inscribed "Sixpence each," "Threepence each," &c. The vender has not deemed these despised volumes worthy even of four wafers, and a square piece of paper, marked "Spanish book," "Old Play," and the like. They generally consist of odd volumes of obsolete novels, forgotton puritanical treatises, travels in the Low Countries about a hundred years back, family-receipt-books, and old almanacks. Nevertheless, the book-collector would do well not to pass over these motley assemblages, as many a volume occasionally finds its way into such a group, not from its own demerit, but from the ignorance of the bookseller.

It was in one of these drawers that I lately found an old edition of the veritable Joe Miller. A deficiency of six leaves had plunged him into this Tartarus of literature; for, had he been perfect, a showy label would have called the attention of the public. I paid my sixpence eagerly, without even attempting to persuade the vendor to take fourpence instead, I pocketed my "Joe," and I hurried to my lodgings. I had heard much of the fame of Joe Miller—who has not?—I had never read him—who has? I promised myself an evening of the most exquisite enjoyment; I changed my ordinary coat for a loose blouse; I drew off my tight boots, and put on my easiest slippers; I lighted a very picked

cigar; I was determined that my luxury should be as complete as possible. I was now before the very fountain of wit; something like awe was mingled in the expectation of mirth.

I did not laugh at the first joke. Well, no matter; "Joe," like Homer, might be allowed to nod sometimes, though it was a pity that he nodded at the very beginning. But, then, I did not laugh at the second joke, nor at the third, nor at the fourth, nor at the twenty-fourth. I turned over the leaves with frantic haste, but there was not a smile to be got, much less a "guffaw." Some of the jokes were stale and dirty, some were dirty without being stale, some stale without being dirty; but all united in a perfect absence of fun. I had never perused a "*slower*" volume.

I raised my eyes from the book with an expression akin to disgust, when I was struck by the appearance of something like two bright sparks straight before me, over which something like a whitish cloud was suspended. Looking closer, I perceived that the sparks were a pair of eyes, and that the cloud was white, venerable, flowing hair. Soon I could distinguish a sharp, aquiline nose, and a pair of thin lips, which, by endeavouring to smile, had forced themselves into an expression half mournful, half malicious. The countenance was very diminutive; but had all the appearance of excessive old age. The body seemed as if it verged towards a point, but all was so very faint and shadowy below the chin, that I cannot speak to this with anything like certainty. Startled, I exclaimed, "Melancholy phantom, what art thou?"

"Ah! thou callest me melancholy," answered a thin, shrill voice; "but I was funny in my time."

"But, what art thou?"

"I," said the phantom, "am the oldest joke that ever existed in the English tongue.

"What did you say?" said I, not catching the word. "The oldest Joe or the oldest joke?"

"I said 'joke;' but joke and 'Joe' are synonymous."

I darted an involuntary glance at the dull volume before me; I doubted the correctness of the synonyme.

"The oldest joke?" said I, and I began turning over the leaves of Joe Miller. "Let me see; it strikes me that the oldest joke is that about the two Irishmen, one of whom exclaimed, that if they had ten miles to travel, it would be only five miles a-piece."

"Thou art right," said the phantom; "I am that very joke; and I know that thou dost not think me funny."

I made no reply.

"But, oh! how funny I was in the olden time!" exclaimed the joke, with rising enthusiasm. "A countryman overheard the facetious Irishman, and he recorded me at a neighbouring alehouse. There was merriment! there was jollity! Many an old toper spilled his beer! laughter prevented the servant from attending to his orders. Mine host shouted till his sides were ready to crack; mine hostess flung herself into the large, easy chair, in all the agonies of excessive mirth. Every one of the hearers bore me in his mind. I flew about through every city and village. England was then, indeed, merry England; and I was a great cause of its merriment. Oh! times were better than they are now, when people laughed at me!"

"They were *different*," I observed drily.

"That was the period of my glory," said the joke. "My decline was hastened by the injudicious management of an old citizen of London, who gave a large family party every Christmas Day. For six successive years he told me, amid peals of boisterous laughter; but on the seventh Christmas the laughter was much less violent, and on the eighth some of the party ceased to laugh altogether. One unlucky son-in-law, who was seen to gape at me, was cut out of the old gentleman's will. This severe punishment gave me for a while a sort of surreptitious success. The families of many a respectable citizen laughed loud at me, not out of mirth, but out of pure terror, bearing in mind the fearful example of their unfortunate neighbour. The reign of terror, however, did not last long, and the ghastly, forced laugh, now dwindled into no laugh at all.

In due time I was printed; and I thought my old glories were really reviving. Many a person laughed at me while reading, who, by some chance had never heard me at all; for, though the traditional joke may travel far and wide, it must from its very nature miss a large portion of the population. My spirits began to revive! but, alas! I was in a sad error, mistaking for a benefit the greatest possible calamity. As long as I remained unprinted there was still a chance of a party where no one had heard me, still a prospect of a hearty laugh; but, once printed, everybody knew me, having read me, and laughed, *perhaps*, in solitude. The roar of assembled numbers was gone for ever. Nurses, to be sure, would sometimes tell me to infants; but children are bad appreciators of jokes. The more dull did not understand me at all; the more acute merely remarked that the Irishman must have been an exceedingly stupid person. This was another stab. Many had learned me without having laughed at me, even in the first instance."

I could not help sympathizing with the unfortunate joke.

"I was now sunk to what I thought the lowest condition, when the manager of a theatre made a desperate effort to revive me in a pantomime. I shall ever feel grateful to him for his good-will, though the attempt proved most unfortunate. A large milestone, inscribed 'X miles to London,' was placed on the stage, and the clown intimated to pantaloon the expediency of both visiting the metropolis. At this instant harlequin slapped the milestone, which separated itself into two perfect milestones, each inscribed 'V miles to London.' The clown exclaimed, 'Ah! it's only five miles a-piece,' and then he and pantaloon left the stage, each with a milestone under his arm. How shall I record the humiliating fact?—the pit hissed!"

Here the joke paused awhile to groan.

"The very next morning," it continued, "a daily paper said, 'An attempt was made in the pantomime to pass off the paltry old joke of the Irishman and the ten miles, but the public very properly resented the insult.' I need say no more;—not only have I ceased to be funny, but my appearance is regarded as an insult. I have led you from the height of my glory to the depth of my shame; and here let my biography terminate. And now, oh young man, who sometimes writest jokes for the multitude to read, bear in mind my sad story. Thou wert not aware, probably, that a joke is an organized being, capable of joy and of misery. Its aliment is laughter; but that aliment ceasing, it does not die, but lives in the most horrible agony. Be careful, then, how thou callest into existence a being so susceptible. Recollect, though the beginning is joyous, the misery of the subsequent life in

print, when laughter is no more. Oh, young man, either make a joke that shall be laughed at eternally, or make no joke at all!"

So saying, the form vanished, though for some moments I heard a sound as of stifled sobbing.

I wiped a tear from my eyes, and, instead of writing something funny for the "Divan," wrote the above melancholy story.

We experience an urgent necessity to enter a protest against the unwarrantable neglect into which a certain old friend of ours has fallen. We allude to the old stage-nigger, who has, alas! almost faded entirely from the horizon, driven from the high position which he occupied in public favour by an insipid banjo-playing Yankee importation, in whose long-winded songs and guttural whistle we never have yet been able to detect the remotest claim to a smile. And, in defence of the new-fangled introduction, we are told that poor Sambo was an abstraction, a poetical creation, and, save in colour, without a parallel in the negro creation; whereas Jim Crow possesses the advantage of being an exact type of nigger individuality, of holding the mirror up to negro nature. Truly, had we known this to be the case, our fervour in the cause of negro emancipation had suffered considerable diminution; and sure we are that it was under the impression that niggers were the amiable beings which Sambo represents them to be, that John Bull voted his tewnty millions to relieve them from their bondage. Where is the heart that would not soften, where is the breeches-pocket that would not spontaneously unbutton itself on hearing that the amiable Sambo, with his neatly-plaited frill, his tunic of striped cotton, and his dandy red morocco shoes, was pining under the lash of an inhuman task-master? Does not the recollection of the many dull Eastern operas and dreary farces, which he has enlivened with his grotesque antics, and never-varying, though ever-amusing dance, performed by the alternate raising of his hands and feet, come over us, and inspire us with gratitude and pity? Is it not all this that has inspired all the eloquent appeals in favour of black emancipation, from the days of Thomas Clarkson to those of Fowell Buxton? Far different are the feelings with which we are animated when reflecting on Jim Crow. Has he not, from the fatal day when first he was imported to us, through the medium of Mr. Rice, infected every town in the country with a detestable plague? Did not every blackguard little boy, every itinerant organ, wandering clarinet, and peripatetic horn-band commence whistling, bawling, grinding, and blowing their interminable "Jim Crows," "Jim along Joseys," and "Lucy Longs," till every delicate ear cursed all niggers from the bottom of their shattered tympanums, and felt a savage interest in the progress of slave-trading? If these be your realities, give us back our abstraction, we will henceforward abhor the truth touching negro individuality, we will repudiate concrete Yankee Jim Crows, and lull ourselves in pleasant, agreeable, abstract Sambos.

THE SONG OF THE DICKY.

[An able poem entitled the "Song of a Shirt" appeared a few weeks back in the columns of *Punch*, detailing the misery of the un-

fortunate work-woman. The following communication has been dropped into the letter-box of our Divan. It was accompanied by a note detailing the equal misery of the hapless men-about-town, who have not a shirt to sing about, but supply its place by a front, or "dicky;" which is described as a species of linen breastplate tied on with string; and, with the aid of a waistcoat, calculated to deceive the eye of the most wary into a belief that the wearer is enabled to go the entire *corazza.*]

In a garret airy and high,
With features seedy and sad,
Stood a gent in ungentle attire,
For never a shirt he had.
Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Working away like a brick, he
Wash'd his front in a tub,
Singing the song of the dicky.

Scrub! scrub! scrub!
This washing is aught but a treat,
Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Ere I can appear in the street.
'Tis fine to be a swell,
In Chesterfield wrapper so flash,
But the misery who can tell
Of having a dicky to wash?

Oh! men, that admire my air,
And think me exactly the thing,
It is not a shirt that I wear,
But a dicky tied on with string.
Swell! swell! swell!
On poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Still do I try to be a swell,
Although I have never a shirt.

Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Alas, for a long black stock,
Or a gent's new vest with a double-breast,
Which at prying eyes could mock.
Frill, and buttons, and tape,
Tape, and buttons, and frill,
Have got to dry, and be iron'd ere I
Can hear Jullien's new quadrille.

Oh! that a shirt entire
I could on my shoulders fix,
The "striped regatta" at two-and-four,
Or the long-cloth at four-and-six,
Or even the outfit calico,
At a shilling, would make me glad;
But nought have I, even that to buy,
And credit cannot be had.

In a garret airy and high,
With features seedy and sad,
Stood a gent in ungentle attire,
For never a shirt he had.
Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Working away like a brick, he
Wash'd his front in a tub,
Singing this song of the dicky.

PARLOUR MAGIC.

This scientific amusement has lately become so very fashionable that at the request of a talented gentleman, one Mr. Peter Parley, of juvenile celebrity, we are induced to give the following receipt for harmless experiments, which may be performed with simple apparatus, at a comparatively small expense.

To imitate a comet. — Buy a firework called a squib, which costs about one halfpenny at a respectable maker's. Secure it with packthread to the tail of a cat, and light the touch-paper. It will take an eccentric course, and generally bang in the hayloft.

Chemical Transformation.—A small quantity of vitriolic acid thrown over black silk, or satin dresses, will turn them red, and afterwards disappear altogether. It should be done when nobody is looking.

To make a wine-glass fly.—Heat water until it boils, and then pour it suddenly into a glass. It will fly immediately, and divert everybody exceedingly—from what they are about.

Photographic drawing.—Take a common candle, to be procured at any tallow-chandler's. Light it, and place it close enough to the ceiling for the deposition of carbon from the smoke to leave a black mark. By moving the candle about, you may obtain a likeness of your uncle, tutor, or any one else you please. It requires no fixing, and will last a long time.

To produce a liquid from two solids.—Take two decanters, one con-

taining port, and the other sherry. Knock them forcibly several times against each other, and a liquid will be produced.

A trick with cards.— When you pay a visit, and are left alone in the drawing-room, fill your pocket-book from the card-basket. Leave them about at various houses on your way home. It causes great sport.

To make a mimic tempest.—Before the tea-things go out, tie a stout cord across the kitchen-stairs, about nine inches from the ground. Strew orange-peel on the hall-floor, place a tub of water on the first landing; harness the yard-dog to the coal-scuttle; shut the kitten up in the piano; ring the bell for the servants, and then wait for the result.

Amongst the manifold curiosities with which this our Divan is furnished, both animate and inanimate, there is one in particular, of which, as it is at the same time an ornament to its walls, as well as a source of much delight to its inmates, we feel bound in gratitude to give some account. It consists of a complicated piece of machinery, put together with much cunning by a Dutch mechanician, whose name has not been handed down to us, but who, to judge from this specimen of his ingenuity, must have been a man profoundly versed in the abstrusest capabilities of the mechanical art. From its form and general outward appearance, we have agreed by courtesy to call it a clock, although, if the term imply the remotest adaptation to the measurement of time, whether accurately or inaccurately, we have thereby grossly violated the principles of language; for certainly no such intentions could have entered the brain of the aforementioned artist, who appears, on the contrary, studiously to have precluded its appropriation to any such purpose. What particular end he designed it to serve, or whether it was the result of a moment of whimsical inspiration, are questions we cannot, after a careful study of its construction, in any way resolve. It bears, as we have said, no other resemblance to a clock than that of possessing a dial-plate with two hands, a pendulum, weights, and the capability of being wound up, from which moment it loses all identity with any chronometrical construction whatever, and commences a series of complicated evolutions peculiar to itself. To say that it goes wrong would be a libel on all irregular clocks in general; for these are consistent in their irregularity, being either too fast or too slow. Any such general imputation on our friend would be impossible; and the only specimen of horology we know of, that could at all keep it in countenance, is the clock of St. Clement's, with its four dials giving each other the lie, and even they have the merit of sticking to their aberrations for months in sucession.

To give a slight idea of the performances of this *chef d'œuvre* of Dutch mechanism, we will record its proceedings for a day. On winding it up, (which is done as with an ordinary Dutch clock, by pulling down both weights,) and setting it at the right time by the parish clock, which had just struck nine, both weights immediately ran down half way to the ground, and the hands commenced turning round the dial with the rapidity of that little machine carried about by piemen, called a turnabout, while it struck in regular succession thirty-two. Having thus eased itself of its superabundant animal spirits, it subsided into a calmer series of movements, and shortly after sullenly struck one, the hands, be it observed, denoting twenty minutes to three. It then remain-

ed silent for nearly half the day, emitting only now and then a sudden rattling sound, as if endeavouring to imitate a French postilion, until a neighbouring clock struck three, upon which it burst forth into a terrific rattle, and struck eleven, adding one immediately after, as if to correct itself, and then, after mature consideration, struck four as its final verdict.

Such is a sketch of this interesting *lusus ingenii*, to the varied powers of whose machinery the automata of Vancauson and the calculating machine of Babbage must appear as of childish simplicity. For a long time we treated it with contempt as a disorderly clock, until the numerous fruitless essays of divers itinerant Dutchmen to amend its motions opened our eyes to the fact that it was not a clock, but a perfectly distinct piece of machinery, such as was hitherto unparalleled in the history of mechanics. We then turned our thoughts to solve the inscrutable problem of its utility; but, after exhausting our ingenuity with innumerable conjectures, one of which was, that it was probably adapted for the stage, where very long periods of time are required to be compressed into a few minutes, its total inconsistency precluded all such ideas, and we are now content to regard it in a purely œsthetical point of view, intending to bequeath it to the British Museum or the Polytechnic, as a monument of what the Dutch mind is capable of achieving.

The Lounges of a Fashionable Literary Man.

An ingenious nobleman, very popular from a recent novel, has inclosed us the following diary of his week's employment. Addicted to imitation, he has evidently followed the style of an amusing letter which appears every day in the pages of a small periodical, known to the patrons of the drama as *The Theatrical Observer*, and which forms an agreeable *entr'acte* by its advertisements and conundrums.

"TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE DIVAN.

"DEAR FELLOW-LABOURERS,

"Just wish to say a word—beg pardon—hope I don't intrude—but you will excuse me. I have to mention that I have arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, the authors, at one or the other of the grand lounges about town.

"*Monday*.—Stroll into the Reading-room of the British Museum—librarian civil—ask for pen and paper—all sorts of books—make plenty of extracts, and build new novel for my publisher.

"*Tuesday*.—Examine cheap edition of the Waverley Novels at a book-stall—Antiquary, fine work, very graphic descriptions—tear out leaf when nobody is looking, and paste it into my MSS. for printer.

"*Wednesday*.—On my way from Drury Lane, after seeing Charles Kean in the first tragedy I ever wrote, Richard the Third, drop into the Garrick Club. Important man there. Hear jokes and good things from clever members—wrote them all down. Do for my next Christmas piece—wrote all the Christmas pieces, you know, and put them out under false names.

"*Thursday*.—Pay a visit to Jeffs, in the Burlington Arcade.—Dip into new French translation of my 'Vicar of Wakefield'—had a great

run. Find out plots and situations from unknown foreign novels.—New tale of Fashionable Life in my desk—call it 'Vivian Gray'—think it will do for my publisher—yes, certain to do for him, if he takes it.

"*Friday.*—Read the 'Miscellany,'—best thing I ever did by myself,—and then make a new riddle. 'When am I without special attendants?' Answer—When none of my pages are my own.

"*Saturday.*—Attend private reading of my new prize-comedy, which is to get it, at the Haymarket. Think my last novel very like the altar in the Paris catacombs, because it is constructed out of other people's skulls; and make a memorandum that copyright means a right to copy. At night hear Mr. Pettigrew lecture upon a mummy: he says the art of extracting the brains is lost. Do not think so at all myself — can extract the brains of anybody with perfect ease.

"But beg pardon—I intrude.

"Yours very truly,
"NOBILIS."

TO MONSIEUR BAUGNIET,

THE INIMITABLE ARTIST WHO DESIGNS PORTRAITS ON STONE.

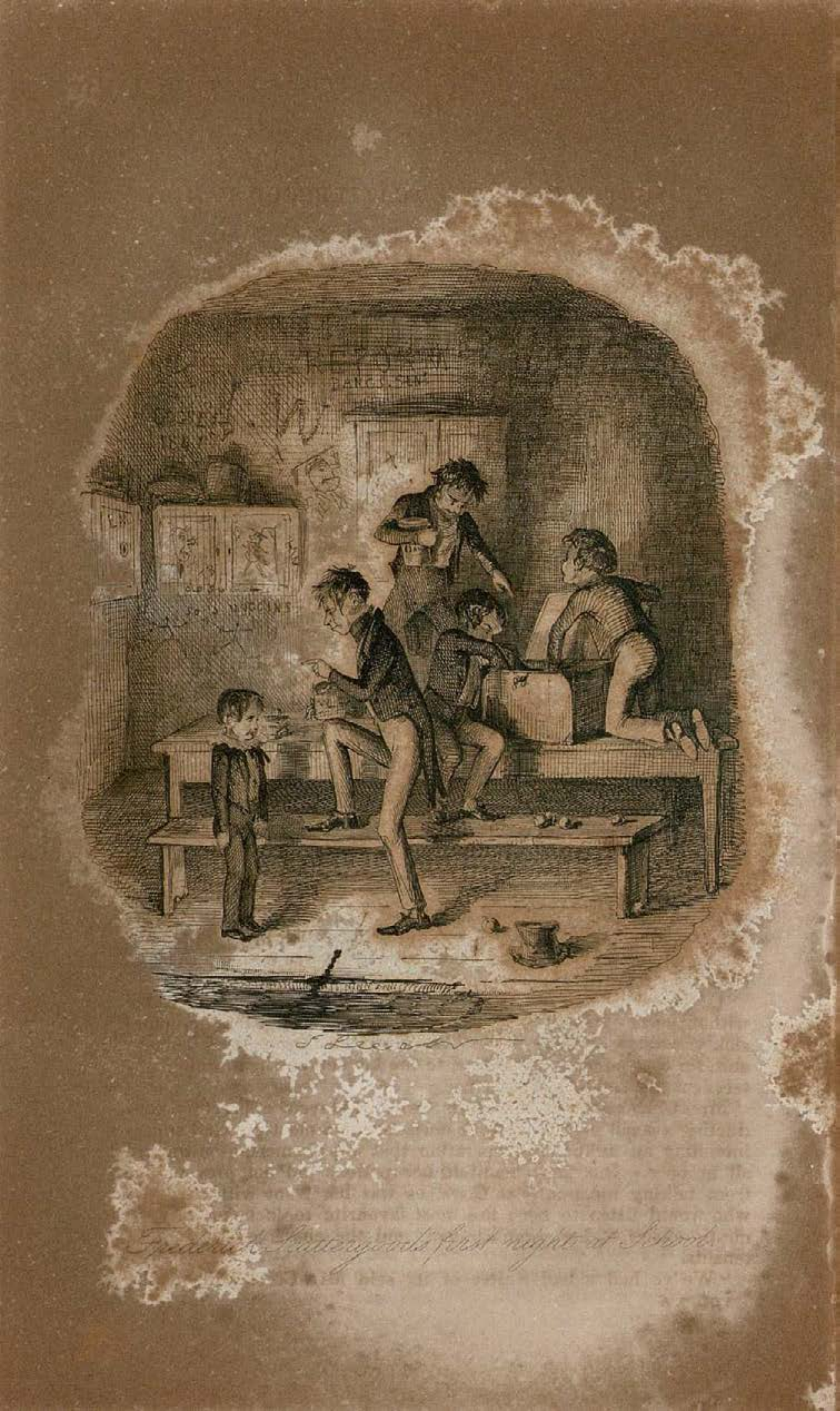
THE poets mythological inform us
That once upon a time—no matter when—
And in the *reign* of some one, an enormous
Overwhelming deluge drown'd the men,
And eke the women—for 'twas such a storm as
We may not *hope* to see agen!
Nay, Father Mathew would have been astonish'd,
For *spirits* fled by water-*spouts* admonish'd.

But one Deucalion and his rib were spared
(We quote still from the same authority),
Though in that world of waters how they fared
For food we know not, unless for it he
Went out a-fishing for his wife, and cared
Nothing at being left in a minority,
"With all the world before them where to choose,"
They felt no want of pumps, and stood in their own shoes.

But wanting company, so we suppose,
He pick'd up certain stones that lay about,
And cast them o'er his head,—while each he throws
Is straight transform'd into a man, as stout
And hardy as a flint,—all well-made beaux!
Who cried, "Long live Deucalion!" with a shout.
Meanwhile his rib young maidens made by dozens,
Who intermarried with the men their—cousins.

You, too, great artist, men from stones produce,
That live and breathe, and really *seem* to speak.
Surely you must have dealings with the Deuce!
Or wondrous Nature, in some playful freak,
Hath gifted you with powers that conduce
To others' joy, and gratitude bespeak;
For ne'er were mortals so portray'd before,
Nor will their love be less when you 're no more.

HAL WILLIS,
Student-at-Law.



Frederick Scattergood's first night at School.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Chicksand's lodgers.—The arrival of Black Monday.

It did not take a very long time to prepare the youngest olive of the Scattergood family for his career at a public school. Clara was indefatigable, relieving her mother of all extra trouble in arranging his wardrobe, purchasing whatever was wanted, and, above all, cheering her brother, and keeping up his spirits by holding forth bright pictures of his approaching change. For Freddy, after the manner of most little boys similarly situated, did not appear to enter fully into the advantages of his position, but was somewhat discontented thereat. In fact, Mrs. Chicksand, who had an eye that penetrated the breasts of her lodgers, as well as their closets and tea-caddies, remarked, that on the following morning he must have left his couch upon the opposite side to that normally appropriated to such a proceeding; which insinuation, meant to convey an allegorical idea of sulks, might be considered as much owing to Lisbeth as himself, inasmuch as he slept in a French bed, which the handmaiden pushed close up to the walls, leaving no choice of sides but the one pronounced the wrong one.

Mr. Scattergood also exerted himself. He took great pains in undertaking to accomplish everything that was of no use when done, and went out-of-the-way distances, as his inclination led him, to procure articles that were not wanted; and, finally, he insisted upon marking all the new linen of his son in an elaborate and minutely-correct manner, with some ink of his own manufacturing, which took one day to make, and another to use, and washed out the first time, without leaving a trace behind. But then it saved the expense of a bottle at the chemist's: it was an indolent occupation that Mr. Scattergood rejoiced in: and it looked as if he was taking a share in the family exertions.

Of course there was to be a cake. Whoever went to school without one? What balm was ever found equal to it for the home-sick yearnings of little boys? Clara undertook to make it herself, and, for that purpose, descended to the kitchen on the morning antecedent to Frederick's departure.

Mrs. Chicksand was there also, fully employed, apparently conducting a small private wash, manufacturing a meat-pie, and superintending an unknown preparation that was simmering on the fire all at once. But these manifold occupations did not prevent her from talking incessantly to Clara, as was her wont with anybody who would listen to her; the most favourite topic being the domestic affairs of her establishment, and the characteristics of her tenants.

"We've had a bad winter of it," said Mrs. Chicksand, as she

screwed the fire-place together, took a glance at the contents of the saucepan, and then shook out a lot of little wet frills and cuffs, and threw them lightly upon one another to await the iron; "a very bad winter, indeed, Miss," she continued, wishing a reply to her remark.

"Very cold, indeed," answered Clara; "but I think that is all over."

And she looked towards the window in confirmation of her remark, where a smoky canary of irregular plumage was disporting in the sun-beam, and very industriously trying to extract nourishment from a knot of wire in his cage, in lieu of a bit of lump-sugar.

"I wasn't complaining of the weather," said Mrs. Chicksand. "I meant it had been a bad time for my lodgings."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mrs. Chicksand," observed Clara. "Were the rooms empty then?"

"Oh, my rooms are always full, thank goodness. Always," responded Mrs. Chicksand, with a firmness of asseveration calculated entirely to scare anybody from daring to think to the contrary, and intended to assure her tenants that they were there located as an especial favour, by a lucky chance that did not happen often, and one which they could not possibly appreciate sufficiently.

"I never knew them empty above a week," continued Mrs. Chicksand, as if she had been upon her oath before the Lord Mayor, or any other sitting magistrate. And then, finding no response to her affirmation, she went on:

"But the lodgers have all been the wrong sort—they did no good for the house—too much in the chop and poultry way. They harricoed all that was left the next day, or briled the legs for breakfast. Give me a joint: that's what I say."

"But it does not suit everybody to have joints always," said Clara, as she quietly continued her employment.

"There it is, Miss," answered Mrs. Chicksand; "but, then, how are the housekeepers to live? As I said to Mrs. Walton, next door, what a 'let' she made with them Pullens — five months, and they never had anything up twice."

"That was very fortunate for Mrs. Walton, of course," said Clara.

"Fortunate, indeed, Miss," replied the landlady; "a heavenly blessing! I never get such catches. Our second floor 's all very well; but Mr. Bodle 's the stingiest person I ever knew. He has a rabbit for dinner, and eats it all; and then buys baked potatoes in the street, and brings them home for supper in his pocket."

"Perhaps Mr. Bodle likes them," said Clara mildly.

"He may, but I don't," said Mrs. Chicksand. "And then he won't dine when Mr. Snarry does, and the fire has to be kept in, on purpose to cook his minikins."

The fire appeared so accustomed to be kept in, and in remarkably small limits too, that this could scarcely be considered as an evil, upon reflection.

"I should be much obliged to you for a larger basin, Mrs. Chicksand," said Clara, wishing to turn the subject.

"Yes, Miss, certainly; but I must get it myself, for Lisbeth 's at the top of the house. Oh, she 's the artfullest hussy, she is. The time she takes making the beds in the front-rooms, and never hears the door, you wouldn't credit: always gaping at the—"

The conclusion of the speech died away in the echoes of the back kitchen; but the hostess returned almost immediately, inquiring,

"What's Master Frederick expected to take with him, Miss?"

"He must have a fork and spoon, I believe," replied Clara, "and half a dozen towels."

"Umph! a pretty thing, indeed. To be left behind him, I presume," said Mrs. Chicksand, with indignation. "Suppose I made a rule for each of my floors to bring six pairs of boots and a coal-scoop, on the same terms,—why, I should get nobody."

Clara thought it more than probable.

"I never submitted to the imposition but once, when my Anna Maria went to a ceremony for young ladies at Balham Hill," continued Mrs. Chicksand. "Take my advice, Miss, and tell your mamma to send the perfect substitute for plate. *I* should."

"I am afraid that would not do," said Clara.

"Oh, it's a fine thing," answered the landlady, "better than Sheffield goods. You wear the silver away from them in a very short time; but you may rub the substitute for ever before you get the silver off that."

And Mrs. Chicksand attacked a small collar somewhat savagely with a flat iron, to give weight to her opinions.

The last thing established was the great treasure of all schoolboys—the box; not the black trunk, with the initials of the owner in brass nails on the top, together with the rusty heads of tacks left behind, when former directions had been torn away, for the clothes; nor the hair-covered ark with the literary lining, dotted over with black barleycorns, for books and supplementaries; but *the* box, *par excellence*—the plain deal cabinet, with the iron-bound corners, japanned lock, and plebeian key. And wonderful were its stores; to pass over the mighty cake which half-filled it, and the pot of jam wedged down upon its new spongy bulk, like a watch-tower on a castle-keep, as things which would be there of course. There was an invalid accordion, with a few notes suffering from croup, a present from Mr. Bodle; and two mystic conjuring tricks, whereby a piece of whip-cord could be drawn through a friend's nose, and a bad sixpence made to appear as though it had melted into dross. The Lothairs and Grindoffs of departed theatres were also included, pasted upon cards of the Infant Orphan Asylum, and weak in the ankles; and there was a box of dominoes, a ball of string, a remarkable collection of seals taken from letters, stored in a tin box with a half-sovereign soldered on to the lid, and a three-bladed knife of the best cast-iron. And, lastly, there was a little red purse, also the product of Clara's industry, through the meshes of which pieces of new money glittered with gratifying brightness; not a great sum, to be sure, but as much as could be afforded, and a perfect fortune to Freddy, increased when his sister quietly added half-a-crown to the contents from her own small allowance, without saying a word to anybody.

At length the day arrived upon which the young pupil was to make his *début* at the public school. A large cab was brought to the door in the afternoon by Lisbeth, who rode in it all the way from the stand, to her great gratification; and, when part of the luggage had been put inside, and part on the box, Mrs. Scattergood and the little fellow entered. Frederick was rather downcast. It was the

first time he had ever been from home; and, in spite of all the received affirmations that the schoolboy's is the happiest scene of life, there are few trials which await us in after periods sharper than that parting,—in comparison with our ignorance of trouble, and inability to bear it, none. The promise of Clara that she would write to him the next day somewhat cheered him; more so than his father's assertion, that Easter would come before he could turn round, which he immediately and practically refuted. But he did not wish Mrs. Chicksand, who waited on the steps, to see that he had been crying; so, as the glass was pulled up, he nodded to her with a smiling face, and then to Clara, who was at the window. The sunshine was, however, very transient,—an April gleam followed by a shower. And then he remained quiet, with his hand within his mother's, until they arrived at their destination, when he again mustered up a little expression of cheerfulness.

The house of the Reverend Mr. Snap was not calculated to enliven anybody whose feelings inclined to despondency. It was situated at the extreme end of a dreary court in the vicinity of the school—a *cul de sac* so narrow that the sun's rays never fell upon the melancholy blue flags that paved it, nor, indeed, anywhere else, except by reflection from the top windows of the opposite houses. It was approached by a gloomy archway, and guarded by an attenuated iron gate, that swung to with a dismal clang after anybody invaded its solemn precincts, echoing up the yard, and announcing the approach of the bold visitor. It held out too little promise even, to allure organs or broom-girls into its gloom; and if they had come, the chances are that the stern cold faces carved on the key-stones over the doors would have frightened them away again. Nor did the boys venture inside the gate to play at pitch-farthing, or three holes; the sound of their own voices frightened them in the dead repose. And so the chief excitement that could be calculated upon by the inhabitants with any certainty was the advent of the milk. A wet Good Friday at Hampstead would have been a scene of wild and delirious gaiety compared to the dejected aspect of College Court. Some secluded localities are spoken of as sleepy-looking places: but this had the stark, gloomy quietude of death.

Mrs. Scattergood and Fred. alighted, and entered the house. There was a short interview with Mr. Snap in his study, in which he spoke much of the judicious selection made by the family in choosing so excellent a school for their son. And then, when the servant and the coachmen had brought up the boxes, and deposited them in the passage in the best possible position they could select for everybody to tumble over them who passed either way, Mrs. Scattergood rose to take her leave. Mr. Snap accompanied her to the door, although Frederick would rather have gone with her alone, for he wished to tell her once more, without Mr. Snap hearing it, to be sure and write to him, for fear she should forget to do so, as she had only been requested fifty times that morning to bear it in mind, and to come and see him soon; and ask him home before long; and not to touch his theatre, which was too large to bring with him, whilst he was away, but to leave everything just as he had seen it last; and to give his love to Clara and his father, and be sure and tell Clara to write too. All these requests were made in the short journey from the study to the street-door, in a very hurried and tremulous little voice, and

most urgently impressed upon Mrs. Scattergood's attention. The reverend gentleman condescended to open the door himself, finding that the servant, for whom he rang when his visitor was about to depart, did not pay any attention to the summons—a circumstance which often happens in many other establishments besides Mr. Snap's, where a moment's reflection would prove how impracticable it was, now that magic has left the earth, for the man who was cleaning knives in his shirt-sleeves and canvas apron, in some secret excavation far below the level of high water in the area-butt, to appear as soon as he heard the bell, — a slave to the ring, — in the perfect costume of his class, spotless and trim as though he were kept for nothing else but the especial service of morning visitors.

Frederick was a long time saying good-b'ye to his mother. No one would have believed those two simple words could have been made to occupy so many seconds in their delivery. He held her hand as though he never wished to let it go from his grasp; and it was not until she had kissed him again and again, and whispered to him to sustain his character of being a man before Mr. Snap, that he allowed her to depart. And even then he would have run after her when she was half-way down the court, to have repeated his farewell, had not Mr. Snap drawn him back, and closed the door. Mrs. Scattergood, who had not ventured to look back, heard its sound; it would be difficult to tell which heart sank most at the noise of its shutting-to, the mother's or her boy's.

The four other boarders, who lived with Mr. Snap, were at afternoon-school, so Frederick was shown into the room appropriated to them, and there left to himself. It was a large, bare, dreary place, with only four moveables of any kind in it, by way of furniture; and these were a long deal table, hacked all over with initials and names, two forms, and the fender. To make the room better adapted to the purposes of study, from the lack of external objects to distract the attention, the lower halves of the windows were painted white; or rather they had been once, but now they were turning to a neutral dirt tint, relieved by various arabesques, stencilled with the finger-nail on their surface, according to the taste of the designer. This appeared usually to be in the vein of imaginative satire, and was principally directed against Mr. Snap, who was more than once delineated in outline as suffering death by hanging, in great bodily agony, and from a gallows fashioned after the one into whose noose Punch prevails upon the jocose turnkey to put his head, in the laudable desire of promoting knowledge by practical demonstration.

The little boy drew his box, which had been taken into the room, towards the fireplace, and sat down upon it. There was no poker to stir the fire into a little more cheerful aspect; and so he contented himself with watching the cinders, as they formed burning caverns and precipices, suddenly tumbling into other forms, through all of which he saw the faces of his mother and sister in every direction. Then he thought how happy he should be if the door opened, and they came unexpectedly to see him, or Clara appeared out of the wall, like the fairy ladies who always befriended youngest sons. How odd it was that he never cared much about talking to her at home! And now he would have given all the contents of his box to have seen her, if only for one minute; nay, Mrs. Chicksand and

Lisbeth would have been welcome visitors, although he had only left them two hours.

The time passed on, and nobody came near him. When the cinders failed to interest him, he walked to the window; but the court looked so dreary, and the grim carved head over the front-door, which was at right-angles with the window, so stern and unfeeling, that he took possession once more of his box. Then it began to get dark; the shadow of the mantelpiece showed itself upon the ceiling; and a man came and lighted a solitary gas-lamp before the door, which looked like a beacon in a desert. At last his spirits broke down, and he began to cry; until finally, resting his cheek against the wainscot at the side of the fire-place, he went fast asleep, and dreamt he was at home.

According to the venerable woodcuts which form the frontispieces to Primers of the dark ages, the paths of learning run through teeming orchards, in which apples predominate; and pleasant pastures, agreeably diversified, and peopled by joyous hoop-trundlers and kite-flyers, in long hair and knee-breeches. If such be the case, what a pity it is that thorns and brambles are allowed, apparently by design, to be planted on every portion of the road, causing so much inquietude to the young traveller, and making him look back upon his journey, when achieved, with anything but pleasurable recollections, or gratitude for the opportunity of accomplishing it.

But possibly all this is right and proper, or it would long ago have been altered. At all events the change would be last grafted on those ancient and time-honoured foundations, where the spirits of the gentle are crushed and broken, or hardened in self-defence, by the overbearing tyranny of those who should be their associates; where the worst dispositions of the bully and school despot are ministered unto and fostered by licensed opportunities; where every sacred feeling of home and affection is jeered at and despised; and the acquirement of one or two defunct, and comparatively useless tongues, — and these alone, — so ill befits the pupil for his future social career, and almost brings him to envy his fellow charity-scholars in eleemosynary garb, the education they pick up from their own institution in the adjoining church alley.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Glenalvon Fogg's drama is rehearsed.

"Behold, how brightly breaks the morning!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg, dramatic author, as he drew back the curtain of faded moreen that hung across the window, and allowed the sun's rays to fall upon a spirited portrait of the only representative of the British seaman, as he appeared when he apostrophized his dear eyes, and made six land-sharks belay who were insulting an unprotected woman.

"Finer than I expected from the fog on the river as I crossed the bridge last night," answered Vincent. "I wonder how the sun can find his way into this place, amongst all those chimney-pots."

"The sun that would not shine as brightly into the humble roof of the industrious artisan as into the gilded halls of the monarch, is unworthy the name of a man, and — no, I don't mean that. How have you passed the night?" inquired the author.

"Oh, very well, I believe," said Vincent unconcernedly, as a matter of course.

"So have I," continued Mr. Fogg. "I had a vision that I was dwelling in marble halls."

"You must have found them very cold at this time of the year," replied his companion.

Mr. Fogg deigned not to reply to this remark, but proceeded to dispatch his breakfast; which he did with the customary appetite attendant upon genius.

The "run" of the pantomime had finished, and, in consequence, the engagement of Vincent as a supernumerary had come to a termination with it; but he still remained with his patron, for Mr. Fogg found him of great service. His knowledge of nautical affairs suggested to the author many startling situations for ends of acts; he also enabled Mr. Fogg to bring them about properly; and as the small sum he had brought to town with him, together with part of his salary, was not quite exhausted, he did not put his host to any extra expense for maintenance. Besides, Mr. Fogg had shadowed forth dim probabilities of procuring him other employment, in a literary point of view, before many more days had passed.

Mr. Fogg, by virtue of his calling, was ever on the hunt for character, and he studied Vincent's closely. But it was too unsettled to turn to any dramatic account. Young Scattergood seldom spoke of his family, scarcely ever of his wish to know where they were located, or to see them; and this betrayed something of a heartless disposition. Yet occasionally touches of a better nature would gleam forth, which were evidences of many good points in his temper of mind, warped, perhaps, and blunted by the manner in which he had been brought up. He was generous, certainly. He did not appear anxious at any time to annoy others, or give pain; and in many instances he had exhibited a nice sense of honour. And yet with all this, his idle recklessness, and careless apathy as to what he was doing, or what became of him, so long as he just supported himself, was likely, favoured by circumstances, to lead him into evils far greater than would have been likely to accrue from a negative condition of his honour or good feeling.

It was the morn of an important day, big with the destinies of Glenalvon Fogg. The production of his drama had been delayed some little time beyond his expectations, in consequence of the performances continuing to prove sufficiently attractive without being changed: but now the treasury of the theatre gave forth an account each night less than the preceding one, and "continued novelty" was decided upon by the management. And so the last rehearsal was called, and the first representation announced for that evening.

It was a marvellous production this new drama of Mr. Fogg's. The heroine, who had a good part, called it "a stupendous piece." The supernumeraries, possibly looking only to the manner in which its wonderful action and situations perfectly obliterated all the cerebral functions of conjecture, simply christened it "a stunner."

The drama was called "The Lee Shore of Life; or, the Main Truck of Happiness;" and was pronounced very effective, and "safe to go." The plot could not be very easily explained. In fact, it was modelled upon the same school as the railway to the antipodes

formerly projected, which, to obviate the discomfort of the passengers coming out feet foremost at the other side of the world, was to hurry them so that they were not to have the slightest idea whether they were upon their heads or their heels. So, in the present case, intense interest, and appalling situations, followed each other with such rapidity that nobody had time to inquire what they were about, or what end they were to answer; which construction the experience of the present day proves to be an excellent plan to go upon, either in dramatic or general literature.

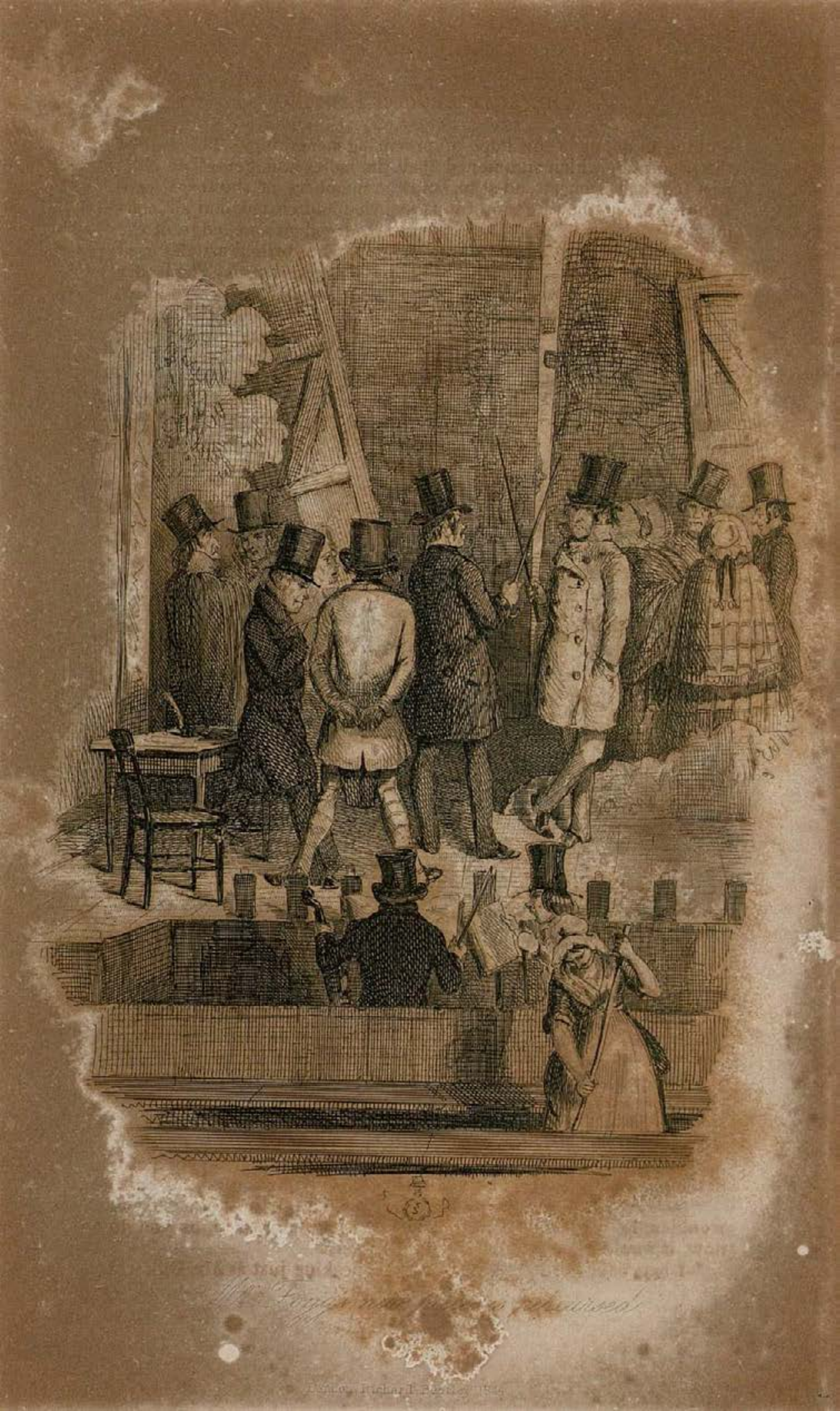
Amongst the characters of the piece, the father, Michael Cottage, "a reduced hay-maker, and one of Nature's aristocracy," had several beautiful passages to deliver; especially where he called his employer "the proud lord, who trampled on that soil which the English peasant loved to cherish." And when this proud lord endeavoured to undermine the affections of Rose Cottage, who was too virtuous to go wrong in the slightest degree, being also in love with Tom Ratline, the nautical hero of the piece, the honest agricultural indignation of the father was absolutely terrific, as he spoke of "the furrows on his cheeks, the harrow at his heart, the noble but profligate rake, ploughing up his bosom, and sowing the seeds of misery in a happy home, a contented, though an 'umble one." Then, by the vile contrivances of the proud lord, the true lover had to go to sea, and at the close the act informed the audience "that Blue Peter was flying at the fore," and was pushed off in a boat upon wheels, waving his hat, and hoping that some friendly ball might lay him low.

In the second act, Tom Ratline was stated by the bills of the day to be "on the blue waters" somewhere a great way off, whereby, as none of the audience knew anything about the manners and customs of the localities, more freedom was given to the fancies of the dramatist. And here he fought natives, and captured buccaneers, and took pirates' strongholds without end; at the same time shivering his timbers so very often that it was a marvel anything beyond splinters of them, wherever they were, ultimately remained.

In the third act, he returned home with a large purse and a small bundle; and providentially arrived the identical night upon which the proud lord had paid a smuggler, Dark Somebody, to carry off Rose Cottage. This led to an awful combat between the smuggler and the sailor, ending in the death of the former, who let out the secret that Tom was heir to the proud lord's estate, having been stolen by him when an infant; and then he saw unpleasant fiends, who came to bear him off to eternal torments. Rose, who remained constant, gave her hand where she could give her heart; the proud lord left the neighbourhood in disgust; and the piece concluded with the reward of virtue, and the information publicly conveyed to the audience, "that although vice may flourish for a time, yet the true tar nails the Union-jack to his figure-head, and clasps the lass that loves a sailor to his heart of oak."

There was, also, a comic cobbler in the piece, with his sweetheart, Peggy Buttercup, who got perpetually jealous. And a murder was introduced in the third act, where the interest was felt to flag; but this last affair was more an episode than part of the plot, except in the great risk which Tom ran of being taken up as the assassin.

Vincent accompanied Mr. Fogg to the theatre, as well from having



nothing to do, as in the hope of procuring something. The call of the prompter, which summoned "all the ladies and gents" at half-past ten, had been attended to, and the members of the *corps* were standing about the stage in groups, shawled and coated, and all looking very cold. A table and chair were placed at one edge of the scene, together with a pen and ink, or rather, mysterious articles used by the prompter, bearing a slight resemblance thereunto. The leader was shivering in the middle of the orchestra, exactly in his own light, which streamed in one long dusty ray from the back of the gallery over the sweepers, who were clearing away the orange-peel; and, violin in hand, was arranging what he termed the "meloses," — the little bits of incidental music to come in when anything interesting took place. As the play was to be produced that night, of course none of the scenery was finished; so the stage was fitted up with half a drawing-room flat, and half a smuggler's haunt, with a ship's bulwark and cannons running across the front, and a grassy bank at the prompt entrance, which looked very like a portable bath in a green petticoat.

Mr. Potter, the stage-manager, was standing with his back to the foot-lamps, talking to everybody at once, now shouting up into the flies, now bawling down to the men under the stage, next rowing the leader, then directing the *tableaux*, and every spare moment hurrying Mr. Traps, the property-man, who kept appearing with wonderful articles to be used in the piece, of every description, apparently made from old band-boxes painted over.

"Good morning, Mr. Fogg," said Mr. Potter hurriedly as the author entered; "we are trying that 'set' in the second act once more. Now then," he continued, clapping his hands as a signal, "back to your places. Mr. Poddy, come lower down; they are all in a heap. Mr. Jones, more to the right, — a little more still, — not so much, — that will do. Recollect you are on the look-out for the schooner. Harris, Croby, F. Croby, and Smith, be ready with the shaking-sea behind the second entrance as soon as the scene opens. No, *no*, NO! What the devil are you there for, Mr. Howard? You must not be discovered until the boarders enter. Now, Mr. Dilk, if you please. What's the cue, Mr. Groove?"

"A rough night of it," answered the prompter.

Mr. Dilk put his hands into the pocket of his wrapper, and leaning indolently against part of the proscenium, exclaimed in a careless, hurried manner, with great nonchalance, and with an utter disregard of any stops or emphasis,

"She walks the waters like a blazing cloud. Ha! a flash! damnation! our bowsprit's flying in the breeze! up with the black flag; run out the guns! Brandon, Maltravers, Wilson, to your posts, and fight like tigers! death or victory!"

"Report of a gun, I think, Mr. Groove, after 'blazing cloud,'" observed Mr. Fogg.

"Quite right, sir," returned the prompter, making a note of the occurrence, to be executed at night upon the fine sheep-skin ordnance, like a Brobdignagian tambourine, which hung over his box.

"Silence, ladies, if you please," exclaimed Mr. Potter; "if you would only talk half as loud when you are wanted to, as you do now, it would be much better for everybody."

"I beg your pardon," said Vincent, speaking just as Mr. Dilk was

going on again; "but is not the pirate supposed to be chased by another vessel?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Potter sternly, as much as to say, "What the devil have you to do with it?"

"Well, then; I don't very well see how his bowsprit can be hurt by a gun from the schooner."

"Where would it be, then, sir?" asked Mr. Potter, perfectly astonished at a supernumerary giving so cool an opinion. "I believe Mr. Fogg knows a *little* of nautical business; perhaps you can teach him still better. Pray, where would it be, I ask again?"

"Where you would most probably be wounded when you went into action," answered Vincent, with a little sarcasm, at which "all the ladies and gents" tittered, and the prompter tried to mend his pen with a chisel, that was lying amongst some carpenter's tools at his side.

"Mr. Scattergood is not far from the mark," observed Mr. Fogg.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Mr. Potter, very angry; and, although surprised at the freedom of a super., was still more astonished to hear such a person as an author speaking his mind in a theatre.

"I did not allude to yourself, Mr. Potter," replied Mr. Fogg, with humility. "But, of course, the gun would not hit the prow; be good enough to substitute stern for bowsprit, Mr. Dilk."

"Tafferel's better," remarked Vincent shortly.

"Tafferel's a good word," continued Mr. Fogg; "mark that down, if you please, Mr. Groove. "Her tafferel's flying in the breeze."

"Who runs the schooner on to the pirate?" asked the stage-manager.

"I do, sir," said a diminutive scene-shifter, in a paper cap.

"Go a-head, then," answered Mr. Potter; "we sha'n't have finished when the doors open. Halloo, there, Jackson!" and he shouted up to the flies; "send down the schooner, if Mr. Brush has finished it."

"Look out below!" said a voice in return, as a profile ship, or rather the bows of one, was slung down from the clouds, and taken to its place.

Mr. Fokesel, the delineator of the British tar, now leaped down from the schooner on to the deck of the pirate, and commanded Mr. Dilk to avast. He was habited in a white coat of by-gone fashion, with a little cape, and did not look much like a sailor, in his private dress.

Mr. Dilk, who did not seem at all inclined to avast, although ordered to do so with great force, answered in the same quiet and unconcerned manner:—

"Never! the child of ocean loves the dark-blue waters; dare to advance another step, and a trusty comrade fires the magazine, and blows us altogether to perdition."

"Surrender," said Mr. Fokesel, in mild tones, almost confidential.

"Never," replied Mr. Dilk, with the same *sangfroid*, as he quietly took his hands out of his pockets, and walked towards Mr. Fokesel.

"Never," uttered with great emphasis, is generally the signal for a combat, especially when it follows such phrases as "Villain! release that lady!" — "Let go your hold, I tell you!" — "Yield, mis-

creant!" or any other energetic command that the other party does not see the urgent necessity of complying with. A combat was therefore now coming on, and Messrs. Dilk and Fokesel commenced rehearsing it.

It was not, however, very dreadful to look at, although it was to come out uncommonly strong at night. Both the gentlemen had walking-sticks,—the majority of actors at minor theatres incline to them, and affect their use,—and these supplied the place of other weapons. Mr. Dilk put his left hand back again into his pocket, as it was rather cold, and then began to fight.

"Now, then, Fokesel," he exclaimed, as they crossed their sticks very quietly, as though they were fearful of injuring them. "One—two—three—under: one—two—three—over: that's it. Go on, and now come over here."

"Robber's cut, I think, here," replied the other, counting up to twelve. "Now—*primes*—that's it—sixes."

"Guarded thrusts all across the stage, and back. We had better try it over again to the music."

The leader took his violin, and the fearful struggle was repeated to the ennobling solo, in the same subdued and gentlemanly manner. When finished, it was pronounced likely to prove very effective, in which opinion the author and the combatants so exactly coincided, that they partook of a hard biscuit and a glass of brandy-and-water together, to evince their mutual satisfaction.

"Now we want somebody to hang from the rope, and be shot down by Mr. Dilk."

"I can do that," said Mr. Dilk eagerly.

"No; you have your celebrated fall in the third act," said Mr. Fogg. "Besides, how can you shoot yourself down? I think Mr. Scattergood is the man to do it. Can you hang, my friend?"

"I can hang to anything," said Vincent.

"I have no doubt you can," observed Mr. Potter, (who had not forgotten the sarcasm), with great meaning, looking at the prompter, as much as to say, "I think I had him there—rather."

Nevertheless, Vincent was very valuable upon the present emergency, and he was forthwith engaged again on the instant. And then he proceeded to rehearse the business of the situation, and led the boarders from the schooner, which was done by getting up a pair of steps behind it, and leaping down in front.

The boarders were a remarkably curious band. From their general physiognomy, they might have been considered half-boarders; and, as they now came down one after another, there certainly was not much in their appearance calculated to appal the pirate; for they were men of mild deportment, arrayed in modest costume: the dark Berlin gloves with the ventilating fingers, and ill-conditioned wrapper, that had seen much worldly buffeting and trouble, as well as days gone by, pronounced superior to the present, were theirs. Theirs, in social life, was the go of gin and mystic screw, whose deep enigma they alone could solve; to them did the wardrobe adjudge its oldest russet-boots and strangest-waisted tunics for their histrionic existence; for their refreshment, in particular, were the gilded claret-jugs and *papier machée* apples provided at the banquets; for on apples and gilded claret-jugs alone do stage-guests at mighty festivals revel and make merry.

At last, after four or five hours' waiting about on the cold stage, repeating, altering, cutting, and interpolating,—knocking up "carpenters' scenes," where there was scarcely time to arrange everything behind for the change,—making sure that the raging billows were in good order, — grouping the grand situations, — sinking the ship to Davy Jones's locker, which was the dry, well-lighted underfloor of the stage; after all this, the rehearsal came to a conclusion, and the different performers were agreed to be as tolerably perfect as is usual upon the average of first representations.

It was Monday evening, sacred to the pits and galleries of transpontine theatres. Mr. Fogg, as he left the house with Vincent, observed that knots of holiday-makers were already collecting round the doors, to wait for front places attendant upon their patience. He scanned their faces with a critical eye; for upon their verdict did the fate of his drama depend. They looked good-tempered, and he rejoiced.

"A month's run as a first piece, and a fortnight at half-price," said Mr. Fogg, "would benefit both my reputation and my coffers. At present, my purse is trash."

"I have also got an interest in its success, now I am engaged again," returned Vincent, as he accompanied his patron towards a modest eating-house; for they had not time to go home.

"The dilemma was fortunate for you," said the author; "but I am sorry you upset Mr. Potter. You may be certain he will get rid of you as soon as he can do so, plausibly. What shall you do then?"

"Trust to chance," replied Vincent. "At present I am Fortune's shuttlecock."

CHAPTER X.

The first day at Merchant Tailors'.

Frederick slumbered away his sorrows, until his three or four fellow-pupils returned from school; and then he was aroused somewhat suddenly by a volley of caps discharged simultaneously at his head. He started up, and was greeted by a loud laugh from his future companions.

"How do you do, sir?" said one of them, with much politeness, making a low bow. "I'm afraid we have disturbed you."

"Who are you?" asked the second; "the new fellow that Snap expected?"

"Frederick Scattergood," returned the pupil, much alarmed.

"My Jove! won't you find him a trimmer, that's all," continued the other.

"You'll take cold, my man," said the biggest of the party, picking up an old hat, and putting it on Freddy's head. "What a nice little boy!" he continued, giving it a thump on the crown, and knocking it down over his eyes.

"Oh! leave him alone, Gogsley," cried the first speaker, with affected commiseration. "He's a little mammy-sick at present. You want to go home, love, don't you, to dear mamma?" he continued, pulling the hat from his eyes, and kicking it across the room.

"Hold up your head like a man," cried Gogsley, seizing hold of

Frederick's hair, and pulling him back by it, as though he would have torn out a handful. "Let 's see what you 're like."

"You hurt me very much," cried Frederick, under the torture. "Please, sir, leave go my hair."

"What will you give me to let go, then?" said his tormentor.

"Anything you like, sir, that 's in my box," replied the little fellow, very meekly.

"And where is your box?"

"I 'm sitting on it," was the answer.

"Well, get off it, then," exclaimed Gogsley, pushing him off upon the ground. "Now, you fellows, cribby first choose, and feign smuggings."

They lifted the box on to the table, and then made Frederick who was beginning to cry very piteously, open the lock. The first thing they saw was the accordion, which Mr. Bodle had given him, and which Gogsley directly seized on, holding up at arms' length, and shouting out,

"*Quis?*"

"*Ego!*" cried the other three all at once.

"Yours, Plunkett," he exclaimed, handing it over to a genteel-looking youth, in broad lay-down collars, who directly commenced a very rapid fantasia upon it, introducing no particular air, which terminated in putting several of the notes entirely *hors de combat*.

The cake was the next object of attraction, with its fortress of jam on the top. Gogsley thrust his finger through the paper covering, and, when he had discovered what it was, appropriated it to himself, by carrying it to his locker; whilst another boy, named Marston, pulled out the cake, and tossed it up to the ceiling, catching it like a ball as it descended.

"Who made this cake? Is it good?" asked Marston.

"Clara—she 's my sister," returned Frederick.

This reply immediately gave rise to a series of questions from all the others as to how old Clara was, what she was like, if she was pretty, what colour her eyes were, when she would call to see him, and which of them he thought she would fall in love with; all which inquiries Frederick answered to the best of his ability, consistent with his endeavours to avoid giving offence to any of them.

At six o'clock five large cups of a very remarkable infusion, humorously called tea, the first pleasantry that any one of a jocular disposition would have detected in the proceedings of the establishment, was brought up for their refection. The scholars were provided with tea, to impress them with a proper notion of the importance of the noble institution they were members of, as contra-distinguished to the plebeian milk and water of common academies. There was also some substantial slices of bread, with thin veneers of butter on their surface, which were mainly instrumental in the disappearance of Frederick's jam, of which he never partook; for his spirits were too low and broken to allow him to eat.

As soon as this meal had finished, the others took very little more notice of him, but left him sitting by the fire, whilst they began their exercises for the following day; varying their studies by incidental combats relative to the proximity of the candle, which Gogsley insisted upon having close to himself. For Gogsley had an imposition,—an hundred lines of the first Æneid to transcribe,—which

he informed Freddy would be his especial task in future, but that at present he was too great a fool to undertake it.

All this went on with little variation until about half-past eight, when they were told it was time to go to rest. Frederick found that he was to share his bed with Plunkett, which somewhat comforted him, as he was more quiet and civil in his manner than Gogsley; for Gogsley was, in every sense of the word, a bully. He was idle, overgrown, and ignorant. He delighted to inflict punishment with knotted handkerchiefs and the buckle ends of straps, or with his fists upon the twisted arms of his victims, hectoring over all those who were too mild or defenceless to resist or to attack him again, and cringing, in an equal degree, to those who were his superiors in brute strength alone; for in intellect nearly all surpassed him.

There were three cheerless beds in the attic, to which the boys now ascended. Beyond these, the room boasted little more furniture than the one below. Freddy felt very miserable, and quite worn out; he undressed quickly, and was getting into bed, when Gogsley told him that he must wait until the last, and put out the candle. And, as that amiable young gentleman did not hurry himself, the new pupil remained for a quarter of an hour shivering in the cold, perched on the top of his clothes-trunk at the foot of his bed, and embracing his knees, in the attitude of little boys on the bank of a river, inquiring how warm the water was, whilst their trembling companions, already immersed, and scarcely able to speak for frigidity, gasp out, "B-b-beautiful!"

"Halloo, Plunkett, you 've caught it to-day. How did you like it?" said one of the others, named Jollit, a small boy with a large head, who was constantly talking of what his brother Joe could do.

"What 's that to you, Cashbox?" was the reply

This sobriquet was applied to Jollit, because his friends were in trade in the city. The others were sons of gentlemen.

"I don't care for that, nor as much again," continued Plunkett, looking over his shoulder at two livid weals that sloped across it. "By Jove! wasn't Rasper in a rage! He split his cane right up."

"Would you sooner have a licking or an impo?" asked another.

"A licking, I should think," said Plunkett; "that 's soon over; but an impo may keep you in all the evening. There 's two hundred lines knocked into two. I don't care for the cane a bit."

And he laughed as he regarded the blue stripes across his back.

"You 're quite hardened to it," said Gogsley. "Your hide 's as tough as a donkey's, from constant thwacks."

"I wish mine was," said Jollit. "He hurt me jolly yesterday, and made my hand bleed, breaking a chilblain. Isn't that bad?"

"Serves you right," said Gogsley. "Gentlemen never have chilblains. Now, you new boy, shove out the light."

Frederick put out the candle, and got into bed, contriving, after a little tearful rumination, to go to sleep, even on the nine inches of space, half sacking half mattrass, to which Plunkett drove him. Had he been chummed upon any of the others, Gogsley would have doubled them up in the bedstead, which was a turn-up one; but Plunkett's arm was rather powerful, strong enough to enable him to vindicate the truth of his favourite declaration, that he never stood any nonsense. So the tormentor thought it best not to put this piece of practical humour into action upon the present occasion.

The next morning broke cold and dark. The light came creeping through the windows, as though some magic power had changed the panes of glass to a dirty orange colour during the night. Without, there was a dense city fog, so thick and dismal, that the chimes of the nearest church in Thames Street could hardly get through it, but fought for every inch of murky atmosphere, and hung upon its ropy volumes as if they had been a part and parcel of it.

The boys appeared to awake by common consent all at the same moment, and then grumblingly turned out of bed. Gogsley was the last, because he waited until he had made Frederick spread his counterpane upon the floor for him to stand upon whilst he dressed; for there was not a trace of carpeting in the room, not even a slip at the side of the beds.

"There's no water again in the jugs," said Plunkett. "Whose turn is it to go down after some?"

"Oh, the new fellow's, of course," said Gogsley. "Now, young one, look alive, and cut down to the kitchen. Take both the jugs."

"I don't know where to go, sir," answered Fred.

"You'll find out fast enough," replied the bully; "or if you don't I'll teach you. Follow your nose down stairs. Now—what are you waiting for? Do you want to be started?"

Frederick would have said that he had no slippers, and they had left their shoes down stairs to be blacked; but Gogsley began to twist a towel to "flick" him with, as he termed it; so the young scholar hurried out of the room, and pattered with his naked feet down the cold stone stairs.

It was nearly dark in the kitchen, and the servants had not risen. As he timidly pushed open the door, a huge cat sprung from the dresser, and rushed past him, knocking down a glass jug in her progress, and breaking it to atoms; and one or two dissipated black beetles, who had been keeping festival all night, scuffled off to their holes, running over his feet in their anxious hurry at being caught upon the loose at such an advanced hour. But the dread of punishment up stairs overcame his fright at these visitants, and he filled his jugs at the cistern, and crept back again, cold and wretched, but not sorry to escape from the close mingled odour of sulphurous vapour and small beer, which kitchens generally give forth at these untimely periods of the morning.

The toilets did not occupy much time, and in another quarter of an hour they left Mr. Snap's house for the school. Fires were gleaming down some of the areas in the court, and forges on the bottom floors of the Thames Street warehouses, blazed ruddy and bright in the cold dark morning. How comfortable the workmen looked! How Frederick envied the very servants he saw through the windows, and almost wished that he was one of them.

As they plunged deep into the narrow thoroughfare, the fog appeared condensed in proportion. The street-lamps, which were still burning, changed from the vivid jet of flame into large, dull masses of reddish light; and the rumbling of wheels, and oaths of sable coalheavers; the lurid gleams streaming across the road at various openings; and the long descending passages to places lost in gloom and distance, altogether formed a very fair representation of what the entrance to the infernal regions is described to be by those poets of lively imagination who have been there.

"There!" said Gogsley suddenly, after a rapid examination of his strap of books, and pockets, "I have left my imposition behind me."

"Then I wouldn't be in your boots," said Plunkett, "although they are real Wellingtons. "You must look sharp if you want to save prayers."

"Here, new fellow! Scatterbrains, — what 's your name?" cried Gogsley, turning to Fred. "You must go back after it."

Frederick in vain pleaded ignorance of the way. Gogsley promised to mark a map of it on his shoulders with his strap if he did not start immediately, so he was compelled to go back.

He was some time finding out the house. He turned up a wrong lane, and got into a labyrinth of lofty woolstores and warehouses, where everybody appeared too busy to answer his inquiries. At last he came by chance to a dismal churchyard, that he recollected passing, one enormous reeking dead-pit, whose limits bulged out with repletion, and over which the gravestones rose up in the gloom, like the ghosts of those beneath, waiting for the real light of morning to drive them back again to their foul tenements. Guided by this spot, he reached the entrance of the court, and got to Mr. Snap's door. Here there was another delay of some minutes, until the servants came down; and then more time was consumed in looking after the imposition in Gogsley's locker, where at length they found it, and he started off again.

A clock struck the quarters as he left the house. Once—twice—thrice—four times! It was eight o'clock, and he would be late at the school. He set off running as fast as he could, and following the road to the best of his recollection, was scarcely three minutes in reaching Merchant Tailors'.

The great door was open, and he went quickly up the staircase. Here there was little doubt about where to go, the only other place he could get to being the gloomy cloisters. But everything was quite quiet; so different to what he expected it would be in such a large school. When he got to the landing he found the door shut; but, peeping through a hole hacked with a knife, he could see a vast hall, lined on each side by boys standing up, and holding lighted tapers, and in the middle, one was kneeling down upon one knee, reading prayers. In about a minute the door was opened.

"What 's your name?" said one of the scholars, who was standing at the door.

Frederick told him, with great respect.

"That will do," said the other, writing it down.

"Am I too late, sir?" asked the little fellow, timidly.

"Don't you see you are?" said the other. "You will not be thrashed until after breakfast this morning."

Before Freddy could recover from the fright into which this announcement threw him, Gogsley came up for his imposition; and then told him to sit on the first form.

"I am going to be beaten, sir," said Frederick, as he gave him the papers.

"Then you ought to have been quicker," said Gogsley. "Never mind; you will be bumped against the new boys' pillar in the cloisters at breakfast time, and that will prepare you for it."

The classes were here called up, and Frederick was left by himself, in great distress, at the end of the form.

THE EVE OF ST. ANDREW.

A LEGEND OF MODERN GERMANY.

Herman Müller had studied at Jena with some distinction; but want of means had terminated somewhat abruptly his academical career. Whereupon he travelled for some years as a "poor peripatetic;" that is, with his small bundle of necessaries at his back, a stick in his hand, and a meerschaum in his mouth, clad in a light green frock-coat, dark trousers, and wearing the cap of his club, he had trudged stoutly over the greater part of Germany and France, subsisting on the alms of such as respected the single-hearted purpose which sent him on his travels. That purpose was to increase his store of available knowledge, when, the days of early youth being passed, he must "do something for himself." It is proper to state, that this custom of travelling upon charity supposes no degradation in the class of students to which Müller belonged. On the contrary, it is merely the application of a liberal and enlightened theory, which in Germany recognises the right of young men of taste and thirst for knowledge to feed their salutary impulses at the public expense; and there are few Germans who turn away from the plea of the "armer reisender," though that plea is never urged with the whine of a beggar, nor with the smallest dereliction of self-respect.

These were trying days to an honest man, as poor Müller often confessed to me. But I would rather pass lightly over his earlier career, and present him in the full blaze of successful and well-merited employment, at the time when I made his acquaintance, some years ago, in Saxony. At this time his fame was established as a pains-taking and skilful tutor, and as a person possessed of many accomplishments besides. He could now speak French and English, not only with remarkable purity, but with singularly happy accent. He was musical, of course, and, of course, had a theoretic knowledge of painting.

In person Herman Müller was of that peculiar height and conformation so common to his countrymen, which, though neither short nor clumsy, is certainly not tall nor elegant. He was not exactly active nor exactly strong in any pre-eminent point of view. His frame was too loosely knit together, containing, nevertheless, the elements, the *disjecta membra*, both of activity and strength. If I add that his hands and feet were large, though not badly shaped, I shall have said enough to describe my tutor as he really was, the type of a very numerous creation in his father-land.

But the countenance! the frontispiece, the *os hominis* sublime! Fancy a long, irregularly-shaped face, of a palish red colour, illuminated by small eyes of the same hue, adorned by what we expressively term a bottle-nose, and surmounted by thin spare locks of whitish hair. The mouth was the redeeming point; it was thin-lipped and well-marked, though large, and displayed a faultless range of teeth. The effect of the whole was, that Müller was plain; but the effect ordinarily produced by a transient observation was, that Müller's face was ugly in repose, and good-looking when he smiled.

Such in person, position, and acquirements was my German tutor, opposite to whom, one stormy night, in the stormy winter of 183–, I

sat in the best lodging Dresden then afforded, the warm porcelain stove between us, on the projection of which rested, from time to time, our glasses of very stiff punch. Each puffed away zealously at his pipe, my friend preferring a meerschaum, elaborately coloured by the use of canaster, I entering into the spirit of a cherry-sticked terra-cotta bowl, fragrant with the perfumes of Turkish.

"I know not," said Müller, after a pause of half a pipe, "that I ever related to you, my honourable friend, the incidents of a most remarkable execution that I once witnessed at Weimar, many years ago; incidents with which I was accidentally connected, and an execution of which I may be said in some sort to have been the originating cause."

These observations were made *apropos* to an execution of a soldier for numerous highway robberies, and more than one murder, which had that day taken place, and which we had been lazily and fragmentally commenting upon, in the intervals of a fresh pipe or a glass of punch.

"No," I replied, "I never heard a word of the circumstance you refer to. But, if you will let me re-fill my pipe, and if you will first replenish your own beaker, you may fire away till midnight if you please; and the more startling the details, the better it will suit the weather. Did you ever hear of such a storm since the night the Winter-King escaped from Prague?"

"The night is suitable, doubtless, to what I have to tell you. It is also St. Andrew's Eve; and I fear believers will find it inconvenient to exercise their faith in the good saint's powers and privileges amidst such wind and rain as this."

"What privileges, my dear professor?—and who on earth is St. Andrew?"

"St. Andrew," replied Herr Müller, with the complacent smile of a rationalist, "is no longer on earth, if he ever was there. Our ancestors have sent him to a better place, as you may perceive by his prefix. Meanwhile he exercises no ordinary influence over youthful minds to this day, but not, that I am aware of, on any other night than this. Time was, I bowed to that influence myself. It was a delusion certainly, out of which I was roughly awakened."

Here my friend closed his lambent eyes, reclined in his chair, and smoked earnestly in silence.

"In the name of all the saints, my dear professor," exclaimed I, after a pause of some minutes, "be so good as to explain what all this has to do with your promised narrative of an execution at Weimar."

"The sad and tragical occurrence which I am about to bring before you," he replied, "is, in its more prominent parts at least, well known to all Germany. Romantic as it may seem, it is an actual and positive fact."

This exordium completely aroused me; pipe and punch were forgotten; the very storm howled down the narrow street unheeded. Pausing to trim his meerschaum, the professor seemed to collect himself for the task he had assumed; then, after a vigorous puff, as if his energies were revived by the circling cloud, he thus commenced his tale.

"You are aware that I was educated at the university of Jena. After the campaign of 1806, when Prussia received that rapid and stunning blow, which at once, and for some years, levelled her to the ground, the universities, though not formally closed, presented a very

different aspect to what they had worn in their palmy days. The times were by far too agitated for the repose of the cloister, or even the comparative excitement of the lecture room. To a certain extent, therefore, the students were removed altogether; and to such as remained, other studies were, I believe, proposed than are to be found in the usual routine of academical education. In a word, they were united into a political confraternity, and applied their energies to the difficult problem of raising their beloved father-land from a state not merely of defeat and humiliation, but of the most grinding and vexatious oppression.

"At this crisis an association was formed, and rapidly matured, having the above object in view. By whom it was originated is not accurately known, though the wisest and best of that day were its undoubted and prominent members. When I mention the Tugendbund, there occur to us the names of the patriotic Scharnhorst, the scientific Gneisenau, the able and fearless Genz. Distorted by unworthy hands, and even depraved by base and calculating spirits, as this society has undoubtedly been, I affirm that it was pure at its birth, and even holy in its design.

"Among the youth of Germany the Tugendbund had prodigious success, and to them it particularly appealed. Its secrecy, the mystic nature of its more mechanical portion, and perhaps, above all, the danger attending it, found responsive chords in the hearts of young men disposed to the very influences here called into play. That much of the society's external rites, and especially the rite of initiation, was adapted to the express purpose of captivating the enthusiastic youth of Germany, I am, on reflection, inclined to believe.

"It may be supposed that, simply patriotic as the design of this society was at its outset, it was impossible to look very narrowly into the real character and disposition of every agent it employed. Perhaps upon this point it was too lax. At any rate, vast numbers of ambitious, and not a few vicious men, had the art to become not merely members, but important movers in the affairs of the secret committee. This committee, itself sitting at Berlin, affiliated with various sub-committees throughout Prussia, Westphalia, and Saxony. In the south of Germany the Tugendbund, though not wholly powerless, was comparatively inactive. The sub-committees, usually situated in capitals or important towns, were always presided over by a member of note appointed by the central committee, and the distinction conveyed with it no small influence and authority among the Associates. Women were not excluded from the Tugendbund; for it was found that their influence with the youth might be profitably turned to account.

"Thus stood matters in northern Germany in the year 1812, the year of Napoleon's Russian campaign. In the spring of that year I arrived at Leipsic, tired of a rambling and useless life, and, impelled by the failing state of my slender resources, to seek for some permanent employment. In Prussia this was a hopeless endeavour; every avenue to honourable exertion was effectually closed by the tyranny of French supervision, the very army being limited to a fixed, and that inconsiderable, number. Saxony, which had suffered much, and not the less for her forced and unnatural alliance with Napoleon,—a Mezentian embrace of the quick and dead,—Saxony still preserved intact her university, round which were grouped, even in those stormy times, the literary characters of the age. There might, I conceived, be some

small employment for one 'litterulis satis imbutum,' sufficient to supply his simple wants.

"The year 1812 was to witness an universal, but still concealed agitation, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Napoleon was no longer at hand. With predestined temerity, he had cast himself and his waning fortunes on the snows of Russia, and all Europe held its breath awhile, before echoing back the general hurra which burst forth as he retreated from Moscow!

"Such being the case, I had not long taken up my abode, humble as that was, in a retired street within the suburbs of Leipsic, before I received a visit from an agent of the Tugendbund. It is not important to state what his arguments were, or how I resisted them. For the present I declined initiation, and was left for the present to myself.

"I will frankly confess to you, that at this moment my views on public matters were vague and undecided. I felt unwilling to stand committed to any particular plan of action, though the end in view had my fullest assent. I determined, before I adopted the projects of any section of my countrymen, however powerful, to enter more into society than I had hitherto done, and judge of public men, or men who desired to be such, so far as lay in my power, by the aspect they presented in private life.

"The president of the Leipsic committee of the Tugendbund, as I was informed by the agent who visited me, was Theodore Palm. The name will recall to you the story of the unhappy bookseller of Nuremberg, who by the orders of Napoleon had been perfidiously executed as a traitor, a few years previously, for circulating among his countrymen the patriotic effusions of Genz. That was not only an unhallowed act, but in every way impolitic and ill-advised. The murder (for so it was considered) of Palm roused the whole German nation beyond the limits of their ordinary forbearance, and vengeance was ardently invoked against this modern Nero, already deeply sunk in public opinion by the execution of the Duke d'Enghien. Theodore Palm was, or professed himself to be, a near relation of the patriotic bookseller, and in that character attracted much public sympathy. No man more vehemently denounced French insolence and tyranny than Theodore; no man more fluently appealed to the slumbering energies of his countrymen, or more confidently predicted a national regeneration. Gifted with great eloquence, and no ordinary talents, he superadded a winning softness of address, an insinuating demeanour, which adapted itself to every shade of character. Hence it happened that, though not absolutely popular, (for there was something about Theodore Palm too pliant and smooth for our German notions of honesty and good faith,) he was sufficiently influential with all classes to mingle in all their counsels, and had procured himself to be nominated president of the Leipsic committee of the Tugendbund, with the reputation of an adroit, though somewhat tortuous, politician.

"Nothing could be more vague than the received information respecting the means and profession of the man I am describing. One thing only was notorious, his passion for collecting books. Of these he had got together an enormous number, including many choice works and rare editions. It was presumed, therefore, that Palm was rich. On the other hand, his housekeeping was moderate, his appearance

mean, even for a professor. But Palm professed nothing,—he lectured on no science,—he developed no lecture-room theory.

"I have but one more peculiarity to notice in Theodore Palm. It was indeed a peculiarity in this ordinary—very ordinary-looking man, to possess a daughter of surpassing and enthralling beauty; yet so it was. Louise, the only child of her widowed father, shed grace and gentle interest over his worldly and scheming life, and walked with him the thorny road he selected, in purity and love, as ministering spirits are said to attend their fallen brethren in the flesh, sadly patient of folly, and selfishness, and sin.

"Chance threw me in the way of Louise Palm, and I cultivated her acquaintance; for I was attracted less by her beauty than by the singleness of character for which she was indeed conspicuous. In her, one absorbing passion, intense love of her suffering, fallen country,—pure, uncalculating patriotism,—burnt steadily with such a holy fire as the vestals watched of old. And there was this remarkable difference between Louise and girls of her age, that whereas they may be generally said to seek a lover in every man, she only thought whether her influence might not add other arms to the host that, in silence and secrecy, were gathering around the furled standards of the beloved father-land. That such a purpose might not give *character* to her beauty, and so far enhance it, I am not prepared to deny; but I am sure that many a youthful student, who first sang the praises of Louise Palm, ended by enrolling himself in some patriotic band.

"She was incomparably lovely, that fair Louise! I cannot hope to place her sweet face before you, my young friend; for the rarer sort of beauty may possibly be painted, but assuredly not described. So that when I tell you she was of the middle height, that her face was oval, her hair light brown, her complexion soft and clear, that her eyes were tremulously full of gentle or fervid feeling, as her mood dictated, I leave you to fill up this imperfect sketch from your own reminiscences. Louise has been compared to Sappho, to Cynthia, and to many other heroines and goddesses, equally contradictory. Since the days I am describing, I have read with pleasure the works of your Walter Scott, and, if I have dwelt with peculiar zest on the better part of the character of Flora Macdonald, it is because I have fancied considerable resemblance to exist between *that* and the ardent and devoted, yet still womanly, temperament of Louise Palm.

"Vanity first brought me, an unworthy captive, to the feet of this high-souled girl. She was a reigning toast in Leipsic, and she sought me out. Of personal attractions I am not conscious ever to have been possessed, at any rate not in any remarkable degree: and for the society of ladies I was at that time singularly unfitted. A certain independence of thought, and long-cherished freedom of action, had rendered me in some measure too abrupt and decided in manner and speech for the niceties of etiquette or the frivolities of fashion. My friends said a little polish would improve me; my detractors declared I mistook uncouthness for originality. The fact was, that knowing nothing of refined society, I fancied, as is commonly done, there was nothing in it worth knowing; and, but for a countervailing motive, it is probable I should have continued in my ignorance.

"That motive was love,—love, as you will probably surmise, of Louise Palm. To my surprise, to my confusion, to my increased tre-

pidation and awkwardness *at first*, this lovely girl, this accomplished and renowned high priestess of the best Saxon society, distinguished me from among the throng who gathered at the *soirées* held, among other places, in the rooms of the rich, but versatile and capricious, Bohemian Countess Puteani. With the Countess I had an intimate acquaintance, arising out of one of the many *bizarre* and fantastic adventures her perilous love of travelling and the romantic had led her into, the previous winter. She owed me, as she conceived at least, no small gratitude for a service I was the means of rendering her; and her apartments, upon our again meeting at Leipsic, were always open to my visits.

"These visits, few and brief at first, were rendered more frequent by the favour I appeared to receive from the Countess's young friend, Louise Palm. What resulted from these frequent meetings, and this unrestrained intercourse with a beautiful and highly-intellectual girl, I have already said, was love on my part. The vanity which led me, in the first instance, to be pleased with the reception I unexpectedly met with from Louise, and which rendered me less capable of deserving it, by increasing my natural *mauvaise honte*, faded, and gave way before a nobler and juster passion. I thought less of myself, and more of Louise; yet truth obliges me to confess that the artless and unembarrassed demeanour of this dear girl, even my inexperience could perceive was not exactly the mood which lovers desire to find in their mistresses.

"And still I had not entered the Tugendbund. As my own political theories led me to anticipate the long protracted tyranny of Napoleon, and, consequently, the extension of my country's sufferings, I still hesitated to commit myself to an excitement which I considered premature. Meanwhile, Louise neglected no opportunity of reasoning or bantering me out of my political reserve, and every day I found greater difficulty in replying to her arguments, or evading her raillery.

"And thus passed the spring, the summer, and the autumn. Winter approached with more than ordinary rigour, and with it rumours of Napoleon's disastrous campaign. As usual in such cases, a great deal of vague and improbable exaggeration preceded the knowledge of facts; but, as every rumour tended to establish the proposition that the Emperor had met with a decided check, the patriotic societies received an immediate and extraordinary impetus. For myself, I scarcely held out any longer against the urgent appeals of my friends, and the untiring efforts of Louise Palm; but, following the peculiarity of my character, I secretly determined to let the eve of St. Andrew pass over before I entered upon the untrodden paths of politics.

"The story or legend attached to St. Andrew's Eve,—to this very eve,—is as follows:—It is believed, that if an individual of either sex repair, precisely at twelve o'clock on this night, to the corner of a street in a town, or to the junction of four roads in the country, he or she will recognise, in the first person who appears, his bride, or her bridegroom, as the case may be. Absurd as it may appear to you, absurd as it now appears to myself, I had a strong persuasion, amounting to conviction, that if I made trial of these '*sortes Andreanæ*,' I should not only see Louise, but that the adventure would influence, favourably, of course, my passion for her. Now, before you laugh out, remember that I was but a stripling in age, and that a lover is never

starved for want of *hope*. Indeed, I believe the very vagueness of his hopes constitutes the most delicious part of a lover's indescribable existence. Certainty and demonstration are only fit for married life.

"The eventful night, which I foolishly thought would seal my destiny, and which overruling agencies actually directed to that end, arrived at last, in storm and tempest. You hear the roaring of the wind, and the sullen plash of the rain to-night; yet are these but faint types of the merciless weather which on that fatal evening literally raged in the narrow and dark streets of Leipsic, to the great discomfiture of the sincere votaries of St. Andrew. Not that for myself I heeded storm or wind; such contingencies were rather agreeable to my frame of mind; but it might be reasonably apprehended that few girls could be found likely to be abroad under such evil 'skiey influencies.'

"Let this be as it might, long before the appointed hour I was on duty, within sight of the darkest corner of the Platz, a locality I had selected as the most appropriate for my experiment. The porch of a church afforded me convenient shelter, and within its friendly recess I passed in review my hopes and plans, my life past and present, the charms of my mistress, and such other topics as might naturally be supposed to cause me at such a moment to forget that I was more than half wet through, and in a still greater proportion likely to get my wetting for my pains. It did not escape my observation, abstracted as I was, that no other lover had chosen the same corner, a fact I then thought of favourable augury, but which I have since ascribed to its being the most exposed to the weather of any in Leipsic.

"Thus fled the time; and scarcely had the deep bell of the clock above me proclaimed the first stroke of midnight, when a veiled figure suddenly appeared at the very corner I was intently watching. To dart from my shelter, and pursue the indistinct object, was at once an impulse and an action; nor can I describe to you how my heart throbbed, how my eyes swam, and how my limbs failed under me, when I ascertained that it was, at any rate, a female figure, which, muffled and veiled, proceeded down the Platz, almost leisurely, at such an hour, on such a night, in such a storm. To doubt that the female was Louise; to remember that there existed any other female in the world, would have been treason. What I said I know not; at any rate, I received no reply, for the figure, still preserving a sort of leisurely composure, as if indifferent at once to the weather and to my fervent rhapsody, turned in silence out of the Platz, and commenced threading the narrow streets which diverge from that main artery of the town. Awed at such a reception, and now scarcely deeming my companion to be a mortal, I followed the footsteps that preceded me, in such utter confusion as to be entirely unconscious of the direction they led to, and of the length of time that elapsed before they reached their destination. When, therefore, my guide passed slowly under a dark archway, and ascended some steep stone stairs, I pursued the same course, wholly ignorant of the locality, and that an hour had passed since we left the Platz.

"The figure, after unlocking a door at the head of the stairs, entered, and beckoned me to follow, and I found myself in a small vestibule, or entrance-hall, dimly lighted by a bronze lamp suspended from the ceiling. The hall was almost circular, and four doors opened into it; over each of which a bust was niched, but of whom the obscurity would

not permit me to judge. Two old-fashioned chairs, and a small table, heavily draped with ancient cut velvet, constituted the sole furniture of the room. These particulars I took in at a glance; for, after a very slight pause, my conductor opened one of the four doors, and by the blaze of light in whose radiance I stood, I perceived that she had passed into an inner apartment, of very different extent and garniture.

"It was an octagon, of exquisite proportions, and richly, though somewhat fantastically furnished. Between each division mirrors were inserted into panels of maple-wood; and around each mirror hangings, alternately of amber and blue, were draped in such a manner as to represent a frame, every one, however, differing from its fellow. Book-shelves displayed a store of richly-bound, but ill-assorted books, and various tables groaned under the weight of objects of *virtù*, and those indescribable nothings which indicate the retreat of a wealthy and eccentric woman. Overhead a painted lamp hung pendent from silver chains, while beneath each mirror a tripod sustained a vase of classic form, from whence proceeded a jet of exceedingly white light, apparently fed by some aromatic substance contained in the body of the vase. I know not if anything else attracted my attention, if I except a magnificent bowl of old Dresden china, half filled with coins, upon an inlaid table in the centre of the room, which, contrary to the custom of the country at the time I speak of, was covered almost entirely by a thick Persian carpet.

"Had not my senses been more or less distracted by the events of the night, and the strange demeanour of the person who had brought me where I was, it is probable that these demonstrations of opulence and taste would have failed to attract even a passing observation, whilst I conceived myself to be accompanied by Louise Palm. As it was, the presence of the veiled and silent figure rather formed a part of the scene before me than excluded it entirely. I was roused, however, from my lethargy by remarking that the veil was about to be laid aside, and involuntarily I stepped forward to enter within the circle of light which fell vertically on the head of the mysterious female from the centre lamp. As I did so, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard in the direction of a door I now perceived fitted into a compartment of the panelling, and my companion seizing me by the arm, with a grasp indicative of flesh and blood, drew me suddenly behind the heavy draperies of velvet, which effectually prevented the sound of storm and tempest penetrating through the windows into the charmed silence of that sumptuous apartment.

"Two persons, as I heard rather than saw, entered, and from their voices I recognised them to be the Countess Puteani and Theodore Palm in earnest conversation. For some little time the beatings of my own heart were too loud to enable me to catch more than a word at intervals, nor was my agitation lessened when I now and then caught the sound of my own name. Subduing my emotion by a powerful effort, I determined to escape from a position I had involuntarily adopted, and which was introducing me to a confidence I neither sought nor desired. Impressed with this idea, it is possible I made a slight movement in advance, when on the instant my arm was noiselessly pressed, and, looking intently at my strange companion, I felt, as if intuitively, that the eyes which met mine were indeed those of Louise. The light which penetrated our recess was most obscure; but, not only did I feel sure that Louise was answering my gaze, but

that her look deprecated the hasty step I contemplated. Need I say that I contemplated it no longer, and now, in real dread of compromising her, scarcely dared to breathe lest our retreat should be discovered.

"'It is enough,' said the Countess, when I again lent my attention to the speakers, 'I intend to have my own way in this matter, Mr. Palm, or I will give up your patriotic society altogether. This ridiculous denunciation of young Müller as a French spy must be renounced, or I 'll turn French spy myself. I tell you the young man is worth half-a-dozen beer-baptized enthusiasts, such as are daily admitted into the Tugendbund, fit for nothing but to drink the health of the good cause, till they injure their own. And, as for his honour, ask your daughter Louise. Why, she swears he is a very Paladin.'

"'My daughter, Countess, is a foolish young woman,' replied Palm, in his soft and low tones, 'and, I am afraid, has paid too much attention to this young man's character and attainments, to the neglect of graver duties. That Müller is talented and plausible, I do not deny. So much the more dangerous is he, since, not belonging either to our society, or to any recognised body of patriots, the fair presumption is, that he is a spy in the French pay, thousands of whom swarm in our unhappy country. Besides, I have proofs of what I assert.'

"Indignant at this vile calumny, I was about to stand forward and confront my accuser, when the same pressure as before, which, as it seemed, this time kindly lingered a moment on my arm, retained me, and I constrained myself to listen to a conversation now painfully interesting.

"'You have no such proof, Mr. Palm, and you know it; you can have no proofs,' rapidly exclaimed the Countess, 'of what exists only in imagination. Now look you, Mr. President, your gravest cause of suspicion against my poor *protegé* is on account of his not belonging to the Tugendbund. How, if before morning he consents to the initiation?'

"'In that case, indeed, madam, I might pause, and reconsider my determination.'

"'And your proofs?' asked my friend, with a slight tinge of sarcasm in her tone.

"'I said not,' replied Palm, with obvious hesitation, 'that my proofs were arranged and digested; and it is just possible I may have been misled, especially as your ladyship takes such an interest in this wandering student. But what chance is there that this person, who has so long steadily refused every direct overture, should at this particular time, and on such extremely short notice, become an initiate?'

"'Pardon me, Mr. President, if I decline taking you into my confidence in this matter. Be satisfied that what I have undertaken I can and will perform. But, the time is short. We did not come to my boudoir to discuss public affairs, did we? Oh! now I remember; it was to search for that rare Antoninus. I have it here, in this bowl.'

"So saying, the lively Countess rose from the ottoman on which she had been rather reclining than sitting, and bent over the little table, whereon, as I have said, stood a bowl of antique Dresden china, containing coins. In the pause that ensued I involuntarily drew as near to the aperture in the curtains as I could, and scanned with unusual attention the features of one I had hitherto but little noticed, but in whom I was henceforth to recognise a secret and dangerous enemy. I say I advanced my head so as to command a better look into the

apartment before Palm should withdraw, as I conjectured he was about to do, and thus became a witness to a scene which will haunt me to my dying day!

"When the Countess Puteani stooped over the table on which rested the bowl of coins, her back was turned to Theodore Palm. At this instant, with the rapidity of lightning, he drew from under his cloak an instrument resembling a geologist's hammer, and aimed a blow at his intended victim's head. The blow descended with frightful violence, and dashed to a thousand pieces the china bowl; for the Countess, although averted from Palm himself, had his reflection before her in the opposite mirror, and thus escaped the murderous stroke intended for her by a timely movement of her head. One instant sufficed for this attempt; in another, and before Palm could recover himself, or the Countess utter a cry, Louise, with a shriek which is now ringing in my ears, fell heavily forward, at the very feet of the felon—her father!

"Let me clear my lips of this awful scene. Within another minute Palm stood, blenched with horror and guilt, in the custody of the Countess's servants, while she hung over the fixed and rigid features of her young friend, in generous oblivion of her recent danger. Scarcely noticed by any, I formed one of this strange group, without the power of connecting in my mind, far less of comprehending the mysterious and unnatural events of this feverish night.

"I hasten to unravel the thread of this intricate plot. And first as to Theodore Palm. From circumstances which ultimately transpired, and in part from the confession of the wretch himself, it appeared that for many years he had been in the habit of introducing himself into the private apartments of wealthy persons, under the pretence of conversation, or on business, and of murdering his victims, as opportunities arose. He then ransacked the room for money, or valuables, and thus acquired the means of feeding his monomania for book-collecting. The greater part of these murders were committed with the blunt, round-headed hammer, or rather, I should say, with the blunt, round end of the double-headed hammer, he used upon his last occasion. With one blow he usually stunned his victims, whom on some plausible pretext he procured to stoop in search of something, and then despatched by repeating the stroke. So well had his measures been taken, that he had hitherto never failed in his first attack; and though the extraordinary fact of these murders caused the greatest excitement, no shadow of suspicion had ever attached to the tranquil and literary philosopher, the sage and the patriot Palm.*

"But this was not all: so true is it that one sin is the father of another, or rather, that one sin, like a plague-spot, is sure to spread over the whole moral surface, and taint and corrupt the system. And thus it happened with Palm. Although not originally averse to the cause of his suffering country, and even in the outset warm in her service, the diabolical crimes he was constantly perpetrating or contriving, by

* This is, perhaps, the fitting opportunity for the writer to declare that, strange and unnatural as such a crime, so perpetrated, may appear, it is strictly a fact, and some dozen years ago was notorious over all Northern Germany. The murderer, as in the text, was a biblio-maniac. And the circumstances connected with this unparalleled case were related, while yet recent, to the writer by the celebrated Professor Hermann, of Leipsic, *apropos* to the sale of the late Mr. Heber's immense collection of books.

degrees so far blunted his better perceptions as to render him an easy prey to temptation of any sort. Attracted by the prospect of increasing his means, nearly the whole of which, it is remarkable, were appropriated to the purchase of books, he became a spy in the French pay about the time that he obtained the distinction of presiding over the Tugenbund in Leipsic. In that capacity his intelligence must often have been valuable to his employers, while he was placed, as it were, above the suspicion of his countrymen. Yet actuated, as it should seem, by the feverish restlessness of traitors to divert, by every possible method, public attention from their secret weak point, he had judged it expedient to denounce certain persons as spies; and, among them, as you already know, he had done me the honour to include me.

"It remains to explain the conduct of Louise on this fatal night. The following particulars I learnt from the Countess Puteani in a subsequent interview.

"Although I had never spoken to Louise on the subject of my passion, it was impossible for the fair girl to be ignorant of my feelings. Nay, more, the Countess had observed the progress of my affection, and, with the giddy thoughtlessness peculiar to her character, forwarded my views by way of pastime to herself. It thus happened that I was much oftener discussed between the friends than I was at all aware of, and while the Countess playfully insisted on my claims (such as she was pleased to put forward) to the hand of Louise, the latter listened at any rate, and if she did not assent, neither did she avoid the conversation. One particular, however, Louise insisted on. As yet I belonged to no patriotic society, and, whatever she felt for me personally, she invariably declared she would never encourage any man, let him be who he might, who in times like those stood aloof from his country, and the ties which bound the noblest and the best of his countrymen.

"You may remember that I had determined, from motives which I have detailed to you, not to delay joining the Tugendbund beyond St. Andrew's Eve, and by a singular coincidence, the Countess and Louise had fixed upon the same night to gain me over to their views. For myself, I make no doubt that the latter, well knowing the popular legend attached to this mystical eve, and rightly fathoming my poetic, or if you will, excitable temperament, conceived the idea of making my folly subservient to her purpose. She felt assured that I should pay due attention to the saint; and, from some expressions I had let drop, was led to believe that on this occasion I should station myself at the corner of the Platz. Everything happened as she had foreseen; and, but for the intervention of matter of darker interest, it is more than probable that the scheme of the friends would have amply succeeded. I shall add, that the Countess expected us to arrive by the grand-staircase; and therefore, during her conversation with Palm, was not aware of our being actually in her apartments. The rooms to which I was on this occasion admitted I had never before entered, and (as you will surmise) Louise aided my self-mystification by threading sundry obscure streets before leading me to the quarter where Madame Puteani resided. Why Louise brought me by a back way into the Countess's boudoir before she joined her friend, I may divine, but it is needless now to say. She might wish to explain her part in the little plot, to justify herself in my eyes from any other imputation than that of eagerness to gain a recruit for her country. She might—but it mat-

ters not now. Whatever was her purpose, it was never executed; and I must rest satisfied with the conviction that it was pure as the heart which framed it.

"The *dénouement* of my tragedy you may imagine. Notwithstanding the agitated state of public affairs in Germany, the heinousness of Palm's crime demanded immediate attention. He was tried as soon as the cumbrous forms of justice peculiar to Saxony permitted, and condemned to suffer death on the wheel. Death then was the punishment decreed; still the laws of Saxony do not permit an execution to take place before one year has elapsed subsequent to the sentence. That interval is allotted to the crimimal; in mercy to him here and hereafter.

"And well did the stricken daughter of the felon use that year of grace. Permitted by the usages of the prison to pass the day with the condemned, each day was spent in her anxious labour of love. Indifferent to her former high aspirations, for she followed a higher one, forgetful of her country now that a more sacred duty impelled her, she devoted her every thought to her father. She was his nurse, his attendant, his priest.

"The year wore on; the momentous year which gave freedom to Germany. Swept away by the current of enthusiasm, and glad to be thus freed from the sting of inactive reflection, I entered the allied army as a volunteer, and, as it happened, was under the immediate orders of the brave and faithful Blücher. You know, I dare say, that at the battle of Leipsic the Saxons deserted the cause of Napoleon, and, with the exception of a fragment under Zeschau, passed into the ranks of the allies. In a company of Saxon light troops I received permission to serve out the campaign; and after the taking of Leipsic we followed Napoleon to the Rhine. We had a brush with the flying eagles at Hanau, and might have saved you English the trouble of Waterloo. But we had no Wellington with us, and our leader, Wrede, lost his head when he had most need of it. We were soundly beaten; and having to no purpose escorted the Emperor to Mayence, prepared to rejoin the main army, at that time leisurely marching upon Frankfort.

"At Erfurt my company was reunited to Reynier's corps, and I, for one, congratulated myself on having seen the worst of it; for, to tell you the truth, there is nothing in the world like a little actual practice of war to give one a relish for peace. My heart yearned, too, for the prison at Leipsic, and for one unprotected girl, who might not, in these disturbed times, have found even the depths of a felon's dungeon a safe retreat. During and after the battle of Leipsic, my duty never allowed me to enter the town. I had even heard a vague rumour that the prisons had been thrown open; that of the prisoners some had escaped, others been removed to places of security. If so, where was Louise? Where was her father?

"It was night when I received my billet; but, before I had time to throw myself on my bed, I was summoned to General Reynier's quarters. There orders were given me to march my company back the following morning, at an early hour, as far as Weimar, to be present at an execution, which the authorities were anxious to proceed with. Of all military duties this is the most unpleasant, and I received my orders with unwonted depression. In the army, however, 'to hear is to obey.'

"Long before daylight I was on my way to Weimar with my com-

pany, and the cold grey dawn of a November morning found me still distant some three leagues from the town. Wearied and wet, (for the rain poured in torrents, and the road was little better than a marsh, owing to the heavy artillery which had lately passed that way,) we arrived, and proceeded at once to the square where the preliminary ceremony is usually performed. As it proved, we were but just in time to add the parade of military force to the formalities of the law. Would that we had been too late!

"In the centre of the public square of Weimar a lofty scaffold, covered with black cloth, was the point on which converged the straining eyes of a dense and hushed multitude. As the measured tramp of our approach was heard, the crowd in silence fell back to allow us to pass, as by a narrow lane, to our destined situation. I looked attentively at the faces of the men and women who lined our march; yet not one of them for an instant looked off the platform before them.

"When we took up our station immediately in front of the scaffold, I became aware that we had arrived at the critical moment of what I have called the ceremony preliminary to the actual execution. As usual, the criminal stood, attired in a sort of white domino, fastened with black strings, and immediately facing him sat the three *gerichtsraths*, or counsellors of justice, whose duty it was to fulfil the last technicalities of the law, previous to which the criminal could not be handed over to the executioner. These three were exactly opposite to me as I placed myself at the head of my company, and consequently at the corner of the scaffold: the prisoner's face was necessarily averted from me.

"Rising from his seat, the centre magistrate advanced towards the unhappy man, holding in his hand a paper, from which he read, in a clear and distinct voice, the following question:—

"'Theodore Palm, have you not committed the crime of murder on more than one occasion; and were you not arrested in the act of perpetrating this crime?'

"Great God! I stood in the presence of Palm—I could have touched his long, shroud-like robe—I was to witness his execution—I was, in a manner, to preside over it! Advancing a step, I scrutinised eagerly the person of each figure upon the platform, lest Louise should be there too; but, besides the magistrates and the criminal, were only one or two subordinate officials. This was the work of a moment. Ere I resumed my place, the well-known voice of Palm answered to the appeal by the word 'Yes.'

"'Is the sentence of condemnation against thee just?' again asked the same counsellor.

"'Yes,' replied Palm, in a low tone, which would scarcely have been audible among a multitude less supernaturally still.

"There was a slight pause, and then the senior magistrate, or richter, taking the place of the one who had put the above questions to the criminal, approached him, and, after breaking a small wand over his head, deliberately pronounced the sentence of death. This was, I now found, decapitation; the extreme punishment of the wheel having been remitted, in pity to his daughter's unceasing applications, and I believe I may add, in reward of her surpassing self-devotion.

"At this point ended the preliminary ceremony, the magistrates retiring from the scaffold, and the officials hurrying away their prisoner in an opposite direction. The place of execution was outside the

town, and the crowd, breaking up with that sob which betokens that they had leisure to breathe freely again, lost no time in arranging themselves round the fatal platform, which in appearance did not materially differ from the one in the public square. Thither I also repaired with my company; but I walked as men walk in their sleep,—a torpor was creeping over me, the result of fatigue, and amazement, and horror.

"To this hour I have before my mind the execution of Theodore Palm. I see him bound on the fatal chair, his lips white with mortal fear, and muttering sounds, whether of earth or heaven I know not. An officer advances, and bandages his rolling eyes, while from each corner of the platform issues simultaneously the mournful exhortation to silence—to silence, in a crowd whose hearts beat as the heart of one man. And then the swift but stealthy step of that muffled figure, one foot only in advance, and but one apparent movement of the arm. Yet it is enough! The keen sword is drawn, and has passed over the neck of the living man, and the head of the corpse rolls heavily on the plashing board beneath. God of mercy! but one instant and one blow—the ghastly trunk and the gory head remain to man—the spirit is beyond his justice or his revenge!

"Thus much I saw, and see now. Of what followed I was not conscious. When the blood gushed forth, and more than one paralytic wretch struggled forward to catch the red tide* in the depth of their superstition, I sank silently to the ground. Nature could do no more; body and mind were prostrate. My comrades raised me up, and conveyed me to the nearest house, where for hours I lay in a stupor, which threatened to keep its hold on my brain. Nevertheless, youth and strength of constitution prevailed; and, though weak, and almost helpless, I was able the following day to be carried in a litter, which my men in turns bore upon their shoulders."

"But did you never again see Louise?" demanded I, interrupting my friend, as he prepared to mix his fourth tumbler of punch.

"Of that another time," replied Müller, with gravity. "For the present, I have said enough to explain to you the connection between an execution at Weimar and the eve of St. Andrew. May I trouble you for the sugar, and the least drop in life of brandy."

A MILITARY EXECUTION IN THE PORTUGUESE ARMY.

Early on an autumnal morning, in October, 1834, the garrison of Elvas paraded outside the glacis of that fortress, to witness the execution of a sentence of a court-martial upon two gunners of artillery for desertion, and for stealing two mules, belonging to the same brigade as themselves. The men had on a former occasion deserted from the liberating army during the siege of Oporto. They fell into the hands of their original comrades, but their lives were

* The above account of an execution in Germany is taken from one as it actually occurred, including the strange superstition of paralytic and other diseased persons, who imagine the blood of the victim to be a charm against their maladies.

spared, and they were detained as prisoners of war until the Treaty of Evro, when they again took the oath of allegiance to her Most Faithful Majesty, and joined the Duke of Terceira's army. They then marched with him to invest Elvas, where they remained until the return of Don Carlos to Spain, and the reappearance on the frontiers of that country of Don Miguel, when they again deserted, but were taken on the road from Oliveira to Villa Real by some Spanish light infantry, who brought them into Elvas, where they were immediately tried by a court-martial, and the following spectacle took place.

Corporal punishment in the Portuguese service is, I should mention, of a very different description to that adopted in any other civilized army. It is not inflicted with the "cat-o'-nine-tails," but either with the flat of the sword, or switches. The sword is that used by the foot-artillery, or drummers of regiments of the line. The punishment with the flat of the sword is only resorted to for minor offences, such as in the British army are handed over to the provost-marshal; but the switch is used by sentence of court-martial, and is inflicted by non-commissioned officers instead of farriers and drummers, as in other European service.

In all cases such as call for severity, much ceremony is observed. If the parade consists of infantry only, it is generally formed into squares facing inwards, but if the garrison consists also of cavalry and artillery, the troops are formed in columns at quarter distance, with intervals between the battalions for artillery, and the cavalry on the flanks, the bands with their respective corps, and the senior officer, principal surgeon, and staff, in the front. The sentence is then read, and the prisoner is immediately made fast to a tree, gun-carriage, forage-cart, or some other secure place; the punishing party are formed in rank entire in rear of the prisoner, and consists of one or two non-commissioned officers, told off from each troop or company of the same corps as that to which the prisoner belongs. In front of this detachment is a large supply of very supple twigs or switches. The punishment is laid on the back and loins with both hands, and the marks have been known frequently to cover the body from the shoulder to the waist, including both sides and stomach. Even in cases of what is termed light punishment the sufferer will generally feel the effects for the remainder of his life, from the injuries done to the kidneys and loins. In the case to which I now draw the reader's attention the unfortunate men were ordered to receive such a chastisement as should cause death; and the wretched men resolved to bear their fate with resignation. The first victim, indeed, offered an extraordinary instance of personal fortitude. He seemed to suffer much, but merely at three intervals did he utter a groan. At length he fell into a swoon, — his knees gradually gave way from under him, — and he was only prevented from sinking to the ground by being made fast to the wheel of a forage-cart, his head inclined over the right shoulder, and the miserable creature appeared no longer sensible of pain. At this stage of the execution the governor ordered him to be bled, and on blood slowly issuing from his arm, the governor directed the man then proceeding in the act of laceration to resort to greater vigour, vociferating after each lash, "More force! more force!" At intervals the sufferer exclaimed in a voice of frenzied agony, "Viva Don Miguel! Viva Don Car-

los!" At length a deep groan, of peculiar tone, preceded by a sudden scream, indicated that the vital spark had fled. He was then taken down, and placed in front of the troops, upon a field-stretcher, and his comrade underwent the like torture, and that with similar firmness. Death also, after a protracted punishment of one hour and twenty minutes, closed his earthly sufferings!

The writer witnessed many similar barbarous scenes; but the next in point of savage atrocity was that which took place early in 1834, upon the plains of Cartaxo, near Vale, upon which occasion a private of the 10th Caçadores received a severe corporal punishment, and that too under a scorching sun; and was then compelled to follow the route of his regiment, on the march for Villa Franca. To such an extent was this mode of punishment at one time carried, that every soldier found out of his quarters after tattoo used to receive one hundred stripes with the sticks. To such severe discipline (thank Heaven!) the British soldier is an utter stranger, yet the ultra-reformers, unacquainted with military matters, exaggerate what they call "Military Torture." They urge that the lash is not resorted to in the French army; this is true, but in the French, as also in other European armies, the penalty of death is awarded where we only resort to a trifling corporal punishment. Indeed, the lash is now nearly abolished in the British army, and never applied but upon the most urgent occasion.

A. J. H.

Blackheath, September, 1843.

ON AN EARLY VIOLET.

Ill-fated flower! what though thy drooping head
Was shrined so deep within its native bed,
In modest grace;
Thy perfume, beauteous wreath,
Borne on spring's cooling breath,
Betray'd the place.

Ruthless, I tore thee thence,
Emblem of innocence!
Nor mark'd the dew,
Which, like regret's mute tear,
To quit a spot so dear,
Dimm'd thy pure blue!

Soon dried the liquid gem,
And, withering on the stem,
I saw thee fade!
And almost wish'd that I
Had laid thee down to die
In that green shade!

Yet, had I left thee there,
And sought some wreath more fair,
Summer's warm ray
Had pierced thy leafy bower,
And thou, sweet virgin flower,
Had'st died away!

Thy present fate be mine,
Withering in life's gay prime,
Unscathed by years,
Welcome shall be the tomb,
Escaping age's gloom,
And sorrow's tears!

Then fond affection's tear,
Gemming my early bier,
Shall mourn me dead,
And pure spring wreaths like thee,
Cast by kind hands, shall be
On my cold bed.

But not like thee, sweet flower,
I fall to rise no more:
An upward flight,
Pardon'd by heavenly love,
My soul shall take above,
To realms of light!

H. B. K.

THE BLUE FIACRE;

OR, THE PARISIAN OTHELLO.

BY MRS. ROMER.

And he swore 'twas true
Till all was blue.
Mother Redcap's Tales.

Everybody who has resided long enough in Paris to have mixed familiarly with its native society, knows that jealousy is not the besetting sin of French husbands. Whether it be attributable to a happy confidence in the virtue of their fairer halves, or to a gay, easy, philosophic *savoir-vivre*, which extends to woman the indulgence that man always accords to himself; or to a Spartan fortitude, which enables them to smile while their entrails are being devoured, to bear, without appearing to be sensible of the infliction, those conjugal disasters which among nations less tolerant of the weaknesses of the weaker sex lead to results not less awful than daggers, dungeons, and Doctors' Commons,—Messieurs les maris Français, taken collectively, are universally allowed to be the least troublesome yokefellows in the universe. Yet, although malicious pens and light tongues have spread far and wide the assertion, that conjugal fidelity and jealous husbands are equal rarities in Parisian society, I am not altogether inclined to harp into the common censure. I *have* known domestic hearths in that gay city, where the pure flame of wedded love, although exposed to the light airs of flattery, and blown upon by the insidious breath of unlawful admiration, burned steadily on from first to last, without even for a moment flickering under the blasts that sought to extinguish its holy ardour; and I have also known Parisian husbands suspicious as fair Mistress Ford's mate, "that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman," and whose jealous susceptibilities were carried to such absurd extremes that they might have laid claim to being the eldest spawned of the green-eyed monster itself. Of course these restless, vigilant domestic tyrants, ever on the *qui vive* to ascertain that they are that which they loathe to think upon, draw upon themselves a ridicule which does not attach to the benign Benedicts who keep on the even tenour of their way, taking no heed of the "fantastic tricks" which their lively ribs "play before high heaven," and in the face of the world (for jealousy, made evident, *sent toujours la mauvaise compagnie*); and, of course, it sometimes happens in Paris, as elsewhere, that the most suspicious are those who, in fact, have the least cause for suspicion; and, of course—but, a truce to truisms and reflections, and all the common-place twaddling morality into which one is so apt to plunge headlong when one has dipped one's pen into the ink with the charitable intention of showing up the weaknesses of one's neighbour, and the backsliding of one's neighbour's wife. I sat down with the intention of being piquant and not prosy; and I shall therefore discard all further digression, and at once commence the recital of an occurrence which suggested the foregoing sentences, and which has of late excited much gossip in the Leonine *coteries* of the Chaussée d'Autin.

Among the wealthy dwellers in the above-mentioned *quartier, par excellence,* for the *sommités de la haute finance,* is a gentleman, whom I shall here designate as Monsieur de Lombrageux, and who, possessing all the accessories to happiness which are comprised in an honourable name and calling, an unincumbered income, an enviable position in society, troops of friends, youth, health, a charming hotel, and a still more charming young wife, is, nevertheless, the most miserable being in existence. Nature has bestowed upon him the curse of a jealous temper and a suspicious mind, and all the gifts which Fortune has showered into his lap are neutralized by the counteracting influence of this mental obliquity. The dread that for ever haunts him of becoming a deceived husband is the single thorn which, lurking in his garden of roses, renders him forgetful of their delicious perfume; it is the one distorted shadow, which, casting its dark ramifications across his sunny path of life, has converted the brightness thereof into gloom. His waking hours are embittered, his dreams are transformed into horrid visions by one absorbing apprehension. The gaiety or the seriousness of his wife are equally subjects of distrust to him; his vanity would be cruelly mortified were the beauty and accomplishments of Madame de Lombrageux not to meet with their due appreciation in society, yet when the approbation they elicit becomes evident in the homage publicly offered to her, and which every married Frenchwoman is privileged to receive, his jaundiced imagination causes him to behold in these natural tributes paid to her youthful attractions some deep-laid plot to undermine his honour and happiness. His existence is a perpetual struggle to conceal the sombre workings of his mind under a smiling exterior, but in vain, — for the world, lynx-eyed and unpitying, soon discovered his infirmity, and held it up to ridicule. Had he grounds, or had he not, for being thus suspicious? is a question that has been often agitated in the circle of which Monsieur and Madame de Lombrageux form a segment. The Mrs. Candours of Madame's society charitably surmise that her husband would not be thus distrustful without some existing cause; while the faithful friends and boon companions of Monsieur, piqued that all their own efforts should have failed in persuading the young wife to justify his suspicions to their utmost extent, smile with the perfidious fatuity that would infer something more than meets the ear. Be that as it may, Monsieur de Lombrageux had gone on so long in a course of harassing conjectures upon the delicate subject of his wife's loyalty to her marriage-vows, without ever being able to arrive at any conclusive evidence calculated to impeach her virtue, that, for want of aliment, his suspicions were nearly at their last gasp, when, a few weeks ago, an officious friend infused new vitality into them, and put to flight all his nascent tranquillity by incidentally uttering, apparently in the most careless manner, and *à propos de bottes,* an observation that carried with it to the jealous husband's mind all the envenomed anguish produced by Iago's remarks.

"Where were you and Madame de Lombrageux driving so fast yesterday in a hackney-coach? I took off my hat to you both, but could obtain no salutation from either in return. I trust that no accident has happened to your charming English carriage to oblige you to have recourse to such a substitute?"

Lombrageux assured his friend that his eyes must have deceived

him, for that he himself had been absent from Paris the whole of the preceding day, hunting with the Princes at Mendon, and that, as nothing had happened to either his carriage or horses to render them unfit for use, it was quite improbable that Madame de Lombrageux should have gone out in a hackney-coach; he must have mistaken some other person for her. But, while protesting against the likelihood of such an occurrence, the suspicious man's mind misgave him as he remembered that the whole day had been passed by him from home; and something like a thrill of horror followed the recollection that his wife had negatived the offer he had made her of taking her with him to the *rendez-vous de chasse*, upon the plea of going to pass the morning with an invalid aunt.

"As far as regards Madame, my eyes most certainly did not deceive me," returned his informant; "it would be difficult to find in Paris another woman sufficiently handsome and distinguished looking to be mistaken for her; besides, I had a full view of Madame de Lombrageux's face, although I could not catch her eye; for, as I passed by the coach she leaned forward to pull down the blind, and in doing so I saw that a gentleman was seated beside her, whom I of course concluded to be yourself; but as you were hunting at Mendon, it is evident that it could not have been you."

"*Au fait*, it is evident that it could not have been me," repeated the husband mechanically, but in an agony of apprehension, that caused the perspiration to burst out from every pore; then suddenly recollecting that even should his worst fears have been realized, and that his wife had taken advantage of his absence to carry on come clandestine *affaire de cœur*, the misfortune could only be aggravated by letting the world into the secret, he put a violent effort upon his feelings, and resumed in a calmer tone, "*Mais j'y pense*, it was very likely to have been my wife whom you saw, after all. Clémence is very charitable; she has a number of poor sick pensioners, whom she sometimes visits with her physician, and you can understand that on these occasions, when she wishes to do good without display, she avoids the *éclat* of going in her own carriage."

"*C'est juste*," replied his friend; "there is no conveyance so well adapted for a secret expedition as a hackney-coach; it effectually baffles all *espionage* of servants; you walk out of your house to a distant coach-stand, step into a carriage, and are driven to your rendezvous—destination, I mean," he continued, observing the start of agony which the former word had occasioned to the unfortunate Lombrageux. "There you dismiss your conveyance; take another one to return; alight at a prudent distance from your own residence; return thither on foot, and so all trace of your whereabouts is effectually cut off, and your incognito completely preserved."

"Precisely," remarked the husband with a ghastly smile, meant to be playful, but sadly deficient in its aim, "unless some quick-sighted friend like yourself should happen to cross one's path, and remember the colour and the number of one's *fiacre*—hem?"

"Now I think of it," returned the other, "the circumstance of seeing Madame de Lombrageux *en fiacre* struck me as being so unusual that my attention *was* attracted to the colour and number of her equipage—it was a blue coach, with red blinds, No. 102."

"And, in what part of the town did you meet it?"

"Going towards the Batignolles."

"*C'est cela même!* My wife has two indigent families in that neighbourhood, to whom she is constantly carrying money and clothing; she is the most charitable creature in the whole world! *Sans adieu!* my dear friend. I am obliged to quit you for an appointment with my *agent de change;* but we shall meet again very soon." And, feeling the impossibility of controlling his feelings any longer, Monsieur de Lombrageux burst away from his officious friend in a state of mind very nearly bordering upon frenzy.

It was evident that Clémence had entered heart and hand into some foul plot against his honour and happiness; why else should she, who possessed one of the most elegant equipages in Paris, be seen in a *fiacre, tête-à-tête* with a gentleman; and, above all, why should she have concealed such a circumstance from him, if it had been one that she *could* have avowed? Upon his return from Mendon she had assured him that, the day having been so fine, she had walked to her aunt's house, and had passed the greater part of the morning there! This perversion of facts stamped the employment of her morning with the deepest guilt, and his blood boiled as the certainty of his wrongs pressed upon his conviction.

At that moment there appeared to be but one desirable object for him in life, to discover who had been his wife's companion in her hackney-coach expedition, and then to exterminate him. The vengeance to be taken upon his frail partner did not present itself to his imagination in quite such distinct colours. Visions of Othello stealing towards Desdemona's chamber, with the murderous white pillow under his arm, and of that stern husband of olden times who punished his wife's infidelity by causing her to sup upon a dish of mincemeat made of the heart of her murdered lover, chased each other in wild disorder through his brain; and then came more vulgar glimpses of the Tribunal de la Police Correctionelle, with the guilty Clémence seated upon the *banc des accusés,* and the President pronouncing a sentence of imprisoment upon her; the whole mixed up with a hideous phantom of a monstrous blue coach, with flaming red blinds, from behind which two faces sneered and mowed at him as they pointed with scornful derision to the fatal number 102 glaring upon all its panels in letters of fire, that seemed to burn into his brain. On he rushed, ridden by this waking nightmare, and heedless, in the exasperation of his mind, of whither he went. "To be or not to be" the murderer of his wife was "the question" that then distracted him; should he take vengeance into his own hands, or should he have recourse to the less poetical intervention of the law? All that he could decide upon for the moment was, that Clémence must be kept in profound ignorance of the discovery he had made of her perfidy until he had avenged his wrongs in the most signal manner upon her accomplice; she might otherwise devise some means of putting her lover upon his guard, and shielding him from the retribution that menaced him. His just vengeance would fall more heavily upon both from being unexpected, and it would be quite time enough, when the destroyer of his happiness was disposed of, to think of punishing his partner in guilt.

The first thing to be done was to trace out the blue *fiacre,* No. 102, and to interrogate its driver. That was easily accomplished: the man was communicative, and remembered every particular connected with the preceding day's employment of his vehicle by Clé-

mence. The moment Monsieur de Lombrageux entered upon the subject of the lady he had driven towards the Batignolles, the man exclaimed,

"Doubtless, Monsieur is come to claim the handkerchief that Madame left in my carriage yesterday; I found it on the seat after she got out, but too late to restore it to her; however, as I gave her the ticket of my number when she engaged me yesterday, I made sure she would come or send for it to-day, and so here it is; and he produced from a receptacle for corn-bags under the cushions a fine cambric-handkerchief, trimmed with broad Valenciennes lace, and strongly impregnated with *esprit de patchouli*, the favourite perfume of Madame de Lombrageux; in one of the corners was embroidered at full length the name of "Clémence!"

Lombrageux recognised his wife's property with a beating heart, and having rewarded the man's honesty, he transferred the tell-tale handkerchief to his own pocket, inwardly vowing that he would never rest until he had steeped it in the blood of her unknown lover. All doubts of Clémence's identity having been thus resolved, he adroitly drew from the coachman the whole history of her clandestine expedition. She had walked to the stand alone, and engaged his carriage by the hour. He drove her first to a house in the Rue Meslay, where she alighted, and remained about twenty minutes, and then returned to the coach, accompanied by a gentleman, *un fort joli garçon avec des petites moustaches et une grande barbe bonne;* his hat was pulled very much over his eyes, but the man declared that he could distinguish enough of his face to see that he was "*joliment beau;*" *lui et la petite dame ça faisaient un beau couple!* They both got into the coach, and then consulted together where they should proceed, *en se tutoyant comme chien et chat.* At last he was ordered to drive them to the Batignolles, and out upon the road to St. Ouen. They did not appear to care much where they went so as they got clear of the bustle of the streets, so he gave them an hour outside of the *barrière*, and then brought them back, but not to the Rue Meslay; the gentleman was set down at the end of the Rue St. Lazare, and the lady proceeded alone to the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, where she dismissed the coach, having given the driver a liberal *pombois*.

Such was the summary of the intelligence which Monsieur de Lombrageux's interrogatories extracted from the hackney coachman. When questioned by that gentleman as to his capability of recognising the "*beau garçon*" who had been his wife's companion on the preceding day, he confidently asserted that he should know him anywhere—there were not two such beards to be found in Paris!—and such a head of hair—*frisé et parfumé pire qu'une femme!* The exasperated husband ran over in his mind the portraits of all the young men, the *lions par excellence*, who had the *entrée* of his house; but he found nothing amongst his recollections that exactly answered to the description given of this formidable *crinière*. No matter; it was a peculiarity that would materially assist him in the discovery he panted for; so, jumping into the blue *fiacre*, he announced to its driver his determination of retaining it by the hour for *that day, and every succeeding day*, until he should find out the object of his search; in furtherance of which he ordered the man to drive him, *au pas*, through the most fashionable quarters of the town, and to keep a

sharp look out for the bearded Don Juan, and point him out to him the moment he should perceive him.

But neither on that day, or the following, or for many a succeeding one, was any trace to be discovered of the unknown offender; yet, with the constancy of a martyr, did Monsieur de Lombrageux continue to take his daily seat in the fatal coach, the atmosphere of which always caused him to experience those strangling sensations that result from indignation, not repressed, but baffled in every attempt to overwhelm its object; and up one street and down another was he driven, and along the Quays and the Boulevards, from the Jardin des Plantes to the Tuileries, and from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille, but without the wished-for object being attained. At the expiration of three weeks thus passed, Monsieur de Lombrageux began to suspect that the coachman did not throw as much zeal into the search as he might do; the arrangement was obviously too advantageous to that individual for him to be in a hurry to put an end to it. He suspected that he was being trifled with, and lost his temper,—I should have said judgment, had he shown any judgment in the affair.

"*Ah ça! mon cher,*" he exclaimed, one day, "*est ce que vous vous moynez de moi?*"

"*Plait il, mon bourgeois?*" returned the man, startled by the abrupt interrogation that had been addressed to him.

"What the devil did I hire you for?" resumed Monsieur de Lombrageux. "Do you think that it was merely for the pleasure of jolting through the streets in your infernal vehicle, and to be made a fool of by you into the bargain?"

"*Sapristi! non, mon bourgeois;* I should be incapable of taking such a liberty with a gentleman like yourself. I know as well as you do that it was not *pour l'agrément de mon sapin** that you hired it, but to hunt after a handsome young *gaillard*, who was taking the air in it one fine day, three weeks ago."

"Then find him for me at once, *nom de mille tonnerres!* for I am determined to be trifled with no longer. Once for all I tell you, that if at the end of eight-and-forty hours you succeed in pointing out to me that fellow, I will give you a hundred francs over and above your fare. If you fail in that object, *gare à vos oreilles! voila mon dernier mot;* so take your measures accordingly."

"*Bon, bon!*—don't put yourself in a passion—we 'll find him yet," returned the coachman, in a surly tone, scratching his ear, as if anticipating the vengeance that had been held *in terrorem* over that unoffending organ; then relieving his chafed feelings by angrily lashing his poor horses, he resumed his perambulations at a quicker trot; while Monsieur de Lombrageux, leaning back in the corner of the coach, congratulated himself upon the energy he had evinced, (in thus at once giving a stimulus to the fellow's zeal, and putting a stop to what he conceived to be an unworthy advantage taken of his feelings, in order to make a lucrative job of him,) by showing him that despatch would be far the most productive course for him to pursue. But, like most persons under the blind dominion of passion, the jealous husband lost sight of the opposite danger to which he exposed himself, and never reflected that, by thus urging on the

* Sapin is the Parisian slang term for a hackney coach.

man, under the united influence of a bribe and a threat, he was tempting him to get quit of the business by some reckless falsehood.

That day, like the preceding ones, was passed in fruitless search for the unknown gallant; but in the course of the following morning, as the blue *fiacre* with its restless freight was taking its accustomed *tournée* along the Boulevard des Italiens, the coachman suddenly pulled up opposite Tortoni's, where, as usual, there was a large concourse of persons assembled, and, turning round upon his box, he inserted his face into the front window, and with a triumphant leer exclaimed,

"*Je tiens, mon gaillard!*"

To open the coach-door, and spring unassisted to the ground, and then to run to the coach-box and gasp forth, "Which?—where?—Quick, quick!" as the driver leisurely descended, was the affair of but half a second to Monsieur de Lombrageux. The man directed his attention to a group of fashionable-looking young men, who were standing upon the steps of the Café Tortoni smoking their cigars.

"Do you see that tall chap in the middle?" he said, pointing with his whip to a handsome young man who was speaking and gesticulating with great animation to the persons gathered around him, "brown paletot, ditto beard—'*cristi! quel beau sapeur ça feroit! eh bien, mon bourgeois, voilà notre homme!*"

"Are you quite sure?" demanded Monsieur de Lombrageux, trembling with passion as he contemplated the handsome person of his rival, and saw that he was completely unknown to him, "*quite* certain that that is the identical person you took up in the Rue Meslay?"

"Am I sure?—to be sure I am!" interrupted the man. "I'd swear to him in a court of justice any day."

"Then wait here until I come back," said the other; and in another moment he was seen ascending the steps of Tortoni's.

He had perceived in the group of idlers surrounding the object of his search one or two of his own acquaintance, and, pushing his way up to the nearest, he commanded himself sufficiently to exchange the ordinary salutations calmly with him, ere he whispered in his ear an interrogatory as to who was the handsome young man in the centre of the group.

"*Comment, mon cher!*" returned his friend, "you do not know him? To be sure it is not very long since he has returned to Paris. It is Crèvecœur—the Baron de Crèvecœur, *attaché* to our legation at ——; *un charmant garçon, bon enfant, et lion jusqu'au bout des ongles!* he has just given us a delightful *déjeûné* here. You must know him, Lombrageux; all our *belles dames* are disputing for his smiles. Shall I introduce you?"

"I shall take it as a particular favour," said the unhappy husband, trying to look as delighted as possible.

Whereupon the presentation immediately took place. Crèvecœur, removing the cigar from his mouth, bestowed one of his sweetest smiles upon Monsieur de Lombrageux; while the latter, with an *empressement* which his new acquaintance mistook for the most amiable warmth of manner, inquired of the Baron his place of abode, and the hour at which he would be disposed to receive his visitor, the following day. Between two *bouffées* of smoke, gracefully

whiffed into the face of Monsieur de Lombrageux, the Rue Laffitte, and one o'clock, were specified in reply; and the poor suffering man, after exchanging one or two common-place observations with his introducer, merely to keep up appearances, broke away from the martyrdom he was enduring, and hurried down the steps, making an almost imperceptible sign to his ally, the hackney-coachman, who proved that he understood it by following his customer until they were out of sight of Tortoni's.

What the feelings of Monsieur de Lombrageux were, as he strode rapidly along the Boulevard, can scarcely be described. The last aggravating touch was added to them by the apparently trifling fact of the Baron de Crèvecœur being a smoker.

"And Clémence, whose delicate horror of smoking was such, that she prohibited me ever putting a cigar into my mouth, tolerates in her lover that which she could not endure in her husband!" thought he, with a suppressed groan. "Ouf! what strange pieces of contradiction are women!"

The next morning, punctual to the appointed hour, Monsieur de Lombrageux was ushered into the elegant *entresol* occupied by the Baron de Crèvecœur in the Rue Laffitte. He found that gentleman at the *coin du feu* of his bed-room, wrapped in a magnificent *robe de chambre*, luxuriating over a genuine havannah, and in the act of sealing a suspiciously-shaped note, which he hastily pushed under his blotting-book as his visitor advanced towards him.

"To suppose that you are not fully aware of the motive of my visit, sir," said Monsieur de Lombrageux, cutting short the polite demonstrations with which the Baron received him, and opposing the most freezing demeanour to his bland smiles, "would be to cast an offensive doubt upon your penetration. Your own conscience will render it unnecessary that I should enter into a detail of my grievances. Sir, *I know all*, and I come to ask at your hands that reparation which a man of honour never refuses under similar circumstances."

"Sir," exclaimed the Baron, in the most unaffected amazement, "you speak to me in enigmas! Have the goodness to explain yourself; for I protest, upon the word of an honest man, that I do not understand you."

"What! would you add baseness to injury, and further mislead me, by pretending ignorance of that of which I come uncompromisingly to accuse you? Sir, you have aimed a blow at my honour—you have seduced my wife!—and I am here to call you to account for this irreparable—"

"You are labouring under some unaccountable error," replied the Baron, more and more perplexed. "I can most solemnly assure you, that not only is your accusation quite unfounded, but that I have not the honour of knowing Madame de Lombrageux even by sight."

"Sir, these evasions are mean and pitiful, and they shall not avail you. Ah, ah! you do not know Madame de Lombrageux?—you had not a meeting with her three weeks ago in the Rue Meslay?—you did not drive with her in a hackney-coach on the road to St. Ouen?—you did not get out in the Rue St. Lazare, and leave her to return home alone, eh? You see that I am well informed of all that passed on that occasion, and therefore your well-acted astonishment is quite superfluous."

"Monsieur de Lombrageux," exclaimed the Baron, in a tone of the sternest indignation, "you are carrying your *mauvaise plaisanterie* too far, and I must inform you that there *are* bounds to my patience, and that you have touched their utmost limits. I should be sorry to forget myself under my own roof by any *grossièreté*; and therefore, to prevent the possibility of my doing so, I request that you will put an end to this strange mystification by withdrawing at once."

"Oho! Monsieur le Baron, you would add to all the other benefits you have already heaped upon me by showing me the door, would you? But I will accept your polite invitation to withdraw only when I have fulfilled my errand; therefore exercise your patience for a few moments longer."

"*Sortez, Monsieur!*" interrupted the Baron, pale with anger, "or—"

At that moment the door was thrown open, and a young man, apparently an intimate acquaintance, entered without being announced. His appearance caused no interruption to the angry dialogue.

"Baron de Crèvecœur," vociferated Monsieur de Lombrageux, "I am enchanted to have it in my power to tell you, in the presence of a witness, that you are a liar and a coward!" And, making a step towards the Baron, he dashed his glove in his face, adding, "*Tenez vous pour souffleté.*"

"Ah!" exclaimed de Crèvecœur, "this is an insult that can only be washed out in blood, *et à l'instant même!*" and, rushing up to two *epées de combat*, which were suspended to the wall, he threw them down before his adversary, and desired him to make his choice.

Here the newly-arrived visitor, whom the strangeness of the scene had rendered mute with surprise, precipitated himself between them, not to avert the crisis which had become inevitable, but to point out to the two opponents the necessity of settling their affair of honour *selon les règles*. He offered himself as second to the Baron, and suggested that Monsieur de Lombrageux should immediately go in quest of a friend who would perform the same office for him, and that they should all four meet at the Barrière du Trone at three o'clock, and proceed together from thence to the Bois de Vincennes. The good sense of this arrangement prevailed with both parties, and Monsieur de Lombrageux withdrew, his angry feelings evidently relieved by the personal insult he had inflicted upon his detested rival.

On the evening of that day, as Madame de Lombrageux was seated alone by the fire in her boudoir, and had for the third time dismissed from her presence the servant who had come to inquire whether dinner might be served, desiring that it should be delayed until the return of his master to the house, the step of that individual was heard hurrying through the adjoining room, and in the next moment he stood in the presence of his wife, pale, dishevelled, and in the greatest agitation.

"When ladies indulge in *incognito* expeditions in hackney coaches," he exclaimed, in a voice which he vainly endeavoured to render calm, and pointing with one hand to a handkerchief, which he held so grasped in the other that only one corner of it, whereon was embroidered the name of Clémence, was visible, "they ought to be careful not to leave behind them such accusing evidences of their levity. Do you recognise this *chiffon*, Madame?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur," returned Clémence, with a very slight flutter perceptible; "it is one of my handkerchiefs." And she stretched forth her hand to take it.

"*Un moment, Madame!* — not so fast, if you please. And do you remember *where* and *how* you lost it?"

"*Mon Dieu, non, Monsieur!*—that is quite immaterial. The essential thing is to have recovered it."

"Allow me, then, to refresh your memory, Madame," rejoined Monsieur de Lombrageux, trembling with passion. "Three weeks ago you left this pocket-handkerchief in a hackney coach, which took you to the Rue Meslay, for a purpose that I need not explain to you. Am I right, Madame?"

Clémence bowed in assent, and her husband continued.

"Fortunately it fell into my hands, which enables me now to restore it to you. It is not exactly in the state it was in when you lost it," he added, opening out the handkerchief, and showing that it had been steeped in blood. "It is stained, Madame, stained, like your reputation! But, doubtless, it will become more precious to you, when you learn that it has been dipped in the blood of him who was your companion in that *rendez-vous!*" And, carried away by the violence of his feelings, he flung the handkerchief in the face of his wife.

"Happily for me, I know that that person is at present beyond the reach of any molestation from you," said Clémence coldly, and throwing the stained handkerchief from her with a gesture of disgust, "consequently I am at a loss to understand the meaning of your words and actions. But, if you have kept me waiting more than an hour for dinner, merely that you might get up this incomprehensible comedy, I must tell you that your time and ingenuity have both been spent to very little purpose, *car je vous trouve tristement absurde, Monsieur!*"

The self-possession of Clémence, the tone of calm displeasure with which she addressed her husband at the very moment when he expected to see her sink in confusion beneath the weight of the accusation with which he intended to crush her; her indifference to, and incredulity of, the bloody *dénouement*, from which he had anticipated such a scene of despair and remorse; and, lastly, the taunting import of her words, when he had looked for nothing but shame and humility, were calculated not only to bewilder Monsieur de Lombrageux, but to inflame his angry passions beyond the control he had hitherto imposed upon them.

"Madame!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, and grasping his wife's arm with a violence which forced from her a cry of pain, "this heartless audacity is not to be borne! Had you betrayed proper shame and compunction for your fault, I might have been led to show you some indulgence; but forgiveness would be thrown away upon one so hardened as you are. Prepare to leave my house and my protection to-morrow!"

"What, sir!" gasped forth Madame de Lombrageux, consternation visible in every feature, "do I hear you aright? And would you punish so trifling an infringement of duty as I have been guilty of by a scandalous separation?"

"Heaven grant me patience!" ejaculated the husband. "You call your fault '*a trifling infringement of duty*,' do you?"

"I am aware, Monsieur, that to a certain degree I am to blame for having concealed from you the step I took; and I am willing to prove my regret by acknowledging myself to have been in fault. A wife ought to have no concealments from her husband; and *I* should have had none, had not your prejudices been carried to such an unreasonable extent against—"

"Silence, Madame! nor add insult to depravity by daring to name that fellow in my presence!"

"Monsieur," said Clémence with dignity, "that fellow, as you term him, is a man of honour, whatever may have been his errors and imprudences; and he is too justly dear to my heart for me to suffer *even you* to treat him with such unmerited indignity!" And she burst into tears.

"Ay, weep, Madame, weep," said Monsieur de Lombrageux, stooping to pick up the accusing handkerchief, and presenting it ironically to his wife, "and let those guilty tears, drawn forth by my words, mingle with your lover's blood, drawn forth by my sword!"

"What do you mean?" interrogated Clémence, with a start of the most unfeigned astonishment.

"I mean, Madame, that I have this day made the Baron de Crèvecœur pay dearly for the pleasure of having effected your ruin and my dishonour."

There was a pause of some seconds after this announcement, during which Madame de Lombrageux's countenance expressed the bewilderment of a mind which vainly endeavoured to comprehend the import of the words that fell upon her ears. At last she slowly articulated,

"The Baron de Crèvecœur! Who is he?"

A bitter laugh of derision burst from the lips of her husband.

"Permit me to remind you," he said. "On the last day that I hunted with the Princes at Mendon, you declined accompanying me to the *rendez-vous de chasse*, and profited by my absence to go secretly in a hackney coach, which you engaged at the stand of the Rue Basse des Remparts, to the Rue Meslay. Am I right or wrong?"

"Quite right," responded Clémence.

"At the Rue Meslay you alighted," he continued, "and, when you returned to the coach, you were accompanied by the person you had gone to visit there. Am I still accurate? I beg you will stop me, should I become incorrect."

"Proceed, sir," said Madame de Lombrageux.

"He got into the carriage with you, and together you proceeded to the Batignolles, and from thence on the road to St. Ouen; and, after an hour's drive, as you imagined, unnoticed and *incog.*, you returned to Paris, and dropped your companion in the Rue St. Lazarre! Still right, I see? Well, Madame, that companion was the man whose name you have just now feigned ignorance of—the Baron de—"

"That companion," interrupted Clémence, with a flush of honest indignation suffusing her cheeks and brow, "*was my brother Edgar!*"

"Clémence!" ejaculated Monsieur de Lombrageux, in a tone where surprise, joy, and doubt struggled for pre-eminence.

Madame de Lombrageux calmly rose from her chair, and opening

a *secretaire*, drew from one of its drawers two letters. "Read these, Monsieur," she said, "and you will be convinced."

Her husband, staggered by her tone and manner, mechanically took the one she held out to him, and perused the following lines:

"My dear Clemence, my good little sister,

"You will be astonished to hear that I am in Paris. An affair of the most vital importance, I may say an affair of life and death to me, has brought me from London. For God's sake, come to me as soon as you can; for on your exertions alone do I rely for extrication from my present difficulties. You know that I dare not show myself in the streets here, for fear of being arrested by the confounded police; neither dare I present myself under your husband's roof, as his inexorable enmity towards me for my political opinions banished me from thence, even before I was obliged to fly to England. I am at No. —, Rue Meslay, in one of those beggarly lodging-houses where strangers are received for a few days, without the proprietor requiring that their passports should be shown to the police. It is not a fit place to receive you in, but still I implore you to come! Inquire for me, under the name of Monsieur Bertin; and do not start at seeing me disguised in a dark wig and long beard. To prevent the possibility of this line falling into your husband's hands, (who, I fear, might interfere in preventing your coming to my aid,) I direct it to you under cover to our aunt. In the name of heaven, contrive to let me see you without delay. If you cannot assist me, I am ruined, lost, disgraced for ever!"

The paper dropped from the hands of Monsieur de Lombrageux as he arrived at the concluding line. The handwriting was too well known for him to doubt its authenticity, even if he had not been fully aware of the circumstance which had made his brother-in-law a political refugee, and of the natural imprudence of character which rendered perfectly intelligible the difficulties to which the latter alluded. The revulsion of feeling produced by this elucidation of his wife's suspicious conduct was so violent as to deprive him for some moments of the power of speech. Compunction for the outrage into which his jealousy had betrayed him, joy at the discovery that Clémence was innocent of the guilt his fears had imputed to her, assailed him in turns with an intensity that almost suffocated him. "It was your brother, then!" was all that he could articulate after an agitated pause.

"Yes, sir, it was my brother," returned Madame de Lombrageux in a tone of dignified reproach. "A debt of honour imprudently contracted in London; the day fast approaching when it *must* be paid, and no means wherewith to meet his engagement. Such was his unfortunate position in a foreign land, where he had no friend to whom he could apply for assistance in such an emergency! my brother's honour, his credit, were at stake; disgrace and imprisonment threatened him *there*; *here* he had a sister, upon whose affection he could count, and he came over upon the spur of the moment, determined that even if I could not assist him, he would not return to England; for, although a prison awaited him here in the event of his presence in Paris being discovered, captivity in his own country, and for a political delinquency, appeared to him a far preferable

calamity to imprisoment for debt among strangers. Fortunately I was able to extricate him from his embarrassment; the diamonds left me by my mother were at my own disposal; the day I went to my brother in the Rue Meslay he explained to me the way in which money could be raised upon such valuables; and on the day after, through the intervention of my aunt the whole affair was arranged, and Edgar enabled to return to England.

"Oh Clémence!" exclaimed Monsieur de Lombrageux, falling at the feet of his wife, "can you ever forgive my unworthy suspicions of you? I see the whole transaction now in its true light, and not another word of explanation will I listen to."

"Softly, Monsieur," returned Clémence, without relaxing from the severity of tone and manner she had assumed, "after what has occurred I feel too strongly the importance of possessing written documents corroborative of the truth of my assertions to relinquish the triumph of completing my justification, by placing them before your eyes. I must require you to read this other letter; it is the one written to me by my brother after his return to London, and you will find in it an account of the happy manner in which I enabled him to get out of his difficulties."

"No, no, Clémence!" exclaimed Monsieur de Lombrageux, crushing the letter in his hand, and throwing it from him; "I am more than convinced—more than repentant, that I could ever have doubted you! Be generous, and forgive me, without humiliating me further."

Clémence, too noble-minded to evince a rancorous feeling towards one whom she beheld thus prostrate at her feet, stretched forth her fair hand to her kneeling husband, who, at once humbled by the conviction of his own error, and elated by the certainty of his wife's virtue, covered it with tears and kisses, and in the fulness of his joy claimed the right of transferring to himself the liquidation of Edgar's debt, and of writing forthwith to that individual to effect a reconciliation with him.

Clémence then obtained from her husband a reluctant avowal of the outrage he had been guilty of towards the Baron de Crèvecœur; she learnt that a duel had ensued between them within the last two hours, in which the Baron had received a slight flesh-wound. Her good sense asserted itself on this trying occasion; instead of dwelling upon her own wrongs, she thought only of what was due to her husband's reputation. She accordingly urged him to make to Monsieur de Crèvecœur the most ample apology for his conduct towards him; and proposed a tour in Italy for a few months until the *éclat* of the affair should have subsided.

The suggestions of Clémence were speedily acted upon. Four days after the duel Monsieur and Madame de Lombrageux set off for Nice; and as Clémence, just before stepping into her travelling-carriage, exchanged a last embrace with her aunt, the latter whispered in her ear,

"*Console toi, mon enfant!* you have suffered cruelly in this absurd affair, but good sometimes comes out of evil; and should your husband ever recommence his jealous suspicions, you have in your hands an infallible means of bringing him to reason by desiring him to remember the BLUE FIACRE!"

APROPOS OF TOBACCO.

BY AN OLD SMOKER.

"Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" was the pious ejaculation of our worthy and inimitable friend, Sancho Panza, and we, not denying the advantages, pleasures, and delights of slumber, change the subject-matter, and exclaim, "Blessed be the man who discovered tobacco!" Yes! blessed be the man who first rescued this precious weed from obscurity, and brought it into general estimation. For, what has been more useful to mankind? what more beneficial? Its virtues are manifold; their name is Legion. Truly the Indians proved their wisdom by making the pipe the symbol of peace, for, what more soothing? what more consolatory? To all men it proves of service, from royalty to the bone-picker. The philosopher over his pipe and coffee (excellent berry, rare weed!) reasons and speculates with a freshness and vigour which encourages him in his labours. And, if invention consist, as Condilliac will have it, in combining in a new manner ideas received through the senses, when are they received with such force, clearness, and energy, as when under the inspiration of the Virginian weed? The historian, whose province it is to study facts, events, manners, the spirit of epochs, can certainly not do justice to his subject if he be not an adept in blowing a cloud.

The romancist, who differs only from the historian in that he embodies brief spaces and not centuries, families and not races, he, too, must love his meerschaum or his cheroot. Leaning back leisurely upon his sofa, if he have one, and puffing his amber mouth-piece, ideas, thoughts, feelings, rush in rapid succession upon the mind prepared for kindly and soothing emotions. In the curling wreaths of vapour, which ambiently play around him, he discovers lovely and exquisite images; amid the shadowy pulsations which throb in the atmosphere, he sees the fair and exquisite countenance of woman, faint, perhaps, as the shade cast by the Aphrodisian star, but yet visible to his eye. The aromatic leaf is the *materiel* of his incantations. Yes, there is magic in the cigar.

Then, to the sailor, on the wide and tossing ocean, what consolation is there, save in his old pipe? While smoking his inch-and-a-half of clay, black and polished, his Susan or his Mary becomes manifest before him; he sees her, holds converse with her spirit. In the red glare from the ebony bowl, as he walks the deck at night, or squats on the windlass, are reflected the bright sparkling eyes of his sweetheart. Its association of ideas is the principal tie to him, save and except the tie of his wig. It reminds him of the delights of Paddy's Goose and Wapping; it brings him to the end of his voyage, when the perils of the sea are to be forgotten in taking the size of pots of ale. But there is no end to the list of those to whom tobacco is a charmed thing. The Irish fruit-woman, the Jarvie without a fare, the policeman on a quiet beat, the soldier at ease, all bow to the mystic power of tobacco, and none more so than our own self. What it is they know not, nor do they care. It may be cabbage-leaves for aught they concern themselves.

They do not reflect upon the millions which the luxury keeps employed in producing, rearing, preparing, transporting, and vending. It may come from the moon, just as well as from Tobago or Virginia.

But then, too, it is medicinal. How many times in the swamps of the Far West have I escaped malaria, yellow fever, ague, perhaps death, by an unsparing use of the weed; and yet, doubtless, ere long some new Father Mathew will open a crusade against the article. We opine, however, that the *vapourings* of the anti-tobacco-ites would turn out a *bottle of smoke.* The worst we wish them is, that they may meet the fate of the love-sick Chinese student, who, in absence of mind, sat down in the bowl of his pipe, and inhaling himself, vanished in thin air; at all events, so saith the author of that most delightful and witty book, ycleped *The Porcelain Tower.* Our ancestors were wiser than to start such Don Quixote theories. Observe the seriousness with which an ancient writer, chronicling Sir Walter Raleigh's discoveries, describes the weed:—"There is an herbe which is sowed apart by itselfe, and is called by the inhabitants Uppowoc: in the West Indies it hath divers names, according to the several places and countreys where it groweth and is used: the Spanyards generally call it Tabacco. The leaves thereof being dried, and brought into powder, they use to take the fume or smoake thereof by sucking it thorow pipes made of clay, into their stomache and head; from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame, and openeth all the pores of the body: whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievous diseases, wherewithal we in England are oftentimes afflicted. This Uppowoc is of so precious estimation amongst them, that they thinke their gods are marvelously delighted therewith: whereupon some time they make hallowed fires, and cast some of the powder therein for a sacrifice: being in a storm upon the waters, to pacify their gods, they cast some up into the air, and into the water: to a weare for fish being newly set up, they cast some therein, and into the aire: also after an escape of danger, they cast some into the aire likewise: but all done with strange gestures, stamping some time, dancing, clapping of hands, holding up hands, and staring up into the heavens, uttering there-withal, and chattering strange words and noises. We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to sucke it after their manner, as also since our return, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the virtues thereof: of which the relation would require a volume by itselfe: the use of it by so many of late, *men and women* of great calling, as els and some learned physicians also, is sufficient witnesse."

So says Mr. Thomas Hariot, and we think him a smart man. King James was of a different opinion. In these days of tobacco, the following gives a very high opinion of the author's simplicity:—

"The Floridians, when they travell, have a kind of herbe dried, who with a cane and an earthen cup in the end with fire, and the dried herbs put together, doe sucke thorow the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drinke, and this is all the Frenchmen used for this purpose."

It was in the West Indies, or Antilles, that the Spaniards first discovered tobacco. The word itself, now adopted by all European nations, is of Haytian origin. St. Domingo has the honour of giving the plant its most wide-spread appellation. The ancient Mexicans called

it *yetl*, the Peruvians *sayri*.* In both countries the aborigines smoked and took snuff. At the court of Montezuma, the nobility made use of tobacco smoke as a narcotic, not only after dinner, to induce a siesta, but in order to sleep after breakfast, as is still done in certain divisions of America. The dry leaves of the *yetl* were rolled into *cigares*, and afterwards inserted in tubes of silver, wood, or reed: often *liquidambar styraciflua* gum, and other aromatics, were intermingled. The tube was held in one hand, while with the other the nostrils were stopped, in order the more easily to swallow the smoke. Though the Picietl (*nicotiana tabacum*) was extensively cultivated in ancient Anahuac, persons only in easy circumstances made use of it; and until of late the Mexican Indians, descendants of the old Aztec population, did not contract the habit. The townspeople, however, of the ancient city of the Montezuma's took it as a remedy against the toothache, colds in the head, and cholics. The Caribees used it as an antidote against poison. In its varieties of canaster, shag, returns, pigtail, plug, cigar, cheroots, princes' mixture, rappee, Irish blackguard, &c., its present uses are sufficiently well known.

P. B. St. J.

DON'T YOU THINK ME RIGHT?

BY W. LAW GANE.

True love, for us poor maidens,
  Is a rough and crooked path,
And the oak on which we hang our hopes
  Proves often but a lath.
My preface done, now hear my case,
  'Twill grieve those hearts not cold :—
A young man I my lover made,
  But my father chose an old.
I could not wed an old man,
  Oh no! despite his gold.

My father coax'd and wheedled,
  But I heard him slyly swear
That he 'd teach a saucy minx like me
  His sov'reign will to dare.
The day was named, my dress came home,—
  Grief made me quite a sight,—
The morrow would have seen me wed,
  So I eloped at night.
I could not wed an old man,
  And don't you think me right?

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* Hernandez, lib. v. c. 51 ; Clavigero, ii. p. 227 ; Garcilasso, lib. ii. c. 25.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER X.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—SHAKSPEARE.

"To-morrow being the first day of Term, the Lord Chancellor will receive the Judges, Queen's Counsel, &c., at his house in Great George's Street, after which the Courts will be opened with the usual formalities."

Such is the announcement in the daily papers of the commencement of one of the four seasons—not Thomson's Seasons, but the seasons of the honourable profession of the law—seasons of perpetual spring-time and harvest, maturing four full crops of actions, and as many distinct harvests of fees, in one revolving year.

Although term-time does not make that striking difference, or assume that importance in London that a Commission of Assize produces in a country town, yet term-time in London *does* make a difference. There is a stir and bustle about the entrance to Westminster Hall. Palace-Yard cabmen, at other times in a state of lethargy, are in term-time wide awake; the labyrinth of courts and alleys leading from the Temple to Whitehall swarm with pale, bilious barristers, clerks groaning beneath corpulent blue bags, bottle-nosed law-scriveners, and brandy-and-water-faced inferior myrmidons of the law. You see a greater number of bustling, sharp-featured men turning down Whitehall; nor can you doubt that they are solicitors, nature having stamped six-and-eightpence legibly upon their brows. Lounging barristers, without business, are observed walking from their chambers, arm in arm, down to the Hall, and, after a short interval, are observed walking up again; this being their usual, and, indeed, only practice, we have often wondered that these peripatetics of the law are called barristers of so many years' *standing*.

The first day of term this bustle is increased by a crowd of curious spectators, assembled to behold the impersonated majesty of the law; well-dressed ladies are seen tripping about the Hall, under the guardianship of sundry Lawyer Silvertongues—lady's gentlemen of the bar; carriages wait at the judge's private entrance; the police of the A division are prominent as masters of the ceremonies, and active in repressing the influx of the hands-in-pockets mob, which, having just quitted the military morning concert at St. James's Palace, comes to swell the full tide of those who are doing nothing, or worse, in Westminster Hall.

Westminster Hall is certainly the first place in Europe—to catch a cold; the vaulted roof, the unwindowed walls, and the cold stone floor, altogether

"Strike a chillness to the trembling heart;"

and when, in addition, the noise, tumult, and augmented pressure of the crowd announces the approach of the judges, and a gentleman of the A division, knocking your hat over your brows with his truncheon, desires you to take it off; what with the cold in your feet, and the cold in your head, you begin to think "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

The state-coach of the Chancellor is at the great gate; his Lordship swaggers into the hall, preceded by a mace-bearer, purse-bearer, or some other foolish fellow, and followed by a stuffed eel-skin in a suit of black, holding up his Lordship's tail. His Lordship appears in review order; his black gown beplaistered over with frogs of gold lace, and his yellow face buried in a tremendous full-bottomed wig, like a slug in a cauliflower.

Next in order follows one Vice-Chancellor after another, like the ghosts of Banquo's children. There are, we believe, three of these great functionaries, first, second, and third. They also, like the Chancellor, carry gold on their backs, horse-hair on their heads, and equity in their countenances.

Next follows the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, in full-sleeved flowing robes of scarlet, richly trimmed with ermine. His Lordship is distinguished from the other judges of his court, not less by his massive gold chain than by his superior stature, and pre-eminently judicial countenance and bearing.

He looks a man worthy to occupy the seat of that Chief Justice, of whom the great painter of mankind has transcribed for us so grand a portrait, in his magnificent bearing towards his royal master.

King. You all look strangely on me; and you most.
(*to the Chief Justice*).
You are, I think, assured I love you not.
Ch. Jus. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty has no just cause to hate me.
King. No?
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England? Was this easy,
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Jus. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power then lay in me;
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance sentence me,
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What have I done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.
King. You are right, justice and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword.

It is strange that our own day, and a Chief Justice of our own time, should have been able to furnish a parallel case; a case, indeed, more than parallel in its importance, of the majesty and power of the law opposed, and successfully opposed, to the assumption of a power above the law, by the Senate, and of the makers of laws curbed and restrained by the administrators of the law.

Next in order arrive the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, whose name matches his robes, and whose face, twinkling with a comic humour, is the colour of his name; then follow the Puisne Judges, Puisne Barons, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, Queen's Counsel, Serjeants, the other participators in the breakfast of the Chancellor closing the procession.

The mob of admiring briefless *procul negotiis*, as Horace has it, grouped picturesquely through the expansive hall, shake hands with cordiality, undiminished by envy or jealousy of each others superior fortune; laugh with a hilarity for which, in their situation, it is difficult to account, and retail the jokes of the last circuit, undisturbed by the ear-wigging of impatient attornies.

Some ostentatiously display, carrying it under the left arm, a single brief, technically called a *faggot*, and procured, at two pence-halfpenny a pound, from the learned gentleman's butterman. This they read with great attention in court, making caricatures, which the uninitiated mistake for notes, with their pencil in the margin. Others appear with a law-book under their arm, indicative, we suppose, that these gentlemen *read* law; and, if they cannot command success, are at least desirous to deserve it.

The several courts are ranged along the western side of Westminster Hall, in the order following,

Queen's Bench,
Exchequer,
Common Pleas,
Vice-Chancellor's Court,
Court of Chancery;—

The Master of the Rolls holding *his* court in the congenial atmosphere of Chancery Lane.

The Court of Queen's Bench is presided over by—we beg a thousand pardons—an ancient female, dispensing biscuits, buns, nuts, and apples—apples of discord, we presume, presides over a fire in the vestibule; upon the opposing wall hang one hundred and eighty attornies,—the names, we mean, of some nine score gentlemen, proposing to solicit admission, in the current term, as officers of the court. One hundred and eighty attornies in *one* term; multiplied by four, we have an annual accession, in this branch alone, of seven hundred and twenty representatives of litigation—go-betweens in the nice distrustfulness of man to man.

We pass the vestibule, and, withdrawing a flowing drapery depending from the ceiling to the floor, we are in the COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

Their Lordships are seated, ermined and full-bottomed, "aloft in awful state," upon a crimson-cushioned bench; behind are the royal arms, in high relief, upon oak-pannelled wainscot; above, a canopy; before each judge, a square French-polished mahogany writing-table.

Below their Lordships, wigged and gowned, are seated the ministerial officers of the court; below them, again, on the floor of the court, a well-packed body of attornies; *within* the bar (merely the front seat of the barristers) you recognise in their silk gowns, stand-up collars, and full-bottom wigs, the dignitary of the law, the Attorney General, occupying a separate box; behind them, tier above tier, we count with difficulty, the *outer* barristers. The back seats are crowded with artizans out of employ, curious and incurious spectators.

Suspended, near the passage on either side, we peruse, not without awe, a bill of the play, or the notice-paper of the court:—

Peremptory Paper,
Remanet Paper,
New Trial Paper,

with the names of the idiots who supply the materials of litigation, gazetted thus:—

Mule × Donkey.		Wolf	× Lamb.
Goose × Hog.		Sheep	× Fox.
Cat × Rat.		Stock	× Stone.
Rat × Cat.		Blockhead	× Dolt.
Cross case.		Dolt	× Blockhead.
		Cross case.	

and so on to the end of the chapter.

Attornies press around the fortunate Queen's Counsel. Piles of briefs, endorsed

SHARK *v.* CULLY,
with you
Messrs. CROSS-PATCH and WHIPPER-SNAPPER,
Five Guineas,
Received,
SOLOMON SHARPE,

lie thick and heavy upon the narrow bench before them. They are busy, beyond the power of attending to business; success has overwhelmed them with wealth and toil; their legal faces are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; there is a green and yellow melancholy in their furrowed brows; grey hairs escape beneath the yet greyer wig, and the attenuated hand trembles as it turns *folio* after *folio* of the interminable pile of briefs; languid and exhausted, they personify excessive mental toil; looking up, if perchance a stray sunbeam dances over their heads, they sigh, and wish themselves, for the nonce, plain country gentlemen.

Yet these—*these* are the men who are envied by the mob of briefless on the back benches; and, if we judge by comparison of conditions, they *are* enviable. For toil, accompanied by its present remuneration, and its merited honours closing the *vista* of a well-spent

professional life, is its own sufficient recompense. The weariness of labour cheats us of the weariness of time; we are fulfilling our destiny, and performing our part in the great theatre of life; we forget ourselves in our avocations; we fill up worthily the measure of our days.

How bitter, on the contrary, the lot of him who waits from day to day, and from year to year, in silence and obscurity, not for success, but for the *chance* of it; not for fame, but for the opportunity of becoming famous; not for wealth, but for the opening that may enable him to earn it. How tedious the lingering hours of reluctant idleness to him whose sole aspiration of life is to be permitted the opportunity of toil!

In no profession, perhaps, is the contrast between the fortunate and the unfortunate, the completely busy and the completely idle, the rising man and the man never to rise, so marked as in the profession of the law.

Erskine used to say, that he knew no gradation in his professional income between forty pounds and four thousand pounds a-year. Without taking this assertion literally, we may take it for the purpose for which it was given, as an illustration merely of the rapidity of the transition from an absolute nobody to being overwhelmed with business. As it was in the days of Erskine, so is it in our own day. The man unheard of this day, this day twelvemonth will be cutting a considerable figure, and enrolled among the rising young men. His business increases in an accumulating *ratio*, and in a few more years his bag is full to overflowing; he leads his circuit, and is heard, *pleno voce*, every day you enter his particular court in Westminster Hall.

In another respect, too, the contrast between the very few who are employed and the very many who neither are, have been, or will gain employment, is as painful as it is striking; we allude to its *publicity*.

In physic, the unemployed doctor can bustle about, attend a dispensary, and drive his cabriolet from nobody's to nowhere, with the hurry of a man whose time is all his own. As he drives through the streets he can read a newspaper, folded to resemble a visiting list, or amuse himself calculating the *surplus* number of medical men in any given neighbourhood.

A tradesman can affect to be busy in his shop; he can pretend to be taking stock, or balancing his books, or he can contrive some mechanical amusement to cheat, as far as possible, the weariness of time.

But there is no disguising brieflessness: its condition is plain to be seen, on the back benches of Westminster Hall, any day in or after term. There is no mistake about it; you behold it subdolously reading a Horace, a Don Juan, or a law work, or a newspaper, or reporting with intense zeal and industry, or affecting to report; or perusing the faggot brief, of which we have elsewhere made honourable mention; or mending a pen, or rubbing the toe of one boot with the heel of another; or paring its nails, or biting them; or gossiping, and retailing current jokes; or, having no affairs of its own, settling the affairs of the nation; or uneasily shifting itself from place to place, or running in and out from court to court, or promenading, arm in arm, the corridors and passages.

Meanwhile, one Queen's Counsel within the bar, or rising young man *without* it, is engaged in almost everything, and talking almost all day long, from the sitting of the court to the rising thereof; the well-known sound of his voice greets the many-headed briefless monster in the rear; him

> Attornies follow with endearing wile,
> And pluck his gown, to catch the good man's smile;

him the briefless court with assiduity — for there is a good deal of toadying at the bar—beholding in him an attorney or solicitor-general in prospect; with him their lordships disdain not to converse colloquially, and from his acute memory refuse not to refresh their judicial recollections; he holds converse with, rather than makes speeches to the judges; and, in short, is only waiting his turn to become one of the judges himself.

All this is public, patent, and palpable to view; the few prominent names of the successful are reiterated in the law-reports of every day, so that they appear engaged, as it were, *ex officio;* they are, as the phrase is, *in* everything; have their town-house in Woburn or Bryanston Square, their country seats, their establishments, their equipages; and after a life of labour at the bar, ascend to the bench, purchase estates, and become the founders of great families.

It is this splendour and publicity of the career of the successful at the bar, that gives to that profession the character of a professional lottery, awaking the vanity of parents, the pride of parts, the whisperings of ambition; this it is that accumulates past count the hydra-headed briefless; this it is that withdraws from less ambitious, less prominent, though assuredly not less useful or honourable avocations, a large amount of talent and industry; talent to eat into itself in miserable repining, and industry to rust without reward.

We hear a great deal of the success that is sure to await honourable industry at the bar, and we are exultingly told of the numbers of men who have risen, in that profession, from nothing to nobility, honours, and wealth.—The names of Eldon, and Tenterden, and many others, are perpetually dinned into our ears; but when we are told of the numbers who have risen by industry and talent *alone,* we are not reminded of the greater numbers who have risen by other causes, if not apart from, at least in addition to, industry and talent; nor can we determine the certainty with which mere industry and unfriended talent will elevate men, at this more arduous profession, unless we compare the numbers who have risen from *nothing* to something with those who have risen from *something* to something more.

If this be done, we shall find that the bar, of all other professions, is the one in which a man who has something or somebody at his back, has vastly the start of men who have nothing to support them but the consciousness of their own industry and parts; and that, so far from the preponderance of bright examples of forensic imitations being men obscure in birth, and humble in circumstances, we shall find that the preponderance is the other way.

To succeed at the bar, a man must possess patience worthy the man of Uz; but he cannot be patient without the means of patience; he cannot sit year after year biting his nails in Westminster Hall, if

he has not wherewithal to eat; he cannot go circuit if he has not the means of paying his lodgings, his dinners at the bar-mess, and his travelling-charges from town to town, at sessions and assizes. He must, in short, possess patrimony as well as parts, and he must have assets together with industry.

Again, the bar is a profession in which *opportunity* is vital to success; without this, the brightest talents, the most intense study, are of as little value as gold in the bowels of the earth, or gems at the bottom of the sea; for success you must have opportunity, and for opportunity you must have the patronage of influential friends.

The visitor to Westminster Hall will be rather disappointed with the character of the speakers—orators there are none—who may at the moment of his visit occupy the ear of the court. There are few great speeches delivered here, because there are few great occasions calling for a great display of rhetorical power. In a commercial country, long accustomed to peace, there remains little more than the minute and fine-drawn technicalities of the law, as applicable to the case in hand, to be dwelt upon by the advocate.

His addresses to the court, therefore, will be mainly technical and legal; he talks in a language you do not understand; he appears dull to the uninformed spectator, because he is learned, and trifling, when in fact he is minute; at all events, to us, ignorant of the merits of the case, or the difficulties of its elucidation, he appears tedious and verbose; his detail of facts, or exposition of law, is unrelieved by any sally of wit or humour, or from the slightest deviation from the direct path of his discourse. He possesses the quiet self-possession of a man who is perfect master of his business; he talks "like a man of this world," in a clear, rather than loud voice; his tone is persuasive, not peremptory; his manner mild, deferential, and serene; he understands the nice art of holding his tongue when he should say nothing, and of speaking to the purpose when he has something to say.

To conclude: if we desired to let a man possess the most complete idea that a public place can give of the London business character and manner, we should conduct him to Westminster Hall. There he will observe that steady, quiet, cold, self-possessed decorum, for which Englishmen of the educated classes are so remarkable; he will see an uniform propriety of manner, gravity of deportment, and steadiness of purpose. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world, where is assembled together so much intellect, will he behold so little eccentricity of speech or manner; nor will he anywhere hear less *talk*, where there is so much to say. The gentlemen of the bar here differ without wrangling, triumph without insolence, and submit without complaint; the judges, patient, dignified, and courteous, listen with attention, interrupt with gentleness, and rebuke without asperity.

CHAPTER XI.

EXAMPLES OF LONDON LIFE.

THE BORAX FAMILY AND THE POLYBLANKS.

Mr. Lingo Borax lived in the country. He had formerly lived in town, where he made what is commonly called a fortune.

With a wonderful talisman, curiously scrolled, inscribed with various outlandish characters and figures, and blank spaces here and there between, resembling very much in shape and general appearance a banker's book, Mr. Lingo Borax did a deal of difficult magic; tricks and conjurings which a poor devil author might practise all his life without being a whit nearer perfection. For example, he wished an estate in the country; an old manor-house newly done up in the taste of florid Anglo-cockney; a yellow chariot, with drab squabs, and bear-skin hammercloth; a cellar of choice wines, of the most fortunate vintages; a stout cob, warranted sound in every respect; an Oxford man, also sound, to lick the rising Boraxes into shape; an admirable Crichton, in petticoats, to govern the Misses Borax; village doctors and curates to dine with him, praise his hospitality, and laugh at him — we mean to say, at his jokes. All this, and a great deal more, Mr. Lingo Borax wished for, as you or anybody else might do; but the difference between him, and you, or anybody else was, Mr. Lingo Borax wished for these things—and he *had* them.

He was a fine portly man, was Mr. Borax; short, stout, well set upon his legs, with a round, flat, full-moon face, and an eye as sharp as a needle; he was a matter-of-fact man in his talk, and was remarkable for exact notions of the value of anything buyable or saleable; whence some took occasion to conjecture that he might have been a pawnbroker. Mrs. Borax was a fat, pursy, comfortable, round-about lady, a pattern of tidiness, economy, and domestic comfort; her establishment was her glory, and she never thought of anything else; superfluity and luxury she submitted to, but did not enjoy; a true Englishman's wife, whatever made home more homely, comfort more comfortable, was what she delighted in; at a party she was grave and stately, in her chariot fidgetty and uneasy, at the head of her own table a model of a hostess to all except the ladies of the village-curates and apothecaries, who discovered that she was deficient in literature, the fine arts, and Lindley Murray.

The perspicacity of her guests contrasted strongly with the want of observation of Mrs. Borax; she discovered no deficiency in anybody, least of all in the partakers of her hospitality. The curate's lady was a good, kind creature, so charitable, so pious; the apothecary's wife was a motherly lady; the governess was a treasure to her family; such of the neighbourhood as were known to her were, she knew, excellent people, and such as she did not know, or would not know her, were, she believed, excellent people also. Nor did this praise of everybody, indiscriminate as it was, and therefore incorrect as it must be, arise from natural dulness, or good-natured incapacity; by no means; Mrs. Borax, though not a prying woman, could see as far into a millstone as her neighbours; whatever of the worser parts of our nature directly crossed her eyes she could see, but her memory could not retain; far from having any pleasure in remembering faults, she would have been miserable if she could not have forgotten them; detraction she could no more indulge in than she could walk upon all-fours; scandal would have risen in her throat, and choked her; she was fat, and good-natured, and the current of good feeling runs as briskly in her as her blood.

The young Messieurs Borax were not remarkable for brilliancy of parts, or precocity of learning; the Misses Borax were like, ex-

actly like, any other misses; the Oxford man and the governess differed from other Oxford men and governesses in private families, chiefly in this, that they were looked up to, and treated with respect and consideration.

While on a visit in the village, whose chief mansion, metamorphosed by a London architect into something between a feudal castle and a cotton-factory, was honoured by the choice of the Boraxes, we became acquainted, through a common friend, with a character of another sort—Mr. Triptolemus Polyblank.

This gentleman also lived many years in London, where he began life with a taste, and ten thousand pounds. His taste increased, while his ten thousand pounds diminished in an equal ratio; with ten thousand pounds, Mr. Polyblank inherited a good taste, with five thousand a fine taste, with nothing an exquisite taste. He had studied much, observed a good deal, and reflected a little; had purchased books, prints, pictures, paying all he had for his experience, and discovering when too late that his experience would not pay for anything. This he proved in the most satisfactory way by writing a book in two volumes, imperial quarto, upon the hieroglyphics of the Pyramids, and paid by a three years' sojourn in the Fleet prison for the expenses of engraving, print, and paper. Endeavouring to repair his shattered fortunes by servitude, he became secretary to a company for the restoration of works of the Great Masters, by subscription; and this, doubtless, would have answered his purpose, if the company had not unluckily failed in getting subscriptions. Mr. Polyblank then wrote a tragedy, which was approved by the manager, and never performed; this he followed up by a comedy, which was performed, but not approved. His next adventure was, an invention for superseding soap; advertising for a capitalist who would assist in carrying out an invention of immense importance, and universal applicability to the purposes of common life, he discovered that while nobody would advance the capital necessary to enable his invention to make a fortune, everybody was ready and willing to advance money to any amount when the fortune of the invention should be already made. "In short," as the unfortunate gentleman used to observe, "I found monied men would never go into the water until they had learned to swim."

The substitute for soap was followed by a variety of other inventions, equally ingenious, and (in theory) equally profitable. One thing Mr. Polyblank, in the course of his theoretical life, did hit upon, of considerable ingenuity and utility, and he was now confident, he said, that his fortune was made; but, unfortunately, it turned out that the discovery had been made, applied, and fortunes realized by it, twenty years before. He deprived himself of the fruits of another valuable discovery by an inability to keep his own secret, and lost by his tongue what he gained by his head.

Poor Polyblank possessed not in the least degree that equal balance of enterprize and caution which is essential to men living in and by the world, and which usually goes by the name in theory of judgment, and of prudence in practice. He could talk, it is true, as discreetly and soberly as any man; but his peculiar madness displayed itself in speculation and in action. To have heard him lecture upon prudence, caution, economy, and worldly wisdom, you would have thought that you heard one of the wise men of Greece; to have

seen him engaged in any of his foolish schemes, was to behold a madman; to attempt to reason with him upon his folly, was talking to a deaf adder or a six-foot wall.

His better half, Mrs. Polyblank that was,—for long since has she reposed, as she would herself have said, "in the family vault,"—was a gentlewoman by birth, and boasted of a distant relationship to somebody who was known to nobody. She had received her education at a fashionable boarding-school, where she became fully accomplished—in vanity and folly. If, in addition to the usual routine of the establishment, she had been instructed in self-denial, industry, economy, and household affairs, you might safely say that she had known a little of everything. But these, in that day unfashionable, and in this obsolete, attainments having been totally neglected, Miss Fitz-griddle, on entering the house of Mr. Polyblank, brought him a fortune, comprising a guitar, a harpsichord, and a canterbury, with sundry odd volumes of music and romances. Her music was laid down soon after marriage, nor did she ever take up anything else.

"Ah! how d' ye do?" said Mr. Lingo Borax, as Mr. Polyblank dropped in one evening we happened to dine at Borax's; "how d' ye do? My Tom has been reading the city article—astonishing the scarcity of money nowadays—sit down—take claret."

"I like to hear of a scarcity in the money-market," observed Mr. Polyblank; "a variety of hoarded money comes into circulation. I recollect buying a gold coin of Commodus for little more than thrice bullion weight, the last panic we had."

"Well, I suppose it was only old gold, after all."

"Why, speaking commercially, its value was no more; but gold coins of the Empire have an intrinsic value beyond—"

"What! will they pass for more than they 're worth?"

"Not exactly, at least not generally."

"Ah! I don't like money that 's worth much to one man, and little to another; leads to depreciated currency and contracted issues."

"Speaking commercially, it may be. Antiquarians, however, have other standards of value. I paid sixty-five pounds once for an Otho, and, after keeping it seventeen years, I got what I gave for it."

"Indeed! Tom, lay down that paper, and calculate the interest of sixty-five pounds for seventeen years, at three-and-a-half."

"I hear," observed Mrs. Lingo Borax, "that your son, Mr. Polyblank, has been called to the Bar. I understand that he is a young man of great ability, and very studious."

"He is indeed, ma'am, I am happy to say," replied the gratified father; "reads eleven hours a-day since he came to the Bar, though he as yet gets no business."

"Do you hear that, Tom?" interrupted his mamma,—"reads eleven hours a-day—Tom, do you hear that?"

"Yes, ma'am. Compound interest, father?" inquired Tom.

"How long has Mr. Polyblank been at the profession, sir?" continued Mrs. Lingo Borax.

"Seven years, ma'am,—*only* seven years. A short apprenticeship, I assure you, to so arduous a profession."

"Particularly when he gets nothing by it," interposed Mr. Lingo Borax; "bad interest for his money."

"My son is not extravagant," timidly observed Polyblank.

"He wastes his time, my friend; time is money, and money is life."

Mr. Polyblank looked miserable, sighed, and said nothing.

"Tom," said his father, "calculate the interest of seven years of the best part of life, following a trade that brings in nothing."

"How can I do that?" replied Tom. "First give me the value of the life."

"Ha! Tom, there you puzzle me—the value of a lawyer's life—ha! ha! ha!"

"Suppose we represent it by a negative quantity," observed Tom, with a sneer.

"Well done! Tom, my boy, *you* needn't read eleven hours a-day—*you're* not a *talented* boy—negative quantity—*minus* nothing—well said, Tom—he! he! he!"

Mr. Polyblank stared,—well he might,—and changed the conversation. He thought, however; for Mr. Polyblank, though a well-bred man, could not help *thinking* that the insolence of vulgar wealth is the lowest of all insolence—lower than the insolence of an under-paid night-cabman or over-paid head waiter.

Soon after this, Mr. Thomas Borax went to town to pursue his commercial education in a banking-house in Lombard Street, where, on going to inquire after his health, we found him in the country office, dispensing gold over the counter with a steel-shod copper shovel, which this promising young gentleman wielded with great dexterity.

We dined, by appointment, at The Mitre, where, over our wine, Master Thomas, for he was yet in his teens, told me that his "guv'nor"—so he styled his father—had sent him up to Lombard Street, on a rising salary, commencing with eighty pounds a-year, paid for his board and lodging in a private family at the West End, gave him the interest of two thousand pounds, Three-and-a-halfs, Reduced, to speculate with,—"just," as he observed, "to set him agoing."

"Is that all?" we inquired.

"That's all," coolly replied Tom, "unless you count his blessing anything. He gave me *that;* and, by gad, that's the only thing he gave me I haven't bought and sold three times over."

"Blessings, it appears, don't suit the London market?"

"Curse me if they do. Scrip or stock, good paper, short date; that's the blessing here, if you know how to use it."

"Try one of these havannahs."

"Talking of havannahs," said Tom, "reminds me, though, by gad, I wasn't likely to forget it, I lost by Bolanos Scrip."

"What is Bolanos Scrip?"

"What is Bolanos Scrip! Don't you know what Bolanos Scrip is? Then, I'll tell you it's *down,* sir, down to nothing. Wasn't it a sell! After I bought, fell like water. Gad, I should have been I don't know where now, if I hadn't brought myself up with Mexican Smalls!"

"Do you know anything of Polyblank?" we inquired.

"Polyblank, eh! Oh! yes, poor devil; I think I met him once or twice, but hadn't time to speak to him. Looked seedy—quite a seedy swell—you know what I mean; shocking bad hat, very,—faded zephyr, whitey-brown *choker*, high-lows. Couldn't be seen with *him*, you know. Though I dare say the poor devil 's a decent poor devil enough."

"Then, from your description of his dress, I presume he derives little from the pursuit of his profession."

"Profession!" interjaculated Mr. Thomas Borax, with a scornful laugh, performing at the same time a retroverted movement of the thumb over the left shoulder, supposed by antiquaries to have been transmitted to us from the Romans, and intended as a silent expression of scepticism or incredulity.

"If you please, gents, it 's time to shut up," politely intimated the waiter of The Mitre.

"What 's to pay?" inquired Mr. Borax, with a firm voice — the voice of a man who wasn't to be frightened by a *shot*.

"For both, sir?" inquired William.

"For both, sir!" echoed the man of Lombard Street; "what are you talking about? Every man wipe out his own chalks, as we say at the Clearing-house."

We parted, Mr. Borax having first assured us that he could *do* a bill, if required, on as reasonable terms as any one; and recommending us to send him any *swell* we might know to be "hard up," in preference to a Jew; "for," said he, "you know what a Jew is;—but no matter."

There *may* be a slight difference, thought we, between Mr. Thomas Borax and a Hebrew money-lender, as we walked towards the West End, where we arrived safe without having made any satisfactory discovery in what the difference consisted.

Looking over the Law-list, we lighted unexpectedly upon the object of our search; Mr. Triptolemus Polyblank, 23, Hare Court, Temple; Home Circuit; Surrey Sessions. Having nothing else to do, we went in search of Hare Court, curious to contrast the life of a man pursuing a profession with a man engaged in commercial pursuits.

After sundry inquiries from gentlemen in white aprons, with badges on the arm, who evidently were in the habit of receiving at least sixpence per answer, so costive were they of information, we passed under a low, narrow archway, and found ourselves in a quadrangle of some twenty yards square, made dingy and dark by blocks of dusky buildings, the whole resembling much a deserted barrack in a *quondam* garrison town. On the door-cheek of the common stair were inscribed names of lawyers—barristers, we should rather say—without number numberless, in the order in which they occupied apartments, or chambers, in each building. The learned gentleman in the cellar—indeed, there were usually *two*, had their names inscribed on a level with your knee; the ground-floor was opposite the lower end of your waistcoat; the first floor you read parallel with the tie of your cravat, and so on; at the very top, as high as the crown of your hat, you might have read, if you can read, the name of Polyblank. Ascending, not without difficulty, the steep and almost perpendicular stair, not without remarking, as we climbed from floor to floor, the ingenious mode of entrance to these

forensic tenements. A huge oaken door, clamped with iron, stood invitingly open, saying, as plain as door can speak, "Step in here to our shop: you can't do better;" an inner door, neatly painted, and furnished with a polished brass knocker, displayed the name of Mr. Lawcalf in large letters, as did also the great outer door, so that if you made any mistake in carrying to Mr. Quitam a brief intended for Mr. Lawcalf, it was not, as these gentlemen would have said, for want of sufficient legal notice.

On arriving at the very top, we found Mr. Polyblank's outer door closed. How long it was to remain so might be gathered from an announcement to the following effect, "*Back in three minutes,*" on a dirty slip of paper, wafered to the *oak.*

While we sat in the recess of the dusty window of the lobby, waiting for our friend, and looking down upon the desolate area beneath, with its dead-and-alive leafless trees, typic, as we thought, of shorn clients, or of the hopes of the surrounding briefless, its ragged sparrows hopping about the eaves, and the melancholy lights that glimmered here and there, though it was now but noon, from one or two chambers, where business paid for candles, a hideous old hag, with an intolerably sinister squint, an animated bundle of rags, appearing, with broom and pail, upon the lobby beneath, we took the liberty of inquiring whether she knew when Mr. Polyblank would return.

"Don't know nuffin about Mr. Polly-blank," replied the scarecrow; "I arn't his landriss, and I doesn't think as how he's got never a landriss."

So saying, she disappeared into the apartments of the *paulo post futuro* Chancellor, immediately subjacent.

A step at this moment was heard on the staircase, and Mr. Polyblank appeared, breathless with expectation; he had heard his name mentioned; could it be a brief, that great *first* cause, upon which was to rise from chaos the creation of his fortunes. Was it the clerk of Sharpley, who for years had talked of sending him *that* half-guinea "motion of course;" was it Fang, the country attorney, who had dined three times a-week at his father's on the strength of having once hinted that he could do a great deal to bring forward a young barrister; was it possible—was it *impossible?*—that it might be the Attorney-general! Alas! it was only an acquaintance. The barrister looked blank, and, smiling dismally, invited us into his chambers, as he chose to call a decided, unmistakeable case of garret.

Pointing to a little inclosed space, containing a stool, three stumps of brushes, a pair of shoes, and a blacking-bottle, informing us that was the "clerk's office," Mr. Polyblank next introduced us to his chamber, properly so called, furnished appropriately with an old office-table; a few chairs, a shelf where were some law-books; a glass-case with green lining, where more law-books might be supposed to be, a painted wardrobe, which upon closer scrutiny might have been discovered to contain a turn-up mattrass, a bit of carpet beneath the office-table, an imitation-Turkey rug, with a hole in the middle, a ruined fender, coal-scuttle to match, and a *set* of fire-irons, consisting of half a poker, *no* shovel, and *no* tongs.

"Do you find it cold?" inquired the man of law. "I have walked quickly, and am warm; but, at all events," continued he, after

some deliberation, "I may as well light the fire; a fire looks cheerful at any time."

"You have an agreeable, airy situation here, Mr. Polyblank."

"Why, pretty well—pretty well, considering; you can't imagine how *high* chambers run in this court."

"So they do; one, two, three, four stories, besides the garret and cellar."

"*We* call them *area* and *attic*," replied my friend sharply. "But I was alluding to rents. You wouldn't believe, now, that I pay five-and-forty pounds a year, and taxes; now, would you?"

We supposed it must be owing to the desirableness of the situation; but could not help remarking that the chambers must be cold.

"Cold! quite the contrary, except in winter. The great advantage of living here is, that you can suit your chambers to your constitution. We have every variety of climate in the same building. If you prefer a low, moist air, you will be at home in the area; cool as an ice-house in summer, and warm as a toast in winter, except when flooded by underground springs, or high tides. The ground-floors are close and snug, having no thorough draughts; the first and second floors cool and breezy, from the currents on the common-stair; the attics afford a pleasant variety of temperature, and the air is purer the higher you go; nor is anything pleasanter than the chirruping of the sparrows under the tiles."

"Will you take anything?" continued Mr. Polyblank, throwing open the glass-case, and discovering the heel of a two-penny loaf, a plate of cheese-parings, a few cups, knives, and other household etceteras.

"Nothing, much obliged to you."

"Recommend you try buttered pickles. Have you never tried buttered pickles?"

We confessed to a total ignorance of the delicacy in question.

"Capital for lunch. I have it often." So saying, the barrister produced a teacup, with some bits of cauliflower and gherkin, half-smothered in a mustard-coloured fluid; then, having melted a bit of butter, and a teaspoonful of flour in a black saucepan, poured the pickles on a plate, and the butter on the pickles; converting the heel of the twopenny loaf into slices, technically known among tavern-waiters by the name of *breads*, Mr. Polyblank attacked his lunch with the appetite of a man about to make a dinner.

"Your friend, Thomas Borax, is in the City, you know, of course?" we observed at length, when the discussion of the buttered pickles was nearly over.

"Ah! so he is, poor fellow!" replied Mr. Polyblank, gulping from a wine-glass a fluid much resembling table-beer,—"so he is; never was a brilliant fellow—not much in him."

This the barrister said in a *comparative* tone, as if to express the effect of contrast between the obscurity of Mr. Thomas Borax's intellect, and the brilliancy of his own.

"Yet he gets on pretty well, I believe?"

"Why, yes; capital and connexion, you know,—capital and connexion will do much: if I had connexion, I might—"

A sigh rose to the lips of the unlucky briefless, but was quenched in what little there remained of the small beer.

Year after year elapsed without our having heard anything more

of Mr. Polyblank; we studiously conned the newspaper reports of the Home Circuit and the Surrey Sessions, but the record of that gentleman's forensic eloquence, like his name, was *blank*.

London is not one of those places where you meet every man you know three times a day, observing that the morning was wet, the noon cold, and hoping the evening may be fine; the tide of London life drives men different ways. Mr. Borax we *did* meet once; he told us he had got into the house; he said he was a jobber; to which we replied, "Of course;" but, on more particular inquiry as to what county or city he represented, he informed us that the house he alluded to was not the House of Commons; and the jobbers with whom he was connected were a different set of jobbers from the jobbers near Whitehall.

We inquired after his friend Polyblank.

"Don't talk of him," interrupted Mr. Borax. "Would you believe it? the fellow had the assurance to push himself into my office on the strength of being an old friend, as he called himself."

"Not to borrow money, I hope?"

"No, by gad! he knew me better than that; friendship, you know, is one thing, but lending money is another. Something, however, almost as bad."

"What could that be?"

"Why, sir, he had the impudence—would you believe it? the *impudence* to trepan the affections of a young lady of good fortune down in our village; Pounce, the solicitor's girl, you know; ten thousand, if a penny, to my knowledge. 'Gad! if I couldn't, as it happened I did, do better, I would have married the girl myself; did you ever hear of such a thing? Well, sir, Pounce properly resented the matter, called Polly an adventurer, and wondered how he could have *cheek* to ask a respectable man's daughter without visible means. Wasn't he right?—wasn't he a sensible man—eh?"

"No doubt."

"I should think not; but, the joke was, Polly took it up as if meant offensively; inquired whether I considered the word, adventurer, proper to be applied to a gentleman of the Bar, as he called himself."

"What did you say then, pray?"

"Why, as to the matter of that, Mr. Polyblank," said I, "I can't positively say, unless I had my Johnson, which is now in my study at Camberwell, Grove-Hill House, my place there; but if I recollect right, Johnson defines an adventurer to be a man that *tries it on*; now, I must say, I think, sir, you have been trying it on with Pounce's daughter."

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh! some insolence, of course, which he intended as wit; said that my vulgarity was pitiable, or something of that sort; vulgarity, indeed! D'ye know, I have observed that those beggarly lawyers, and chaps that live in garrets, find out, somehow, that every man well to do in the world, is either vulgar or stupid. How stupid we are—ha! ha! ha!"

Stupid, or not, Mr. Borax kept his carriage, and lived like a gentleman. Grove-Hill House is a solid evidence of substantial wealth, its only defect being the common one in mercantile mansions, a preponderance of the superb and costly, unchastened by a refined taste.

The drawing-room has something of the air of a bazaar, and the house is full of very inferior pictures. The liveries of Mr. Borax are rather high-coloured, and he sports too many brasses on his harness; but his dinners are without fault, his wines unexceptionable. And, although Mr. Borax may be a little rude in speech, and robust in his way of thinking, we must say that he was a very tolerable sort of fellow.

In a narrow lane leading from Hungerford Market to Whitehall, much frequented by barristers of a retiring habit, and modest attorneys, on their way to and from the Temple to Westminster Hall, who should we stumble upon, about eighteen months ago, but Triptolemus Polyblank.

On tapping him gently on the shoulder, he started,—we presume with surprise, which he communicated to us by desiring us to wish him joy.

"With all my heart," we replied; "and, pray, what prize have you turned up in the legal lottery?"

"A very good thing, I assure you; Assistant Crown Prosecutor in the island of Trinidad. The only drawback is, that the man who retires in my favour stipulates for half the profits; but he can't, you know, live for ever, and I succeed him, as a matter of course. It 's a capital thing, I assure you, for so young a barrister, — *only* seventeen years standing."

We could not help thinking that a man who lived in a garret for seventeen years, read eleven hours a day, and dined upon buttered pickles, might have been in a better position behind the counter of a chandler's shop, even with the Assistant Crown Prosecutorship of the island of Trinidad in reversion.

"My friends," continued Mr. Polyblank modestly, "take a farewell dinner at my chambers this evening. I shall be delighted if you will favour me with your company."

At Mr. Polyblank's farewell dinner we found Mr. Fang, the country attorney, who, hearing of his friend's good fortune, came to congratulate and dine with him. Mr. Sharpley, too, was there, with his best wishes, and apologies about *that* half-guinea "motion of course." We had Mr. Endless Jaw, from the cellar below, and Mr. Seedy Flam from the garret opposite, *arcades ambo*,—that is, briefless both,—and a fat-faced, fringe-whiskered, satisfied-looking man, with a white waistcoat, and situation under government. The party was made up by a man with black, twinkling eyes, red nose, thin pepper-and-salt hair, and a clean shirt, which he made the most of, with the aid of a rolling collar to his waistcoat, evidently indicating that clean-shirt day did not come every day in the year.

We had a good plain dinner, a glass of tavern-wine all round; and, when the cloth was removed by the occasional waiter in attendance, brandy and cigars.

Mr. Endless Jaw opened the pleadings by informing us that the Solicitor-General was no lawyer; Mr. Seedy Flam maintaining that the Chief Justice was no judge. With respect to the profession generally, these gentlemen agreed that the leading men at the bar were very much overrated, extolling to the skies the ability and learning of a great many *rising* lawyers, that nobody had ever heard of. These deprecatory observations of the fortunate and eminent were received with great indulgence by the rest of the company, who,

probably, made allowances for that bitterness of tone indulged in by men of disappointed hopes and broken fortunes, and could not find in their hearts to deny the luxury of spleen to men who could not enjoy the luxury of anything else.

The gentleman in the clean shirt, whose name we could not learn, but who, we were informed, because of his agile, chirruping disposition, and for that nobody could find out in what way, or upon what he existed, was commonly called the *Grasshopper*, lamented in a cheerful voice, and with an interjectional laugh, that everything was disposed of now-a-days by interest; to which the government gentleman quietly replied, that he was afraid it always was, and always would be so.

Mr. Fang declared, with an oath, that if his dear friend, Polyblank, had only gone the western circuit, he would have led the circuit in five years; while Mr. Sharpley, on proposing the health of the newly-appointed functionary, solemnly assured the company, that if *he* had a heavy cause, he didn't know a man at the bar to whom he would entrust it, in preference to his learned friend, Polyblank.

The worthy host having declared that "this was the happiest day of his life," with the other acknowledgments customary on such occasions, proposed the healths of his friend Grasshopper, who, being a man of low stature, got upon a chair, the better to display his eloquence and linen, and delivered himself, as well as we can recollect, as follows:—

"Gentlemen, you do me honour; the honour you have done me I feel—I can't tell how; and, if I could, I could only tell you what has been told you a thousand times before. Gentlemen, when I was born I was predestinated to the honourable profession of the law; indeed, before I was born my anxious mother had an altercation with my respected progenitor, touching the comparative salaries of the Lord High Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury, one or other of which it was pre-determined, if of the masculine gender, I should be; the lady, as usual, had the best of the argument, and dreaming, as I have heard, that she saw the Chancellor counting out his money, judge the midwife's surprise when I was ushered into this vale of tears, to find a *fac-simile* of the great seal upon—[here the orator clapped his hands to his skirts]. But, I will not fatigue you with private matters. Receiving the very best education, at great expense, I learned everything except common sense, and my mother-tongue, and came to London to *kick* the world before me. I read Blackstone's Commentaries, Don Quixote, Chitty's General Practice, and Life in London; I sedulously attended court, and the Cider Cellar, and, desirous of getting an honest living—no offence to gentlemen present, was in due time called to the bar.

"Going down to court to try on my wig and gown—I need not say, both unpaid for, I inquired of a man who reported, who is this rising barrister? 'This,' said my informant, 'is Lord Snivelwick's second son, the Honourable Empty Drumhead.'—'And who is that, with his bag-full of briefs?'—'That,' said he, 'that is the heir of Latitat, the wealthy attorney.' Stepping into the Court of Chancery, I asked three barristers, one after another, 'Who made your wig, sir?' The answer in each case (Sugden was then a rising man) was, 'My father, sir.'

"Now, you must know, gentlemen, I had never even seen, to

know them again, a lord or an attorney, neither was my respected governor a forensic shaver. The first, I knew,—having studied the natural history of the animal, would be seized, as of right, of all the fat places and snug offices of the law ; the second, naturally enough, would monopolize the business of their fathers ; the third would do very well for Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. To make a long story short, gentlemen, I saw at a glance what others only open their eyes to when they are bleared, that my wig and gown wouldn't fit, and returned them to the makers, with my compliments, and *cut* the law, gentlemen, which otherwise would have *cut* me, and turned my time and attention to other purposes. Some, I am told, are curious to know how I live; but, as I am not the man to gratify impertinent curiosity, I can only refer them elsewhere for information, and wish they may get it. I appear everywhere respectable [here the speaker looked down complacently upon the holiday shirt], and (jingling something that sounded very like a bunch of keys) I have always money in my pocket. I never borrow, for certain reasons ; and for reasons equally certain, I never lend. No, sir, the law is a lottery, and being a moral man, I had no conscience to pay the best days of my life for a ticket; others pursued with envy the one man successful, I kept my eye upon the thousands that had failed; I cared not to waste my life in the pursuit of moderate success, for what is moderate success at the bar would be called failure in any other profession.

"You spend your patrimonial fortune in expensive preliminary education ; you grow mouldy as the remainder biscuit, in a garret in the Temple; you live in the solitude and isolation of a monastery, without the consolations of religion ; you ply in Westminster Hall, and go circuit and sessions, to fish, like a gold-finder, your guinea out of any dirty transaction. About forty, you begin to be called a promising young man; you make five hundred pounds a-year, when others retire upon an independence ; you get bread, when you have no talk; you are always *green* till you 're gray ; and, like a medlar, never ripe till rotten. Gentlemen, I am a happy man; I see others who deserved success, and never found it; I am proud to say that I never expected it, never found it, and didn't deserve it. Success in the law, gentlemen is fearful odds; all the world to a bit of slate; Lombard Street to a China orange; it is "*aut Thesiger aut nullus*." For business at the bar, you must have a connexion among attornies ; for promotion, you must have connexion among lords ; to rise in Westminster Hall, you must have business with those who have business there, or interest with those who have interest anywhere else."

The Grasshopper concluded his eloquent speech by proposing the healths of the learned gentlemen present, Messrs. Seedy Flam and Endless Jaw ; and, after broiled bones, bottled stout, and a farewell bowl of punch had been disposed of, we departed to our respective homes; the Grasshopper, who was not provided with such a thing, turning up on Polyblank's office-table.

It could not be more than nine months after this that the following paragraph in a country paper recalled to our recollection the fate of the Assistant Crown Prosecutor of the island of Trinidad :—

"At Barbadoes, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, on the 30th of February, Triptolemus Polyblank, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, much and deservedly regretted."



THE MAN WITHOUT A HOME.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Home! home! sweet home!"

"Home's home, be it never so homely."

WITHOUT a home! why, the combination of these three little words is like the conspiracy of so many gloomy assassins to murder the household Graces—Comfort, Cheerfulness, and Charity! Yet in this great Babylon how many loiter through a weary day, and have no home to seek at night. We mean not the tattered beggar, or the houseless wanderer, who subsist on alms, but those who have well-lined purses, the homeless drones, the butterflies and moths of society, who day and night throng the places of public resort and entertainment. Men who live for themselves, the selfish and unsatisfied, who wantonly forego the sweet sympathies of a loving heart, the exhilarating music of children's voices; men whose boasted prudence induces them to lead a life of "single blessedness," and blinds them to the truth that "Man was not born to live alone," forgetting that although "Matrimony hath many cares, celibacy hath no pleasures!" Weak must he be indeed, who, plodding through life in an eternal round of sameness, denies himself the solace of a home, the only reward worth struggling for in the arena of the world, where, like the gladiators of old, every man is armed against his fellow, conquering or conquered, by superior artifice or strength.

As the bird flies to his tree-sheltered nest for refuge and for rest,

so naturally does the soul of man, with ardent longing, pine for the quiet of a home. At sea some have been known to fall victims to the hopelessness of reaching this desired goal. The Germans call this malady *Heimweh*, or home-sickness. The English, perhaps, more than any other nation, being naturally reserved, and less social in their habits, entertain the most exalted opinion of the comforts and luxury of a home, and consequently feel the deprivation more acutely. That his "house is his castle" is the proud boast of every man who rents the smallest tenement in this land of liberty. The man without a home may vainly extol his freedom from the cares and perplexities of a house and family, and sneer at those who often sacrifice an external appearance to an inward feeling of pleasure; forgetting, poor, lonely, uncared-for mortal! that in the fairest gardens the weeds will spring forth with the flowers. It is true, he avoids the toil of plucking up the weeds; but reflects not that the pleasure of gathering the fragrant bouquet is also withheld from him!

These reflections, with the mingled feelings of charity, thoughtfulness, and melancholy, arose from the accidental encounter of an old acquaintance by sight, in the spacious dining-room of a well-known city-tavern, where the unsocial and ungregarious habits of the people had been cared for by the division of the apartment into partitioned settles or boxes.

It was growing late; the afternoon of a fine day had suddenly changed. The rain was dropping silently, but fast, and all without was wet and miserable, like a waning beauty weeping at her loss! The tips of umbrellas clicked occasionally against the panes, and now and then a pair of pattens rang and clattered on the sloppy pavement of the narrow and crowded street. The fire looked cheerful and inviting; but, with all its charms, it was a shelter, not a home.

My *acquaintance* had drawn his "chair" to the fire, and was "looking at" the daily paper. His half pint of wine was on a small table at his elbow. He was a man of gentlemanly appearance, his slightly silvered hair indicating that he was rather advanced in years. His grey eyes were sunken, and lustreless; for they had had no object to kindle their natural fires, and expression had become almost extinct. A roseate hue, that permanent streakiness resembling the ruddy hues of a pippin, spoke in eloquent language of his habitual neglect in counting the half-pints of port which he listlessly sipped, while spelling through the contents of the journal he perused.

We had long since, in our own mind, written him down as the man without a home. We had recognised his familiar face sometimes in the back of a box, on the second tier in the theatres-royal, and again frequently met him at "Offley's," or The Rainbow, or The Cock, in Fleet Street, after the play, taking his solitary supper of oysters, welsh-rabbits, or a kidney, and washing down the luxuries with Burton or stout, in so slow, quiet, and sedate a manner, that he was evidently intent upon consuming time with his meal. We felt perfectly convinced that that man had a "latch-key" in his waistcoat-pocket; and that nothing but a blinking, sickly, consumptive-looking rushlight, or a chamber-candlestick, with a box of lucifers, would greet the gentleman of "uncertain hours," in the passage of the cheerless lodging-house he patronised, and where he was only regarded in the avaricious and unflattering light of a "weekly rent."

Poor deluded, solitary mortal! he was evidently one of those who

boast they have nothing in the world to care for, and that when they put on their hat they cover their whole family; forgetting, until too late, that there is no one in the whole world who cares for them. Listlessly dreaming away their days in the pursuit of pleasure, which ever proves to these stray travellers on the road of life an *ignis fatuus*, age and infirmities steal on, and the man "without a home" experiences the littleness and misery of an aching void, suffering all the agonies, and struggling like an animal *in vacuo!*

Feelingly alive to, and yet unable to guard himself from, the fangs of those who prey upon him in his helpless state, and whose services he cannot dispense with, he learns, alas! the difference between the cold attentions of grasping avarice and the warm and soothing care of affection. His head rests on a pillow of thorns, instead of down smoothed by the gentle hands of love and sympathy!

Peevish, worn-out, and precluded by imbecility from attending his accustomed haunts, it is only by increased fees and gratuities that he can command the reluctant and slovenly attendance of the slatternly servant of the house, who has two other "floors" to wait upon.

At last he hires a nurse, who not only robs but neglects him; and one morning the half-sleepy domestic enters the apartment, and finds the fire burnt out, the half-drunken nurse asleep, and the lodger dead! —leaving the lodging-house keeper chief mourner,—for he was so regular in his payments!

THE POOR MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

God of the poor man! hear us,
Thou Giver of all good!
At this our meal be near us—
Bless, bless our humble food!
We have been toiling through the day,
Sleep hangs upon each brow!
But through the dim night hear us pray,
Look down, and bless us now!

God of the poor man! heed us,
As thus on bended knee,
For all thou hast decreed us,
We praise and glory Thee!
Thy hands that made the wealthy,
Unmake them at thy will;
They made us strong and healthy,
May we remain so still!

God of the poor man! listen
To those whose all is gone,
To those whose eyelids glisten
With sorrow deep and lone!
Oh! answer, we beseech Thee,
Their broken, anguish'd pray'r;
Let their dark woes first reach Thee,
Then beam on us now here!

God of the poor man! lowly
His heart with love doth beat;
He hath no gift more holy
To deck Thy mercy-seat!
Take it, Our Father! though it be
Shaded with earthly sin;
Nought else hath he to offer Thee,—
Oh! make it right within!

God of the poor man! shining
Amidst his little cot,
Though fortune be declining,
With Thee, how bright his lot!
Guard now the night before us,—
Let quiet slumber come;
Spread, spread Thy mantle o'er us,
And bless the poor man's home!

ERICK STORWALDSEN'S KLIPPA.*

BY W. LAW GANE.

But to the Scalds his noble voice does Braga's harp recall,
When from his honey'd lips the rhymes of arms and glory fall,
As he beneath an arbour sits, and chaunts the deeds of fame,
Himself a legend, near the wave which murmurs Mainer's name.
FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

The entire skärgord, or sea-coast of Norway, from the Nase to Frederickshall, where the Alexander of the North† received his death-wound, and from the North Cape to the Nase, is one uninterrupted chain of granite rocks. Innumerable fissures present themselves, and on some parts of the coast the sea rolls through in a hundred places within the space of a league. Occasionally it forms a *vik*, or arm, of considerable depth ; but more frequently the opening barely admits of the passage of a vessel.

This general disruption of the shore has produced many fantastic groups of rocks, and spots where romance might dwell. Sometimes the scenery assumes an aspect of grandeur, and even sublimity. It is delightful, within bow-shot of the ocean, dashing and roaring in its giant strength, to guide the skiff into a tiny haven, where the sparkling water (and nowhere are the waters more pellucid than on the Norwegian coast) is without a ripple, and the fish may be seen disporting fathoms below the surface.

The evergreen pine grows on all sides down to the water's edge, covering the surrounding rocks to their summits, forming unrivalled amphitheatres ; and here the blackbird sings, and the woodpecker makes the hills echo and re-echo. Small as the haven is, it is studded with islets, where the eider-duck sits brooding on her nest, and the sea-gull rests with his finny prey : there the juniper shows its unchanging green, amidst which the red cranberries are studded like gems, and the delicious wild strawberry tempts the intruder's visit. The only sounds that fall on the ear are the sea-bird's scream, and the plash of his wing, as he settles down or skims over the water, and the roar of the ocean outside the rocky barrier. Seawards, widely different is the scene that presents itself. Its characteristic is a gloomy, barren grandeur. From the summit of the rock to its perpendicular base, a height of several hundred feet, not a trace of vegetation is apparent. Half way down the bold eagle has his eirie, and in fine weather the sea-gull rests on its angles. At its foot the sea raves with fearful violence ; even in calms immense

* A klippa is a sunken rock, always covered, but at an inconsiderable depth from the surface of the sea.

† A plain unhewn granite stone, about three feet high, is the only memorial Norwegian nationality has permitted to mark the spot where this wild son of war ended his eventful career. An anecdote of Charles is preserved at Frederickshall, which we believe has never appeared in print, and has in it something of a Napoleonic tinge. Charles was sitting writing in a house within range of the castle guns, when a bombshell entered the roof, and passed through the floor close to his feet. Without changing his position, he called to one of his attendants, and desired him to open the window. "These Norwegians," said he, "know well they cannot beat, and wish to smother us. Let out this cursed dust, let it out!"

waves dash against the rocks, into which they have eaten fissures and caverns of great extent, and singular conformation. High as the elevation is above the ocean, its spray wets the cheek; and, as the frightful waves surge up, a thought is apt to arise that they may overtop the summit.

In approaching this coast for the first time, the voyager will be infinitely amazed at the way in which his vessel glides to a secure and delightful harbour. The pilot meets the ship some two miles from the shore; he steers direct on the coast, in which the eye, aided by the best glass, fails to mark an opening. The ship almost touches the terrific shore, when the skilful pilot puts her round the angle of a rock, and the change, as she penetrates the iron barrier, is almost magical; the bark glides through a passage that scarcely affords room for the action of her yards, and rides on water smooth as a fishing-pond, and in so sheltered a nook, that the close-reefed sails flap lazily against the mast.

About three miles from Christiansand, in the Cattegat, is a cluster of rocks called "The Cattle," from the supposed resemblance they bear to a herd of oxen. Towering over all is the lordly bull; around him some grazing, some lying down; the herd is scattered. It does not require a very great stretch of fancy to find in them a confused likeness to the objects named. These rocks are remarkable for inclosing one of those delightful havens described above, and in the centre of this is a sunken rock, over which the tiny wavelets barely ripple; but it differs from others of the same class only in terminating in a platform of some little extent, which is covered with sparkling shells and marine plants. This is known to the fishermen for miles around as *Erick Storwaldsen's Klippa;* and they delight in relating to the stranger the following

LEGEND OF THE SUNKEN ROCK.

Many, many years ago, a youth, named Erick Storwaldsen, dwelt on Sjelmö, an island about half an hour's sail from "The Cattle" rocks. Erick was the last of the race of Scalds, of those who sang of the *vikinga,* or old sea-kings, chiefs who left their renown on every shore of Europe, and whose daring in war was only equalled by their hospitality in peace. He wandered about with his harp among the few halls which remained to mark where their fathers dwelt in power and state. When the *jul* log blazed, or the midsummer mead went round, Erick was there, pouring out his soul in fiery numbers. He sang of the *viking,* mounted on his dragon's* back, dashing the dark waters aside, and outstripping the eagle in his flight, hasting to win wealth and beauty with his sword in foreign lands; he described the fearful storm, raised by evil powers, which made even the bold rover fear, and must have engulphed his bark, but for the aid of the friendly whale, which bore it safely on his back. They listened to the tale of that wondrous sword, *Angarvadel,* whose stroke outvied the lightnings:—

> "Woe to the wretch who meets this sword in battle's fearful night!
> Its fame was spread the world around, none could dispute its worth;
> 'Twas ever deem'd, beyond compare, the best sword in the north."

* Ships are so called in the Scandinavian sagas, or poems.

From battles, and the adventures of the ocean, he would change his theme to the feasts of princes and the loves of kings; he would relight the fires in Freya's* temples, and re-people the fanes of Balder, the Apollo of the North. Thus he made the hours pass cheerfully, delighting a quiet age with the daring exploits and wild adventures of one more stirring and eventful. Many of the sagas of Erick Storwaldsen are still familiar among the Norwegian hills. Erick was beautiful as his own conceptions, and the north had given him height of stature, strength, and vigour. He could not have done better than picture the ideal heroes of his songs from himself. His eye showed all the courage of the eagle, blended with the softness of the dove; his cheek beamed with those rosy tints of health, which no other climate imparts; and his yellow hair curled in profusion over shoulders where grace and manhood sat enthroned. In other times he would have been the viking, fearless and invincible in war, and, in the soft hours of peace, a lover no maiden could have resisted.

He was much given to solitary wanderings by the sea-shore, and he delighted to sit by the silent wave when the stars studded the heavens like pearls on the brow of beauty, and the moon sailed among them a more brilliant gem, and wake the echoes of the rocks with his sweet strains, and often has the laughing morn surprised him among his favourite scenes. Sometimes Erick imagined that his notes were answered by something more than echo; he would stop his lay, and listen; but all was still! Whenever love was his theme, melody most ravishing appeared to spring from the waters and the rocks around him; and once, through the darkness of the night, his heated imagination depicted to him a being of unearthly beauty rising from the waves at his feet, and wooing him to approach. He rose, but no object was distinguishable on ocean's glassy breast. One night he slept; ere long the bright being who had risen from the waters was at his side. Never mortal eyes rested on such beauty. Save her starry hair, which hung around her as a garment, she had nought to veil the majesty and grace that sat enthroned on every limb; a tiara of sea-shells, gorgeous as the sapphire, and brilliant as the diamond, rested on her brow. In her hand she held a branch, on which grew sea-flowers, fairer than earth's loveliest rose, which she waved gently over the sleeper; she moved with noiseless step around and around him, her eyes riveted on his countenance, and a sigh often crept from her bosom. She waved her hand, and a throng of attendant nymphs pressed near; they saluted her as queen, awaiting her commands. Some she dispatched for the softest sea-plants, and the eider's down, and the velvet moss, to make the sleeper a bed; the loveliest of her attendants she bade pillow his head on her bosom; others tuned their lyres, and awoke those seraphic strains which had so often enraptured the sleeping Erick; some danced round him, and some watched that naught should disturb his slumbers. The glorious creature approached the youth, and bowed her face to his; its dazzling beauty broke through the closed eyelids, and dissipated sleep. Erick stretched forth his hand to touch her, but it rested on vacancy; his opening eye met the glare of the sun high in the heavens. He rose,

* The Scandinavian goddess of love.

and hastened home; but the beautiful vision clung so closely around his heart, that the roof-tree of his fathers no longer covered the peace which he had hitherto tasted in its sacred shade. He knew no happiness away from the scene where he breathed love's first fiery breath. He never supposed himself cheated by a fleeting shadow; to him, all that he beheld was real and substantial, and he clung to it with a tenacity nothing could evermore sever or dissipate. *Jul** came, but Erick was not in the hall with the revellers; the log burned, but his bright strains no more delighted those who grouped around it; the mead-cup, once the nectar of heroes and kings, passed sadly around, for Erick was not there to taste it; the midsummer witch-scaring fire blazed brightly upon the hills,† but he was afar from those who danced about it; the high-born dame and the lowly maiden alike sighed for Erick, but he came not. To one lonely spot was he chained, and here, at all seasons, was heard his harp's mournful strains; for he sang only of love and sorrow. Anxiously he watched for the bright creature which had stolen upon him in his dream of bliss. He often heard that celestial melody which greeted his ear ere she came; but vainly he watched for her. He no more slumbered, and his vigils ended but with the dawning of day. His harp wafted his sorrows far down the depths of ocean, but enticed her not from her pearly caves. One glorious summer's night, when the full moon shed its brilliancy around, silvering the dark green pines, and making the northern midnight almost light as day, Erick for a moment sank into forgetfulness; his harp dropped from his hand, and his head rested on the green bank where he sat. Suddenly the void was peopled; those fair beings he formerly beheld were flitting around him; but he perceived not their queen. They fanned him with their waving locks, and drove afar the droning beetle and the owl, that they should not disturb his slumbers. In vain his eye wandered round the bright circle, the loveliest was not there; his heart was sad as the sky when clouds obscure the noontide sun, and wept its grief; suddenly celestial melody gushed from the harp which lay beside him, and soft sweet voices raise the song:—

"The Ocean Queen for Erick's love
Is sighing 'mong her sapphire halls,
And yet he comes not from above,
Though tearful she on Erick calls!
'Tis fair where she dwells:—
Deep ocean has dells
Where flowers have birth,
Brighter than those that are brightest on earth;
There, supreme in deathless charms,
She sighs to rest in Erick's arms.
Come! come! come!

She has wealth to bestow, and love for the brave,
And a sceptre old Ocean obeys like a slave.
Come! come! come!
Her fairest nymphs shall tend thee,
Shall soothe thee with their song,
And in mazy dance flit round thee,
The golden sands along.
To the deep blue water,
To beauty's brightest daughter,
Come! come! come!"

They wave their hands for him to follow, and point to the trans-

* Christmas.

† The peasantry of Norway are in the habit of lighting bonfires on the summits of the highest hills on Midsummer eve, to scare away the witches, which are then believed to be particularly active. Not the least singular part of the ceremony is, that the fishermen drag up their worn-out boats, and there consume them, dancing round them while they burn.

parent ocean; but the sleeping Erick moves not; his heart feasts on their delicious strains, but deep sleep still rests upon his eyelids. The bright choir turn to the ocean, and again they sing:—

"Arise in thy beauty,
Bright queen of the wave!
And Erick shall follow,
The lover and slave.
He sighs to behold thee,
He longs to enfold thee—
Arise! arise!"

Again they approach the sleeper, pointing to the ocean:—

"See! she comes in glory clad;
Erick, let thy heart be glad;
Hasten to her ocean halls,
Whither love and beauty calls:
Youth unending, love divine—
Ne'er was mortal's bliss like thine!
Haste! haste! haste!"

As they concluded, the glorious vision again burst on Erick's sight, in all her former beauty, uprising from the waves. She gained the strand, and spread wide her arms to lure the enraptured youth to her embrace. Emotion roused him from his slumbers, and springing up, "I come! I come!" he cried, and, rushing to the waters, plunged into their bosom, and, as they closed above his head for ever, their soft and soothing murmurs welcomed him to their depths. The same sweet harmony again floated over the waves:—

"Rejoice! rejoice!
For their woes are ended,
The lovers' hearts are blended;
In the depths of ocean
Sweet is their emotion;
Celestial bliss is theirs,
Unmix'd with mortal cares.
'Mong the caverns of Neptune, that never before
Heard the footstep of being whose home is the shore;
Whose glories outshine
The gold caves of the land,
Whose daughters are fairer
Than earth's brightest band!
There, while ocean's billows flow,
They shall dwell, and hourly know
Untasted joys, their young hearts
Feeling nought of lovers' smarts.
Rejoice! rejoice!"

Never more was Erick seen among his accustomed haunts. In vain his fair-haired sister listened for his footstep, and sought him on the hills and in the valleys. He passed away like a spirit that no more returns; but his sweet strains yet remain to cheer and animate the bold sons of the north.

Amid the twilight of his summer's night the fisherman, as his skiff approaches "Erick's Klippa," beholds fair beings dancing on its summit, waving o'er Erick and his Ocean Queen their golden locks, as they sit side by side beneath the crystal stream, to view the sportive throng, and often, stealing from the silent waves, strains of melody, so soft, so sweet, break on the ear, that no one doubts the universal tradition that proclaims them to proceed from Erick's harp. The love-lorn maid oft kneels beside the waters that flow o'er Erick's Klippa, and prays his influence to bring her wandering lover back; and here the matron comes when tempests howl, and angry surges lash the shore, to beg his blue-eyed queen to shield her husband's bark, and guide it safely to its haven.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BISHOP'S TORMENT.

A man's wisdom is his best friend, folly his worst enemy.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

THE pace was anything but sluggish, and the pulse anything but even, with which I sped from Sir Francis' presence, and traversed the avenue. My morning had been one continued round of annoyance, closed by a fruitless journey to the Park, and a tantalizing interview with its proprietor. It was in vain that I tried to school my spirit into submission. I chose to fancy myself an ill-used man; and truly snappish and crabbed was the tone in which I replied to a rubicund, portly personage, who had been hailing me with invincible perseverance for at least five minutes,

"Well, sir, I wait your pleasure."

"WAIT! That word sounds well from *you*. Is this your usual pace?" continued my questioner, as he came up puffy, and panting, looking thoroughly blown, and rather inclined to be irritable. "If so, it 's uncommonly disagreeable, and, to a man of my years, not a little dangerous—uh! uh! uh! I have a message from Sir Francis: he begs you will dine with him."

"Much obliged; but that honour to-day I must forego." And I resumed my rapid retreat.

"Think twice before you decide on that conclusion."

I bowed, angrily, I fear, and strode on.

"Nay," cried my wheezing friend, planting himself immediately before me, "we part not thus. Chafed in spirit, eh? A losing candidate! This living—Boreham-cum-Bagpuze—missed it?"

"Missed it? It never was vacant!" said I bitterly.

"The result is the same; yours *it is not*, and this galls you?"

"A stranger to me, even by name," cried I sharply, "I deny your right to probe my private feelings."

"Comrade!" said he, with a smile, "we row in the same boat; "but *you* take at present the weather-oar. You 've missed a benefice, and fume at; I 've surrendered mine, and could hurrah over it."

I eyed him with amazement.

"Mine," continued he, "has been a saddened and strangely chequered career!" And as he spoke he heaved a sigh that would have turned a windmill. "I have had to contend with characters and circumstances that would have crushed the heart of many a country clergyman. The direst evil that can beset the path of a peaceable incumbent has perpetually embarrassed mine. *I have been cursed with a succession of intractable curates.* Five years only did I hold Foggy-boys Rectory, and—would you believe it?—I have had no less than fifteen curates. The bishop told me he was actually tired of inserting their various names in his clergy book, and worn down by the correspondence which their successive appeals to him

involved. Says the Registrar, 'Dr. Marshman, your parish is more productive to me than any other in the diocese!' But what was I to do? Was I to be murdered on my own benefice?—preached to death by *extempore* curates? It came to that. Imagine my sufferings under one '*gifted*' young gentleman, who made a point, whenever he occupied my pulpit, of discoursing for two-and-seventy minutes? Mine, let me tell you, was nothing less than living martyrdom."

"You have been unfortunate, unquestionably, in your choice."

"Unfortunate!" quoth he; "unfortunate is far too mild a phrase. Listen. Foremost amongst my curates was a Mr. Anstruther, a man of family, fond of his profession, possessed of learning, and a very pleasant, persuasive preacher; but," said my companion, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, and looking unutterably solemn, "*he was not* SOUND! His opinions were of a very fearful description. He criticised Mrs. M.'s cookery, and insisted upon having barm put into a pork pie, and coriander-seed among veal-cutlets. That I could have borne, had he not maintained to the very last that calf's-head-hash should be served up with a white gravy. It was impossible to tolerate a man holding such sentiments; our separation was indispensable; we had no common ground to meet upon. To him succeeded Mr. Glossop, in many respects a valuable colleague. An adept was he in the management of a parish, and well up to the regulation of a Sunday school. We parted for a word."

"A word!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; one word, one single word dissolved our connection. You look as much astonished as the bishop did when I gave him my explanation. As a reader, Mr. Glossop was careless beyond belief. For three successive Sundays, in reciting the seventh commandment, he left out that emphatic and important monosyllable 'NOT!' You may conceive the effect this omission produced upon the congregation. Some stared, others tittered, and one or two old women *audibly* GROANED. I was annoyed, and told him so. 'I feel quite uneasy,' said I, 'at your pertinacious perseverance in such a glaring impropriety.'

"'Oh!' cried he, 'a word or two more or less here and there—immaterial—quite so.'

"'But such a word as that—so important—so emphatic?'

"'Tush! they understand me perfectly,' he contended.

"'Pardon me: they do not.'

"We parted: the indecorum was greater than I could wink at. The next curate that plagued me was a Mr. Whynniatt. He had no particular excellence, and no very striking defect. His sermons, though plain, were singularly equal; his means were ample; and his habits benevolent. But he was *a bigot*. You must know that my partiality for a rubber at bowls is great; and that the pleasure with which I frequent the Coverley bowling-green is to this hour indescribable. Many of my curates I made proficients; but Mr. Whynniatt positively refused to learn. In vain I hinted to him the value of an acquisition which, both for himself and others, would wile away many an idle hour.

"'A clergyman,' said he sturdily, 'should have *no idle hour*.'

"'But he is human, and therefore requires relaxation and recreation.'

"'Then let his recreations and relaxations be harmless in themselves, and unobjectionable in the eyes of others.'

"'This is both.'

"'No: it is neither. The losing-party is subject to a penalty; and, as to propriety, what can be more absurd than seeing half-a-dozen clergymen playing a game of ninepins?'

"When a curate thinks proper to lecture his incumbent," observed my companion with an air of dignity, "the dissolution of their connexion is immediate and inevitable.

"Mr. Whynniatt gave way to Mr. Easthope, an accomplished young man, full of ardour and enthusiasm, and from him I parted with some regret; but it was unavoidable. *He did not mind his stops!* His sermons were good, but he raced through them. And, as to the preliminary services, what think you of the General Thanksgiving, and the Prayer for the Church Militant being read without one single stop? It was really too horrible."

"And, could you prevail on yourself to part with this young man, 'full of ardour and enthusiasm,' merely because he read the service somewhat faster than ordinary?"

"Fast, sir! I tell you it was a gallop! And no venial fault either! Think of the serious consequences of not keeping your stops! What lost —— Wanstead; Lord —— his noble oaks; and Lady —— her splendid diamonds? What exiled Sir Harry ——; outlawed Sir Charles ——, and made a blackleg of Colonel ——?"

I began to ruminate.

"Sir," said I, at length, "I am profoundly penetrated with the truth of your position: serious indeed are the consequences of not keeping your stops."

"Your admission," said my companion, "does you infinite honour. Tell me not of the man who can *go*, but who can *stop*. I remarked as much," continued Dr. Marshman, "to the bishop: but his lordship, strange to say, did not agree with me! After several other engagements with young gentlemen, equally brief, and nearly as trying, an unexpected legacy fell in, and I waited on my diocesan. His lordship looked terribly disconcerted when my name was announced; and gave me a chilling reception: I told him what had befallen me, and added,

"'This Foggy-boys living, my lord, has nearly worried me into my grave; and therefore I have made up my mind to resign it, which will be—'

"'The best thing you can do,' said his lordship, with the most extraordinary change of countenance, and the most agreeable smile you can imagine.

"'I am not quite sure, my lord, of that; but my retirement will be unquestionably a great relief—'

"'To all parties,' observed the bishop as he filled up the sentence with unparalleled promptness."

We had advanced nearer and nearer to the main entrance, when Dr. Marshman started. The dinner-bell rang.

"Ah! there's music on the breeze!" cried he, drawing me along with him almost perforce into the vestibule. "You've no music in your soul, my family tell me: the indictment may be true; but," added he, "there is a melody, a harmony, a winning persuasiveness in the tone of a dinner-bell which to me is irresistible. *Allons!*"

CHAPTER XXXII.

EDMUND KEAN.

Those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE must be an innate feeling in the breast of official subordinates which prompts them to rejoice over the discomfiture of a brother *employé*. Upon no other principle can be explained the glee with which Mr. Pounce rubbed his hands, whistled, and whisked round the corners, when the magistrates' "gentle recommendation" to Mr. Stark had issued in the retirement of that deeply-offended functionary.

"Monstrous relief!" cried he. "Well rid of a most inefficient officer! Poor Stark! Thorough old woman; best days spent at Bow Street; dregs reserved for the county. Heigh ho! Adieu to the Incapables! And now for silence and the solitary system!"

"Upon whom is it to be tried?"

"Truth to say, upon a poor fellow whose history is strange and sad enough, and whom I would fain befriend. A passion for the drama has ruined him. I once was held by the same mania myself. 'Pounce!' was the constant cry of my old master, Bowden, of Exeter, 'if you would thrive, avoid the fellowship of singing men and *singing women!*' Lyppyatt was never so warned; or if he was, has turned a deaf ear to his monitor. Those professionals are a fascinating set of people to deal with."

"I can scarcely imagine their crossing your path, Mr. Pounce."

"I was not always the formal, precise, matter-of-fact person I now am," said the magistrates' functionary, with a reproachful air; "saddened and callous as I now seem, sir,—once, once I had a lively and ready sympathy with the noble and the elevated, the spirit-stirring and the refined. But, look at my position. Who can do other than deteriorate amid duties like mine? Heaven help me! So much do I daily hear of crime and punishment; so frequently have I to gaze on the dark and scowling visage of the felon and the transport, that I am tempted sometimes to doubt whether I have not committed arson or burglary myself. But be the present what it may, the past is mine own. My recollections carry me back to Kean, living in the little feather-cleaner's lodgings in Exeter; and teaching dancing to eke out a scanty livelihood. I can say what few can, that I have seen the great tragedian play Harlequin for his own benefit; supped with him afterwards; and left him *sober!* I knew him well in early life; often met him at the house of his kind and judicious Exeter patron—Mr. Nation."

"Indeed! I thought that office had been sustained by Dr. Drury?"

"Dr. Drury lived at Starcross," returned Pounce; "Mr. Nation at Exeter; ample justice has, in my humble judgment, been done to the doctor's early and decided appreciation of Kean's genius; lighter mention made than ought to have been of Mr. Nation's opportune

and generous assistance. Mr. Nation himself was a man of no ordinary genius. He presented in his own person a lively instance how a man by the mere force of talent, industry, and tact, can rise to a thoroughly independent and somewhat influential position. This he never forgot; and with true nobility of mind would say, 'I remember my own struggles; the scramble I had to maintain my footing; the pains many took to keep me down; and the little aid I received in toiling up; and can I see genius like that man's battling with poverty, and look on unmoved? No; not while the gout leaves William Nation the power of thinking and acting.' He it was who urged on Kean the selection of Shylock as the character in which to test the feeling of a London audience. 'His eye, sir,' he was wont to say, 'is the best comment on the text. Scan him as he whets the knife, eager to cut the pound of flesh from his bankrupt Christian debtor! Who that has seen it can forget the expression with which it gleams? *It is all light.* Sparks seem to flash from it. THAT! will a London audience fail to mark and appreciate? I know human nature better.'"

"Had he then mixed much and largely with society?"

"He had lived all his life with his eyes open," was Mr. Pounce's reply; "and certainly some of his views of human nature, if somewhat sternly coloured, were divertingly droll. At the period to which I refer Bishop —— held the see of Exeter. He had been in the army; was a finished courtier; and stood high in favour with the Regent. You may imagine his lordship was not peculiarly starched in his ideas, — was not claimed or lauded by any of the Wilberforce school, — when I tell you that frequently might he be seen driving four-in-hand on the Heavitree road; or during the race-week making his way toward Haldon. He was an admirable whip; but it always struck me, who am not over-precise, that the black silk apron, clerical hat, and episcopal wig, looked a little *outré* on the driving-box. Independent of his penchant for the reins, Dr. —— (by the way, no one ever called him, much as he was flattered, 'a *saintly* bishop,') liked a rubber; and was an adept in whist. A constant guest when in London at Carlton House, it was understood that in forming the Prince's card-table the Bishop of Exeter should be included. But that illustrious individual, who agreed so ill with his wife, and so well with his ministers, was not a very nice observer of times and seasons, and would frequently have his rubber on a Sunday. The bishop's sense both of hearing and seeing was wonderfully dependent upon times and circumstances. It was marvellous how suddenly blind and deaf he became while breathing the palace atmosphere. But this Sunday amusement was more than he could wink at. He would neither play with the Prince nor against him. He cut the card-table—till twelve o'clock! and during the interval stood behind the Prince's chair, amusing the Royal Amphitryon with his courtly gossip; and shuffling, by royal command, the Prince's cards. Mr. Nation became acquainted with this trait of character, and preserved it. In two life-like sketches—he caricatured admirably — he presented 'Life on the Heavitree Road;' and 'Sunday Night at Carlton House.' The latter drawing was admirable. The easy attitude and good-humoured bearing of the royal voluptuary; the *booing*, cringing curve of Colonel ——, the Prince's partner; the earnest air of the bishop, standing close by

the Regent's chair, shuffling busily, yet noiselessly, his countenance clouded with anxiety, as having the double task of watching the game, and watching the clock, which pointed to ten minutes to midnight; all this was sketched to the life. The drollery of the drawings was irresistible. Dr. Lant Carpenter, who might be considered Mr. Nation's father confessor, has laughed at them till the tears stood in his eyes."

"Mr. Nation, then, was a Unitarian?"

"His creed I did not then, nor do I now profess to understand. It is his practice I am concerned with; that was well worthy of imitation. The bard says:—

"'Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant
No man will supply thy want,
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'

"You remember the passage, and its sources?" cried Mr. Pounce, as he finished his quotation with evident gusto.

"Shakspeare's words are not easily forgotten; but—their bearing upon Kean?"

"I heard him quote them in Southernhay upon a somewhat memorable occasion. He was on the following evening to play 'Benedict' to poor Mrs. Henry Hughes's 'Beatrice;' and Mr. Nation, to heighten the *mise en scène*, presented him with a glittering pair of shoe-buckles, and a superb ornament, a feather loop for his hat. It is not asserted, of course, that the stones were real; but they looked extremely well by lamplight on the subsequent evening; and Kean seemed to have no slight pleasure in displaying them to his kind patron, who, with Mrs. Nation occupied his usual seat — the front row of the stage-box. What fixed the incident on my memory was the donor's manner, and the words of kindly encouragement by which the gift was accompanied. The baubles were carefully wrapped up in a bank-note for five pounds; and as he handed them jocosely to the actor, the giver said,

"'These are yours on one condition,— that you wear them the first benefit you take on *the metropolitan boards*.'

"The struggling actor looked amazingly gratified at the delicate compliment this observation involved; but shook his head incredulously, as if for him that day would never shine.

"'It will come,' said the kind-hearted banker boldly and firmly; 'and, spite of gout, I shall live to see it. Dr. Collins will keep me alive till then, though I never have paid him a fee, and never will; my executors may do that. Well, Kean, is it a bargain? Now, understand me. Ere long the full-flowing tide of success will bear you along; and *real jewels will replace these mock baubles*: all I ask is, that you gratify me by wearing *these—these*, on the night to which I refer, in the memory of your Devon friend, and by-past struggles.'

"It was then Kean repeated the cited passage; not very *apropos*, I grant; but Kean's early education had been miserably scanty, and his range of information to the very last was limited. Off the stage he was but an ordinary mortal."

"The remark does not seem applicable to his Exeter patron?"

"Oh, no; there was nothing ordinary in the grasp and texture of *his* mind. His study was that of his fellow men; many a scheme has his penetration sifted and exposed; and many a schemer has the searching glance of his dark, flashing eye disconcerted. But, after all, his intuitive appreciation of talent, and the range of prophetic insight, which he possessed, into character, these were his most remarkable points. Take, for instance, the case of Lord Gifford, then a clerk in the office of Mr. Jones, the attorney,—warmly was he encouraged by Mr. Nation in his aspiring views towards the bar."

"'Don't abandon your idea, Robert; you will succeed,' was his remark, 'and your success will not be measured. Fight your way to the bar; and, once called, you will make head rapidly. I say not this idly; and I will tell you where your forte will lie,—in sifting and weighing *given* evidence, and in *extorting* that which would fain be withheld.' It was curious how completely, on the Queen's trial, Sir Robert Gifford verified the old gentleman's prophecy."

"The acute banker," said I, "appears to have been singularly happy in his bold guesses at the future."

"His were more than guesses," returned my companion somewhat testily; "*none failed*. As to Kean, his transit from the depths of obscurity and penury to fame and wealth was almost instantaneous. Poor fellow! I have seen him at various phases of his chequered career. At Exeter more than once I have been a spectator when he has played, in his finest style, to a house that had not five pounds in it. Sadly and sorely dispirited did he quit it. At Drury, after his *hit*, I have stood behind the scenes, and have witnessed peers and members of parliament rushing to his dressing-room to express their unbounded delight at his performance; and have been amused more than once by seeing members of the committee of management jostling against each other, in their eager haste to present negus, lemonade, and orgeat, to the favoured and flattered actor. And mine was the sorrow—saddest spectacle of all!—to view him in his decline. He was crossing the Tyne, a few miles below Newcastle, in a steam ferry-boat, that plyed between the opposite shores, so contrived that a carriage could be driven on and off it without requiring the occupants to alight. A large, heavy travelling-chariot drew up; and in it sat a thin, feeble-looking, little man, muffled up in cloaks and fur. With the face I was sure I was familiar. I bent forward, and caught the profile. It was Kean. A woman of colour sat by his side. On the cushions and floor of the carriage were strewed various play-books; torn, dirty, dogs'-eared, and disfigured enough. He was to act that evening in a neighbouring country town; and thither, impelled by old associations, I followed him. Alas! I gazed on a wreck,—a premature but thorough wreck. Voice, memory, strength, all were gone. The box I sat in was near the stage—too near—it commanded so completely the exit and entrance of each actor as greatly to dispel the illusion. But on that night its position was invaluable to me. It enabled me to watch my former favourite closely and throughout. Whenever he quitted the boards it was in a state of thorough exhaustion. But every gesture was most anxiously observed. His companion, the woman of colour, was in close attendance on him; had evidently her fear as to the

result of the evening, and gave him continually small quantities of what appeared to me, strong spirit-and-water, as a temporary but fatal stimulus. *I could have choked her*," cried Pounce, "*for her assiduity!* The play was the 'Iron Chest'; and he, of course, Sir Edward Mortimer. Long before it closed he was voiceless from exhaustion."

"Fit subject," said I, "for the moralist; health, talents, energies, all profusely drawn upon, and all prematurely spent!"

"I would do battle with ye on that point too," cried Pounce; "but time presses. In truth everything connected with that man was unprecedented, and out of course. His friends, his haunts, his hosts, all were romantic and out of keeping. Was there ever anything so droll as the contrast afforded to him and his habits by his host, Miss Hake, the little feather-dresser, with whom he lodged at Exeter? Imagine a punctilious, precise, correct, and rather timid old maid, of a certain age, of *very staid* demeanour, and matter-of-fact habits. Imagine her, I say, the host of an erratic genius like Kean; and yet he lodged with her for a very considerable period. She, staid and timid as she was, liked him, and they parted with reluctance and regret."

"Droll enough, certainly!"

"And instructive; for it showed the power Kean possessed of kindling strong feelings of personal attachment at a period when those prepossessions must have been wholly disinterested. Then, again his family, — there was much that was interesting and attractive in his son."

"Charles?"

"No; Howard. He was the most graceful, intellectual-looking child I ever beheld. And yet, handsome as he was, his face was one you regarded with pain. Its expression was deeply, touchingly melancholy. It was not the face of a child. It had nothing of the buoyant, careless gaiety of childhood. It spoke of an early acquaintance with care, privation, and trial. Often did I catch myself imagining with how heavy an endurance of sorrow his childish years must have been burthened ere that youthful face could have been so deeply saddened. My heart has often ached while I gazed on him. I had feelings *then*," cried Pounce bitterly, "and some degree of sympathy with my kind! but now—no matter! He died, poor fellow! early; and long and passionately did Kean bewail him."

"Who could have imagined, Mr. Pounce, that your memory was so stored with theatrical recollections?"

"One or two I have," said he, "of a livelier cast. There was a worthy lady in Exeter,—she daily frequented the cathedral at early morning-prayers, — who was extremely fond of Shakspeare and theatricals; as fond of seeing at her own dwelling the lion of the day; a great stickler for propriety; rigid in the extreme on the score of morals, and horribly perplexed how to reconcile all these jarring tastes to her own private satisfaction, and that 'of the public generally.' Miss O'Neill came to the capital of the West on a professional visit; and this lover of the drama, after grave deliberation, called on the stranger to make her acquaintance, and invite her to dinner. Her preface was lengthy and magniloquent in the extreme. She told the actress that 'this visit was quite an exception to her general rule;' talent she thought little of; but 'character, spotless,

pure, unassailable, unimpeachable character, that was adorable!' She then wound up her oration by inviting the actress to dine with her on that same day (the call was made about three P.M.) at half-past five. The tragic queen listened most attentively to this long harangue; thanked her calmly for her politeness, and, with a smile, *declined! 'She had already dined!'* The lady-caller was all astonishment.

"'I dine,' said Miss O'Neill, 'invariably at two o'clock when I have to play at night. I then, in thought, assume the character I have to represent, and am Mrs. Haller, or Belvidera, or Monimia, for the rest of the evening. My own distinct existence ceases; and I am for the hour the poet's creature, victim, organ.'

"'To-morrow, then?' said the lady.

"'To-morrow I drive over to Dawlish.'

"'The next day?'

"'I leave Exeter.'

"'Three distinct refusals!' cried this living pattern of virtuous propriety, who could not wisely keep her own counsel,—'three distinct refusals in a single morning, and from an actress! *And no word, no syllable of deep obligation expressed for the honour I had done her!* I, too, that am so particular about those whom I invite to my table! If that sarcastic woman, Lady Catharine Howard, ever comes to the knowledge of it, I shall be tormented by her taunts for ever!'

"As a pendant to this, take a scene in the vestry of (I think) St. John's Church, Newcastle. Mrs. Glover was in Northumberland, starring it, and on a fine Sunday evening betook herself to church. The lecturer—his name matters not, but I think it was T——r—belonged to the rigid school. His sermon lashed pretty strongly worldly amusements; and, as he progressed, he uttered several particularly bitter things against the stage, and vented some very sarcastic inuendoes touching their characters whose misfortune it was, and is, to have to earn their bread upon it. Fronting him was Mrs. Glover! She sat it out bravely; but at the close of the service she followed the preacher into the vestry, and there, to his infinite astonishment, announced her name and calling, and gave him such a *wigging!* You can imagine her undertaking a verbal bastinado, and laying it on *con amore!* Two by-standers assured me they never had heard so much truth, and so much religion, and such an exposition of true Christian charity, issue from a woman's lips in their lives. Now, then," cried Pounce, in conclusion," you can perfectly comprehend how, with my past associations and vivid recollections, I do sincerely pity this poor Jacques Lyppyatt, whose love of theatricals has brought him into limbo. I 've often thought within myself that my own vocation was for the stage. And if the magistrates follow up their tender dismissal of Stark—what a blessed riddance that is, by the way!—with mine, I shall certainly resume my studies, with a view to appearing before the foot-lamps; and I really think there is a line of old men's characters, which I could fill with no common effect and advantage."

He spoke with a sincerity which convinced me he was in earnest; but the idea of Pounce's face and voice contenting any audience was overpowering. Why should I wound his feelings? I hid my face in my handkerchief, and in a smothered tone wished him good morning.

JEOPARDY; OR, THE DROWNING DRAGOON.

A MELODRAMATIC OPERA. IN THREE ACTS.

AS [TO BE] PERFORMED, AMID THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE, AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, APRIL 1, 1844.

BY CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

ORIGINAL AND REMARKABLE STORY.

CAPTAIN DAWSON, of the heavy dragoons, having fallen desperately —and, it is to be hoped, disinterestedly—in love with a young lady of large fortune and extensive property, the attachment was not, unfortunately, reciprocal on the part of the richly-endowed heiress, Miss Grey. Her country cousin, however, and humble companion, Miss Davenport, having been fascinated by his merit and his moustachios, viewed him with partiality, which she showed by generously promoting his happiness, and recommending him on every occasion to the heiress.

One day, the whole party having embarked in a boat on Duddingston Loch, it was unfortunately upset, and Captain Dawson, finding himself able to save one of the ladies — but only one, — hesitated for some time between gratitude and love, till at length he finally saved Miss Davenport; and, then rushing back headlong into the lake, he drowned himself with Miss Grey!

This improbable incident having been related once by an officer of dragoons as a perfectly credible every-day fact, the narrator observed, with indignation, that the story occasioned laughter rather than tears; but one of his auditors obligingly offered to dramatize the incident, so that it should end well, and he should himself be induced to laugh.

The result was as follows:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN DAWSON, . . .	attached to MARIANNE.
MARIANNE GREY, an heiress, . .	attached to NO-BODY.
CAROLINE DAVENPORT, cousin to MARIANNE,	attached to CAPTAIN DAWSON.

ACT I.

SCENE opens, and discovers a magnificent drawing-room, superbly furnished, and littered with musical instruments, worsted work, flowers, new novels, and china ornaments.—MARIANNE seated on a sofa, and turning her back to CAPTAIN DAWSON.—CAPTAIN DAWSON on a chair, with his back to MISS DAVENPORT. —CAROLINE seated between them, and looking straight before her.

CAROLINE (*in a tone of diffident inquiry*). Tell me, Marianne, how do you like the new regulation changes in Captain Dawson's uniform?

MARIANNE (*yawns, and answers without looking round*). Changes! I did not happen to remark them; but any change is, I dare say, for the better.

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *sighs deeply, and pensively contemplates his new epaulettes.*)

CAROLINE (*politely*). I understood that before now you expected to be a major, unattached.

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*glancing expressively towards Marianne*). I never now can be unattached—never!

CAROLINE. Marianne, have you read those verses of Captain Dawson's, beginning,

> "My blighted hopes at one fell stroke
> Destroyed and lost, cashiered and broke."

They are charming!

MARIANNE. *Chacûn a son gout!* I generally detest manuscript verses.

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *smothers a sigh.*)

CAROLINE. Suppose we try a little music? Captain Dawson will perhaps accompany you in "Waiting with despair."

MARIANNE (*drily*). The piano is out of tune.

CAROLINE (*aside*). And so are you! We were planning a walk in the garden this morning! Perhaps Captain Dawson will be so obliging as to escort us.

MARIANNE. It is but lately that you have found an escort necessary within the four walls of our garden, where I have always hitherto been perfectly safe without one.

CAROLINE. Perhaps, then, under Captain Dawson's protection you may venture to try something more hazardous, and we might make a boating excursion on Duddingston Loch?

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*sentimentally*). In such society all places are alike to me.

MARIANNE (*satirically*). And to me!

CAROLINE (*inaudibly*). And to me!

[*Exeunt, all sighing deeply.*

ACT II.

SCENE opens, discovering Duddingston Loch, with a flock of ducks on it, and a small boat rowed by CAPTAIN DAWSON—CAROLINE guiding the helm, and MARIANNE gracefully reclining in an attitude of abstraction, from which, however, she suddenly rouses herself, exclaiming, with evident terror:—

MARIANNE. How the wind rises!

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*in an insinuating tone*). Were my hopes as much raised as the wind, what a storm of joy it would occasion; but, alas! they are shipwrecked, as I fear we shall ourselves be. The very ducks are seeking refuge!

MARIANNE (*imperatively*). Land us, then, instantly! Oh, hasten to the shore!

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*mournfully suspending the oars.*) Ah! thus drifting along the stream of life, and braving hardship or danger in your service,—thus would I wish to spend the rest of my life!

MARIANNE (*sharply*). Our lives will not be very long, sir, if you don't row a little better!

CAROLINE (*with spirit*). The fault is in my steering! Captain Dawson rows,—as he does everything,—well.

(*The boat strikes!!!* MARIANNE, *terrified, seizes hold of* CAPTAIN DAWSON'S *arm, exclaiming, in accents of terror,*—)

MARIANNE. Help! help! Is there any fear!

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*majestically*). There may be danger, but let there be no fear! This hand, which you have hitherto rejected, shall save you, and then, I trust, it may acquire some value in your eyes.

MARIANNE (*frantically*). Save my life, and I 'll live only for you!

CAROLINE (*with emotion*). Though I live not to see it, may you both be as happy as you expect and deserve!

(CAPTAN DAWSON *seizes* MARIANNE'S *hand, while he offers his arm to* CAROLINE. *They form a group, and the boat gradually sinks!*)

ACT III.

SCENE opens, and discovers CAPTAIN DAWSON floating in the Loch, and supporting both ladies by the hair of their heads. He looks at them alternately with an air of extreme irresolution, and sighs.

CAPTAIN DAWSON. Alas! to rescue both is impossible! and thus, like a pair of scales, I am balanced between gratitude and love.

MARIANNE (*eagerly*). Save *me*.

CAROLINE (*magnanimously*). Yes! bravest and best of men, let me sink!

(CAPTAIN DAWSON, *in a transport of admiration and gratitude, seizes* CAROLINE'S *hand, and drops her Cousin's. Exit* MARIANNE *below the water.*)

(*Song by* CAPTAIN DAWSON.)

Adieu, Miss Grey!—a long adieu,
My heart, alas! has sunk with you;
Six weeks in vain your love I sued,
Disdain was mine, whene'er I woo'd.

CHORUS.

You 'll ne'er again look dry on me,
Nor say I need not die for thee.

Adieu, Miss Grey!—once more adieu,
Long days of coldness now you 'll rue.
At last the hand I must resign
Cold water oft that threw on mine.
Then ne'er again look dry, &c.

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *reaches the shore, and places* CAROLINE *on a rock, while she distractedly wrings her hands,—and wrings out her dress,—exclaiming, in accents of tenderness and despair,*)

CAROLINE. Oh! that I were at the bottom of that loch, and you happy with Marianne! Why am I here!—why! oh! why? Permit me, nevertheless, to admire, sir, the coolness and presence of mind with which you have saved my life, as well as your own!

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*with dignity*). Madam! we did get on swimmingly!—and now—excuse my leaving you—but, having obeyed the dictates of my gratitude, I must follow the impulse of my love.

[*Exit, plunging headlong into the water.*

(CAROLINE *rushes off, with dishevelled hair, screaming for assistance.*)

(*A flourish of trumpets. Enter the Humane Society.*)

(*Chorus by the Humane Society.*)

Air—"Blow gentle gales."

In the river have you sunk, sir?
Too much water have you drunk, sir?
Still she sent with propriety
For the Humane Society.

(CHORUS by CAROLINE.)
Still we 've sent, &c.

Above water keep your head, sir,
Or full soon you will be dead, sir;
While the wind and rain fly at ye,
Trust the Humane Society.

Now your friends need not deplore ye, sir,
If there 's life left, we 'll restore ye, sir;
See in danger how we fly at ye!
Trust the Humane Society.

(*They drag* CAPTAIN DAWSON *out of the water, who sings,*)
Alas! she 's gone, I fear, past hope!

(*Humane Society sing,*)
Yet we shall throw her out a rope!

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *tears his hair.*)
Alas! alas! I see she 's drown'd!

(*Humane Society in full chorus,*)
But her body shall be found.

(*They continue singing, with a polite glance towards* CAROLINE,)
And in the water, without doubt, sir,
There 's better fish than e'er came out, sir.

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *listens intently, then suddenly starts up, and casts himself at the feet of* CAROLINE, *exclaiming,*)

CAPTAIN DAWSON. You are right! Let me no longer be blind to so many sterling good qualities! Accept, Miss Davenport, of my hand and my heart.

CAROLINE (*despondingly*). Alas! these have long been devoted to my cousin.

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*in an insinuating tone*). But, since you succeed by inheritance to all the other possessions of your cousin, why not succeed to this also! (*Lays his hand on his heart, and drops on his knees.* CAROLINE, *blushing, puts up her fan, and the curtain drops amid* CHEERS FROM THE HUMANE SOCIETY!)

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

WHERE have they lain thee, my own dear child,
Where have they made thy bed?
In the cold churchyard, where the weeds grow wild,
Have they placed thy little head?
Where the hemlock waves
On the drowsy graves,
And the night-shade droops o'er the dreamless dead!

Where have they borne thee, my stricken one?
Would that I shared thy rest!
For it sorrows me thou shouldst sleep alone,
Away from thy mother's breast.
With thine eyelids closed,
As they oft reposed
On the bosom the light of thy smiles once bless'd!

They tell me, my boy, thou wert taken hence
In mercy, for thou wert weak,
And the world, with its darkling influence,
Would have caused the reed to break!
And thou wouldst have wept
As the blighting crept
To the heart of the flower, with touch so bleak!

And they tell of an angel-child above,
With a bright and glorious brow,
And they say he is spreading his wings of love
O'er the home of his mother now!
And I list profound
For the rustling sound;
But the leaves are stirless upon the bough!

My baby! though thine is a holy lot,
To walk in the glow of heaven,
I mourn for the pleasures that now are not,
That alone with thee were given!
And I raise these eyes
To thine own blue skies,
With a grieving spirit for joys thus riven!

But a whisper of hope has reach'd my ear,
And my heart soars on the strain!
Sweet mother! Jehovah hath heard thy pray'r,
And soon we shall meet again,
In a sinless clime,
Where the flight of time
Shall bring not a tear, or a throb of pain!

THE DEATH OF JOACHIM MURAT.

BY A. A. KNOX.

The life and exploits of Joachim Murat form an interesting chapter in that most wonderful acted romance of modern times, the wars of the French Revolution. Not the realization of the day-dreams of the most dreaming youth, not the visible acting of the strangest visions which the dramatist and romance-writer have conceived, could strike us with more wonder than the simple narration of that which befel the son of the baker of Cahors in his passage from the ranks of the French army to the throne and sceptre of Naples; and, alas! one step farther, an unquiet and a mournful one, to that small court in the castle of Pizzo, where the hero of a hundred fights,—the Achilles of the chivalrous French,—gazed for a second, with uncovered eye and serene brow on the party drawn out to send the death-volley home to his heart. The last, the final scene of all, is that with which we are now concerned. Let us for awhile forget, or, if not forgetting, remember the days which he spent under the sun of Egypt, and the snows of Russia, his exploits in Germany, in Russia, and in Spain, but as recollections which dignify the actor in this tragic scene. Soldier, officer, colonel, general, marshal, Grand Duke of Berg, the crown of Spain almost in his grasp, that of Naples actually in possession, the monarch on whose unwise decision the destinies of the Imperial Napoleon twice turned; and all is now quite, quite forgotten! The corpse at our feet is prophetic of our own destiny.

But, to go back to one little scene. The ships of war are lying off Messina, to convey Ferdinand to Naples, with powerful armaments for the sea and land-services. The forces of the Allied Kings are banded against Joachim. At the fatal and disgraceful flight of Mignano all military hopes were lost. The Austrian legions are already in possession of Capua. Late in the evening the Queen Carolina Murat is seated in the palace, when the shouting of the people without announces to her that her husband has arrived. At dusk he had entered the city as privately as might be, but, being recognized by the people, is saluted by them as though he were still the triumphant king who had spread the fame of the Neapolitan arms through Europe. He ascended to the apartment where the Queen was sitting, and saluting her, said with a firm voice, "Fortune has betrayed us: all is lost!"

"Nay, but not all," replied the sister of Napoleon, "if we preserve our honour and our courage."

In secresy they laid their measures for departure; only a few of their most attached and faithful servants were admitted to their confidence; and even these with short communication were dismissed, after he had given his last directions: beneficent to some, hurtful to none, mindful of all, at this moment he showed himself worthy of the post he was about to lose. Having determined his own measures, he left the care of the interests of his people to two of his generals, Carascosa and Coletta, bidding them in their treaties no longer care for him, but require only those concessions which were for the benefit of the people and the state. The negotiators departed; and in the house of a certain Lanza, near Capua, (from whence the treaty has obtained the name of Casalanza,) the convention which decided the fate of Murat was con-

cluded between his two deputies, two from Austria, and Lord Burghersh on the part of England. On the evening of the same day, Joachim departed secretly from his palace, and took the way to Pozzuoli, whence in a small boat he reached Ischia, where he stayed one whole day, still treated and acknowledged by the people as their king. The next morning, in a boat of larger size, without pomp or regal splendour, scarcely with the necessaries of life, he departed for France, leaving for ever the scene of his short-lived majesty.

The ship which bore him kept close to the coast, until it became needful to stretch across the Bay of Gaëta; on the castle of that town his banner still floated, and well did the unfortunate exile know that his children were within those walls. Furiously he called to the the mariners to put in: he whose very presence had turned the fate of battles, could he not now save that which he held dearest upon earth? but no!—hostile ships are standing on and off before the town; delay even would lead to certain imprisonment, his gaoler Ferdinand, the imbecile hypocrite, from whose vindictive nature he had but one fate to expect. Slowly the boat's head was put again towards the west, and he continued his voyage.

On the 28th of May, 1815, he landed at Frejus, on the very spot where Napoleon, two months before, had disembarked from Elba. Once landed in France, what thoughts must not have passed through his mind? The land of his birth, of his first fame; the country which had given him his glory and his throne; but here Napoleon was still master, who had not forgotten the desertion of his army in Russia, nor his traffickings with Austria and England, his alliances and his war against France, his abandonment and his ingratitude. To Paris he dared not go, retreat he could not: he adopted the half-measures of writing to the Minister Fouché, awaiting his reply at Toulon.

His letter to Fouché was characteristic of the man; he would fain have had Napoleon believe that some splendid service should at once blot out the memory of his past misdeeds, and atone for all. In these terms he wrote, "You know the motives and the chances of the war in Italy. Now I am in France, and offer my arm to the Emperor; and I have a certain faith that it will please heaven at one blow to allow me to regain my throne as King, my fame as commander." Fouché presented the letter to Napoleon, who sternly demanded what treaty of peace he had concluded with the King of Naples since the war of 1814. Joachim remained at Toulon, respected by the people. It might be that they had a pity for his misfortunes, perhaps from recollection of his past grandeur, perhaps from the idea that Fortune would turn favourable to him again.

But then came the fatal news of Waterloo: Toulon, Nismes, Marseilles,—all became the prey of civil and religious discord; the partisans of the Emperor were put to death, and their fortunes seized. Joachim hid himself, and a second time wrote to Fouché, so lately a minister of Napoleon, but now of Louis XVIII. He, like others of those wonderful and unprincipled politicians who were trained in the school of the French Revolution, preserved his power and authority while thrones were falling around him. This time Joachim simply asked for a passport for England, promising to live there as a private individual, in submission to the English laws. To this intent he wrote also to a certain aide-de-camp of his, Maceroni, who remained faithful to him in his misfortunes, and who was known as of good reputation to the Allied

Kings. But Fouché this time returned no answer, and Maceroni, falling under the suspicion of the French police, was cast into prison.

The lot of the unhappy Murat became worse from day to day; pursued by the butcherly assassins of Toulon; and schemes laid for his capture by the Marquis de Riviere, a man who some years before had been saved from punishment and death by his intercession, and who now ungratefully returned him death for life. He wrote to the King of France neither abjectly nor haughtily, but in such terms as a King, exiled and unfortunate, might use. This, again, he forwarded to Fouché, to be presented to the King. His letter to Louis was without a date, so as neither to betray his asylum, nor to write a falsehood. The letter to the minister was dated thus:—"*From the obscure abyss of my prison.*" Nothing more was added to excite pity, for this his pride of King forbade. He took nothing, however, by his measure, for the wily minister returned him no reply. The King, too, was silent. At last, in his despair, he thought of proceeding to Paris, and trusting his fate to the assembled Kings, who might, he supposed, be not unmindful of the diadem which he so lately wore, and his warlike exploits—of his intimate friendship with some of them, and of the hands which they had so often extended to him, in token of amity and friendship. Such welcome as a King might hope for he expected, and assured safety. He dared not, however, attempt the journey by land, on account of the dangers of the road; the fate of Marshal Brune, and others, dissuaded him from this, so he hired a ship to transport him to Havre de Grace, whence he supposed that he might without peril reach Paris.

But here, again, Fortune was his enemy. He had chosen for his time of embarkation the deepest darkness of the night; for the place, a lone and secluded part of the beach; but, through some mischance, the boat went to a wrong spot, and he wandered about for many hours in search of it, until, seeing that the dawn was about to break, he hid himself amongst woods and shrubberies, until he found another place of refuge. Here he again had difficulty in avoiding capture; but, after some time succeeded in getting on board a little boat, which bore him from France towards Corsica, the birthplace of many who, in days now for ever gone, had been his companions in war and in glory. After they had been at sea for two days, a storm arose, so that they were compelled to furl their only sail, a small lateen one, and the boat was tossed about for thirty hours, at the mercy of the wind and waves. The tempest at last subsided; happily for the wanderers, as their little bark had been already so shattered that it could scarcely float, or hold on against the storm, when they perceived a large ship draw near, which was making for France. They came up to it; and one of the three followers of Joachim entreated the captain to take them on board, and convey them to Corsica, for which service he should be largely paid. But this man, whether it was that he was inhuman by nature, or that his fears prevailed, drove them with harsh words away. Again they were left to the mercy of the waves, when, happily, the mail-packet, which plies regularly between Marseilles and Bastia, came up to them; and Joachim, standing up in the boat, declared his quality and name to the mariners, adding, "I am a Frenchman, speaking to Frenchmen, and, as you see, on the verge of shipwreck, and I ask help from you, who are sailing in safety on the sea." They were taken on board; and Joachim was received and honoured as a King.

The following day they landed at Bastia. Corsica at this time was a prey to civil discord. There were Bourbonists, Buonapartists, and Independents. Of these three parties the first was weak; the other two were stronger, and they both looked favourably on Joachim. For all this the authorities of the island grew suspicious, and he, for security's sake, retired first to Vescovado, then to Ajaccio, always persecuted by the authorities of the island, but defended by the inhabitants, who rose in arms to aid him. Unhappy was it for him that this deference and good-will of the people was displayed towards him, as it tended to raise false expectations in his breast, and thus he often used to say, "If people, strangers to me, fight on my side, what will not the Neapolitans do?" It was then that he first formed the design (which he communicated only to his most trusted companions) of landing at Salerno, where a body of three thousand men, who had once formed part of his army, were stationed, inactive and disgusted with the government of the Bourbons. He determined to place himself at the head of these, and to march with them on Avellino, adding as he advanced to the number of his partisans; his plan was, farther, to gain three days' march on the Austrian troops on the road of the Basilicate; these, he thought, would advance from Naples to combat him; then, when he had filled the whole kingdom with the glory of his deeds, to march on Naples, but not until the fame of his success had thrown the government into disorder, and induced the timid king once more to fly. Reverses he did not anticipate, dangers he was careless of; his innate hardihood, and his long experience of war and its vicissitudes, forbade him to fear the latter, or anticipate the former. With these intentions he assembled a body of two hundred and fifty Corsicans, on whose fidelity he could rely, and hired six ships.

He appointed a day for his departure; but, before setting out, letters were delivered to him from the Maceroni mentioned above, which announced that he himself would arrive next day, and that he was the bearer of good news. Joachim waited for him at Ajaccio, and, when he arrived, he delivered to him a letter, in French, written in these terms:—

"His Majesty the Emperor of Austria grants asylum to the King Joachim on the following conditions:—

"1st. The King will adopt a private name. As the Queen has already adopted that of Lipâno, this one is suggested as a fitting one to the King.

"2nd. The King may dwell in one of the cities or towns of Bohemia, Moravia, or Upper Austria, or, if he prefer it, in one of the country-houses of the above-named provinces.

"3rd. He will pledge his honour not to quit the states of Austria without the express consent of the Emperor, and to live like a private individual, in submission to the laws of the Austrian monarchy.

"Given at Paris, the 1st September, 1815.

"By command of H. M. I. R.

"PRINCE METTERNICH."

"What, then?" said Joachim; "the asylum they offer me is a prison—a prison, a tomb, are the same to me. A king who has fallen from his throne has but one part left, to die a soldier's death. You have come too late, Maceroni; I have already fixed my destiny. Three

months I awaited the decision of the Allied Kings,—those same men who, but a short time back, sought for my friendship, and now have abandoned me to the sword of my enemies. With happy hopes I go to recover my former station. The unhappy war of Italy does not argue my hopes false. Kingdoms are lost and acquired by force of arms; the right to the crown remains unchanged; and Kings who have fallen from their thrones are restored to them again by the help of Fortune, the instrument of God. My going to this prison, if my enterprise fails, will then find its excuse in its necessity; but I will not of my own free will live a slave under the laws of barbarians, to preserve what miserable remnant is left to me of life. Buonaparte renounced the throne of France; he returned to it by the path which I am now trying; he was defeated at Waterloo, and but a prisoner then. I have never renounced my crown; my right has no flaw on it; for me, then, to meet a fate more severe than imprisonment, seems contrary to the sense of nations. But be at ease: Naples shall be my Saint Helena."

On the night of the 28th of September the little armament sailed from Ajaccio. The sky was serene, the sea calm, the wind favourable, the squadron in high spirits, and the King full of joy. Alas! how deceitful were these appearances! The government of Naples had accurate intelligence of Joachim's movements in this way. As soon as they knew that he was in Corsica, they sought out a person to play the spy on him; and, for this unworthy office, a certain Carabelli offered himself, or was selected on account of his well-known infamy of character. He was a Corsican by birth, and had been employed by Joachim in his kingdom. He was of a versatile and ungrateful disposition. He accosted Murat at Ajaccio, and, putting him off his guard by thanking him for his past favours, attempted to dissuade him from his intended enterprise. The counsel was a friendly one, so far as any advice of an enemy can be called so; but the truth was, that the government of Naples, which had accurately weighed the danger of Joachim's enterprise, instructed Carabelli to give him this advice. This man then sent tidings to Naples of the scheme of Joachim, his hopes, his preparations, his levees; but the government took no measures to defend itself, as they were in ignorance of the place where Joachim intended to disembark, and were afraid to proclaim publicly the threatened invasion, as the partisans of the late King were in great force and number, the Bourbonists few and weak, and the hopes which the return of Ferdinand had excited in the breasts of credulous and inexperienced people were already extinguished.

For six days the armament kept its course prosperously; but then a tempest, which lasted three days, dispersed it. Two of the ships, one with Joachim on board, were drifting down the bay of St. Euphemia, two others were in sight of Policastro, a fifth in the Sicilian waters, and the last far apart from the others. It was so far fortunate for Naples that Joachim could not accomplish his purpose of disembarking at Salerno; for, had he done so, his forces were not sufficiently strong to command success, but, again, powerful enough to protract an harassing warfare, which would have plunged the whole of the kingdom into civil discord, and at length brought upon the people all the horrors which tyranny could inflict, and vindictiveness devise. Joachim remained some little time in doubt; and at length, emboldened by despair, determined to put to shore at Pizzo, and to advance with his twenty-eight followers to conquer a kingdom.

It was upon the 8th of October, a feast day, that he landed. All the civic forces of the town were drawn up in parade on the market-place, when Joachim advanced with uplifted banner, crying, he and his followers, "*Hurrah for Murat, the King!*" The bystanders remained silent, foreseeing that an enterprise so rashly begun as this, could have but an ill ending. Murat, who perceived how cold a reception he met with, hastened to advance to Monteleone, a large town, the chief of the province, and which he hoped to find friendly, not believing that it could prove ungrateful to him for past kindnesses. But there was at Pizzo a certain Captain Trentacapilli, and also a factor of the Duke of Infantado, both of them devoted to the Bourbons; the latter from disposition, the first because he had, in times gone by, been employed by them to execute some commissions of an atrocious character. These two men in all haste assembled a body of adherents, followed on Joachim's traces, and when they came up with him, commenced a discharge of fire-arms. He stopped, and replied to them, not with arms, but words. At this impunity the cowardly assailants took courage, and fired again and again. One of Murat's party, a Captain Moltedo, fell; another, his lieutenant, was wounded. Hereupon his party were preparing for action; but Murat, both by gestures and actual force, compelled them to desist.

All this while the number of the enemy were increasing; they surrounded Murat's party on every side; the road was blocked up; no other way of escape was visible but by sea; but between this and them were high precipices. What was to be done? Joachim threw himself headlong over, and arrived in safety on the beach; but, when there, he saw his ship already at a distance, and standing out to sea. At the top of his voice he called out, "Barbarà! Barbarà!"—such was the captain's name; but the man, although he heard him right well, tried to put more sail on his vessel, in order to get away, so that all the valuable property of Joachim, which was on board the ship, might become his. In this he proved himself doubly a villain; for poor Joachim, in his happier fortunes, had raised him from the infamous position of a corsair, and, although he was a Maltese by birth, had allowed him to hold a commission in his fleet, and in a short time had promoted him to the rank of captain, and then made him Knight and Baron. Joachim, at last, despairing of help from this quarter, endeavoured to drag down to the water a little boat which was lying on the beach; but one man's strength was not sufficient to do it; and, while he was wearying himself in the task, Trentacapilli, with his party, came up, surrounded him, laid hands on him, plucked from him the jewels which he wore on his breast and his hat, wounded him in the face, and with every insulting word and act put him to shame. Through his whole career, it might perhaps be said with justice, that his fortunes were now at their lowest ebb; for, indeed, the outrages of such a rabble are, to a generous mind, far worse than death itself. Having used him thus vilely, they dragged him into the prison of the little castle, together with his companions, whom they had also captured and maltreated.

At first rumours, and then despatches, conveyed the intelligence or his capture to the authorities of the province; but the tidings were disbelieved. A certain General Nunziante was at that time commandant in Calabria, who despatched a Captain Stratti to Pizzo with a small body of soldiers, upon receiving the news. Stratti, immediately on his

arrival, went to the castle, in order to take the prisoners' names, not at all believing that Joachim was among the number. He had written the names of two, when he turned to the third, saying, "And who are you?" The answer was, "Joachim Murat, King of Naples." The captain, filled with respect and wonder, cast down his eyes, and prayed him to pass to a better chamber; was courteous and attentive to him, not denying him the title of "*Your Majesty*," when addressing him. Whether this last were a favour or a mockery of fortune, it would be hard to say. At length General Nunziante arrived, and, respectfully saluting him, provided him with comfortable food and raiment. Justice must be done to this officer: during Joachim's imprisonment, he contrived to reconcile two seemingly irreconcilable duties, his fidelity to the Bourbon King, and due regard to the misfortunes of Joachim Murat.

Both by telegraph and post the government were made aware of all that had occurred at Pizzo. The minds both of the King and his ministers were in great confusion; a complication of feeling, but all tending to a bloody issue for poor Joachim, swayed their counsels. There was terror at the fearful danger they had escaped, joy at their success, suspicions and doubts that they had not yet seen the end,—the cherished hatred of years, the spirit of revenge, all moving them at once. They determined to throw into prison at once the best known and most influential partisans of Murat; but they had not courage to execute the measure. They moved soldiers into the provinces, they despatched the Prince of Canova (the well-proved instrument of every cruelty) with supreme power into Calabria, they reinforced the guards and watch at the palace; but all these anxieties were to have their termination when Murat was no more, and orders to put him to death were forwarded at once both by telegraph and messenger — a court-martial was to judge him, in the character of a public enemy. While the orders for his death were thus flying along the line of telegraphs, Joachim was passing his time quietly at Pizzo, sleeping as the fortunate sleep, attending to his dress and his person, and conversing with Nunziante as a King would with a foreign general. Joachim's rash and ill-advised character was plainly discernible in his manner of proceeding.

In the night of the 12th the fatal order arrived. Seven judges were elected, three of whom, as well as the procurator on the occasion, were of that number whom Joachim had raised from the dust, and loaded with riches and honour. Had they refused the cruel office, they would perhaps have been punished with the loss of employment, and imprisonment for three months. Such a punishment the rigour of the law would require; but at this cheap rate they would have purchased for themselves honour and fair fame. They all, however, preferred disgrace, nay, even returned thanks to him who had chosen them, as they said, and given them an opportunity of proving their fidelity to the new King. The infamous council assembled in a room of the castle.

In another room Joachim was sleeping his last sleep in this world. When the dawn was clearly come, Nunziante entered his room; but pity did not permit him to break the sleeper's rest. At length, when he had slept enough, and opened his eyes, the officer, with grief in his face, informed him that orders had arrived from the government that he was to be judged by a military tribunal.

"Ah!" exclaimed Joachim, "I am lost! The order for judgment is an order for death!"

His eyes filled with tears; but quickly, as though ashamed, he dashed them off, and asked if he would be permitted to write to his wife. To this the officer assented by a gesture, (for he was so much affected that his utterance was choked,) and then Joachim, with a steady hand, wrote thus in French:—

"My dear Caroline,

"The last hour of my life is come: a few moments and I shall have ceased to live, and you to have a husband. Never forget me. I die innocent; my life is not stained with any act of injustice. Farewell, my Achilles; farewell, my Letitia; farewell, my Lucian; farewell, my Louisa; show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without a kingdom, and without fortune, surrounded by numerous enemies. Be united, and superior to misfortune. Think rather on what you are, and not on what you have been, and God will bless your humility. Do not curse my memory. Know, that my greatest torment at this moment is the dying far away from my children. Receive your father's blessing; receive my embraces and my tears. Let your unfortunate father be ever present to your memories.

"Joachim."

"Pizzo, October 13, 1815."

He cut off some locks of his hair, and, having inclosed them in the letter, consigned it to the care of the general.

Captain Starace was elected his defender. He presented himself to the unhappy prisoner, in order to announce to him that he was ready to fulfil that mournful office before the tribunal; but Joachim replied,

"My judges they are not; they are my subjects. Private men do not sit in judgment on Kings; nay, not even Kings can sit in judgment on their peers, for peers have no authority over their equals. I say that Kings have no other judges save God alone, and the nations of the world. Why, even if I am regarded as a marshal of France, then a tribunal of marshals should sit in judgment upon me; if but as general, by generals let me be judged. Ere I condescend to the vileness of the judges they have chosen for me, they must tear out many a page from the history of Europe. This tribunal is incompetent: I should blush to own it."

Still Starace persevered, and endeavoured to prevail on him to let himself be defended; but Joachim at length resolutely replied,

"You cannot save my life; let me at least save my dignity as King. There is no question of judgment and deliberation before this tribunal: they sit to condemn. Those whom they style my judges are my executioners. Utter no word in my defence: I forbid you to speak."

The defender sorrowfully took his leave. The judge entered who had been appointed to conduct the process, and asked him (as the custom is) his name, and was going on to put some further inquiry; but the prisoner cut him short at once in his tedious prate by saying, "I am Joachim Murat, King of the Two Sicilies, and of you. Begone—relieve my prison of your presence."

When left alone, he inclined his head downwards, crossing his arms upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon the portraits of his family; and well might one know, by his frequent sighs, by his deep grief, that mournful thoughts were busy at his heart. Captain Stratti, his kind gaoler, seeing him thus affected, dared not speak to him; but Joachim addressed him thus:—

"My misfortune is the joy of Pizzo." (He supposed, or knew this to be the case.) "And what have I done to the Neapolitans, that they should be my enemies? For their interests I have expended all the fruits of my labours and my wars, and I leave my family in poverty. Whatever there is of liberal in their laws is my work. It was I who gave fame to their armies, and to the nation a rank amongst the most powerful ones of Europe. Ay, for the love of Naples I forgot every other affection, and showed myself ungrateful to the French, who had guided me to that throne, from which I now step down without fear or self-reproach. There was a tragedy, in which the Duke of Enghien was concerned; King Ferdinand is now avenging it; but in that first tragedy I had no share. I swear it by that God in whose sight I shall presently stand." He paused for a few minutes, and then added, "Captain Stratti, I feel the need of being alone. I return you my thanks for the kindness you have shown me in my misfortunes, and I am so unhappy that I cannot prove my gratitude to you in any other way than by confessing it. Go, and be happy."

Stratti obeyed, and left him with tears in his eyes.

A little while after, before the judgment was declared, a priest, Masdea, entered, and said, "Sire, this is the second time that I address your Majesty. Five years back, when your Majesty came to Pizzo, I asked you for assistance to complete the building of our church, and you granted me more than I dared to hope for. My voice then found favour with you, and I believe that you will hear my prayers, when my only intention is to pray for the eternal rest of your soul." Joachim went through the acts which befit a Christian with calm resignation, and, at the request of Masdea, wrote in French this line:— "I hereby declare that I die in the faith of a Christian.—G. N."

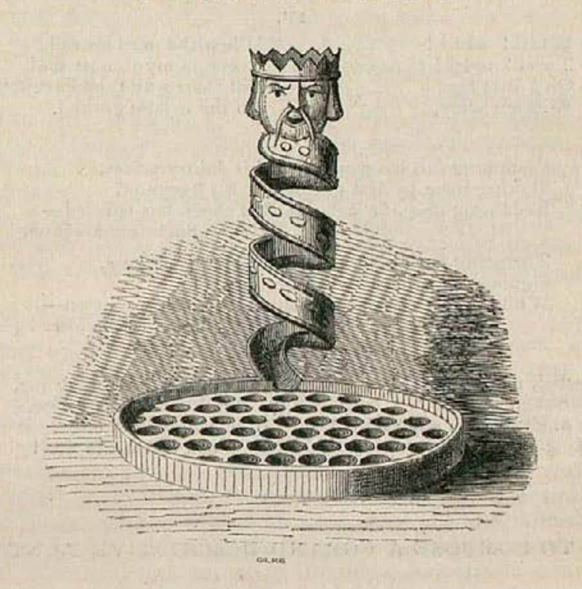
These mournful doings were going on in one chamber of the castle, —in another, the disgraceful tribunal, after consultation, declared, "That Joachim Murat, having by the fate of arms returned to the private station whence he sprung, had rashly landed in the Neapolitan dominions with twenty-eight followers, no longer relying upon war, but upon tumults and rioting; that he had excited the people to rebellion; that he had offended the rightful King; that he had attempted to throw the kingdom of Naples and the whole of Italy into confusion; and that therefore, as a public enemy, he was condemned to die, by authority of the law of the Decennium, which was still in vigour." This very law, by a strange caprice of fortune, was one which Joachim himself had passed seven years before. He had, however, humanely suspended its operations many times, at particular seasons of his rule; and yet this very law, so passed, and so suspended by him, was made the instrument of his death.

The prisoner listened to his sentence with coolness and contempt. He was then led into a little court of the castle, where he found a party of soldiers drawn up in two files. Upon these preparations he looked calmly, and refused to permit his eyes to be covered. Then advancing in front of the party, and, placing himself in an attitude to meet the bullets, he called out to the soldiers, "Spare my face—aim at the heart." No sooner had he uttered these words than the party fired, and he, who had been so lately King of the Two Sicilies, fell dead, holding fast in his hands the portraits of his family, which, together with his remains, were interred in that very church which his piety had erected.

THE DIVAN.

"Le tabac est venu, et l'Orient n'est plus fier de son opium."

THE FALLEN MONARCH.



[WHO does not remember the little ingenious figure which used to stand on every gingerbread-stall, and which, by the spiral course of a marble, used to denote the quantity of nuts that gaming youngsters might win? Alas! this little monarch is sinking daily and daily into oblivion.]

I.

Oh! I'm the king of gingerbread!
I wear a gilded crown;
Although I have a wooden head,
There 's terror in my frown.

And there is pleasure in my gift,
A dainty, luscious store;
Then proudly I my brow may lift,—
What monarch can do more?

II.

I 'm curiously constructed, for my head
Is neatly hollowed out, and through my frame,
Turned by a dext'rous hand, a gallery winds,
Leading unto a tablet, where are writ
Strange mystic symbols. In my hollow skull
Those, who would try their luck, a marble drop;
This rolls adown the gallery, until
Within the tablet it finds rest at last.
The number which it touches indicates
The quantity of cakes the gamester wins.

III.

Little girls, and little boys, come all who have a penny got,
See the spicy nuts I offer,—hasten all, and try your lot.
You may chance to get but two; but you may get a hundred—try.
They are gallant hearts that venture; they are dastard hearts that buy.

Would you buy a paltry pen'orth? Then a paltry soul you own;
Taking all, or taking nothing,—thus the noble mind is shown.
Ay! I see the flush of courage. Nothing venture, nothing have;
You are lads whom fortune honours,—fortune ever loves the brave!

IV.

Whirl! whirl!
Twirl! twirl!
Oh! it is joy,
Without alloy,
When the marbles roll
Through my inmost soul,
Till their way they have found
To the mystic ground.

V.

Cramming full his pouch with his dainty prizes,
Making room by first taking out his 'kerchief,
Redd'ning deep, for conquest his cheek has painted—
Such is the winner!

Thrusting both his hands in his empty pockets,
Sighing with the sense of humiliation,
While his eyes with the mournful tear-drop glisten—
Such is the loser!

VI.

Dejected, neglected,
Forsaken at last,
I 'm blighted, and slighted,
My glory is past.
To try me, come nigh me,
Oh! none now desire.
I 'm lonely, and only
Wood fit for the fire!

HOW TO COMPOSE A "GRAND DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA."

You will often come in contact with dull dogs, who talk about counter-point and thorough-bass, and superfluous sixths, and diminished sevenths, and we know not what trash besides; and they, moreover, have the assurance to say, that without a right understanding of all this jargon it is impossible to produce a mimic composition. The contrary is the case, as we intend to demonstrate, not by theory, but by example; and so we at once proceed to give an instance of a projected descriptive fantasia, which would admirably suit one of our promenade concerts. The wonderful composition we purpose to call "Bogy," or, to be more fashionable,

"Bogie!"

To perform it, a full orchestra will be required, with, if possible, a more than usual quantity of brass, a collection of toy-instruments, an assortment of maroons, squibs, and crackers, a lot of Bengal lights, and a powerful magic-lantern, with one ugly slide.

For the first part, you will purchase at any old music-shop the tune of "Boys and girls go out to play," and copy it out for the stringed instruments. A few rolls of the drum, which you may leave to your drummers, will open the whole concern, and will be followed by the tune in question, played as a solo on the cornet-à-piston. The same tune will then be taken up by the stringed in-

struments in unison. We say "in unison," because it would require some little science to write it in parts, and the unison will do just as well for the promenaders. Then bring in your toy-instruments, for which you need not write any music, but let your orchestra pipe and squeak away *ad libitum*. If any of them know Haydn's toy-symphony, and choose to take a hint from that—well and good. If not—why, well and good also! All this first part of the fantasia expresses a state of infantine simplicity, prior to the appearance of the hateful monster, Bogie.

The terror consequent on his approach, as he is heard in the distance, is expressed by a remarkable movement, consisting entirely of discords. Then you will very easily manage, as you will simply instruct each member of your orchestra to play the first note that comes into his head, and a discord will be the infallible result. These discords are, of course, not to be resolved, as that would destroy the awful effect; and, therefore, you need not take any trouble about them. Particularly impress on your trombones and ophicleide the necessity of coming out strong, with long imposing notes. What the notes are is of very little consequence, but length and loudness is very material. Rather keep down your stringed instruments.

The third part will express the actual appearance of "Bogie." Set your fiddles, your trumpets, your cymbals going with full force; noise is everything. Then with the greatest care manage your firework department, which is of infinitely more consequence than all your musical instruments. In the first place, turn off your gas, and immerse your audience in total darkness; then, when there have been screams enough at that, artfully ignite one of your Bengal lights, and let your whole room be illumined by a blue livid glare. This will bring with it a new succession of shrieks, which you will renew with double vigour by firing off half-a-dozen maroons. Then again out with all light, set up your magic lantern, and show on the wall the diabolical form of "Bogie," with winding green tail, and large, rolling eyes, attended by all the noises of whizzing squibs, banging maroons, braying trombones, clanging gongs, clashing cymbals, winding horns, squeaking piccoli, scraping fiddles, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*. The effect will be most tremendous; and yet, at the same time, the means of producing this effect are so simple, that there will be no occasion for any score at all.

You will take care to announce this wonderful performance by a good, lengthy advertisement in the morning newspapers. Do not stick at a guinea or two, but have it done handsomely at any price. You may put in a description something like this: "I. The happy song of infancy, and the innocent sports of childhood; the melody supposed to be the one with which the Babylonian nurses sung their children to sleep. II. First indications of the Bogie's coming; the infant's terror. III. Grand scene of horror; the coal-hole burst open; the abyss of evil unlocked; the flames of sulphur; the triumph of darkness visible; the strife of the passions; the music of hate; the apparition itself."

If this affair does not answer, depend upon it the fault will be your own.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This excellent establishment for staining canvass of various colours, as well as waterproofing it with varnish, has opened with the usual affluence of native talent. Charles Mathews's "used-up" baronet "never sees anything in anything;" we are something of the same mind with respect to the pictures. It would take a very lynx-eyed fellow to see anything remarkable in them through the mill-stone of mediocrity, which hangs round the neck of the institution, and must eventually prevent it from going on swimmingly, or keeping its head above water, if not removed. Two or three pictures only have attracted our attention: and, strange to say, these have been entirely passed over by the everyday critics of the daily and weekly press. We will take the opportunity of noticing them here; premising that, as by the rules of the institution no portraits of living individuals, with their names attached, are allowed to be exposed, artists resort to the innocent expedient of giving a fanciful title to the likenesses. Thus, a child of John Nokes, Esq. appears as "*Boyhood*," and Mrs. Thomas Styles, in nun's attire, as "*Heloise*."

But we will proceed to the historical paintings.

No. 2178. *Moonshine.*

This picture represents a celebrated publisher waited upon by an artist, who is desirous of having a picture engraved, and given forth to the world. The smooth, smiling address of the publisher, who wears the chain of civic office, eminently tells the story. You are quite sure that this city Mæcenas of the arts does not mean to meet the wishes of the artist, although he says he is delighted at the compliment thus paid to his humble spirit of enterprize, and especially by such a talented painter, who is both dear to, and honoured by him. The publisher will, however, prove much dearer to the artist than *vice versâ*, — that is to say, if he brings out the picture; the chance of his doing so being in an inverse ratio to his "soft sawder."

No. 2293. *Castor and Pollux,*

—or, rather Pollux and Castor; the former being an excellent likeness of Prince Albert, and the latter the pet infantry hat. The attachment of Pygmalion to his statue,—of Prometheus to his men of clay,—of Narcissus and Lord Brougham to their own persons, have all formed subjects for the painter's skill; but never was self-complacency so well depicted as in this elaborate composition. The Prince stands before a pier-glass, surveying himself in the newly-invented *chapeau*, looking for all the world like Sir Christopher Hat-on, in *The Critic.*

No. 2470. *Mercutio apostrophising Rosaline.*

"By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh."—Shakspeare.

An admirable likeness of Mr. Bunn invoking the aid of Carlotta Grisi, whose lower limbs only, in pink tights, are dimly seen as she floats on a distant cloud, through an hemisphere composed entirely of *lorgnettes*, all turned in one direction. The lower back-ground, which is dark, represents the Duke of Glo'ster croaking to a subdued array of audience. The lessee wields a sceptre, on the top of

which is a little model of Drury Lane Theatre, in his right hand; his left rests upon a volume on the Theory of Attraction, or power of drawing large bodies together, and keeping them in contact. The catalogue contains the following

INVOCATION:—

Carlotta! Carlotta! of ballets *la reine*,
Fair, bright-eyed Carlotta! oh! come here again.
Sweet Peri, pronounced, if thy bracelet could speak,
Des toutes les belles danseuses la plus poetique!
I have seen on the opera-bills, with affright,
That with Lumley you 've signed, for the opening night;
But I 'll banish Charles Kean, and I 'll cut Louise Fleury,
To see you once more on the boards of old Drury,
Carlotta!

Carlotta! Carlotta! with sorrow I own,
The box-list dropp'd down very fast when you 'd flown.
And vainly I struggled to give it a move
By large green placards of "The Devil in Love."
I captured that fine pantomimist, Leroux,
But I found the Pauline could not draw—after *you*.
And vain the effect of each bounding and twirl,
Until Balfe introduced the Bohemian Girl,
Carlotta!

Carlotta! Carlotta! I certainly meant
To move all the town with The Beauty of Ghent,
(Or, if you would rank with the well-informed throng,
Remember to call it The Beauty of *Gong*),
I felt quite assured that the ballet would "tell;"
Um!—I ought not to grumble—it goes pretty well.
She 's tall, and she 's straight as a young poplar tree;
But, with all her attractions, she 's nothing to thee,
Carlotta!

Carlotta! Carlotta! I signed with Charles Kean,
For the purpose of having a good battle-scene,
And West, christened W., got up a row;
You 've seen the same thing done at Astley's, e'er now.
And Charles drew his sword, and cried, "Down, down to hell!"
I wish he had drawn a good audience as well.
But I think that he should not be scolded so—should he?
He would if he could,—if he couldn't, how could he?
Carlotta!

Carlotta! Carlotta! I beg and implore;
'Tis the last time of asking,—oh! come back once more.
Any ballet you choose I will put on the stage,
Assured that your talents will make it the rage.
I 'll do something desperate, love, if you stay;
I 'll patronize Shakspeare, and buy a new play.
I 'll break with Duprez, though a close-fisted elf,
And Benedict's opera lay on the shelf,
Carlotta!

VALENTINES—THE WILD MEN—VENICE.

In the weekly papers, a short time since, we read the following paragraph:—

"The Twopenny-Postman and St. Valentine's Day.—Wednesday being St. Valentine's Day, the twopenny-post letter-carriers were regaled, at the instance of the Postmaster-General, according to

annual custom, with bread and beef. As there are upon the periodical return of this day, according to the official returns, upwards of 150,000 additional letters passing through the chief office alone, the men are furnished with refreshment at the public cost."

This is a great fact, and, at the same time, a very melancholy one. We imagined that the custom of sending valentines had long since passed away from the land; that a few maniacal shopkeepers drew out the illustrated sheets of letter-paper from their repose of a year, to be exhibited for a few days, and then returned again to their drawers, unbought; but we see by this statement that there are one hundred and fifty thousand more fools in the world than we had anticipated. And we became aware that the system was still extant, every post-delivery on the fourteenth of the month just gone. For every two hours brought a mass of letters, all of which we were compelled to open, for fear of overlooking a really important communication. The majority contained imaginary likenesses of ourselves, anything but complimentary, with verses underneath in a vein of parallel insult; in which every species of personal deformity and mental vacuity, with comparisons to the ass and monkey tribes, were imputed to us with great liberality. The intermediate ones were coloured lithographs, upon lace-bordered paper, whereon we were portrayed as a "gent" in a blue coat, yellow tights, and small pumps, with the hair curled, walking in a drop-scene kind of garden, and starting a bird with a letter in his bill, telling him where to go to. And those of the highest order were simply bouquets of impossible flowers, the petals of which lifted up, and cunningly disclosed such pretty words as "love," "affection," "joy," and "constancy," written under them in blue and red inks, in that style of hand acquired after taking six lessons.

These very foolish transmissions appear to share the stupidity of Twelfth-night characters, and the mottos in snapping bonbons; when they aim at refinement they are utterly pointless; when intended to be funny, they are vulgarly coarse. We repeat, that we were sorry to find so many silly people in the metropolis; and we sacrificed all their communications into spills for our cigars and tapers.

To turn the subject, we come by an easy transition from Valentines to Orsons, and these lead us to the wild Ojibbeways at the Egyptian Hall, from the north-east shores of Lake Huron, which the atlas shews us to be in Upper Canada. They came all this way to pay their respects to her Majesty; and, having done so, their visit was, in the true business-spirit of England, turned into a commercial speculation. To all appearances, judging by the crowds who pay to see them, the enterprize is a "hit," a shilling having proved a better price for admission than half-a-crown. When they arrive on the platform, the visitor's first impression is, that they are so many May-day sweeps; with the exception of "Powerful Wind," the interpreter, who rejoices in a frock-coat, red trowsers, and a feather in his hat. Their speech somewhat resembles the noise made by a dog with a bone in his throat; and their war-cry is a sound between the squeal of a peacock and the agony of a railway-carriage with the drag on its wheels, on approaching a station. They have all a great idea of feathers, and look as if they wore entire cassowaries upon

their heads; their tunics are similarly ornamented, and their *oriflamme* is a strip of red cloth tied to a pole and elaborately adorned with old pens. Their music, we should conceive, was easily taught. The instruments consist of a drum and a rattle, of one note each; the latter appears made of dry nuts, or beads, hung upon strings, and shaken about; the drum is an old oyster-barrel, to outward view, played upon by a wooden hammer. Both are worthy of Jullien's attention when he gets up the "Ojibbeway Quadrilles," which, if he does not like to put his own name to, he can use that of the imaginary composer, Roch-Albert, — he whom nobody ever met, or heard of. Oh! Monsieur Jullien!

The dances of the Indians are equally primitive: they merely consist in hopping round a pole, to the note of the "band." Before their war-dance they retire to dress for it, or rather to undress; divesting themselves of all their upper garments, and daubing their skin with gay pigments, that would provoke the envy of the celebrated Mr. T. Mathews, who thinks it sad for human beings to degrade themselves by thus painting their faces. We should conceive that this portion of the exhibition was more pleasantly viewed at a distance. As specimens of a tribe of people who are rapidly passing from earth, the exhibition of these Indians is highly interesting; as a spectacle of degraded humanity, it is very melancholy.

From this sight of decaying nature a side-door conducts you to a bird's-eye view of crumbling art, the city of Venice; modelled as it would have appeared to the passengers on their way to India in the aërial ship. There is something very refreshing in the quietude of this "bit of quality tumbled into decay," after the howling and thumping of its neighbours. In the disposition of the two exhibitions there is literally but one step to the sublime from the ridiculous. The model is exquisitely beautiful, and very faithful. The worst is, you cannot get at the middle, where the most interesting portions are situated. San Marco, the Ducal Palace, and the Bridge of Sighs are the principal attractions, connected with the career of Marino Faliero, who tried to come "the artful Doge" over the Venetians, and lost his race for power with them by a neck only.

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE DIVAN, AND ADVERTISERS IN GENERAL.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM a poor devil author, and what little employment I once got is quite gone, from various causes; principally from the love which all sorts of people now have of seeing themselves in print, and sending any trash to annuals and periodicals, which is usually inserted, because it costs nothing beyond paper and printing. Gentlemen, I am reduced to write poetical advertisements. I am the man whose stanzas, appropriate to any passing interest, enliven the columns of the newspapers connected with cheap clothing, persons about to marry, and razor-strops. But now I wish to try a higher school of poetical announcement. I have tried to procure an introduction to Mr. George Robins, but have not sufficient interest to obtain it. Will you insert these verses? They are in his style. He reads your Miscellany, and they may catch his eye, and cause him to

seek out the writer. He has long patronized poetry in prose, and perhaps will find poetry in rhyme a new source of attraction.

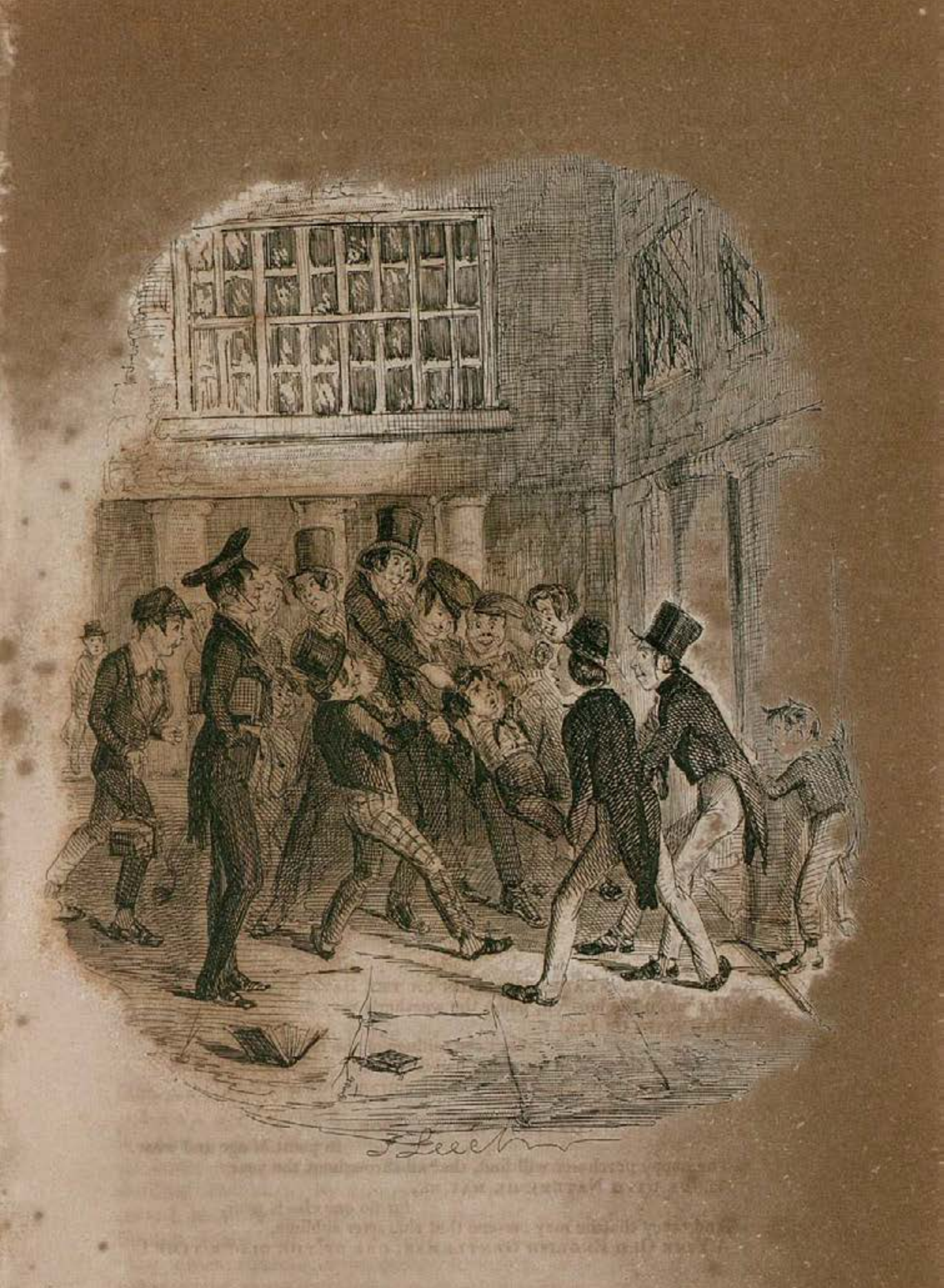
Your obedient humble servant,

THEOCRITUS PEN.

N.B. Please to copy the address, No. 16, Belton Street, Long Acre, third bell on the left post, near where they are pulling the houses down for the new street.

ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.

MR. HAMMER,
Auctioneer, the pleasure has to say,
He has received instructions to sell off, without delay,
THE TOTTERDOWN ESTATE,
a most magnificent demesne,
Ten miles from Windsor's castled towers,—
THE PALACE OF A QUEEN.
The owner, if a wealthy man, around could spread his bounty,
And in his tenants' wishes might be
MEMBER FOR THE COUNTY.
In bettering the soil has been sunk such sums untold,
That every meadow may be term'd
A PERFECT MINE OF GOLD.
And fresh fish, at the nearest town, much better may be bought
Than in
THE FINEST TROUT STREAM IN THE WORLD
were ever caught.
The fortunate possessor will but have to shut his eyes,
To fancy he 's the owner of
AN EARTHLY PARADISE.
Besides
A RIGHT OF SHOOTING OVER TWENTY MILES OF GROUND,
Which would be most agreeable, but no game was ever found.
Though, when the timber has grown up, on each side will appear
A RICHLY-WOODED LANDSCAPE
—it was planted but last year.
Most speedily to London from the manor you may pop,
TRAINS PASS THE DOOR TWELVE TIMES A DAY:
only they never stop.
But still
THE NEAREST STATION ON THE BATH AND BRISTOL LINE
Is seen on the horizon, when the weather's very fine.
THE SKIES OF ITALY
adorn the ceilings of the hall;
Or rather did so, e'er the damp had caused the skies to fall.
And nothing with the lodges and the entrance can compare,
Save Somnauth's
GATES OF SANDAL WOOD,
in point of age and wear.
The happy purchaser will find, that all throughout the year
ALONE WITH NATURE HE MAY BE,
for no one else is near,
And fancy that he may become that character sublime,
A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, ONE OF THE OLDEN TIME!



The Installation.

London, Richard Bentley, 184[illegible]

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Bolt appears anxious to visit an old country house.—The Father and Daughter.

We have occasionally seen certain plays of very wonderful construction, whose ingenuity even Mr. Glenalvon Fogg might have envied, in which the events that were going on in different parts of the house, in two, three, or even four rooms, were represented before the audience all at once. On these occasions, the scene usually resembled a gigantic doll's house, with the street-door open, which in those tenements is generally of formidable proportions, inasmuch as it comprises the whole front of the building, leaving the house, when unclosed, in that state of unreserved display respecting its internal economy, which we only see where violent architectural sections of dwellings are being made to form new streets in dense neighbourhoods. And then there is very great food for speculation in the different colours and patterns of the paper; the outline apparitions of departed staircases, that still haunt the walls; and the rusty grates still clinging to the fireplace, like household gods perched up aloft in niches.

The staircases have, however, but little to do with dolls' houses; they are an accommodation never thought of by the builders of those tiny freeholds; nor, possibly, would they be much used if constructed, the chief resident inmate being a wax lodger, who sleeps perpetually in a small bed, tightly trimmed with pink calico, and is found by children of an inquiring disposition to be entirely without legs. And when it has been ordained that the small Dutch company which assembles in the kitchen should hold a reunion in the drawing-room, like house-lamb and alien babies, they are usually brought up by hand. So that, since even the labours of that wondrous architect, the bee, prove economy of space and material to be the first considerations in building, the makers of dolls' abodes may, upon the whole, be regarded as clear-headed and talented men, from the formation of "savings' banks" upwards, to those elaborate four-roomed houses, which Lilliputian upholsterers undertake to furnish luxuriously for two-and-sixpence.

If this simultaneous presentation of different actions could be effected as well in novels or histories as on the stage, a great economy of time, and possibly a diminution of tedium, might be the result. Doubtless, with a little practice, two chapters could be studied at once, similarly as pianists embrace the meaning of the two clefs at one and the same time. But as the large proportion of readers have not paid much attention to this comprehensive method, we must at present go on in the old-fashioned style, which, like many other antique notions, is perhaps the best after all.

Vincent is, as we are aware, still located with Mr. Fogg. How long the fellowship will continue may not yet be told. Freddy is a scholar of Merchant Tailors': the duration of his stay there is equally uncertain. Unscreened allotments, portioned off from the mysterious coal-stores of Mr. Chicksand at sixpence the scuttle, shed warmth around the lodgings of Clara and her parents. And so we will wind off another end from the web which surrounds the cocoon of our history, until we get the various threads into one line for its conclusion.

The time is yet winter; the place not very far from the locality wherein we first met our hero journeying up to London in the market-waggon. That dismal and swampy range, stretched along the banks of the river for miles; but in its inland direction was more circumscribed; for there it gradually became cultivated; the willows disappeared, and trees of less melancholy aspect, upon whom the effects of constant water-drinking had not left such a dull, depressed physiognomy, took their places. Dry turf, too, with underwood and hawthorn, supplanted the plashy fields of rushes; and the numerous water-courses, that intersected the marshes in every direction, were seen no more. And still farther from the coast were knolls of ground—warm, sunny rises, upon which the corn undulated in summer time; with clumps of goodly trees, and long belts of waving foliage, which at various openings disclosed fine old houses, high and dry upon the headland, whose windows, it could be readily imagined, commanded views far over the marshes and river, even to the sweeping outline of rich hill and valley, that adorned the opposite and pleasant county of Kent.

There was one old mansion, above others, in which we are chiefly interested. As the traveller caught the first view of it over the grove that lodged the cawing rooks who were its perpetual sentinels, it appeared nothing but a wonderful collection of chimneys in every fashion, from the early Tudor to that of the latest century; and when he got nearer, its windows were a perfect marvel, as well from their number as their quaintness.

There were large bay ones, which were known at once to belong to "the hall," with heavy stone mullions and carved transoms, so large indeed, that the recess which they formed was a perfect room of itself, with one entire side of glass,—not smooth, clear plate, but small dusky panes, full of flaws and zigzags, latticed into all sorts of fantasies, and topped by unintelligible coats of arms, which the sun caused to march in solemn illuminated procession along the matting of the floor every day he shone. And high up, in sly nooks and corners, were windows much smaller, so oddly situated under the eaves of the numerous gables, that you wondered what on earth could be their utility as regarded lighting any practicable and approachable apartment. But they were windows of great humour for all that, and seemed to enjoy mightily the joke of their position; for when the wind blew hard, and the sunlight fell upon them, they winked and twinkled so merrily, that you only felt annoyed you could not enter into their fun. There were other small windows low down, almost level with the ground; but they were sullen and suspicious: the very inhabitants of the house could not find out what they had been built for, except for the especial enlightenment of the family rats who lived behind the wainscots; for they let in the day to nothing else.

The architecture of the house was after many styles and tastes. Unity had been sacrificed to convenience, and the different proprietors had pulled one room down, or built up another, as suited their fancy, until it was difficult to tell which was supposed to be the chief front of the house, until the fine porch was discovered, with its old and massy door, fitted into a low, deep arch of crumbling stone, and studded with iron nails. And was there not a keyhole too?—slightly,—with its rusty gigantic iron scutcheon. No one ever saw one like it out of a pantomime, or the prevalent idea that fairies usually choose that entrance for coming into a house would not seem so great a stretch of the imagination after all, even supposing them to be as big as ordinary mortals. But all this singularity only made Brabants, for so was the house called, more picturesque and venerable. Even the sun seemed to respect it, and his warmest beams always lingered with something of fondness round the old grey structure, long after the surrounding coppices were wrapped in shade.

About a quarter of a mile from this house—the spire of the modest church could be seen peeping above the intervening shaw—there was a small village; such a quiet, secluded place. It consisted only of one street, and this was but a part of the road which ran from some unimportant spot to nowhere in particular. Indeed, its existence as a road, with a continuation either way, might have been doubted, had not carts occasionally made their appearance in the village, which must evidently have arrived by that *route;* for when the inhabitants wished to visit adjacent towns, they chose wonderfully obscure footpaths, which ran through fields, pleasant in summer, with fresh green turf and hedge-flowers, and, when near the village, resounding with the merry voices of children at play. For children ever love the fields; their feelings are closely allied to nature, and they like to commune with her, although they understand not why. Men seek the fields for tranquillity, or a change from pent-up worldliness; but children look upon each wild flower as a play-fellow. They will talk to the yellow petals of the cowslip as they string them into chains.

The snow had not yet gone, however, at the present time. The solemn wintry twilight was creeping over Brabants, and the surrounding copses, now dark and leafless; whilst the ruddy light of fires within gleamed from its various windows; and now and then sparks shot up from the fantastic chimneys, in evidence of the huge billets that were blazing upon the iron "dogs" of the hearth. At one of the gates belonging to the homestall at the back of the house, two men were leaning against the palings, and talking to each other in low, cautious tones. One of them had the appearance of a labourer about the farm; the other was Mr. Cricket, or Bolt, as he gave his true name, with whom we last parted on the night of Vincent's arrival in Covent Garden.

"I tell you they're as safe as if you had them at your own place in London," said the man. "No one goes to that shed but myself and the snow this morning covered everything over as smooth as glass. How long is 'em to lie thus?"

"Till the waggon goes up again—mayhap three days," replied Bolt. "It was the best run we ever made, and it would be a pity to lose it. How's the guv'nor?—dark?"

"All right there," returned the other. "He'd pretty soon let us know if it wasn't. Only I think the sooner you take them off the better. His nephew is coming here to stay in a week, and he'll want the place for his dogs."

"Why, he hasn't been gone three months."

"No; but they do say he comes to keep company with Miss Amy; leastwise so I hear in the kitchen. It's no go, though,—I could tell him that, much as the old gent would like it."

"How's that?" asked Bolt carelessly.

"'Cause there's somebody else. Master's got money—not much, I know, but still he's got some—so's t'other, and I reckon he wants to keep all the eggs in one basket, as the saying is. He won't."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I know she was in love with young—what's his name?—there, that lived in the village, and went to sea. I used to see them often out together, when they never knowed nothing about it."

"I suppose it don't make much difference to us two whether she has both or neither," observed Bolt, "provided they don't open their eyes too much about the estate when they come into it. I reckon you wouldn't like the pheasants to be counted."

"He'll be in luck, whoever it is," resumed the man, taking no heed of Mr. Bolt's insinuation. "There's silver waiters as big as cart-wheels, and spoons like spades, with no end of 'em neither."

"Where are they?" inquired Bolt.

"Ah! you'd like to know, now; wouldn't you?" said his companion. "A cargo of them would pay better than sperrits."

"Now, look here, Chandler," said Bolt, meaningly; "there's no mistake but we could transport one another if we was inclined so to do. Anything you tells me is—so!"

And he pantomimically expressed the word he intended to be understood by clapping his hand against his open mouth: adding directly afterwards,

"So there's no use in concealing—nohow. Only let us know when there's a chance of anything to be sacked, and you shall have your rights, just and honest. Eh?"

"It ain't hanging matter if it was found out," observed Chandler, apparently meditating out loud.

"How can it be found out?" replied Bolt. "Once get the things to London, and half-an-hour will settle their business. I've know'd worse-looking schemes than this."

"Like enough — like enough," answered the other, lifting up a pail at his side. "I suppose you'll be down at The Billet this evening. There's a pig to be raffled for."

"You'll see me, if nothing turns up," said Bolt, as he opened the gate, and left the yard. "Don't forget, you know—not a word."

Chandler winked in acquiescence, and carried his burden towards the house; whilst Bolt strode off across the fields, crushing the snow beneath his heavy shoes as he whistled in accompaniment; and was soon out of sight in the increasing darkness.

The window of the library at Brabants was the chief point from which the ruddy light broke forth as the day departed. It was a fine old room, with a huge carved chimney-piece, a wainscot of dark oak, and hanging-buttresses from every point of the elaborate ceiling; and was usually occupied by the residents as the sitting-room.

There was little appearance of splendour or affluence in the appointments of the room. The furniture was mostly old; in many instances its antiquity amounted to dilapidation; and on some of the panels, which enframed pieces of faded and half-indistinct tapestry, the work had burst from its fastening, and disclosed the ruinous state of the wall behind. Neither was the remainder of the house in much better condition. Every portion of it spoke of the inability of the fortune of the owner to maintain the establishment in its proper condition, both internally and externally; from the irregular and rudely-mended park-palings which surrounded the estate, allowing entrance to every depredator who chose to make an inroad upon the gardens or preserves, to the worn and irregular flooring of the hall, over a portion of which more tapestry, dragged down from the upper rooms of the house, was now spread in the ignoble position of a carpet. It was long, too, since the sounds of revelry had filled that old hall. But for its noble hearth and goodly windows, it might have been taken for a barn or granary, if one or two odd pieces of corroded armour, and a few rotting and gloomy banners that drooped from its walls had been removed. And, indeed, the gallery which ran round its upper portion had been partially consecrated to this use, wherein the rats rioted in banquets of repletion. For the fortunes of the house had not yet sunk so low as to give these vermin their mysterious warning that it was time to quit it.

In the library were two persons,—the owner of the house, and his daughter; they were the sole occupants of Brabants, for the mother had long slept in the family-vault, beneath the worn pavement of the little church before-mentioned. Mr. Grantham was still in the prime of life. He had married young, almost in his minority; and he had a proud bearing, and quick, perceptive manner, which gave him the appearance of being younger than he really was. Few would have imagined, upon sight only, that he was the father of the handsome girl who now occupied the other side of the fireplace, engaged in embroidering some canvass to cover a *prie-dieu*, one or two specimens of which industry already adorned the chairs of the room, and formed the only exceptions, with their bright and glowing colours, to its general worn-out aspect.

For a time they were both silent, as the fire threw their forms in giant and dancing shadows on the opposite wall. The father was looking intently at the burning log, as though he sought companionship in its fitful blaze; his quick, anxious breathing alone disturbing the quiet; and his child was pursuing her work with an hurried intensity of application, which proved that it was only serving as a cover to turbulent and anxious thoughts.

"Well, Amy?" said Mr. Grantham, after a long pause, "will you favour me with a reply? I have been some time expecting it."

"I scarcely know what answer you would have me give," replied his daughter timidly, as she looked up for an instant from her work. "I like Herbert. I always did."

"And you would have no objection, then, to become his wife, if he felt inclined to pay his addresses to you?"

A slight and passing tremor shook the girl's frame as she heard these words. She replied,

"I did not mean that, sir. I implore you not to press the subject. I have told you I like my cousin, but I could never marry him."

"You mean, you have made up your mind to refuse a desired and eligible match. Is it not so?" asked her father sternly. "What can induce you to form this foolish, ill-judged determination?"

"I do not love him, sir,—at least as you would have me, 'from my heart.'"

"You would tell me you have a heart," replied Mr. Grantham. "You may have one; but it is cold and insensible as this marble. Amy, why is this?"

"Because my heart must be given, father, to my husband,—I mean,—if ever I were to marry. He shall not purchase it."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Grantham as he rose from his seat, and paced up and down the room. "This is the idle nonsense of a school-girl. Herbert's family is in every respect equal to our own; his possessions far greater. He is all a girl might wish for."

"I do not deny it," replied his daughter; "but I would not have him entertain a hope that I may become his wife. It can never be."

"Amy, this is absurd," said Mr. Grantham. And, advancing towards her, he fixed his eye keenly on her, as he continued, "There are other reasons for this determination, of which you have kept me in ignorance."

The girl bent timidly before her father's gaze, and replied in a low, tremulous voice,

"I will not deceive you, father: there are."

"I suspected as much," observed Mr. Grantham, as he walked coldly back to his seat. "And, may I ask these reasons. There is another attachment,—is it not so?"

"You have asked me, and I will answer you," replied Amy, as she looked towards him with an earnest and appealing gaze. "I have long struggled with my feelings in silence, until I thought my reason would give way beneath the conflict, for I have no one now in whom I can confide. I have striven to overcome the attachment, but all in vain. I *do* love another. Father! pity me—pity me—I beseech you."

And rushing towards her father, she threw herself upon her knees at his feet, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

Mr. Grantham had not been prepared for this outbreak of sorrow. He raised his daughter gently, and drawing her towards him, parted her long, dark hair, and kissed her with more affection than he might have been thought capable of exhibiting, from his usual staid bearing.

"My poor girl!" he exclaimed kindly; for Amy's allusion to her lonely position had recalled her mother to his mind, and he was softened by the recollection. "And who is it that you love? Will you not tell me?"

"Do not ask me," replied the weeping girl. "Some day you shall know all. Let me retire now; but do not think from this confession that I shall ever cease to respect or esteem *you*."

She withdrew herself from her father's arms, and, covering her face with her hands, broke into a fresh deluge of tears; and then saluting Mr. Grantham, she retired from the room, and sought her chamber. But for some hours after a light from its fretted casement, glimmering upon the rimy branches of the trees that occasionally swept the window, showed that she had not yet found an asylum from her sorrows in slumber.

CHAPTER XII.

"The Lee Shore of Life" is produced.

"The Lee Shore of Life" at length underwent the ordeal of public opinion. Soon after the doors of the theatre had opened, and the first rush of the eager multitude, who had been beguiling the last two hours of attendance under the portico by practical jokes and humorous salutations, had subsided, Mr. Glenalvon Fogg meekly entered, and took his place in a dark corner on a back seat of the upper boxes. He passed unobserved; no one unacquainted with the mysteries of literature would have imagined that an author so much resembled an everyday man. And then, shrouding himself in his cloak, with that retiring modesty always attendant upon true genius and embarrassed affairs, he awaited the representation, anxiously scanning the general physiognomy of the jury upon whose verdict his fate was to depend.

The doors of boxes slammed, the buzz of human voices increased to a roar, and the orchestra commenced a needless piece of inaudible pleasantry, termed an overture. Its concluding chords alone reached Mr. Fogg's ear, and intense was the thrill they caused to pervade his bosom. Then came two minutes of intense expectancy, the scene not being ready, towards the end of which the people began to hiss, and terrible voices, apparently from the clouds, cried out, "Pull up!" with awe-inspiring energy, until the prompter's bell rang everybody into something like order, and the opening chorus of the performers struggled very energetically to rise above the opposition murmur of the audience, in which endeavour, after great exertion, it ultimately triumphed.

The drama proceeded with tolerable smoothness, although the majority of Mr. Fogg's pet jokes missed fire, in spite of the covert applause he endeavoured to establish after each one, with his heel against the panel of the box,—applause which died away, blushing and confused, as nobody took it up. But when Rose Cottage told the proud Lord "that the heart of a virtuous English girl was a jewel far richer than the coronet of the haughty peeress," there was such a general burst of cheering, that it made amends for all the other omissions. And this enthusiasm was well sustained by the appearance of Tom Ratline, just as the father was being expelled from his cottage, who called the broker's men "land-sharks," and upbraided them "for scuttling a fine old hull amongst the breakers," recommending them also "to sheer off, if they did not wish their topsail figure-heads spliced to a marlinspike." All this being in support of a great right, viz. that "nature's aristocracy" have no right to pay any rent unless they like, met with very great applause. And here was Mr. Fogg's great dramatic tact clearly apparent, in writing for the minor theatres. For, however flat may have been the progress of a piece, the author has only to abuse the superior classes of society, and insinuate the "we've-as-much-a-right-as-they-have" theory of possession into the bosoms of the pit and galleries, and his philanthropy will always meet with its due reward.

In spite of the fearful demons and ruffian pirates, with other desperate characters that Mr. Fogg delighted to create, his mind was

naturally mild and gentle, even to simplicity. Yet, notwithstanding his benevolent disposition, we almost doubt whether he did not wish, several times in the course of the performance, that the infant in arms, who cried unceasingly in the gallery, might fall over the front-rail into the pit and break its neck, previously to being pulled up again to its solicitous parent by the united handkerchiefs and shawls of the company. But even here his better nature always prevailed in a short time; and when the act-drop came down, and one ancient woman exclaimed "Beautiful!" in the fulness of her admiration, as she applauded with a dislocated umbrella, unconscious of the author's presence, Mr. Fogg could have clasped her to his heart, albeit she was the queen of that anomalous tribe of elderly females, in wonderful bonnets and unestablished toilets, who come in with orders before seven, and people the upper boxes.

At length the curtain fell upon the last scene, and the suspense of our author was at an end. The drama was completely successful. And, if nobody had been aware of the fact, the management took care to let everybody into the secret; for it was duly placarded as "the greatest hit ever made, *even* at that theatre," which, as every piece successively achieved the same progressive superiority, was in a fair way of arriving, at last, at some climax of prosperity beyond all human conception to form even a dim idea of. The weekly papers, too, gave it their full meed of praise, all agreeing, from the leading journal down to the Halfpenny Tomahawk, that it was full of stirring interest and exciting situations.

Mr. Fogg rushed round to the stage-door, and was behind the scenes almost before the stage was cleared, or the last applause had died away. Possibly this hurry was because he thought he might be called for. And indeed the prompter believed he heard cries of "Fogg! Fogg!" amidst the cheering; but they were not decided enough to bring the author before the curtain. But his gratitude was nevertheless unbounded. He thanked all the actors, collectively and individually, for their exertions; he thanked the prompter for his attention; he expressed his obligation to the carpenters, the "scene-shifters" of the common world, in the shape of three gallons of half-and-half,—one to the traps, another to the stage, and the third to the flies,—a piece of remarkable liberality; he told Scutt to go to the public house and order whatever he liked up to sixpence; and finally he took Vincent's hand, and, shaking it with hysterical warmth, declared to him confidently that he could take a leap or a fall in every respect equal to Mr. Dilk. Having done all this, he quitted the theatre with his companion, leaving Mr. Groove, the prompter, to make such "cuts" as he thought advisable for its second representation. And Mr. Groove was unequalled in this task. If a question was asked at page five, and he found an answer at page nine that appeared applicable, he was accustomed to score out all the intermediate dialogue with his fatal pencil. This he called "bringing it up nearer together, and making it play close." Sometimes authors entertained a different opinion about the advantages of this abridgement; but Mr. Groove always got the upper hand in the end.

"I hope you are satisfied with the success of your play," said Vincent to Mr. Fogg as they left the theatre.

"It is a great hit," replied his patron; "although your situation is immensely dangerous."

"Oh! that's nothing," said the other carelessly. "I have fallen twice the distance."

"I am speaking of it as connected with the feelings inspired by the plot," continued Mr. Fogg; "it is dramatically dangerous, not practically. But, nothing venture, nothing have. I think I shall be able to show Mumford that others can write nautical dramas as well as himself—eh?"

"Oh, certainly," answered Vincent; not, however, having the least idea that Mumford was a rival author, who wrote "The Nore Lights; or, the Wreck of the Goodwin Sands," which ran all the season.

"A month as a first piece I think I calculated on," soliloquized Mr. Fogg; "and two weeks at half-price, at half-a-guinea a night. Six times six is thirty-six—eighteen guineas: come, that will do."

"Then you said something about the country, I thought," said Vincent.

"The country," rejoined Mr. Fogg, "is shy: the provincial drama is declining, and its halls are dark and lonely. The dress-circle becomes one large private box of four, and the policeman occupies the gallery. The days when we got half-a-crown an act are long since gone: they departed with those of gipsying."

It was Mr. Fogg's usual custom of an evening to be lost in reflection whenever he was going over Waterloo Bridge,—an abstraction arising from his unceasing endeavours to render the shot-tower available in a melodrama, which he thought some day of producing under the name of "The Mysteries of Lambeth." And on the present occasion he walked onward in silence, until he came against the wrong turnstile, which drew back his attention to passing events, and more particularly to a facetious gentleman, who was blocking up the toll, whilst he begged the keeper to oblige him with a sovereign's worth of half-pence, and not to mind the light ones; and also challenged him to toss up whether he would take a penny, or nothing; finally requesting to know, with great politeness, as a point of much interest, whether people who drowned themselves from the parapet paid as much for going over the bridge sideways as if they traversed it longitudinally. But, as turnpike-men are slow appreciators of jokes, and those on Waterloo Bridge especially so, the only answer returned was that he would "stow his gaff,"—a *patois* expression, which sounded slightly nautical to Mr. Fogg's ears, although he knew no more of its practical meaning than if he had been told to reef his toplights, or put his compass hard-a-port.

"That voice!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg, as the facetious gentleman again spoke. "Can it be possible? No, it isn't; yes, it is: those features! It is Mr. Jollit."

Mr. Joe Jollit, for it was that hilarious individual, having blocked up the toll long enough to collect a little crowd behind him, now went through, followed by Vincent and the author.

"Yes, you're right, Foggy," said Mr. Jollit. "I've been all the way over to applaud your piece. What do you think of that—eh?"

"My noble benefactor!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg as he seized his hand. "Permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Scattergood, the gentleman who came down the rope; Mr. Jollit, Mr. Scattergood."

"Proud of the honour, sir, said Mr. Joe, touching the front of his

hat with the top of his stick. "I'm an old friend of Mr. Fogg's, although I have not seen him for some time. But, you know, it isn't strange for Fogg to be *miss'd.* Come, I rather think that will do—eh?"

And then Mr. Jollit dug his stick into the author's ribs, previously to fencing at a lamp-post; and told Mr. Fogg not to put the witticism in his next play; which is a sort of conventional pleasantry applicable to all sorts of joking before authors: concluding this outburst of animal spirits by running after a hackney-coach that came through the gate, and riding behind it up to the corner of the Strand, where he waited for them."

"Still the same gay heart!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg to Vincent, in tones of admiration. "Three and twenty summers have passed lightly over his head, and yet in energy he is a giant. When I had a ticket-night last year he sold me six-and-thirty shillings' worth. The Bank of England nobly did its duty at that eventful crisis in my affairs."

The latter part of this speech was somewhat enigmatical to Vincent, who did not know Mr. Jollit's occupation; and any connexion between Mr. Fogg and the Bank of England was still more remarkable, as, indeed, was the mention of any bank; except the one upon which the wild thyme was reported to blow, and which he occasionally affirmed he knew.

"Well," said Mr. Joe, as they once more joined him. "I'm going to the Gooseberries to-night. We have not seen you there for ever-so-long. It was there, you know, I first met you. And pray, bring your friend."

"What are the Gooseberries?" inquired Vincent.

"A club of gents," replied Mr. Fogg, "principally literary and dramatic; who meet for harmony and social converse. You will be well received as my friend: and it may be of use to you to know them."

"It is not expensive, I hope?" said Vincent quietly, looking to the state of his own treasury.

"By no means," replied Mr. Fogg. "Besides, you must go this evening as my guest, and drink success to 'The Lee Shore.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

A Club of Literary and Dramatic Gents.

The various members who collectively formed "The Gooseberries" were accustomed to meet once a-week at a house of public entertainment at the end of a court in the vicinity of the great theatres, where a room was specially kept for their accommodation.

The tavern was essentially a theatrical one. The landlord himself had been an actor; the greater portion of those who regularly frequented the house were performers; and the staple conversation of the company related to the drama and its accessories. The coffee-room in itself was a union of several little clubs; for every box had its peculiar set of occupiers, who met there night after night, to discuss the merits of the different pieces and managements; quietly submitting hints and rumours to their neighbours, in under-tones,

or giving out opinions in a loud and dictatorial manner to the whole room, the more energetic, as they appeared contrary to generally received notions, or those of the majority of the audience. Besides the daily theatrical programmes, there were playbills of various kinds hung round the room, impaled upon the hat-pegs. Some were of country theatres, sent up by enterprizing subordinates of the large houses, to shew that they were playing Hamlet at Leamington or Wolverhampton, as the case might be. Others were benefit-announcements of names unknown to fame, which did not appear at the head of the placards of the day, so that the great world was in ignorance of the fact; but whose owners distributed these, their private bills, amongst the shops and taverns they frequented, to be hung round the neck of the plaster brigand who guarded the dry cheroots in the window of the vendor of dusky, sun-bleached cigars; or promoted to the dignity of being wafered on the looking-glass of the coffee-room, with an avant-guard of inverted ale-glasses, and deal pipe-matches.

A perfect stranger might have been led to imagine that he was in the company of the principal stars in the theatrical hemisphere by the ponderous decision with which they delivered themselves of their opinions upon theatrical affairs. *They* were the men to pull up the drama, which is so fast settling into the low-water mud of unpopularity, but the managers never gave them the chance; *they* knew Shakspeare was stifled by the monopoly of false eminence, and only wanted their assistance to come round again to his former position; *they* knew a man in the country to whom Kean was a supernumerary, whom conflicting interests, and wheels within wheels, kept from London; and were well aware that it was in the provinces alone talent could be secured. But by those experienced in their usual style of conversation, a tolerably correct notion of their different physiologies was soon formed. The individual who hinted that the piece about to be produced was a very indifferent one, was certain to be cast for "Charles, his friend," instead of "Sir Harry Dashley, a young baronet;" he was the heavy light comedian, beyond all doubt. He who spoke perpetually of the great houses he used to bring as first tragedian in the country, was a provincial who had found his level on the metropolitan boards, exchanging Hamlet for Osrick, and Glo'ster for Catesby. And he who saw nothing in the way in which any regular favourite played a character so as to attain unusual popularity, had tried the same part, and failed therein.

In the drama, as in literature, a person who stands in no one's way, unheeded by, and unknown to the world, beyond bearing the repute of harmless mediocrity, will ever be warmly praised and complimented by his colleagues; but, let him attain the most infinitesimal share of popularity, and that success will be his damning crime. He will fall at once from the genius to the humbug. Whoever is acquainted with members of either of these two professions, and, possibly, with all the others, will know at once that the leading objects of their admiration are men, concerning whose abilities the great mass reckon in an inverse ratio: and that, on the other hand, the favourites of the million are, with them, mere impostors.

Mr. Fogg, accompanied by Vincent, and the ever-gay Jollit entered the house, and proceeded upstairs to the private room belong-

ing to the club. There were eight or ten members assembled, by whom Scattergood was courteously received upon his introduction; and they took their places at the table.

"What ho! there!" cried Mr. Fogg, as the waiter was quitting the room.

"Marry, two goes of gin; and with what speed you may."

"I hope, Foggy, you mean to christen your play to-night," said Mr. Joe Jollit. And then, without waiting for an answer, he performed a solo upon an empty pipe, in the course of which he imitated various domestic animals by drawing atmospheric air through its perforation.

"You appear to be very intimate with your friend," said Vincent to the author.

Mr. Fogg drew his chair nearer the speaker, as if he was pulling it down to the front of the stage, and commenced: "Listen: 'tis now some five years since, one stormy winter's night—"

"I say, Fogg," interrupted a gentleman at the other end, holding up a blue-covered pamphlet, "what will you give me for this?"

"I know not what it is," answered the person addressed.

"The first copy of the last farce at the *Variétés*, my boy," replied the speaker. "Look here—*L'Amour au deuxième Etage.*"

"Has it been done yet?" eagerly inquired five dramatic authors at once.

"Rather," replied the other, whose name was Bodge. "I made two translations last night with different names. I shall call the one for the Olympic 'The Two Pair Back,' and the other, for the Haymarket, 'Fanchette.' It 's safe to go."

"That 's a remarkable man," whispered Mr. Fogg to Vincent. "He has a regular situation of a guinea a-week at one of our leading houses, to translate every French play as it comes out; besides what he does on his own account."

"And has he much to do in that way?"

"A great deal," returned the author. "He was the first man who introduced five-shilling farces to the notice of managers; and they have patronised him ever since."

"But I should think that interfered with your interests," observed Vincent.

"By no means," answered his friend. "Mine, you see, is the true legitimate; nothing can shake it but a powerful rival. I began by writing five-act comedies, and other preparatory works, until I arrived at my present position. I pledge you."

And Mr. Fogg bowed into his glass of grog, and rose therefrom refreshed.

"Pray, silence, gentlemen," cried Mr. Joe Jollit, who appeared to be on the most intimate terms with everybody. "Order for a joke. Now, Mr. Silt, don't be nervous—try it again."

The gentleman addressed, who was an amateur actor, with light hair, and a blue stock, who shaved off his whiskers to look like a real one, and spoke learnedly of "floats," "borders," and "first entrances," blushed very deeply.

"I can assure you, gentlemen," continued Mr. Joe, "that Mr. Silt has brought us a joke, very ancient, and in the highest state of preservation.

"A case of burke," he whispered to Mr. Fogg, and then said, with

an expression of great meaning, to the company, "I hope, gentlemen, you will not interrupt Mr. Silt."

"No; it was merely this," said Mr. Silt, causing his glass to revolve on its axis, and speaking with the air of a man trying to make the company believe he thought nothing of what he was about to say, whilst in reality he considered it a crack anecdote: "it was merely this. I was going one day from Greek Street to the Quadrant—"

"I beg your pardon," asked Mr. Jollit; "what o'clock was it?"

"I don't exactly recollect," replied Silt; "I should think, about one."

"Which one?" inquired another gentleman.

"Pray, order!" said Mr. Jollit. "Now, Mr. Silt, you were going with a Greek to buy a quadrant,—go on."

"No, no; I am afraid you misunderstand me," continued the victim, Silt: "I was going to the Quadrant to buy some cigars."

"Ah! the Greek couldn't speak English, I suppose. I see," chimed in Mr. Bodge. "I knew a Greek once—"

"Really, gentlemen, you are interrupting Mr. Silt," said Mr. Joe, mildly deprecating the diversion.

"No, no," said Mr. Silt positively, and emphasing every word, "I, came, from, Greek, Street, to, buy, some, cigars, in, the, Quadrant."

"Ha! ha! capital! very good!" laughed Jollit, rapping the table; "the best story you ever told!"

And the remainder of the company joined in applauding it.

"I 'm afraid we put you out," said Mr. Bodge, politely addressing Silt.

"You have not heard it all," answered the unsuspecting amateur, not yet put down. "The shop was kept by a Jew, where I always dealt—"

"What game did you play, then, always to deal?" inquired the chairman.

"Hush! order!" cried Mr. Jollit. "Mr. Silt was staying at Deal with a Jew. You 're losing all the point of the story. And where was the Greek all this time?"

"It 's no use; I can't go on," said Mr. Silt, stopping in great confusion, and turning it off by stirring his gin and water very frantically. Upon this the applause was renewed, and genius again gave way to relaxation; whilst the wag Jollit told Mr. Silt never to mind, as the joke would be sure to keep very well this cold weather, until next week, and perhaps its flavour would be improved.

"I hope, Crowle, you will give me a few lines in the paper on Sunday," observed Mr. Fogg confidentially, to a gentleman near him.

"Did the piece go?" asked Mr. Crowle, who had interest with the press.

"Enormously, and the leap told tremendously. By the way, allow me; Mr. Scattergood, Mr. Crowle,—Mr. Crowle, Mr. Scattergood," continued Mr. Fogg, introducing his friend in the double fashion common to the profession. "An influential journalist," he whispered to Vincent, as he acknowledged the other's bow.

"I need not go all the way to see it, I suppose," observed Mr. Crowle.

"Oh no!" said the author; "here is the play-bill. That," he went on, marking part of the programme with a peculiarly stumpy pencil, "that was the great effect; and you can say that the different people played with their usual ability."

"All right," replied the other, folding up the bill.

"Much obliged," returned Mr. Fogg; "and if you could put a spoke in the wheel of the other house whilst you are about it, it will do no harm."

The conversation now became general; not, however, until Mr. Silt had attempted another slow story without effect. And at last Mr. Fogg and Vincent took their departure, accompanied by Mr Jollit, in getting quit of whom they found some difficulty. For Mr. Fogg, delicate in mind, with a fine sense of proper pride, did not wish Joe to know the humble tenement he occupied. And he was equally sensitive on this point with respect to everybody else; so that it was the custom whenever he left the club to twit him with living in various marvellous localities, some of his friends assigning to him the dark arch in the Adelphi, and others the night-reversion of a gigantic advertising cart, on consideration of his writing poetry for the establishment.

Fortunately, a street-row attracted Mr. Jollit's attention. He directly plunged into the centre of the group of disputants "to see all fair, and that the police did not exceed their duty;" and Mr. Fogg and Vincent, taking advantage of this diversion, went straight home.

As Mr. Fogg opened the door, he found that a letter, addressed to him, had been slipped underneath in his absence. After the usual speculation as to the writer, and vainly endeavouring to decypher the post-mark, he proceeded to the best means of solving the mystery.

"An engagement!" he exclaimed, as he read it. "An engagement for six months as the house-author, in one of our first provincial theatres. I must away at dawn. The spell is broken—we must part. The steam-packet is cheap: once more to the dark and howling waters of the wild unbounded sea!"

And at the conclusion of this energetic speech he imitated a prompter's whistle, as if the front pair of "flats" were to close in upon him; and then retired pensively to bed. And so did Vincent; but in a state of mind far less self-satisfactory, from the vague prospect which again opened before him.

CHAPTER XIV.

The cloisters; the monitors, and their victims.

Freddy remained for an hour unnoticed by any one, whilst the usual morning business of the school proceeded. But there was plenty to attract his attention. The boys above him on the form, which had three ascending seats, amused themselves by jerking hot wax from the candles upon his hair and clothes; and such a perpetual exhibition of corporal punishment went on throughout all the classes, that at last the constant strokes of the canes, which echoed in the vast room, sharp and distinct as the crack of a rifle, resem-

bled the irregular firing of a body of soldiers. The younger boys writhed and cried out in agony under the infliction; then they were beaten again. But the elder ones made it a point of emulation to stand the torture unflinchingly. And when the thick cane descended savagely upon their cold hand and fingers, and left a purple and burning mark behind, they pinched it between their other arm and side, to numb the hurt; and bit their lip in defiance, until the pain was lessened, and the next stroke came, and others after that, until their hands became as callous as their minds.

At nine o'clock the simple word, "Go!" from one of the masters, dissolved the school for breakfast, and there was a simultaneous rush to the cloisters. Frederick took his cap, which he had kept in his lap all the time, and followed the rest, or was rather jostled and carried down stairs by the others. The general attack was then made upon a species of watchbox under the staircase, in which an old woman was dispensing small cups of coffee at a penny, and buttered rolls at three-halfpence each. Freddy had been told something about getting his breakfast; but he was not hungry. He was far too miserable to think of eating.

But those whose spirits allowed them to feed—which in all truth they did, and with wondrous appetites—enjoyed their breakfast in proportion to the great difficulty of obtaining it, which was an undertaking of great exertion, and fraught with much danger to the comestibles; for there was such a driving, and elbowing, and shoving, and scrambling over one another's backs and shoulders, to get at the pigeon-hole entrance, and reach over its outwork, formed by the shutter, which let down with two chains, that very few cups of coffee came safe out of the *mêlée;* and some were even seen dancing high in the air, shooting up like rockets from the centre of the throng, and discharging their contents upon the heads of those below. Those who were lucky enough to secure the roll retired immediately into dark corners to eat it, amongst a set of little boys, who always shrunk into the obscure parts of the cloisters from sheer timidity.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Gogsley, coming suddenly upon Frederick, and dragging him out of his ambush. "We 're looking for you. Now, you fellows, here 's the new boy."

There was a general cheer, and a rush towards Frederick, and in an instant he was caught up by a dozen different hands, and his limbs pulled violently into as many directions, as his captors carried him in triumph to the end of the cloisters, and proceeded to the ceremony of installation by "bumping," turning him into a human battering-ram against one of the massive stone pillars that supported the school-room.

At last they left their unresisting victim, bruised, sprained, and crying, at the end of the cloisters. He went and sat down upon the door-sill of one of the master's robing-rooms,* and wept bitterly. But he did not remain long undisturbed. A boy came running along the pavement with a tea-kettle, and, catching sight of Freddy, poured a little boiling water over his shoes by way of introduction, and then added,

"I say, wern't you on the first form this morning?"

* It is perhaps needless to tell the old Merchant Tailors that this site is now occupied by the writing-school.

"Yes, sir," replied Frederick meekly, through his tears.

"My eye! won't you catch it then, that 's all. You ought to be fagging in the school-room. I 'd advise you to come up."

Unconscious what new style of persecution awaited him, Freddy followed the other boy up stairs, and entered the school-room, where the monitors were at breakfast before the fire, upon an *extempore* table formed by forms and the masters' foot-stools. Some of the boys were cleaning knives, others were washing tea-things, and the rest engaged in similar menial operations, calculated to have an equally beneficial effect upon young minds.

"Oh! you are the skulker, are you?" asked one of the monitors, a sullen-looking young man in a white cravat. "Hold up your face."

"Please, sir," exclaimed Frederick, "I did not know—"

"Hold up your face, sir," exclaimed the other sharply. The terrified little boy obeyed as a trained animal would have done, and the monitor dealt him two terrific boxes on the ear. "Now, then, make the toast," he added sharply, as Freddy pressed his hands to his cheeks, almost blistered by the assault.

It appeared far easier to give this order than to carry it into effect; for the fire-place was surrounded by a large fender, or guard, of thick iron wire, four or five feet high, and bars of the same material across the top. Frederick looked at this despairingly for a minute or two, and then ventured to ask one of the other fags, who was wiping a slop-basin, what he should do.

"You must climb up and get inside," said the boy. "You 'll find it out soon enough."

It was a large blazing fire, sufficiently fierce to have roasted a sheep at. But Frederick was compelled to take his toasting-fork, and crept inside, where he remained, scorched and smarting, until his task was accomplished. He felt completely crushed; and when he thought of home again, how differently he would be treated, and how Clara would have got him a screen, if he only hinted at the warmth, his misery redoubled. Fright, however, made him pay great attention to his task, and he succeeded in pleasing his tormentors, for which the only return he got was a command always to make the toast in future.

The monitors finished breakfast, and what they left became the perquisites of the fags; in the same fashion as the scraps of a feast would be given to so many animals. Before the school was called again, the boy who had taken Freddy's name down at the door, when he returned with Gogsley's imposition, came into the room.

"How many were late, Palmer?" asked the monitor.

"Only one—a new boy," replied the other, handing him a small slip of paper. "Scattergood."

"That's your name — isn't it?" inquired the monitor, addressing Frederick.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. When the master comes in you will go up to him and be lick'd. That 's all; you may go."

Frederick turned away trembling, and took his seat upon the first form, where he had been placed in the morning.

"If this goes on," he thought, "I know what I shall do. They will be very angry if I went home without leave. I shall run away."

A BROAD HINT; OR, THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

BY HILARY HYPBANE.

"È massimo prudent' e saldo,
Batter' il ferro mentr' è caldo;
Ma questo rend' un doppio prode,
Ad una calda far' due chiodi."

A TRITE historian somewhere tells
That the two sees of Bath and Wells,
Some centuries ago, were fated
At the same time to be vacated;
And Satan, ever on the watch
For such stray sheep as he can catch,
Succeeded many souls to fish up,
For want of their protecting bishop:
At length the sov'reign, taking pity
Upon the flock of either city,
Sent for a certain dean of note,
Whom he was anxious to promote,
And bade the worthy priest to choose
Which diocese should meet his views.

The happy dean, before he breath'd his wishes,
Paus'd for some half-score moments to reflect,
(A caution 't had been folly to neglect,)
Which gave the greatest store of "*loaves and fishes.*"
At length, his cogitation o'er,
He made obeisance to the floor;
Assur'd the King that his beatitude
Was only equal'd by his gratitude,
And said, "My liege, I pray you give me Bâth."
But (*entre nous*) the man of sable cloth
Pronounc'd with such a broad provincial twang
The whole harangue,
That, 'stead of *Bath*, you might have ta'en your oath
He had said *both*.
We oft'times lose by being over modest!
For, though his Majesty thus understood,
And deem'd his answer somewhat of the oddest,
Yet, being in a bishop-making mood,
The generous and complacent prince
Straight coincided,
And join'd the sees, which never since
Have been divided.

'Twill be but justice to confess
This little tale
Is somewhat stale
In sober prose; but, ne'ertheless,
As 'twill be new
To not a few,
I 've cloth'd it in a dogg'rel dress,
Making a sort of parallel
To what my Muse is going to tell.

Reader, I take for granted that you 've been
In London's bustling streets, and oft'times seen,

Amongst the numerous huge machines vehicular,
Some which excel
All others of the throng in this particular:
That they so well
Evince how swimmingly their masters thrive,
That, in surveying them, your mind 's in doubt
Which are the most gigantic, sleek, and stout,
The animals which draw, or those who drive.

Led by this hint, methinks you cannot fail
Forthwith to ween
That those I mean
Are cumb'rous cars, with porter fraught, and ale;
One of which useful equipages
The hero who my Muse engages
For many a year had driven: his name,
Or patronymic, or sponsorial,
Never within my knowledge came;
But his amazing powers corporeal,
And lusty limbs, by prototypon aid,
Nomen supplied, and cognomen his trade;
So joining both, of might and malt the types,
His crony carmen dubb'd him "SAMPSON SWIPES."

Amongst the goodly guzzling train
Whose cellars eased his weighty wain,
A tough old widow, without fail,
Each month received her cask of ale,
Which honest Sampson, in his punctual round,
Had long supplied, nor e'er complaint had found.

At length one day
The brewer's dray
Arrived before
The well-known door,
When, 'stead of the accustom'd hailing,
"Good-morrow, Sampson! How d 'ye do?"
The housewife in a passion flew,
Thus, with shrill pipe, his ears assailing:
Arn't you ashamed to sell such stuff
As last you brought me? 'Twas enough
To turn the stomach of a pig!"
"Indeed!" cried Sampson; "dash my wig!
That 's queer!
'Twas the same beer your neighbours had,
And no one else has found it bad
I 'll swear."
"How?" cried the widow in a pet,
D' ye disbelieve? I have it yet!
'Tis such vile stuff that we must waste it:
I 'll draw a quart, and you shall taste it."

"I thank you, ma'am," quoth he; "you 're vastly kind
And generous when your liquor 's sour, I find.
I 've brought you humming ale, as sound and strong
As e'er was brew'd with malt and hop;
But, while 'twas good, you never wagg'd your tongue
To offer me a single drop,
Although," pursued the man of malt,
"However bad
The ale you had,

You know full well 'twas not my fault;
So let my master come and taste the beer;
For devil take me if I volunteer
To lay my lips against your tankard's brink,
Unless 'tis fill'd with something fit to drink."

The widow instantly her clamour hush'd,
And, though she lived some fifty years and odd,
And laid three husbands' bones beneath the sod,
(Would you believe it?) absolutely blush'd;
And, feeling that her ill-timed huff
Had given just cause for his rebuff,
A brace of bottles she brought out,
Strong brandy one, and one brown stout:
A silver pint the latter graced;
A glass beside the first she placed
And bade the drayman, at a word,
Inform her whether he preferr'd
A foaming tankard or a potent dram.
"Come, that 's too good an offer to refuse,"
Quoth Sampson, "but I don't know which to choose;
For, to confess the truth, *just now I am*
So pinch'd with colic, and so parch'd with thirst,
That, 'pon my soul, I don't know which is worst!"

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO SANDWICH.

BY HENRY CURLING.

In old Sandwich most of the streets and alleys have been named (as indeed almost all thoroughfares were designated in former days), either from their situation, or the places they led to. Consequently we have a street in this Cinque Port, the houses, wharfs, and warehouses of which, being situate upon the slimy banks of the haven, is called *Strand* Street, and the venerable-looking mansions, whose windows look upon the sluggish waters of that stream, when regarded from any of the tortuous lanes and blind-alleys approaching from the interior towards that noble thoroughfare, seem to the passenger as though they contained in their lower apartments the hulls of the vessels, whose tall masts appear to penetrate through the very tiles in their shelving roofs.

One house in this Dutch-built street we wish most particularly to particularize and point out. It is a noble-looking and venerable mansion, having twice had the honour of accommodating the portly person of bluff King Harry the Eighth, and more than once been the lodging of good Queen Bess, of blessed memory. It remains even at the present time in pretty much the same form as at the period we are writing about; the improving hands of modern architects not having outraged its oak-panelled wainscoating, demolished its carved mantel-pieces, destroyed its wrought ceilings, altered its wide staircases and galleries, daubed its chambers with paint, or bricked up its curious posterns and multitudinous windows. In an apartment of this curious old mansion, at this period the residence of Sir Philip de Mandeville, and which in itself might have formed a subject for the artist's pencil, and

whose windows looked out upon a small patch of greensward running down to the river, sat a lovely girl, of about eighteen years of age.

The sun, streaming through the many-coloured panes of the casement, on which the household coat was emblazoned, tinged with rainbow hues the leaves of the volume on which Catharine de Mandeville sought to fasten her attention, and her glance, spite of her efforts, ever and anon wandered from the dull page before her to the gallant falcon she held upon her left hand.

"Thine eyes, my bird," she said, as she at length shut the volume before her, threw herself back in her chair, and apostrophised her favourite hawk, "are beautiful, sparkling as the stars reflected from the moonlit waters, but thy spirit is subdued by the envious hood thou wearest, even as mine own is puddled by the words of the dry volume I in vain attempt to chain my attention to.

Catharine de Mandeville was the only child of Sir Philip de Mandeville, of Boxgrove Hall, in the county of Kent. Sir Philip was a native of Sandwich, and owned the mansion we have in part described. Himself and daughter were at the present time residing in Sandwich, preparatory to the visit of the Queen, who had signified her intention of being his guest during her stay at that lively town. Sir Philip was a man who had risen rapidly to fortune during this reign, one who from small means had increased his store to half a million. He was a patient, talented, and persevering man, and the riches he had amassed had been collected by that process of accrition which builds the ant-heap. Although fond of money, he was not altogether a grasping and avaricious man. Prudent and careful to a fault, he was also charitable, as well as ambitious. He gave large sums to various charitable institutions, and built a free-school in the town. Of a quiet, retiring, and studious temper, he was distinguished by the modesty which belongs to a great genius. Like Jephtha, judge of Israel, he had one fair daughter, and no more. She was beautiful as an eastern houri, and of her he was passing fond. All the wealth he had amassed was for this, his lovely, but somewhat wayward child. Having early lost his wife, he had educated the fair Catharine himself, and forgetting that his pupil wore petticoats in place of doublet and hose, had taught her all those studies, which in a son intended for a learned profession might have been proper, but which, for a girl, were for the most part useless and ridiculous. Catharine de Mandeville, therefore, albeit she gave in to the wishes of her father, on whom she doted, pursuing the studies he loved to teach her, chose, after school-hours, to follow the bent of her own inclinations. She had a wild slip of a kinsman, one Valentine Harkaway, an athletic, rollicking, hunting youth, who had taught her to fly her falcon, and leap a dyke with e'er a cavalier in the county. Consequently, she could break a colt, or reclaim a hawk in the field as easily as she could translate a Greek ode in the closet.

The mantelpiece of the spacious oak-panelled apartment Catharine de Mandeville was seated in was in keeping with the antiquity of the mansion. It was a perfect triumph of art. Some cunning architect of a former time had exhausted his skill in its formation. The carving in every part of it, from flooring to ceiling, was as elaborate as the tracery sometimes found on the screen of an old cathedral, and the devices as extraordinary as the skill with which they were executed.

The eye of the fair Catharine glanced from her hawk to the grim and satyr-like figures carved upon this old mantelpiece. It was easier

to fix her thoughts upon any object rather than the dark volume before her, and her attention became fastened for the moment upon the representation of a stag-hunt cut in one part of this piece of furniture. There were the hunters, with their hounds and horns, the dogs in full cry, and the labouring stag full in view; she could almost have fancied she heard the wild halloo and the cry of the pack as she gazed. This was a favourite object with the fair huntress; she loved to contemplate this piece of sculpture better than the finest Holbein in her father's halls. She resolved to go forth to the marshes, and rose to summon the falconer, and her steed.

"I cannot, like thee," she said, as she turned towards a portrait of Lady Jane Grey, which hung upon the walls of the apartment, — "I cannot, like thee, thou loveliest, best, and most unfortunate of females, muse upon Plato, immured in a cloister, whilst all the greenwood rings, and my companions are chasing down the sun."

The fate of Lady Jane Grey always saddened the somewhat overbuoyant spirits of Catharine. Her father's family were connected with the Greys. Lady Jane, before she had the greatness thrust upon her which had caused her ruin, had spent some time in this very mansion.

Catharine stepped to the window, and throwing it open, walked forth upon the green, towards the bank of the river. It was a lovely morning in August. The view presented to her is, I dare say, well known to most of our readers. Before her were the Sandwich Flats, at this period a reedy swamp, in which the heron flapped his wing, and the bog-bittern uttered his deep cry. Flocks of wild geese, too, sent forth their wailing and musical scream as they wheeled about over this fen. On the left stood, upon a small elevation, the ancient castle of Richborough, the Rutupæ of the Romans, and where the eagle had first been planted when the legions of Cæsar invaded Britain. On the right was the wild sea-beach, on which had once stood a Norman town; naught now remaining to tell the tale of its whereabout except an occasional vitrified fragment of the pavements of its monasteries and churches, or perchance, a mass of the brickwork of a subsequent city, which, built upon its foundation, had also long since flourished, stood its trial of sack and siege, gone to decay, and was utterly forgotten. Immediately before her, dark and shadowy, were what at that time were the thick woods of Minster.

The road which traverses the Flats towards Sandwich on this bright morning shewed a different aspect to that which it now presents, when perchance a solitary van, drawn by a raw-boned steed, is the sole object to be seen crawling along far as the eye can reach. It was now well sprinkled with wayfarers, carts, wains, and an occasional horseman. More than one body of men-at-arms might also be observed upon the march, the sun glancing upon their steel-jacks and long pikes, whilst a troop of cavalry clattered along in the distance. In short, the preparation for Her Majesty's visit was already beginning to make some stir in the neighbourhood.

The haven at Sandwich during this period also wore a somewhat different appearance to that which it now presents. Its waters, as we have said, flowed close to the walls of Sir Philip Mandeville's mansion, and several tall ships were moored between his garden and the drawbridge which gives entrance to the town from the Isle of Thanet. Amongst the merchant-vessels, and other portly-looking ships, which had come up the stream, and lay opposite the windows

of the Flemish-looking houses on its banks, one singular craft had excited a good deal of curiosity amongst the seigniors and rich burghers of the town of Sandwich on this morning. The vessel, which had come up with the tide on the previous night, had something the look of a ship of war, and was of a foreign build. She looked like a Spaniard, a carrosel, one of those lighter crafts which accompanied the huge vessels soon afterwards from Spain, and threatening our little island, in the shape of a huge half moon, got such a drubbing by Messrs. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher.

This vessel had rather puzzled the steeple-hatted, stiff-necked, peaked-bearded, and short-cloaked individuals who lounged, and took their walk of meditations amongst the piles of merchandize, tubs, and bales, which at that time lay upon the adjacent wharfs.

She had rather a mysterious look, and the men on board her were as odd-looking as the craft herself. A couple of sentinels paced the deck, armed with long-barrelled Spanish matchlocks, and equipped in quilted buff doublets and steel head-pieces; whilst some half dozen swarthy-looking soldiers, with huge rapiers, and "bearded like the pard," sprawled in different parts of the vessel, and which it was evidently the purpose of the sentinels as carefully to keep them from leaving, as they had already shown a determination to allow of none of the curious citizens to enter.

After contemplating the view from the river side for a brief space, Catharine opened the little wicket which gave entrance to the stabling of Mandeville House, and gave orders for her palfrey to be saddled, and her falconer to be in attendance, as she intended to go forth to the sand-hills by the sea-shore, and exercise her favourite hawk. The round of the small tower in which Sir Philip Mandeville kept his falcons was partially washed by the waters of the haven, and the vessel we have described was moored to one of the large rings in its buttressed walls.

Catharine de Mandeville (as was, indeed, customary amongst the daughters of the fine old English gentlemen of the olden time) gave a good deal of her attention to the management of the hawking department. She knew a hawk from a hand-saw as well as e'er a huntsman in the county. As she quitted the falconry, after giving a glance at its feathered occupants, her attention was attracted towards the vessel, which was moored at the extremity of the little quay upon which the stabling and hunting-offices were built. Her quick eye immediately saw that this was not one of the ordinary "argosies" which were accustomed to come up the haven, and she became interested in its appearance.

During this reign the rage for foreign discovery was at its height. The minds of men of the Raleigh school were filled with the wildest ideas of the wonders to be found beyond sea. Enchanted islands were commonly reported to have been occasionally seen, and sailors had brought back reports of having touched upon shores peopled with spirits; lands, whose very gales breathed the softest melody of unearthly music. The Spanish Main, too, where boys went to span counter with doubloons and dollars, and the pantiles of whose edifices were of pure gold, was at this period a land of desire; and those vessels which returned safe from the dangers of these unknown seas were regarded with the deepest interest. Tales of horror, too, had occasionally escaped the lips of the few desperadoes who had returned. Over their

cups they had described deeds of sin and shame, sufficient to render them abhorred and shunned. Cold-blooded slaughter, in its most horrible form, had stained their deeds, whilst wringing from the wondering Indians a confession of the whereabout of their mines and hoarded treasures, which, except in the heated imaginations of their torturers, had no existence.

The fair Agnes loved to listen to the tales she had heard of the adventurers of the period, and the wonders they were reported to have seen. Many a winter's night in the hall of Boxgrove House she had sat and listened, whilst the snow-storm rattled against the casement, to the stories of her wild kinsman, Valentine Harkaway, who had himself made the western voyage.

The wonder of all time, too, who at this period was comparatively unknown, was himself imbued with some of the wild fancies then so prevalent. One of the triumphs of his pen had pictured such an island as we have described, peopled it with spirits, given it into the power of an enchanter, and filled its spicy breezes with strange noises, unearthly voices, and ravished the astonished ears of shipwrecked mariners with heavenly strains.

Whilst the fair Agnes looked upon this mysterious craft, the sounds of a fray suddenly caught her ear. The town drums beat, men shouted to each other, the tread of hasty feet was heard running hither and thither, and more than one shot was fired. Whilst she listened to the tumult, several of the great unwashed of the town, reeking with the violence of action, bats, clubs, and other offensive weapons in their hard hands, rushed tumultuously upon the little quay beside her father's domain, and regarding the ship before them with angry looks, but for the guard which was mounted on her deck, appeared as if they would have boarded her without so much as by her leave. As it was, they arrayed themselves alongside, and making as much noise and outcry as the mob assailing Coriolanus in the capitol, they threw up their sweaty nightcaps, brandished their cudgels, and vented their spleen in the threats they were afraid to put in execution.

"Down with the cursed Cataians!" they shouted. "Sink the piratical craft, and hang up the rascally crew!"

The demeanour of the excited townsfolks quickly aroused the vigilance of the adventurers. A brass drum was heard rolling upon her deck, and a company of matchlocks were quickly enranked. An amphibious-looking, swarthy-visaged fellow, half military, half naval in appearance, all slops, boots, and whiskers, with a hat, sword, scarf, and strut, like Ancient Pistol in the play, immediately took command of this party of men, and ordered a section to advance and clear the rout from the vicinity of the vessel. A party upon this instantly leaped upon the quay, fixed the long rests of their matchlocks, threw back their right legs, blew their matches, and took steady aim at the mob before them.

The hint was not long in being taken. The excited townsfolks, making a rush to escape up Three-post Alley, a narrow passage which leads from the quay into Strand Street, trampled neighbour Muddlewick, the tallow-chandler, to death in their fright, and, choking up the alley, the Widow Jones was smothered in the press, and two slaughtermen and the custodier *de le hog house** crippled for life.

Whilst the matchlockmen made the demonstration we have described,

* So called in the fifteenth century, according to the ancient records of the town.

and the valorous Cinque-Porters endeavoured to escape from the wrath to come, the crew of the Bonaventura were not idle. They quickly unmoored her, filled her fore-sail, the grim ancient recalled his party from the quay, and the vessel began to drop down with the tide towards the drawbridge which gives entrance to the town from the Isle of Thanet. Ere they reached it, however, a large concourse of free burgesses, and freemen who were not burgesses, poured out from the gate-house to oppose their progress; upon observing which, the officer we have before described, himself headed a second detachment from the vessel, marched down upon the mob, and drove them pell-mell into the town, shut the gates upon them, and themselves raising the drawbridge; whilst the vessel glided past, they once more leaped on board. As they did so, however, the enraged citizens poured a volley upon them from the battlements of the gate-house, by which three of the crew were killed upon her deck.

The vessel had borne the contumely of the Sandwich folks up to this moment with the contempt and patience which silent merit so oft of the unworthy takes; she now, however, spoke to them with one of her guns, which, thundering from her deck, went crashing through the iron-studded gate, and shivering half the windows of the houses in Strand Street with the concussion of its discharge, bounded up High Street, and imbedded itself in the mill-walls.

A riot in this lively town was not, during the reign of Good Queen Bess, an affair of such uncommon occurrence as to be matter of great surprise to the fair Catharine. The persecution for religion in Brabant and Flanders drove many families to our Kentish towns. The manufacturers came in bodies, and chose their situations with great judgment, distributing themselves so as not to interfere with one another. The workers in sayes, baize, and flannel fixed themselves at Sandwich; the silk-workers settled higher up upon the banks of the same river which we have described, at Canterbury; the workers in thread seated themselves upon the Medway, at Maidstone. A party of gardeners, discovering the nature of the soil about Sandwich to be extremely favourable to the growth of all esculent plants, fixed themselves there, to the great advantage of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, whose tables were supplied with a variety of new and wholesome vegetables.* These strangers, however, constantly excited the jealousy of the native tradesmen, and the avarice of the ruling powers of the corporation; and consequently the townsfolk were often at issue with the half Dutch† neighbours, who had done them the favour to fix their residence on their swamp, and hard crab-tree and old iron were usually the arbitrators between them.

* These advantages were quickly extended to other places, as the ships conveyed large quantities of the seeds of such plants to London, and all over the kingdom. Indeed, in 1509 there was not a salad in all England; and cabbages, carrots, turnips, and other plants, according to Anderson's "History of the Rise and Progress of Commerce," were imported from the Netherlands.

† Many of the names in Kent, especially in Sandwich, are derived from these Dutch and Walloon emigrants; for instance, De Vinck has been made into Dewink, Vande Walla into Waller, Van de Velda into Valder, Van Bunke into Brooks, and so forth. Sir William Monson, in his naval tracts, gives an account of his anchoring in the mouth of Sandwich harbour in May, 1615, in order to protect a Dunkirker that had taken shelter in the haven from two Hollanders, who were lying there to intercept her. By his gallantry he obliged the Dutchmen to give up the chase, and permit the Dunkirker to escape. "Had your Lordships,"

The present riot, however, seemed a more serious matter, to judge from what had just transpired, than was usual even in the lively town of Sandwich. The row seemed on the increase too; there was shouting and bellowing in Galliard Street, hallooing and screaming in Lucksboat Street, and murder cried in the Butchery. The fair Catharine therefore withdrew from the haven side, and, retiring to the greensward in front of her residence, re-entered the room we have before described.

Valentine Harkaway, as we have said, was a relative of Sir Philip de Mandeville. He was a Kentish original, a bold, honest-hearted, reckless youth, possessing good qualities, which quite redeemed his roughness of manner and violence of temper. With the good folks of Sandwich he was perpetually at feud. Hawks, hounds, and horses were his passion, and lucky it was both for himself and the townsfolk that most of his time was passed amongst the sporting gentry of the neighbourhood; for, when not engaged in tracking, in trailing, hunting, and hawking, he was generally mixed up in some of the brawls which disturbed the streets, and squabbling with the inhabitants of Sandwich. He involved them, indeed, in one sweeping benediction, and sent to the fiends the whole Cinque Port, its barons, its burgesses, its supporters of royal canopies, its mayor, its stewards of the court, its Queen's bailiffs, and the town-clerk. Nay, his great astonishment, he said to his fair cousin, whilst watching the preparations made to receive the Queen at his uncle's house, was how her gracious Majesty, heaven bless her, could think of setting foot in so nauseous a quag.

Having been early left an orphan, he had been much noticed by his relative, and was a kind of attached slave of the radiant Catharine. Her he worshipped, as it were, at a distance; and, although constantly her companion in her hawking expeditions, would never allow to himself that he was anything but "her poor servant." That he loved her with a deep and all-absorbing devotion was quite apparent; but he veiled his feelings in an assumed roughness of manner when in her presence, and, content to live upon a scattered smile, made himself necessary to the fair huntress, by overlooking the sporting department at Boxgrove, breaking the steeds, training the hawks, tending the hounds, and even horsewhipping the falconers and grooms if they required it. Sir Philip, too, he regarded as a superior being, a sort of demi-god, and his usual boisterous style was laid aside when in company with the old peak-bearded sage. In fact, he would hang upon every word his uncle uttered, as if some magician had spell-bound him, and listen with open mouth to steal his sweet and honied sentences. Indeed Valentine loved his uncle for those qualities he himself was most deficient in, and the old man prized his nephew in the same ratio, for his dare-devil spirit, honest heart, and untaught manners; and, albeit he treated his nephew to many a homily upon the subject of meekness and humility, secretly admired the readiness with which, on slight provocation, his hand sought his rapier's hilt.

As the fair Catharine re-entered the apartment we have first found her in, she was met there by her eccentric cousin from the opposite

he says, addressing himself to Lord Elsmere and Sir Francis Bacon, "seen the disposition and carriage of the people of Sandwich, you would have thought it strange that subjects durst oppose themselves so openly against the state. Thousands of people crowded upon the shore cried success to the Hollanders, cursing both me and his Majesty's ship. But 'tis no marvel; for most of the inhabitants are either born, bred, or descended from Holland."

door. He was accoutred in the dress it was his usual fancy to wear, and which, except on very particular occasions, he never deigned to alter the fashion of. A huntsman's loose frock was indeed almost his only wear; a broad buff belt sustained his *couteau du chasse*, long buff gauntlets reached to his elbows, and his heavy riding-boots were pulled up to the middle of his thighs. Upwards of six feet in height, he sported a breadth of back and shoulder that would have done honour to a life-guardsman of the present day.

"How now, cousin Kate," said he, as he strode into the apartment, dashed his beaver upon the table, and seized the fair Catharine's alabaster hand in his own capacious fist. These island carrion here are at their dirty work again. What the foul fiend is the row in Sandwich now?"

His cousin smiled archly at him as she answered, "What, a riot in town, Valentine," she said, "and you inquiring of me regarding it? Come, that is indeed somewhat out of the usual order of things."

"May I die the death of a fat buck," said Valentine, "if I know aught of the matter. Bloody with spurring, I have but now arrived from London, dispatched hitherwards by your father, Kate. He expected a vessel was arrived in this filthy ditch beneath your windows, and on receipt of letters when he reached town, posted me neck-and-heels with instructions regarding her."

"What vessel is that, Valentine?" inquired the curious maiden. "Where from, and whither bound?"

"La, you there now!" returned Valentine. "To see what frail specimens even the best of you weak women are. I am not quite positive, my pretty coz., that I am at liberty to answer your queries. The port she hath visited is a secret, cousin. The intent and purport of her voyage is equally private, and the nature of the cargo she hath on board is also a mystery."

"In faith, then," returned the fair Catharine, "I care not for your mysteries, Sir Valentine, since I think I can give a shrewd guess upon the matter. I caught a glimpse of a ship, called the Bonaventura, not ten minutes back. She 's one of the vessels my father fitted out for the North West Seas, the land of promise."

"Ay, and performance, too," said Valentine; "but come, your guess is not far off the mark. The Bonaventura, with a crew of bold fellows, and officered by one or two of the bravest in the land, hath made a successful voyage to Cataia, Solomon's Ophir, my girl. By a letter from Captain Frobisher* to your father, I learned that he sailed sixty degrees north-west beyond Friesland, and came upon an island inhabited by strange and savage Indians, where he landed, marched

* Captain Martin Frobisher actually sailed to Cataia, near China, at this period. Discovering a passage by the North West Seas, he came upon a place inhabited by savages, from whence he brought a piece of black stone, like sea-coal. The goldsmiths, on his return, assayed it, and vowed it rich in gold ore; the next season he therefore adventured again, and freighted two vessels home with this black stone; and in 1578, his project was so rife in credit that he set sail a third time, with fifteen good ships, and freighted them all home from the same mines. Some of his vessels were lost, and the boasted ore turned out mere dross. Frobisher was afterwards knighted, for service against the Spanish armada. Shakspeare touches upon this business in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." "I will not believe such Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man," he makes Ford say. In fact, Cataian and Frobisher became byewords for vain boasters just at that period.

into the interior, conquered the natives, and discovered several mines containing gold ore. Ay, Kate, this is no counterfeit, but the real stuff—gaudy, glittering gold. By the lord, Kate, you 'll have a dowry fit for the bride of an Indian prince."

"Be not over-sure of that, Walter," returned his cousin. "The bold spirits who constitute some part of the crew of your vessel have been drinking deep in the town, as far as I can understand the matter, and have brought the good ship into difficulties. Nay, that most worthy Cataian is, I take it, the cause of the hubbub you hear without there."

"Now, the red pestilence strike them," said Valentine, starting up, and rushing to the casement in the hall of the mansion; "as sure as death they 'll cause some mischief to my uncle's craft. Why have you not told me this before, Kate?"

The scene Valentine had beheld from the casement of his uncle's mansion was in itself sufficient to move his feelings under any circumstances. One unlucky individual was beset in Strand Street by a whole rout of ruffians, although with his long rapier before him, and his back planted against the palisades in front of the house, he was endeavouring to sell himself as dearly as possible. He was just at that moment on the even of being beaten to the earth by his numerous assailants, when he was released by the sudden appearance of our friend Valentine upon the scene.

That worthy came to the rescue like a tiger, and dealing his blows right and left with tremendous energy, snatched the stranger from the unknightly cudgels of his assailants, and with the assistance of some of the serving-men of his uncle's establishment, succeeded in bringing him off, and dragging him into the mansion, just as Master Mumble, the mayor, together with the whole *posse comitatus*, thrust into the fray. The gallant who had been thus snatched from the clutches of the Sandwichers, was a youth of some two-and-twenty years of age. He had been considerably mauled in the affray; but, seen under every disadvantage, he quickly found favour in the eyes of the fair Catharine.

Meanwhile the vessel we have before mentioned in this history had successfully warped her way, spite of the townsfolk, along the haven, and followed by a cloud of skirmishers, consisting of a crew of patches, "Rude mechanics, who worked for bread upon the Sandwich stalls," had got fairly out to sea. Whatever the nature of her cargo might have been, and how come by, (for these were days in which the most renowned of our naval heroes were most unscrupulous conscienced blades,* and when once fairly on the high-seas, made war upon their own account occasionally,) it was very evident those in command had no desire or intention that their papers should be overhauled either by the mobility of this Cinque Port, or those in authority over them.

Perfectly aware, from former embroilments in other lands afar, that the present excitement in the town was caused by their own officers,

* The Pelican, commanded by Drake; the Elizabeth, by Winter; accompanied by the Marygold, of thirty tons, the Fly Boat, of fifty tons, the Christopher, a pinnace of fifteen tons, sailed from Plymouth, 15th November, 1577, sailed round the world, and returned to the same port, 3rd November, 1580. The ship in which Drake sailed was visited by Elizabeth, who conferred knighthood upon him, thereby settling all controversy upon the subject of *the immense sums* he had brought home. The Pelican remained for years at Deptford, an object of public admiration, till her timbers fell to decay.

and who had donned their bravery that morning, and gone ashore for a lark amongst the Cinque Port *bona robas*, the grim ancient, who we have before seen in command of the vessel, had thought it best to bring-to beyond the draw-bridge for a time, and marching his party of men-at-arms into the town, drove the mob up High Street, into St. Clement's churchyard, where he treated the townsfolk to a benefit amongst the tombstones, and giving them one or two volleys, crippled two of the civic-guard for life, and obliged several of the native burghers of the town to take measure of that portion of ground which was now adequate to all their future wants and wishes. By this means he succeeded in bringing most of his party on board; all, indeed, but two unlucky individuals, who, having become separated in the confusion, were pounced upon by the civil power, and fairly hunted through the town, as if they had been stranger curs in a rabid state. Master Mumble, the mayor, indeed, who had somewhat recovered from the sousing he had received in the water delf, was himself in a state of partial hydrophobia, and vowing vengeance against the runagates if he could but catch them, swore they should have a taste of the flavour of every stream in the town, from the roaring gutter to the slaughter-house-dyke. Under these circumstances one of the fugitives, as we have seen, was rescued and sheltered in Sir Philip Mandeville's mansion in Strand Street; and thither Mr. Mayor, brimfull of ire and dyke-water, followed, to demand him.

Indeed, the wild, adventurous life these gallants lived, their perseverance amidst storm and wreck, the difficulties they encountered in distant lands, and even the horrors they were reported to have been witness to, gave them a degree of interest during this reign such as is hardly to be conceived in our times. The spirit of the time was entirely military; chivalry was the order of the day; "*A fair vestal was throned by the West*," and around her footstool knelt the choice-drawn cavaliers and master spirits of the world. All Christendom, too, was about to receive a filip, and a horseboy to become "The wonder of the world,"—"Shakspeare was dipping his pen in his own heart."

The romantic ideas of the fair Catharine were all in favour of foreign adventure. The circumstances, therefore, under which the handsome stranger had been introduced to her presence, were in themselves sufficient to interest her in his favour; and when she looked upon his noble countenance, tall figure, and graceful air, seen to advantage in the rich and elegant costume he wore, she could almost have thought she beheld the personification of one of the characters of a favourite play she had just been perusing, with feelings of wonder, admiration, and delight. In short, the fair Catharine fell headlong in love with the stranger at first sight.

"I might call him," she said to herself,

> 'A thing divine, for nothing natural
> I ever saw so noble.'"

When, therefore, Master Mumble, the mayor, accompanied by the the hog-beadle, the supervisor of the water delf, the town-clerk, and the *posse comitatus*, clamoured for admittance at the portal of the mansion, demanding instant and unconditional surrender of the fair Catharine's guest, she resolved to save him from their rapacious clutches. Her steeds were ready saddled in the stables, and making the stranger youth change doublets with her cousin Valentine, slouched his features

under a wide-brimmed beaver, gave him the hawk she carried with one hand, and with the other led him through a small closet-like apartment, to the stabling; where, mounting him upon the groom's steed, she jumped upon her own palfrey, and, desiring Valentine to admit the mayor into the mansion as she quitted it, she galloped into Strand Street, dashed through the mob, and, clearing the Canterbury gate, turned up a narrow road to the right, and taking the way to Richborough, safely reached the walls of the old Roman fortress which stands upon the small elevation where the legions of Cæsar leaped ashore when they invaded Britain.

The stranger cavalier had found some difficulty in keeping at the bridle-rein of the delicate creature who thus galloped over rough and smooth in wild career, along the rough and dangerous road they had traversed. They had small opportunity for converse, but his eyes had told him that Diana herself was not more lovely than the fair votaress by his side. She pulled up her steed upon the mysterious cross within the area of the castle, and pointed out to him the Bonaventura just then clearing the mouth of the haven, and getting out to sea. There are some brief moments in man's career worth a whole age of commonplace life. To the fair Catharine and her companion the fleeting minutes which had passed since they had become acquainted were, perhaps, the light "never to shine again in the dull stream of life;" this Roman fortress, swept by the blasts of near two thousand years, the greenest spot in memory's waste. Remembrance in after years would hallow these sacred precincts, and dwell fondly upon every trifling incident of that short ride with feelings of romantic interest, only to be furnished by the peculiar situation.

The cavalier dismounted from his steed, and pressed the hand of his fair deliverer. The terror of the mayor, the hog-beadle, and the town-clerk, were all forgotten as he gazed upon the chiselled features of the fair Catharine, with her beautiful dark tresses streaming in the wind. Even the supervisor of the water delf was forgotten. His story had been told in her too-willing ear, even in the brief ten minutes they had conversed together, as they rested their panting steeds. The lady pointed to a small hostel situate upon the Sandwich Flats, towards Pegwell. By swift riding he might reach it, gain a boat, and get on board his ship, now tossing in the bay. The cavalier swore by the sacred symbol upon which she stood on that day fortnight he would return to claim the fair Catharine for his bride. They would meet upon that cross.

The setting sun tinged the massive ruins of Richborough, and the evening breeze sighed in dreary whispers along its walls, and still Catharine de Mandeville sat, sad and solitary, on her steed, and watched a small boat which was pulling for the Bonaventura, now rounding the point. When the small speck which contained her lover also disappeared, she turned her horse's head, and rode back to Sandwich. One brief fortnight, and they would meet again. He had sworn it by Richborough Cross. Would he keep his word? Time will shew. Ere nightfall the gallant Bonaventura was ashore upon the Goodwin Sands. Those dreadful depths swallowed up for ever the treasures of the Cataian mines. The good ship bulged; the waves rushed in fast, and all that was evermore seen of the crew *then* on board was three grim-looking adventurers lashed to a mast, who were washed underneath Broadstairs Cliff next morning, dead.



THE BAG OF GOLD.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Brightly shone the moon over the fair city of Venice, and wherever her silvery rays kissed the dark waters of them any canals which intersect that mart of merchants, as the gay gondolas passed and repassed, rippling the smooth surface with their prows and fin-like oars, they appeared like the shining scales of huge serpents, undulating and sporting among her marble palaces.

In one of the remotest corners of the place dwelt the usurer Guiseppe Valdoni. Rumour reported him as rich as Crœsus; but he had one gem in his possession which he valued above his gold, his only daughter, Bianca, a jewel without a flaw! Serenades were nightly performed under the balcony of his residence, and all the gallants of Venice endeavoured to win the attention of the wealthy heiress of Valdoni.

Of all the suitors who sought the lovely Bianca, none found favour in her eyes but Ludovico, the gay, bold, reckless Ludovico. In person he was eminently handsome, and in her estimation, who had only the opportunity of judging of a lover by sight, he was as far above all his competitors. She loved him! ay, and with a fervour which is only known in southern climes.

Truth to say, Ludovico was an inconstant man, a gambler, and a bankrupt in every virtue.

It was midnight, and Bianca, with palpitating heart, was watching in the balcony. Ludovico came alone in a gondola. She threw to him a bag of gold, and was about to descend, and to place herself under the protection of her suitor.

"Dearest, best-beloved Bianca," said the deceiver, "*to-morrow* at this hour I will be here and bear you away, if I survive the disappointment of to-night. Everything will then be ready for my bride. Farewell!" And he rowed briskly away from the startled damsel, who for his sake had betrayed the confidence of her fond father by abstracting the bag of gold.

Cold and heartless as was Ludovico, he felt a pang as he lost sight of the confiding and affectionate Bianca, "But," thought he, with plausible sophistry, "has she not robbed her own father? And shall I keep faith with one who has proved faithless to him who gave her being? Worthless wanton!"

The gallant, having reached his destination, hastily moored his gondola, and eagerly clutching the bag of gold, concealed it beneath his cloak, and hurried homewards. Passing beneath a dark colonnade, reposing in the still shadow of the moon, and calculating in his own mind the worth of the ducats of which he had so unworthily possessed himself, he was startled by approaching footsteps, and, turning round, observed three men close upon his track. They were evidently bent upon overtaking him, and, almost before he had presence of mind to draw his rapier, they fell upon him, and, encumbered by his cloak and the weight of his treasure, he was unable to repel their sanguinary attack, and dropped lifeless at the feet of the brigands, pierced with many wounds. The bag of gold chinked upon the pavement; they seized the weighty prize, and, rushing from the spot, turned into the Piazza di San Marco, thence crossing the Rialto, they encountered the night-watch, who surrounded and captured them.

They were searched, speedily deprived of their newly-acquired treasure, and conducted forthwith to the guard-house, where being recognised by the authorities as indifferent characters, and being examined separately, giving a different account of their objects and pursuits, they were locked up, in order to be examined the following morning by the magistrate.

They would willingly have relinquished their plunder to bribe their captors; but the latter were too numerous to act dishonestly without the fear of detection, although, under other circumstances, and for such a consideration, they might willingly have refrained from pressing the charge.

The magistrate before whom the culprits were ushered on the following morning was a stern man, and possessed great influence in the state of Venice.

"Fortunately for ye," said he, addressing the prisoners, "there is no proof that you have obtained this bag with violence; but we may reasonably infer that such plunder was not filched from the lawful possessor while he retained life. Justice, ever associated with divine mercy, and of which we are the unworthy dispenser, charitably gives you the benefit of our ignorance and the want of evidence. Your lives are spared,—and may you repent of your evil deeds. We attach the property in behalf of the rightful owner; and in the meantime

consign you to imprisonment, in order that, should any evidence hereafter arise in your favour, you may have the benefit of it. Away with them!"

The prisoners were removed, and the night-watch who had captured them were liberally rewarded. The bag of gold remained with the magistrate, who was too much occupied with official business to set on foot any inquiries respecting the lawful possessor. He placed the treasure in his strong chest. When the investigation took place, his two nephews were present, and contemplated the bag, which appeared to have some talismanic influence upon all who gazed upon it, with an irresistible desire of appropriation. They laughed at the idea of its being locked up, and consigned to the same fate as the prisoners. In their liberal philosophy they determined that distribution was far wiser than accumulation; and, with a virtue that is so uncommon in the world, they had long practised what they preached. In the exercise of this moral principle they had both become deeply indebted, and, with that fervent generosity known only to the heart of youth, they longed to liquidate their liabilities. There was no owner for the bag of gold; therefore they argued that it could not be better disbursed than in the payment of their debts of honour. Having come to this conclusion, the two honest youths resolved to cut up this stray golden goose, and feast themselves and their creditors therewith.

When sleep had sealed the eyelids of all within the magistrate's dwelling, Giovanni and Guiseppe stealthily quitted their chambers, and proceeded to the strong-room, where the bag of gold was carefully deposited. The sympathy of their pursuit had compelled them, although individually reluctant, to come to a mutual understanding. Now Guiseppe, who was married, contended with his cousin that he was entitled to two-thirds of the treasure; his liabilities, too, were larger than Giovanni's, and, in his opinion, justified this division. They both at last came to the determination of decamping, should they obtain possession, and thus escape both the ire of their uncle and the importunities of their creditors. Guiseppe's wife was on a visit to her father, and his only son, a beautiful boy of four years old, was left in his care; he therefore took the precaution of consigning him to the care of a trusty gondolier, who was to row to a certain point, where he proposed to join him.

But to return to the magistrate's strong-room, which overlooked the canal. They succeeded, with some difficulty, in forcing open the chest containing the treasure, and Giovanni grasped the coveted prize.

"'Tis mine!" cried he, exultingly.

"'Tis *ours*," said Guiseppe, holding out his eager hand.

"Stay," replied Giovanni; "I have had half the danger,—surely I am entitled to half the plunder. Nothing less will satisfy me."

"How!—why, did you not promise to be content with one third?" said Guiseppe.

"I had not then possession," replied Giovanni.

Guiseppe burned with rage, and, darting forward, snatched the bag of gold from his cousin's grasp, and rushing towards the balcony, exclaimed, "Do you persist in your demand? Will nothing less satisfy you?"

"*Corpo di Bacco!* nothing!" answered the other savagely.

"Then thus ends the dispute," said Guiseppe; and, opening the casement, he wildly cast the gold into the canal.

A piercing shriek followed, not from the disappointed Giovanni, but from the waters below. Guiseppe had cast the bag of gold upon the innocent head of his child, and killed it!

Giovanni fled, conscious of his participation in the robbery, and too soon the distracted father learned the fate of his boy, and went raving mad!

Giovanni, the fugitive, was reported to have plundered his uncle. The gondolier, meanwhile, had cunningly concealed the bag of gold, and produced a log of wood, which he asserted had been cast from the window, and was the cause of the death of Guiseppe's son; and, safe in the insanity of the wretched father, he carried home the treasure.

A slip of parchment was tied round the neck of the fatal bag, indicating that it contained one thousand golden ducats. But, through fear, or some mysterious influence, the gondolier could not be induced to break the seal that fastened it; fearful even of keeping it in his humble dwelling, he carefully inclosed it in a box, and buried it in his little garden.

Now the gondolier had an only daughter, Veronica, who was very beautiful, and she had many suitors among her own class. The handsome, gay, and dissipated Beppo, however, was her chosen favourite. He rowed so well, and sang so sweetly, that the maid was charmed, notwithstanding his suspected gallantries.

An old tradesman of Venice happened to meet Veronica one evening, as her father was taking her home in his gondola, and became enamoured of her charms. He sought her father, and offered her his "protection." The gondolier confessed himself highly flattered by his notice, but declined the honour.

"Take her to wife," said the bluff gondolier, "and she is yours. I can give her a dowry. Say the word, and the girl and a thousand golden ducats are yours."

"What!" exclaimed the tradesman, whose avarice equalled his new passion; "you are joking."

"By the Virgin!" replied the father, "I speak the truth."

The affair was soon settled between the gondolier and the tradesman; but there was one person who was by no means pleased by the bargain, Beppo, who vowed vengeance against the bridegroom, although he was quite ignorant of the means which had brought about the marriage.

Veronica was married, and the old man conveyed the maid, and the bag of gold, to his house. On the following morning he was found murdered, stabbed in fifty places by a poniard. As he was but a tradesman, the authorities took little or no trouble in seeking out the assassin. These affairs were so common in the city of merchants.

The widow took possession of the old man's property, and concealed the bag of gold, which had been the fatal cause of this unwise and unpropitious alliance.

A few months afterwards the tearless widow married the murderer of her husband. Guilt, however, rarely goes unpunished; and ere a few short months elapsed, Veronica discovered that the man whom she once idolized, and for whom she had sacrificed so much, was in every way unworthy of her love. He lavishly expended the estate of her late husband in his unlawful pleasures, while she, deserted by him, pined in sorrow and in solitude. Proud, overbearing, and revengeful,

Veronica's passion of love was soon transformed to hatred the most intense.

The bag of gold, which she had carefully concealed, remained untouched. Depositing it in a place of safety, she instantly sought the presence of the judge, and denounced her renegade and unworthy husband as a murderer!

Beppo was seized, and the evidence she produced was so conclusive that the worthless husband was condemned to the rack.

Veronica retired to a nunnery, hoping to obtain pardon for her sins, and presented the bag of gold as an offering to the convent!

The bursar or treasurer of the convent was a certain Brother Anselmo; a thin, bilious man, severe and taciturn, who verily looked like a skeleton clothed in parchment. He was regarded as almost a saint by the good sisters, so punctilious was he in the performance of the religious duties. It is true that he had been a great reprobate in his youth; and it is equally true that he had become a great hypocrite. The bag of gold was confided to his custody; and so fearful was he of its corrupting influence, that he resolved to convey it far from the pure atmosphere of the convent, for fear of contamination. This was assuredly carrying his scruple to the extreme. He first, *probably*, entertained the insane idea of casting the "root of all evil" beneath the blue waves of the Adriatic; but upon mature deliberation he contended that it would be better to lay it by for charitable purposes. Sinner as he was, he might one day be in want of it; he therefore resolved to deposit it forthwith in the hands of a trusty friend-in-need, who had supplied his necessities in the days of his lamented extravagance.

Unfortunately for Brother Anselmo, he carried the bag of gold to the lawful owner, who instantly recognised and reclaimed the stolen ducats. He possessed irrefragable proofs that the parchment-label was in his own hand-writing, and embraced the precious bag of gold with the fondness of a parent who had recovered his lost child. Brother Anselmo vainly remonstrated, and the interview concluded by the miserly money-lender unceremoniously kicking him out, retaining possession of the fatal treasure.

Fain would the astonished bursar have resented this unseemly rebuff; but a consciousness of his own villany made him gulp the indignity which was put upon him; but he vowed vengeance. Before he could put in execution his secret purposes his defalcation was discovered; he was summoned before the tribunal, and condemned to pass the remainder of his wretched existence in a dungeon!

The bag of gold thus returned unbroken to the hands of the rightful owner, having been in its travels the cause of so much crime and misery to its intermediate possessors.

Wealth, obtained by a long life of toil and honesty does not always produce happiness; ill-gotten gold—never!

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XII.

AUCTIONS.

The perpetual transfer of property from hand to hand in London gives to the various auction-marts a permanent importance, as one of the remarkable features of London life.

The necessity of quick return of money requires a perpetual bargain, sale, and auction, and the announcements of these last form a very marked feature in the advertising columns of the day.

The Auction Mart, pre-eminently so called, though there are a hundred others of various minor degrees of importance, may be called the greatest thoroughfare in the world. Estates pass through it with the ease of "greased lightning;" indeed, at one time or another, England has jumped down her own throat, the said throat being represented by the all-swallowing maw of the Auction Mart. Here are submitted to your approbation, here solicit the honour of your preference, to-day, at "twelve *for one* o'clock," a slice, some twenty thousand acres of the sandy deserts of the Cape; a princely estate in Gloucestershire, "with political influence extending over I know not how many thousand *independent* yeomen;"—how far the political influence thus advertised as a marketable commodity agrees with the character of independence ascribed to the yeomen, the auctioneer does not condescend to inform us;—"the next presentation to a living within fifty miles of London, in a sporting neighbourhood,—single duty,—present incumbent aged seventy-seven;" "absolute reversion to money in the funds;" "house and premises in a first-rate business situation in the city;" "eligible estates at Swan River;" "a cellar of choice and valuable wines;" "a family vault at Kensall Green;" "a four-roomed freehold cottage and garden;" "the Coliseum."

Entering the apartment where the three last-mentioned commodities were about to be offered to public competition, we were not surprised to find it crowded to excess, a popular and well-known auctioneer being expected to ascend the pulpit, and great the curiosity of the assembled crowd.

It is with heroes of the hammer as with heroes of the pen and sword, every age has its prime hero, to whom all others succumb, and play secondary and inferior fiddles. He fills the public eye with a constant, steady light, while others flit before it like meteors. He is the *prince* of auctioneers; millions have been transferred from time to time by the sound of his ivory mallet; he is the worthy successor of the historical auctioneers of other days, whose names have survived their catalogues; of Cock, and Squibb, and that fortunate brother, immortalized by Peter Pindar,

> "Who with a hammer, and a conscience clear,
> Got glory, and ten thousand pounds a-year."

After waiting patiently half an hour and more beyond the appointed time, we observed a man in his shirt-sleeves, in the act of putting on a bloom-coloured coat, which harmonized exactly with a bloom-coloured face; then, taking a comb from his waistcoat pocket, he carefully arranged "the lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare," upon either side his forehead. His toilet thus performed in the eye of his bidders, and an expectant grin having already begun to expand itself over the faces of his curious auditors, the successor of Squibb, who, unlike the young Iulus,

"Sequitur patrem passibus æquis,"

grasps his ivory mallet, and ascends the rostrum.

His keen eye, circling round the room, takes the measure of his audience at a glance; he sees their value, and knows by instinct how to adapt himself to their humour. Although, in all probability, this gentleman has not studied rhetoric as an art, and perhaps never heard of Sheridan's plan, of first disarming his auditory by a preliminary joke, then, ere they have time to recover their presence of mind, bringing up, and letting fly a discharge of facts and arguments; yet this is precisely the plan of operation of our humorous auctioneer.

Yet his humour is not uniform, nor his gravity equally grave, in all places. He is a "wiser and a sadder man" in the city, selling great estates, than he is at Covent Garden, disposing of a consignment of Turkey carpets; but, however he may augment or diminish his inexhaustible budget of fun, his ease and freedom of manner are undiminished, whether he expatiate upon the paradisaical excellence of a Norfolk territory to the monied Jews of Cornhill, or eulogize a set of dining-tables before the mahogany Jews of Broker's Alley.

After the good-humoured joke with which he conciliates his auditory has been perpetrated, and the laugh with which it is sure to be greeted has subsided, George looks grave, *funnily* grave, ludicrously solemn, comically sad. He finds that he wants words to express his sense of the value of the investment he is about to bring before you; he only wishes *he* had money, Consols *quaking* at 98½. Here George shakes his head prophetically, saying, as plain as a shake of the head can say, "Consols at 98½ can't last." The capitalists look grave as George continues shaking his head, and, when he has repeated the words, "quaking at 98½" three or four times, they begin to think there is *something in it.*

"Money," he continues, "literally a drug; of no value. (A laugh.) Yes, he repeated it, utterly worthless; dross, literally dross." (A laugh, and a voice from the back benches, "I wish we had some of it, though!") "Do ye? I dare say you do. (Laughter.) Well, my friend, all I can tell you is this, Rothschild told me the other day he was offered £100,000 for a sixteenth per cent, and wouldn't take it; and another capitalist of my acquaintance offered the same—I mean a similar sum, at a half per cent, and couldn't get it. (A laugh.) You *may* laugh—ugh—agh."

The two last monosyllables faintly represent a short, dry, peculiar interjectional sound, something between a cough and a grunt, in which George delights, and which serves as a stop-gap in the quickset hedge of his oratory.

After a pause, and a gulp of brown sherry and water, he proceeds,—

"Where will you get such interest for your money? (No answer.) I thought you wouldn't be able to show me such another chance for doubling your capital—agh—ugh. Why, where 's the difficulty? You can borrow money on the security of this property for little or nothing, and I am sure you are too honest to ask it for less. (A laugh.) Come, now, make a beginning. Give me a hundred thousand—(a pause)—ninety thousand—eighty—seventy—sixty—anything you please. The difficulty is, I see, to break the ice—agh—ugh."

At length he gets a bidder—fifty thousand is bid. And now no angler, patiently awaiting the long-expected nibble, is more brisk than our auctioneer. His eye wanders rapidly over the monied mob below; he leans anxiously forward, and his eagle glance catches the bidding, which echoes from his lips ere the nod of the bidder has well ceased to sanction the announcement. Sixty—sixty-five—seventy thousand pounds; the hammer vibrating from the undulating elbow, hangs menacingly in the air; the competition, having reached the marketable value of the investment, begins to flag; George raises the hammer to strike, but disappoints us with a blow on the desk with the side of his hand. At length the sharp, decisive knock announces the sale, and the clerk proceeds to register the name of the successful competitor.

We would do great injustice to the prince of auctioneers of the nineteenth century, if we did not confess that he is not less great in the study than the rostrum; his written is not less original than his spoken style; nor do we well know which demands our greatest meed of admiration and applause, the written panegyrics with which he raises property in the eyes of capitalists, or the uttered eulogies with which he knocks it down.

The elegance and aptitude of his quotations, the native modesty with which he introduces himself, as connected with the "princely" estate he is intrusted with by the "noble and patriotic proprietor" to submit to public competition; the easy confidence with which he annexes a seat in Parliament to the many advantages of the purchaser; the complete union of all possible *agremens*, and total absence of any drawbacks, of whatever kind, upon whatever property, prove to us, with more than Socratic or Aristotelic force, how perfect the terrestrial bliss that money, invested under the hammer of our hero, may secure.

Let us suppose, for example, that this great man has received instructions to dispose of the parish round-house, pound, stocks, or pillory. You must not imagine that these public buildings will be introduced to your notice in the vulgar tongue; on the contrary, somewhat in the following style will appear his preliminary advertisement:—

MR. GILES SCROGGINS

Has the happiness to inform capitalists, that he has had the honour to receive the instructions of the

CORPORATE BODY

of the terrestro-paradisaical locality of

FROGSHOLE

to dispose of without reserve, at the Mart, on the first day of April next, a portion of the

CORPORATE LANDS

and tenements, comprising a *little Heaven* of a *rotundo*, celestially located at the *exclusive* end of the village, (London and other mails pass the avenue daily,) in the centre of a

SPORTING PARADISE,

thickly populated with game; the tails of the pheasants and partridges literally overlapping, and the hares and rabbits, for want of accommodation, forced to lie three in a bed.

LORD BADGER'S FOXHOUNDS

hunt the immediate neighbourhood; and distant mountains, blending with the *blue* firmament at the top, realize the poetry of

THE IMMORTAL BARD;

with mutton at fourpence farthing a pound, and other elegancies in proportion!

It may not be *above the mark* to indicate, that the far-famed scenery of

GENEVA'S FAVOURED LAKE

must fall below par—in fact, a discount—when weighed in the balance with the sublimity of the scene under examination. The pencil *by* Byron or Scott would in vain *describe*, without *ocular* demonstration, being within a momentaneous drive of the

FIDDLER'S GREEN RAILWAY.

In addition to "a distant view of the changing sea," a few hundreds, judiciously *laid* out by the *hand* of taste in enlarging the mansion, would delight the prospective

VISUAL ORB

of the enterprising *capitalist*. But it must not be *overlooked* that

NATURE

has herself pointed out this desirable residence for *public* characters, and that there is a *moral* certainty of the happy proprietor being returned, at the next election, (or sooner,)

A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE.

Together with the mansion, will be disposed of,

IN A RING FENCE,

a compact little estate, judiciously adorned with a belting of timber, useful and ornamental, where stock may be regarded *as secure as under lock and key*, under the *immediate tutelage* of the authorities of the district.

Not far from this exquisite little property is lot *three*—an *unique* erection, rendered of classic interest by the residence upon one occasion of the renowned Sir Hudibras, whose sublime and very funny biographer has described it so much superior to what Mr. Giles Scroggins, or *language* could attempt, that he hopes the monied world will pardon this short notice:—

"In all the fabric
You shall not see a stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic made impregnable;
There 's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confined,
With walls of subtle air and wind."

It is altogether a *task* of *supererogation* to dilate upon the beauties of the circumjacent *lots* of lovely scenery *round about*; the *mighty* ocean will not be left *behind*; it ought not to be forgotten that fresh herrings may be had, with *lots* of mushrooms; the umbrageous common, with a right of pasture for the *goslings*, challenges competition with

THE BOUNDLESS PRAIRIES

of central Africa, and the

GREAT SANDY DESERTS

of North America. Money may be made by washing pigs in the pond, abounding with carp, tench, and tittlebats, belonging to the estate.

Printed particulars, with conditions of sale, and a lithographic print of this *bijou* of a lot, may be had at the Fox and Geese, Frogshole, when Mr. G. S. returns from his circumambulatory inspection of this angelic paradise.

Our readers must not fall into the mistake of supposing that the

above announcement, or its prototypes in the daily papers, are seriously penned; quite the reverse. The peculiarity of the style is merely intended to attract notice, and excite curiosity; and the flowers of hyperbole, which the eloquent author is accustomed to scatter over his subject, have as much relation to the real merits of the property in the market, as the florid ornaments of a mansion have to the comfort of those dwelling within its walls.

We believe the peculiar style of these advertisements contribute as much to the amusement of newspaper readers as the reports at Bow Street, or any other humorous portion of the paper. We read them with due allowances for the imagination of the writer, conscious that if his flights of fancy do the estate no good, they as certainly do it no harm; and we recognise with renewed pleasure every fresh indication of his hyperbolic humour, in advertisements of several columns in length, tessellated in slim *italic* characters, alternating with robust Roman capitals.

For our own parts, we trust we shall be awarded that meed of praise we consider ourselves so richly to have deserved, in preserving for posterity some account of the written and spoken style of a great public character; thus supplying a desideratum in all ages wanted, and but rarely supplied, particulars of personal interest connected with the great historical personages of our country.

The genius of Squibb has not been preserved to us. That he was great in selling old china we know; but of the manner of his greatness we are not informed. Cock—in his day, cock of the walk—was, we are told, a man of persuasive power, but we are told no more. The nice touches that make the finish of character are lost to the world in Cock and Squibb, but are preserved to the entertainment of remotest ages in our graphic portraiture of Scroggins.

Of auctions, as places of resort by purchasers, who imagine that things are to be had cheaper there than at respectable shops, we can only say, that those who try them with that view will find themselves very much mistaken.

London auctions are so numerous and regular, that they form a permanent branch of traffic, employing hundreds of people, who devote all their time, skill, and shrewdness to *prevent* the *bona fide* purchaser from getting any article he may have come there to purchase for one farthing less than what they choose to call its value. Sooner than he shall have it, these people raise the auction, bidding against him at all hazards, and when the sale is over, retire to a neighbouring coffeehouse, appraise the articles purchased at their probable marketable value, and *divide the loss.*

This is only one of the illustrations of a truth, in London almost universal, that *you cannot be permitted to interfere with the regular course of profits.* Certain men there are, in every line of life, who are interposed, by the necessity of the case, between the vendor and purchaser. These brokers, or go-betweens, must have their intermediate profit, which you must be content to pay, or *sweat* for it.

There is a certain recognised imposition, a transfer-tax, to these people upon everything that one man buys and another man sells in London, from an estate of twenty thousand a-year to a sieve of apples. You *must* pay it, and you are a great fool if you do not; for, as sure as you attempt to take short cuts, or try to save the

profit of somebody upon everybody, you will find that, instead of being imposed upon lightly, without taking any trouble, you take a great deal of trouble to impose heavily upon yourself.

CHAPTER XIII.

PICTURE AUCTIONS.

Everybody is a judge of painting except a connoisseur.
HOGARTH.

IF Hogarth be right, we claim the high distinction of being judges of painting,—we are *not* connoisseurs.

And yet, if, as Goldsmith says, the art of the connoisseur consists only in observing that "the picture might have been better painted if the painter had taken more pains, and in praising the works of Pietro Perugino," we almost think our long experience about town might entitle us to a distinction so easily acquired.

The print and picture-dealers' shops of London we look upon as so many preliminary National Galleries; nurseries of the fine-arts. To the fancy ironmongers we also owe something; few of our determined gallery-hunters are ignorant of the tea-tray style of painting.

But the auction-rooms are the great sources of instruction and entertainment; we never fail to patronize them in the season; call for catalogues with an authoritative air, and scan the pictures through a pocket-glass, with the earnest scrutiny of a collector.

There is a large class of idlers, to whom the auctions of pictures are a cheap and expeditious mode of killing time; they never fail in their attendance, are as well known as Christie and Manson themselves; they never bid, but note the biddings upon the margins of their catalogues; they are curious, smoke-dried specimens of humanity, and when one sees them at a sale of articles of *virtù*, one can hardly help inquiring when they are to be knocked down. They stare in amaze at each successive importation of Raphaels, Poussins, Corregios, Dominichinos, and Salvator Rosas, "the property of a gentleman," or the "genuine collection of a late noble connoisseur deceased," and are lost in astonishment at the superhuman industry of the masters, who, though their lives do not appear to have been prolonged beyond the ordinary term of humanity, yet have contrived to bestow upon posterity a picture at least for every day of their indefatigable lives. One of the most experienced picture-auction-hunters in town, informed us that, in the course of thirty years, calculating the sizes of the several works of art, as noted in his catalogues, he has attended the dispersion by auction of half an acre of Raphaels; three roods, fifteen perches of Cuyps; twenty-five square yards of Vandyke; and a small farm of the best Flemish masters.

The impudence, to call it by no harsher name, with which picture-dealers catalogue their trash, has been happily ridiculed by a man who despised quackery in art—himself a great master,—the immortal Hogarth; who, in a supposititious bill from a manufacturer of pictures by the old masters to a dealer, has let us into some of the secrets of this reputable fraternity.

MR. VARNISH TO BENJAMIN BISTER, Dr.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
To painting The Woman caught in Adultery, upon a green ground, by Hans Holbein,	3	3	0
To Solomon, his Wise Judgment, in panel, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti,	2	13	6
To a painting and canvass for a naked Mary Magdalen, in the undoubted style of Paul Veronese,	2	2	0
To brimstone for smoking ditto,	0	2	6
Paid Mrs. W——, for a live model to sit for Diana bathing, by Tintoretto,	0	16	0
Paid for the hire of a layman, to copy the robes of a Cardinal for a Vandyke,	0	5	0
Portrait of a man doing penance, by Albert Durer,	2	2	0
Paid the female figure for sitting thirty minutes in a wet sheet, that I might give the dry manner of the master,*	0	10	0
The Tribute money rendered, with all the exactness of Quintin Matsys, the famed blacksmith of Antwerp,	0	12	6
To Ruth at the feet of Boaz, upon an oak board, by Titian,	3	3	0
St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes, by Salvator Rosa,	3	10	0
The Martyrdom of St. Winifred, with a view of Holywell Baths, by Old Frank	1	11	6
To a large allegorical altar-piece, consisting of men and angels, horses, and river gods; the thought most happily hit off, by Rubens,	5	5	0
To Susannah bathing; the two elders in the background, by Castiglione,	2	2	0
To The Devil and St. Dunstan, the tongs highly finished, by Teniers,	2	2	0
To a Queen of Sheba falling down before Solomon, by Murillo,	2	12	6
To a Judith in the tent of Holofernes, by Le Brun,	1	16	0
To a Sisera, in the tent of Jael, its companion, by the same,	1	16	0
Paid for admission into the House of Peers, to take a sketch of a great character for a picture of Moses breaking the tables of the law, in the darkest manner of Raphael, not yet finished,	0	2	6

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOPPING.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and many other gim-cracks; and having observed them all, and the other funnibrums that make up the furniture of a country fair, he said to his friend, "*Lord, how many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need.*"

IZAAK WALTON.

WHAT would London be without its shops?

How dull to the pedestrian, on a fine Sunday in June, is the formal, quaker-like aspect of the shuttered shops of Fleet Street and the Strand! How dismal to the lounger are the tedious streets, where the tobacconists and pastrycooks alone offer their attractions to his excursive eye! How provoking to the pert milliner, whose only day of lifting her eyes from everlasting work is Sunday, when the haberdashery shops, with all their frippery, are as a sealed book, or a fountain shut up.

The shops of London, on Sunday, like a gallery of pictures turned

* Some of the ancient masters acquired a *dry* manner of painting, from studying after wet drapery.—WEBB *on Painting*.

to the wall, on other days display their thousand works of art in the most splendid frames, and the gayest colours; each shop is a *picture*, more or less highly-finished, or coloured, according to the wealth and taste of the owner, and drawing its own especial mob of gaping admirers.

Without the privilege of the shop-windows, what on earth would become of our thousands of London loungers?

Without their aid, and the auction-rooms, how, in the name of laziness, would the wretched member of a West End club contrive to annihilate the time between breakfast and dinner?

To him, and to the stranger, the unemployed, the idle, the shops of London are means of education and amusement; normal schools of art and industry; repositories of taste and *virtù*; libraries of industry, science, intellect, applied to provide for the artificial wants and multiplied requirements of civilized and social man; museums of manufacturing ingenuity and skill.

If we were called upon to point out a single test by which we might determine the degree of refinement of a people, we would say, look at the shops; *there* you will see, reflected in the number of commodities, the number of *wants* of refined life; and perhaps, after all, it is by the number of our artificial wants that our refinement is to be calculated.

Let a man walk leisurely from Oxford Street, down Regent Street, along the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, "to the India House;" let him stop, and introduce himself to the outsides of individual shops; let him enter into conversation with them, and hear what they have to say; and, if he does not return to his chamber impressed with more vivid ideas of the tremendous wealth, importance, enterprise of this mighty metropolis of shopocrats than he had before, we can only say, he is not the man we took him for.

There is a physiognomy of shop; a decided expression of countenance, that at once indicates to the spectator its social position, and *status* in society. Here is a shop, for instance, with wide mouth, low forehead, bleared eyes, and dusky features; a shop that a poor man would no more think of entering than he would of intruding into a gentleman's parlour; a shop that says as plain as it can speak, "I care, not I, for chance customers, I am a shop of high connexions and good family." The *employés* of such a shop as this are more like clergymen than shopmen; bald-headed, confidential, black-coated, long-service shopmen; men of good salaries and manner, grave and independent in their deportment, who have been in the establishment nine-and-twenty years come next Lord Mayor's day; and intend to be there the remainder of their respectable lives.

These old-established shops stare at a chance-customer; they are civil, but cool in serving you, and take care to charge you a little higher than they do to their own connexions; they will not condescend to enter into conversation with you; and if you make any objection to the price or quality of any article, they return your money with great indifference and solemnity.

Nevertheless, you cannot lay out your money at a greater advantage than in one of these; in fact, they are the only shops to be depended on; they *cannot afford* to cheat you, nor give you a bad article; they are *said* to be dear, because they charge a *high* price for

a *good* article, and in this point of view they may be as well called cheap shops as dear.

Contrast one of these with a ticket-shop, or pretended cheap shop, a lying, Jeremy Diddler shop, that pretends to be always selling off at a great sacrifice, as if its sole ambition were to ruin itself for the benefit of a discerning public.

There is something of the cut of the swell-mob about one of these cheap-shops ; it looks as if it had stolen its commodities, or had obtained them upon false pretences, which, in truth, is usually the case ; its plate-glass windows, brass sashes, and full-length mirrors, have an impudent, unpaid-for expression.

There are no shopmen in these places, but only somethings between young men and boys ; raw, twenty pounds a-year counter-jumpers, in sallow, half-starched cravats, and seedy black coats ; there is great bustle and appearance of business, which you never notice in shops that enjoy the *reality;* the shop-boys have a servile, insolent manner, and an open, undisguised desire of cheating and taking you in. You are attracted, if you know no better, by the low prices of articles ticketed in the window, and you enter ; you ask to look at the article in the window ; this the shopmen will not allow, but assure you they have precisely similar goods, which they proffer for your inspection ; if you persist in declining any other article than that you see marked in the window, you will in all probability be insulted, and turned out of the shop, if not sent to the station-house, as has before now happened to an adventurous bargain-hunter. Whatever you are wheedled or bullied into buying at these pretended cheap shops is sure to be dear, or, what amounts to the same thing in the end, of inferior quality ; you never quit the counter without the unpleasant sensation of having been taken in, or of having been dealing with people whose trade is to take people in.

We hear a great deal of execration bestowed upon fortune-hunters, but we do not know that there is not another class of sporting-characters, almost, if not altogether as detestable, we mean *bargain-hunters.* Time, temper, and shoe-leather, will these people submit to the loss of, for a bargain ; will stew themselves in an atmosphere of odoriferous perspiration among greasy Jew-brokers, at an auction, for a bargain ; will bid against their best friend for a thing which he wants, and which they don't want, for the love they bear a bargain. Now, what is a bargain ? Something purchased for less than its fair marketable value. Who is the sufferer by this ? Either the vendor, the owner, or the poor artizan, whose days and nights of labour have been consumed in its production.

With what excess of glee will a bargain-hunting lady return home with " such a love of a bonnet," " such a beautiful worked muslin," " such a sweet love of a tamboured collar," in the purchase whereof she has been lucky enough or clever enough to get it a bargain—" a mere nothing—an old song—and wonders how they can make it for the money !"

Alas ! how many tears may not the poor worker of that precious bargain have shed, while wearing her fingers to the bone for wages, mayhap barely enough to keep body and soul together ! What struggling hearts may not have bent over the needle or the tambour-frame,—hearts whose only aspiration is for that happy, that long-desired hour, when they will for ever cease to beat,—hearts whose

joy, hope, and freshness have long since given place to the complaining bitterness of unremitting, unrequited toil!

Ay, ladies of Britain, go bargain-catching, and give to South Sea islanders and nasty *niggers* the accumulated produce of your savings from the sweat and life-blood of your distressed countrywomen!

We have no patience with the hungry-eyed, greedy-hearted wretches who rush into cheap shops; and the only respectability about the cheap shops is their cleverness in *doing* these hunters of bargains. It is not that the buyer is sure at these places to get an article fifty per cent. *worse*, at five-and-twenty per cent. *less* than a respectable tradesman can afford to sell it for; this we rejoice at; this is a sort of retributive justice; it serves the bargain-hunter right. It is the misery among tradespeople, artificers, shopmen, the screwing of the poor workmen and workwomen, to which the bargain-hunter, by his purchases, is an accessory after the fact, since all who have the misfortune to have any concern with the cheap shops are sure to burn their fingers.

A respectable tradesman has an article in his shop, forming the most valuable portion of his stock in trade, but which he cannot afford to sell, and which secures to the honest purchaser an honest article at an honest price, I mean his *character*. This enables the tradesman to *afford* to do what is fair, and he *does* it; this is a protection to the customer from imposture far before the mendacious announcements of the ticket-shops; this it is which enables the customer to enter a shop with confidence, quit it with satisfaction, and return to it with alacrity. Believe me, it is worth a trifle *extra* to deal with an honest man, who by straightforward behaviour has raised himself to independence.

These observations apply to cheap tea-shops, cheap tailors, cheap jewellers, cheap haberdashers, cheap everything—whatever is too *cheap* is too *dear*. The tradesman will not get rich by this cheap system, and the customer will find, sooner or later, that he has sacrificed his true interest to a mere delusion.

Let us now resume our stroll and our casual observations, as we proceed along the leading line of the world of shopkeepers. Here is an historical shop—a shop that has made a fortune, and founded a family. There it stands, a monument of the supremacy of honest, humble industry in this great and powerful country. There you see it, an estate of five or ten thousand pounds a-year to the tradesman, and the means of a decent livelihood to numbers of industrious heads of families,—and yet it is only a saddler's shop. Out of that shop have been turned boys, sons of the saddler, who stitched therein. These boys have gone to school and college, and have returned with all the honours that intellectual labour can extort from colleges and schools. The eldest son of that saddler has pushed himself, through the several gradations of an arduous profession, to a highly respectable station; the second son of that saddler is at the head, and is confessed worthily to be at the head, of a profession the most distinguished by public honours and rewards of any in this country. He has long been a senator and an advocate, and before these pages see the light may probably be a peer. The third son of that saddler has extended, in distant lands, the power and glory of his country by force of arms, and stands confessedly one of the most distin-

guished warriors of his time. What an accumulation of honour in one family!—what an illustration of the height to which in this country the son of the humblest man may, if he is worthy, attain!

Here is another shop—another saddler's shop. You see a number of clean-faced, well-fed looking fellows, pricking pig-skin into shape. The owner of that shop, once a poor youth, has now a title, a carriage—what did I say? a manufactory of carriages—footmen in sanguine breeches and gold-laced coats; a splendid mansion in one of the most fashionable parts of the town; he is, moreover, a valuable magistrate, an exposer of swindlers and schemers, and a public-spirited citizen; in Oxford Street a saddle-maker, in Park Crescent a gentleman of fortune, at the Mansion House a man of law and authority.

A third shop is a baronet's—a knight of the bloody hand—a man of enormous fortune. Here you must excuse me, while I step in and purchase at the counter of Sir John a pennyworth of sweet oil, wherewith to anoint my razors.

Not to particularise individual shops, it is quite a catalogue to recount the number of men of distinction that have been shopkeepers in London, and whose children now sit in Parliament, on the Bench, adorn the Church and the army, or swell the number of independent families in private life. When a shop is established in London, it is no longer a shop; it is, in point of fact, an *estate*, from which the possessor can quietly retire, receiving his rents, through the hands of his shop-keeping representative, with the same certainty as if his property were in lands, funds, or houses.

Stop here—let us take a lesson in the fine arts at one of these gorgeous print-shops—take care of your pockets, and flatten your nose against the middle of the window. No one heedlessly passes the print-shops; a look at them costs nothing, and there is always something to please. The wealthy and great go inside the shops, pay for prints, and *possess* them; the vulgar and penniless stay outside, criticise the engravings, and *enjoy* them; so trivial, after all, is the difference between the man who has money and the man who has it not.

The sporting print-shops attract us; one sees what is going on in the hunting world, without crossing a horse-back or going to Melton. There they are—magnates of the chase, in hunting panoply, their dogs, horses, and the whole *materiel* of the chase. Next, the caricatures while away ten minutes, not without much risible emotion; the inimitable HB. puts forth all his powers of humorous ridicule to amuse us wayfarers of the streets; Brougham, the Proteus of politicians, is pulled into ludicrous postures by a string in the hands of the Duke of Wellington; Palmerston, as Cupid, blows bubbles, that, as he blows them, break in empty air; Peel, as Phaeton, drives his triumphant chariot, oblivious of the melting influence of the sun of public opinion. Our rulers are by the pencil of this witty artist made ridiculous, and we laugh contentedly, in the confidence of our own obscurity. At Cockspur Street, the Haymarket, Bond Street, and Pall Mall, we have displayed before us the classical engravings of the day. Here Turner's extraordinary and incomprehensible experiments in colour resolve themselves into subject, and become legible under the hand of the translator. The exquisite dogs of Landseer, with their *human* faces, are dispersed upon the

wings of the multiplying press. Raphael and Correggio live over again in the soft, luscious, lithographic productions of the German school of engraving; Fanny Ellsler, Dumilatre, Taglioni, in their chosen *pas*, bound through the sustaining ether; Wellington, in dresses heroic and academic, as like and as unlike himself as it is possible for the same man at one and the same time to be, smiles and scowls upon the admiring spectators; Peel's bland, immovable, and gentleman-like features are not wanting.

We see in the windows of print-sellers what a nonentity is fame. Here, in the evanescence of a transitory popularity, statesmen have their places in the windows, as on the Treasury bench; when they are in Opposition, they are deposed from the post of honour in the centre of the print-seller's window, and stowed away, no longer marketable, in the unenviable obscurity of the portfolios in the back-shop. The grave has hardly closed on the remains of a royal duke, or other illustrious personage, than he lives again for the mob of gazers at the print-shops, and continues offered for sale until some other great personage appears, whose lineaments become, in life or death, saleable commodities. Even kings are treated with hardly more ceremony by those great potentates of Cockspur Street and Pall Mall. His Majesty of Prussia frowns upon us in all the dignity of his huge moustache, for a week or ten days after he has quitted our shores, when he is deposed from his window, and Espartero reigns in his stead. Queen Christina puts the Regent out of countenance, and the window, and Narvaez or Bravo, or whoever is uppermost for the day, compels her Christian Majesty to retire into the back-shop, and waste her sweetness in a portfolio.

The print-shops, properly regarded, are not mere galleries of the arts, but popular pictorial histories of England, the Continent, and in a word, the world.

From the print-shops we proceed to the book-shops. These furnish less matter for observation to the lingering mob; the titles are soon read; and, as you are not in the humour, or the funds to buy, the titles are all the information you are likely to obtain.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step—from the print and book-shops to the *gourmand* shops is but twenty yards. Perhaps in nothing is the excess of London luxury more strikingly exhibited than in the *gourmand* shops; where plain roast, baked, or boiled, have no place, where everything is foreign, rich, full of zest, and expensive.

What a variety of stimulants for the palled, exhausted palate has not the research of caterers for the appetite of luxurious man provided! Here are every variety of continental sausages, while Norwich, Cambridge, Epping are forgotten,—reindeer tongues, Strasburgh bacon,—as if Wiltshire was not good enough for Englishmen, —turkeys stuffed with truffles, wild boar's head, potted meats, fish and fowl in every variety of pot and pan, *pâtes de foie gras*, fat goose-liver-pies of Strasburgh, powdered beef of Hamburgh, and a thousand other contrivances, that might create an appetite "under the ribs of death."

Ha! do I not see a bulky form, swathed hand and foot in bandages of flannel, with bolsters at his back, and pillows supporting his misshapen toes? Now he rubs his chalky knuckles with misshapen thumb—now he plies the brandy-bottle to assuage his agony

—'tis GOUT, taking his ease in this his own chosen palace, where thousand sprites of dainty meat and drink, potted and bottled, wait to do his bidding on a thousand belly-gods about town. See his sunken eye, his flaccid chops, his greasy lips—bah! let's be off—these delicate meats are delicate poisons!

Here is something more plain English, more honest, more substantial, a butcher's-meat shop. Here you may behold the roast-beef of Old England in all its glory, beef in exaggeration of feeding and condition. That rib, now, is not merely the fat—no, sir, it is the *marrow* of the land!

> "The ox was a picture for painters to study,
> The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

There is not in London—which is as much as to say there is not in the world—a finer sight than the shops of the great victuallers about Christmas time. It is at once a delightful and tantalizing sight. You see it for nothing; but you get nothing by the sight, except a feeling of regret that you are not able to appropriate a portion, as the saying is, to your own cheek.

Here is a shop we should have noticed before—meat after fish—Grove's venison and fish-shop. Really this *is* worth looking at. Here ichthyologists linger delighted; there is always some strange, monstrous fish extended on the marble slab,—a sturgeon, dog-fish, hog-fish, saw-fish, or other curiosity of the deep. Here you are sure to find the largest salmon imported, with shoulders broad as a Bath chairman's, and tail like the blade of a battle-axe; turbots, over whose creamy breast crawls in congenial society the yet live lobster; the speckled trout, bedropped with crimson hail; the luscious carp, the slimy tench, physician of the flood; the gelatinous john d'ory, the delicate little white-bait; the huge crimped cod-fish, with his appropriate garnishing, the smelt. Surely these Groves must be the *Groves of Blarney*, of whom we have heard so much and so often, in poor Power's melodious song,

> "The trouts and the salmon they play backgammon,
> Sporting so beautifully all the day;
> But if you offer to take hold of ever a one of them,
> Don't the *polis* immediately take you away?"

Good eating deserves good drinking; and, if you have the wherewithal, you need assuredly not remain many minutes either hungry or dry. In London, the public-house is always either next door but two, or round the next corner, or over the way.

The regular gin-shop or gin-palace is familiar, in exterior at least, to every perambulator of the streets; but, designing our lucubrations for a distant posterity, a posterity, mayhap, altogether made up of tee-totallers,—for to this perfection, doubtless, shall we come at last,—we think proper to essay a brief description of one of those nurseries of misery, want, and vice, that abound in every quarter of our thirsty metropolis.

The gin-palace, then, is generally at the corner of two intersecting streets, in a gin-drinking neighbourhood; it lowers, in all the majesty of stucco pilasters, in genuine cockney splendour, over the dingy mansions that support it, like a rapacious tyrant over his impoverished subjects.

The doors are large, swinging easily upon patent hinges, and ever half-and-half—half open, half shut, so that the most undecided touch of the dram-drinker admits him. The windows are of plate-glass, set in brass sashes, and are filled with flaming announcements, in large letters, "The cheapest House in London,"—"Cream of the Valley,"—"Creaming Stout,"—Brilliant Ales,"—"Old Tom, fourpence a quartern," — "Hodges' Best, for mixing," and a variety of other entertainments for the men and beasts who make the gin-palace their home. At night splendid lights irradiate the surrounding gloom, and an illuminated clock serves to remind the toper of the time he throws away in throwing away his reason.

Within, the splendour is in keeping with the splendour without; counters fitted with zinc, and a long array of brass *taps;* fittings of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished; bottles containing cordials, and other drugs, gilded and labelled, as in the apothecaries' shops. At one side is the bar-parlour, an apartment fitted up with congenial taste, and usually occupied by the family of the publican; in the distance are *vistas,* and sometimes galleries, formed altogether of huge vats of the various sorts of liquor dispensed in the establishment. Behind the counter, which is usually raised to a level with the breasts of the topers, stand men in their shirt-sleeves, well-dressed females, or both, dispensers of the "short" and "heavy;" the under-sized tipplers, raising themselves on tiptoe, deposit the three-halfpence for the "drop" of gin, or whatever else they require, and receive their *quantum* of the poison in return; ragged women, with starveling children, match and ballad-vendors, fill up the foreground of the picture. There are no seats, nor any accommodation for the customers in the regular gin-palace; every exertion is used to make the place as uncomfortable to the consumers as possible, so that they shall only step in to drink, and pay; step out, and return to drink and pay again. No food of any kind is provided at the gin-palace, save a few biscuits, which are exhibited in a wire-cage, for protection against the furtive hand; drink, *eternal,* poisonous drink, is the sole provision of this whited sepulchre.

There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than the area of one of the larger gin-palaces on a wet night. There, the homeless, houseless miserables of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for a temporary shelter; aged women selling ballads and matches, cripples, little beggar-boys and girls, slavering idiots, piemen, sandwich-men, apple and orange-women, shell-fishmongers, huddled pell-mell, in draggle-tailed confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here; there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness common to the whole race of sots; the pale, clayey, flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature; the weeping, ferret-like, lack-lustre eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slip-shod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard.

The noises, too, of the assembled topers are hideous; appalling even when heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, objurgations, supplications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers, are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopmen, he expels, *vi et*

armis, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the dead drunkards, to nestle, as best they may, outside the inhospitable door.

Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts; soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiller, cordial-tipper, sot.

Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, handing up on tiptoe that infernal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery.

Here the steady, *respectable* sot, the good customer, slides in, and *flings* down his throat the frequent dram; then, with an emphatic "hah" of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend, the landlord, and for a short interval disappears.

Here you may behold with pity and regret, and as much superadded virtuous indignation as the inward contemplation of your own continence may inspire, the flaunting Cyprian, in over-dressed tawdriness, calling, in shameless voice, for a quartern of "pleasant-drinking" gin, which she liberally shares with two or three gentlemen, who are being educated for the bar of the Central Criminal Court. You may contrast her short-lived hey-day of prosperous sin, with that row of miserables seated by the wall, whose charms are fled, and whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the barman; and who are only permitted that wretched place of rest, that they may *beg* for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the alms of others.

Their day is over; night has fallen thick and heavy upon their fate; beggars are they of the poison, which, while it mitigates for the moment their gnawing sorrow, soon

Shuts up the story of their days.

Let us forget this painful scene, and resume our digressive, shop-exploring way.

Of London shops the shawl shops are decidedly the most attractive to the passer-by. These are more like the interior of a Sultan's divan than an English tradesman's shop; draperied and festooned as they are with the rich productions of the looms of Thibet, Angola, Cashmere, of more than Tyrian splendour of dye, and of patterns varied, it would seem, to infinity. Rich carpets conceal the floor of these establishments, vases of rare and costly china are dispersed about the room, whose great size is relieved by rows of pillars; lustres of brilliant crystal depend from the painted ceilings, and the rosewood *tables* (for here you see no vulgar counters) dispersed throughout the vast apartment are heaped with costly velvets, and piles of cloth of gold.

The goldsmiths, although the display in their windows may not be so attractive to vulgar eyes as the shawl-shops, far surpass these in internal wealth and variety of costly property.

The chronometer-maker's is a never-failing stopping-place for the shop-window lounger. Let us count the gold watches, as we have nothing else to do; more than three hundred gold watches in the window alone, each reposing in state on its bed of crimson velvet;

very satisfactory to the poor author, who is so seldom up to the "time of day," or able to inform the vulgar world "what 's o'clock !" Here is always something scientific at work in the window, attracting mechanical optics ; a spiral spring, putting in motion some intricate piece of machinery, or a compensating pendulum, moving from side to side, like a trimming politician in either House of Parliament.

We pause curiously to examine shops that delight in displaying new inventions ; grates, for example, warranted to burn no coals, or what amounts to exactly the same thing, in which no coals will burn. An infinity of stoves, calculated to suffocate a family with the greatest economy ; candles warranted to burn without snuffing, and candlesticks that snuff their own candles ; waterproof coats, caps, *life* hats, preservative from water, not only of the head, but, in case of accident, of the body appertaining thereunto. Apparatus calculated to cook everything for nothing ; patent beds, patent easy and uneasy chairs, patent locks, not only impossible to pick, but which *detect* the picker ; articles with outlandish names ; *corazza* shirt-shops ; *Hedyosoma* coat-shops, and a thousand other indispensable necessaries, made attractive by Greek, and Latin, and Gibberish denominations.

The greatest curiosities among shops are, beyond all question, the curiosity-shops ; nor do we think, that, if called upon to exhibit to a stranger by one illustration, the profusion of superfluous wealth in this metropolis, we should not conduct him to a curiosity-shop, saying, "Lo, in such a place as this there are people who expend thousands of pounds."

The useless lumber, or, as Brother Jonathan would call it, "plunder," that abounds in these establishments passes all calculation ; but it may be safely assumed that everything bears a price in an inverse *ratio* to its possibility of being applied to any useful purpose. Here are high-backed chairs, with low bottoms, the frames of carved oak, the seats crimson plush, as old as the time of my grandmother's grandmother, who, if she used these, must have

Sat with her toes
As high as her nose.

Yet this useless apparatus for a hall, or vestibule, will cost you from five to ten pounds a piece, or somewhat about three times the price of a chair that you can sit down on. Here are inlaid cabinets, of ridiculous and tasteless design, whose only merit is the labour that has been wasted in the manufacture of such trumpery ; Japan screens, covered with outrageous mimicry of things animal and vegetable, in tawdry colours ; hideous idols, bronzes, noseless blocks, and cracked china teapots, bound with tape ; old copies of old pictures, for which prices are demanded that make one's hair to stand on end ; old rusty armour, swords, helmets, and musty, moth-eaten tapestry ; in short, whatever is ridiculous in design, worm-eaten in texture, and in use unprofitable.

Nor, in our enumeration of the endless varieties of shop, must we forget the shops of the lanes, alleys, and other lesser veins of town. These seem to be surviving shops of the last century, which, having fallen into reduced circumstances, have retired from the prosperous

thoroughfares to these dusky regions, where presides over their commerce a venerable lady in white hair, and silver spectacles, or a superannuated gentleman, as old as themselves. Hundreds, we might say thousands of these shops, presided over by these ladies and gentlemen, "all of the olden time," are juvenile; that is to say, subsist upon the farthings, halfpence, and pence, affectionate pa's and ma's of all ranks are in the habit of bestowing upon their little ones. The modern Michael Angelo (Titmarsh) in his amusing, instructive, and impartial book on Ireland, records an observation of one ragged urchin to another; "Once," says he, "I had a halfpenny, and bought apples with it." "Dates," observes De Quincy, "we forget, epochs never;" possession of *the* halfpenny the Hibernian youth could not forget; it was *his* epoch. In London, under the most unfavourable circumstances, the observation would be to the following effect: "Once a week I have a penny, and buy sweet-stuff with it." For these youths, so liberally dealt by, the little sweet-stuff shops in the little lanes and alleys abound in great profusion. Here, under the tantalizing denominations of hard-bake, almond-rock, brandy-balls, bulls'-eyes, elicampayne, sugar-plums, candied almonds, acid drops, Bonaparte's ribs, peppermint, are saccharine juices in great variety and profusion; in the *City*, however, where children are taught to stuff as soon as they can crawl, these sweet-stuff shops rise to wholesale dignity, and supply not only little children, but the "trade."

In these minor shops, too, one sees restored the little penny-halfpenny places of a remote village, where the division of traffic is unknown, and where everybody sells everything at every price; coals, penny battledores, brick-dust, odd, tattered volumes of the Spectator, potatoes, pens and ink, Bibles, bacon, farthing tobacco-pipes, turnip-tops, table beer, the Sunday paper, Warren's blacking, and forty songs for a halfpenny.

But the reader is tired, and thinks it high time to shut up shop.

We are of the same opinion. Dick—turn off the gas—turn out the cat, and up with the shutters!

THE MINIATURE.

A MADMAN'S STORY.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

"Sadly those lineaments I trace,
As I survey the spectral train;
Veil but that one reproving face,
And I shall be myself again!"

CALLING one day on a friend, who had amassed a large collection of autographs, and other manuscript curiosities, he showed me a small quarto volume, which had been bequeathed to him by a relative, a physician, who for many years had been in extensive practice in London.

"He attended the patients at a private asylum for insane persons of the better classes," said my friend, "and I have often heard him speak of the writer of that beautiful MS., a gentleman of good family, who

had been an inmate of —— House upwards of thirty years," at the time he was first called to attend him.

On looking over the volume, I found it filled with scraps of poetry, extracts from classic authors, and even from the Talmudic writers; but what interested me most was a narrative of several pages, which appeared so circumstantially related as to leave little doubt of its being partly, if not wholly, founded on fact. I begged permission to make a transcript, which was readily granted, and the result is before the reader.

"We laugh at what we call the folly of our ancestors, and their notions of destiny, and the malignant influences of the stars. For what will our children deride us? Perhaps for dreaming that friendship was a reality, and that constant love dwelt upon earth. I once believed that friendship was not a vain name, and thought, with the antique sage, that one mind sometimes dwelt in two bodies. I dreamt, and woke to find that I had been dreaming!

"George S—— was my chum at school, and my inseparable companion at college. We quitted it at the same time, he to proceed to London, where he was in expectation of obtaining a lucrative appointment in one of the English colonies, and I to return for a short period to the family mansion. When I reached —— Hall, I found several visitors, among whom was my cousin, Maria D——. She had grown a woman since I had last met her, and I now thought I had never seen a more perfect figure, or a more bewitching countenance. Then she sang like a syren, and was an elegant horsewoman. Will those who read this wonder that I fell in love with her, that I spent nearly the whole of the day in her company, and that I could think of nothing in the world besides.

"Something occurred to delay my friend George's departure from England, and, as he was idling about town, I invited him to —— Hall. Great as was my regard for him, I now, however, discovered that I could live less in his company. No marvel! I preferred the society of my lovely cousin, upon whose heart, I had the happiness to learn, my constant attentions had already made a sensible impression. I hesitated to make her an offer, though I had every reason to believe our attachment was mutual, partly, perhaps, from that excessive delicacy which constantly attends on true love, and partly because I wished to do so when my friend should have left us less exposed to intrusion. Would that the deep sea had swallowed him up, or that he had rotted under a tropical sun, ere he had come to —— Hall!

"One morning I arose earlier than usual, and was looking from my chamber window on the beautiful prospect which the house commanded. Wrapped in a delightful reverie, of which my lovely cousin was the principal subject, I paid but little attention to the sound of voices below. Suddenly, however, I awoke to consciousness; for the sweet tones of a female in earnest conversation struck on my ear. Yes, it was hers—it was Maria's. What could have called her forth at so early an hour? As I looked earnestly towards the walk which ran through the plantation, I saw emerge from it my cousin and my friend! My heart rose to my lips, and choked my utterance, or I should have cried out at the sight. I withdrew from the window, and threw myself on the sofa, tormented with surmises a thousand times more painful even than realities.

"At the breakfast table I was moody and thoughtful, which my friend perceiving, attempted a joke; but I was in no humour to receive it, when Maria, in a compassionating tone, remarked that I looked unwell, and that I should take a walk or ride before breakfast, adding, that she and George S—— had walked for an hour and more in the plantation near the house. Though this announcement was certainly but ill calculated to afford perfect ease to my mind, it was yet made with such an artless air, that my more gloomy surmises vanished, and I rallied; but I wished my friend would take his departure. Right truly says the Italian proverb, 'Love's guerdon is jealousy.'

"After breakfast, George S—— proposed a stroll on foot to the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey, about a mile distant from the Hall, to which I at once assented. As we walked along the beautiful and shady lane which led to the ruin, George was as loquacious as ever, talked of everybody and everything, and of his confident expectation of realising a fortune abroad. I was, however, in no humour for talking, and made few remarks in reply; but he appeared not to heed my taciturnity, and, when he arrived at the spot, broke forth into raptures at the sight of the noble ruin.

"And truly it was a scene the contemplation of which might have lulled the minds of most men! A thousand birds were caroling around us; the grass near the ruin was not long and rank, but short, close, studded with trefoil, and soft as a rich carpet. Luxuriant ivy climbed the shattered walls, bleached by the winds of centuries; and the lizards, basking in the sun, darted beneath the fallen fragments at the sound of our footsteps as we approached the spot.

"We both sat down on a large stone, and surveyed the noble oriel. I was passionately fond of gothic architecture, and had often admired this window, but I thought I had never seen it look so beautiful before. My moody thoughts fled, and I was wrapped in the contemplation of the exquisite tracery, when I was suddenly roused by my friend who, patting me familiarly on the back, exclaimed,

"'It *is* a beautiful ruin, Dick! How I wish thy sweet cousin, Maria, had accompanied us!'

"I was struck dumb by this declaration; but my look was sufficiently eloquent to be understood by him, and he did not fail to interpret it aright. He appeared confused, and I, regaining my self-possession, rose from my seat with the laconic remark, 'Indeed!'

"George S—— attempted a laugh, but it failed; he was evidently as much disconcerted and disquieted as myself. How lynx-eyed is love! We mutually read each other's hearts at the same moment.

"'I am sorry for you, Dick,' said he, after a short pause, affecting very awkwardly an air of indifference, ''pon my soul, I am; but I'm over head and ears in love with the girl, and should die at the bare thought of her encouraging another.'

"I wished for the strength of Milo, that I might have dashed out his brains against the huge stone on which we had been sitting. I felt my very blood seethe and simmer at the declaration, and with my clenched fist I struck him a violent and stunning blow, which, though it did not beat him to the ground, sent him staggering several paces backward.

"'Liar!' screamed I franticly, 'take that! You dare not proceed with your folly.'

Recovering his feet, George S—— laid his hand on his sword, which

he half unsheathed; but, as if conscious of there being no witness present, or wishing, perhaps, still further to convince me of the advantage he possessed, he did not draw.

"'Nay,' said I, 'out with your weapon; nothing less will do. I would rather lose my birthright than yield to thee one, without whom life would be valueless.'

"He smiled bitterly, wiped his bruised and bloody face, and slowly drew from his bosom a small miniature, encircled with diamonds, which he held before my eyes. One glance was sufficient—it was a portrait of Maria! It was that face which, sleeping or waking, has haunted me these thirty years past.

"'Villain!' I cried, clutching at the portrait with my left hand, while I snatched with my right my sword from its sheath, 'you have stolen it.'

"With assumed coolness, which it was impossible he could feel, he smiled again, put back the miniature in his bosom, and drew his sword. The next moment our weapons crossed with an angry clash, and were flashing in the morning's sun.

"My adversary was a perfect master of his weapon, and he pressed upon me with a vigour which any attempt to retaliate would have rendered dangerous in one so much inferior to him in skill. Maddened as I was, I yet restrained myself, and stood on my guard, my eyes fixed on his, and watching every glance: my wish to destroy him was intense. The fiend nerved my arm, and, while he warmed with the conflict, I became more cool and vigilant. At length he appeared to grow weary, and then I pressed upon him with the fixed determination of taking his life; but he rallied instantly, and, in returning a thrust, which I intended for his heart, and which he parried scarcely in time, his foot slipped, and he fell on one knee, the point of my sword entering the left breast by accident. It was not a deep wound, and perhaps he felt it not; for he attempted to master my sword with his left hand, while he shortened his own weapon, and thrust fiercely at my throat, making at the same time a spring to regain his feet. But his fate was sealed: as he rose, I dashed aside the thrust intended for me, and sheathed my weapon in his left breast. I believe I must have pierced his heart; for he sank on his knees with a gasp, and the next moment fell heavily on his face, with his sword still clutched tightly in his hand.

"Wearied, and panting from the effects of the violent struggle, I threw myself on the large stone which had so recently served us for a seat, and looked on the body of my adversary. He was dead!—that fatal thrust had destroyed all rivalry, but at the price of murder, the murder of one who had been my friend from boyhood upwards! A thousand conflicting emotions racked me as I beheld the piteous sight. Hatred was extinguished, and remorse succeeded; yet I still thought of the audacity of him who had provoked such deadly resentment. Fear, too, fear of the consequences of this fatal encounter in a solitary spot, without witnesses, added to the intenseness of my misery, and I groaned in anguish. What was to be done? Should I go and deliver myself up to justice, and declare the whole truth? Should I fly, and leave the body of my friend to tell the dismal tale?—or should I bury him secretly, and leave it to be supposed that he had been robbed and murdered? As each suggestion was canvassed and rejected, in my despair I even thought of dying by my own hand.

"'Ah! miserable wretch!' I exclaimed, 'what hast thou done?—to

what dire necessity has a fair and false face driven thee? Yet I will look once more on those bewitching features which have brought me to this wretched pass!'

"I stooped, and turned the dead man on his back. His pallid face was writhen and distorted, his lips were bloody, and his eyes, which were wide open, seemed still to glare with hatred and defiance, as when he stood before me in the desperate struggle for life and death. I tore open his vest, and discovered the wound which had killed him. It had collapsed, and looked no bigger than the puncture of a bodkin: but one little round crimson spot was visible, the hemorrhage was internal. There lay the miniature which, a few minutes before, had been held up exultingly to my frantic gaze. I seized, and pressed it to my lips, forgetting in my transports how dearly I had purchased it.

"This delirium, however, soon subsided, and my next thoughts were of the dead body. I looked about me for some nook where I might deposit it. There was a chasm in the ground among the ruins a few yards off, where the vaulted roof of the crypt had fallen in. It was scarcely large enough to admit the corpse; but I raised it in my arms, bore it thither, and with some difficulty thrust it through the aperture. I heard it fall, as if to some distance, with a dull, heavy sound; and, casting in after it my adversary's hat and sword, I hurried from the spot like another Cain.

* * * * * *

"At dinner, one glance from Maria, as I replied, in answer to her inquiry after George S——, that he was gone to make a call a few miles off,—one glance, I say, thrilled through my very soul, and almost caused me to betray myself. All noticed my perturbed look, and, complaining of violent headache, I withdrew from the table ere the meal was ended, and betook myself to my chamber.

"How shall I paint the horror of that evening, of the night that succeeded it, and the mental darkness which fell upon my wretched self ere the morning dawned! Night came; I rang for lights, and attempted to read, but in vain; and, after pacing my chamber for some hours, overpowered by fatigue, I threw myself on the bed and slept, how long I know not. A succession of hideous dreams haunted my slumbers, still I was not awakened by them; the scenes shifted when arrived at their climax, and a new ordeal of horrors succeeded, yet, like him who suffers from nightmare, with a vague consciousness that all was not real, I wished to awake. Last of all, I dreamt that I was arraigned for the murder of my friend. The judge summed up the evidence, which, though purely circumstantial, was sufficient to condemn me; and, amidst the silence of the crowded court, broken only by the sobs of anxious and sympathising friends and relatives, I received sentence of death, and was hurried back to my cell. Here, abandoned by all hope, I lay grovelling on my straw bed, and cursed the hour of my birth. A figure entered, and in gentle accents, which I thought I recognised, bade me arise, quit my prison-house, and follow. The figure was that of a female closely veiled. She led the way, and passed the gaolers, who seemed buried in profound sleep. We left the town, crossed the common, and entered a wood, when I threw myself at the feet of my deliverer, and passionately besought her to unveil. She shook her head mournfully, bade me wait a while till she should return with a change of apparel, and departed.

"I cast myself down at the foot of an aged oak, drew from my bosom the portrait of Maria, and, rapt in the contemplation of those lovely features, I did not perceive the approach of a man, the ranger of the forest, who, recognising my prison-dress, darted upon me, exclaiming, 'Villain! you have escaped from jail, and stolen that miniature from the Hall!'

"I sprang to my feet, thrust the fatal portrait into my bosom, and would have fled; but he seized, and closed with me. In the struggle which followed we both fell, I undermost. At that moment I awoke; I was in reality struggling with some one, but who I could not tell; for my candles had burnt out, and the chamber was in total darkness! A powerful, bony hand grasped me tightly by the throat, while another was thrust into my bosom, as if in search of the miniature, which I had placed there previous to lying down.

"With a desperate effort I disengaged myself, and leaped from the bed; but I was again seized, and again my assailant attempted to reach my fatal prize. We struggled violently; at one time I seemed to be overpowering him, and for several moments there was a pause, during which I heard my own breathing, and felt my own heart throbbing violently; but he with whom I contended seemed to breathe not, nor to feel like a warm and living man. An indescribable tremor shook my frame; I attempted to cry out, but my throat was rigid, and incapable of articulation. I made another effort to disengage myself from the grasp of my assailant, and in doing so drew him, as I found by the curtains, near to the window. Again the hand was thrust into my bosom, and again I repelled it.

"Panting with the violence of the struggle, while a cold sweat burst out at every pore, I disengaged my right hand, and, determined to see who I was contending with, I dashed aside the curtain. The dim light of the waning moon shone into the chamber; it fell upon the face of my antagonist, and one glance froze the blood in my veins. It was he!—it was George S—— ;—he whom I had murdered, glaring upon me with eyes which no mortal could look upon a second time! My brain whirled, a sound like the discharge of artillery shook the place, and I fell to the ground, blasted at the sight!"

* * * * *

Here follows a few incoherent sentences, which I have not deemed it necessary to transcribe. The reader will probably supply the sequel to this sad story. Whether the whole narrative is a creation of the brain, or whether the struggle in the demented man's chamber is the only portion which is not literally true, and that this may have been the combined effect of horror and remorse, acting on a highly susceptible mind, must be left to the examination of those who have made the physiology of madness their study.

INTRODUCTION OF TOBACCO INTO EUROPE.*

WHEN Christopher Columbus landed at Cuba, he caused that island to be explored by two men belonging to his ship's company. On their return, they made a faithful report of all that they had seen to their chief. "These two christians," said the admiral, in his despatch to the court of Spain, "in their exploring expedition, fell in with a great number of Indians of both sexes, who had small lighted brands in their mouths, the smoke of which they inhaled!"

Such was the first introduction of tobacco to the knowledge of Europeans. It was from these aborigines of Cuba that the civilized nations of the earth learned to acquire a habit so artificial, and repugnant to our natural tastes; and the leaders of European fashion —coxcombs heretofore redolent with the perfume of roses and aloes —adopted, as the acme of luxurious refinement, this custom, borrowed from the "untutored mind" of the poor Indian.

Three hundred years have sufficed to render this usage of the Indians of Cuba a necessity throughout the habitable globe. Some learned men have attempted to question the fact of America having set the example of this whimsical taste. They have maintained that the leaf of the *nicotiana*, or tobacco, was known in the East before America revealed its use to Europe. But all oriental scholars admit, that neither in eastern works written previous to the discovery of America, nor in the account of travellers, any mention is to be found of tobacco.

True, according to Bell, the Chinese have smoked for several centuries; but then it must have been other aromatic herbs, and not tobacco. It was only in 1599, when the Portuguese brought them the seed, that they became acquainted with that plant. It was about that period, and during the thirty years that the Portuguese retained their establishments in the Persian Gulf, that the use of tobacco found its way into Persia and India. This reminds me of an amusing incident told by Sir Thomas Herbert, and which occurred during his residence in the East.

Two years after the expulsion of the Portuguese from Persia, there arrived at the town of Casbin forty camels loaded with tobacco. The driver, unapprized of the expulsion of the Portuguese, proceeded with his goods quietly to the market, when the Schah's favourite, Mahommed Ali Bey, who had not received the customary bribe (piseak), gave orders that the punishment ordained by the law should be inflicted upon them. Firstly, and in the most summary manner, the merchants had their ears cropped; next, by way of punishing them in that very organ through which they had sought to tempt the weak-minded lieges, their noses were slit open. After which process, Ali Bey caused an immense hole to be dug in the earth, after the shape of a pipe-bowl, into which the forty loads of contraband tobacco were cast, and, having set them on fire, he indulged the populace *gratuitously* in the pleasure of inhaling for several days the most nauseous and offensive smoke.

The Turks also learned the use of tobacco from Europe, about the same period that the Persians did.

* From the forthcoming "Visit to the Havannah, by the Countess Merlin."

Sandys, another Englishman, wrote as follows in 1610:—"The Turks take great pleasure in tobacco, which they use through a small tube, at the end of which a round wooden bowl is fixed, a custom we English have lately taught them; and if this practice were not discouraged (Bam, a Mahratta chief, ordered the other day a pipe to be forced through the nose of a Turk, and directed him to be paraded in this state about the town,) if, as we said, this practice were not discouraged, it would become general."

But to return to Cuba. Don Bartolomeo de Las Casas wrote in 1557: "The plant whose smoke the Indians inhale is stuffed into a dried leaf, which resembles a squib, such as our children make for the festival of 'Fête Dieu.' The Indians light it at one end, placing the other in their mouths, inhale the smoke, which completely overpowers them, and induces a state of intoxication."

Don Gonzalo Hernandez de Oviedo Valdez, alcade of the fortress of St. Domingo, furnishes us with further curious details, as to the use of tobacco amongst the Indians of the Havannah.

"Amongst other vices," says he in his History of the Indies, "to which the aborigines are addicted, is that of inhaling the smoke of a herb, which they denominate *tabaco,* which produces insensibility, and this is the way they set about it: The caciques, or men of consequence, make use of a tube, four to five inches long, and about as thick as the little finger. This tube terminates in two branch tubes, the ends of which they fix in their nostrils, whilst the other end is held over the burning leaf; they then aspirate the smoke three or more times, until they fall to the ground, where they lie in a state of insensibility, intoxicated, and to all appearances in sound sleep. When the cacique falls, overpowered by the narcotic, his wives—pagans happen to have more than one—carry him off to bed, provided always that he has given such orders beforehand; for otherwise they leave him where he lies, till he recover from his temporary stupor.

"I cannot conceive," observes the worthy alcade, "what pleasure there can be to transform oneself into a brute beast, when one is a Christian; nevertheless, some of this last denomination begin to imitate the Indians, but only, be it understood, in cases of illness, or to 'drive dull care away.'"

We have just seen in the preceding accounts three distinct modes of smoking, undoubted prototypes of the cigar and the pipe, as in use in the present day. The triangular tube alone, amongst the Indians, bore the name of *tabaco,* but not the leaf or the plant. A peculiar sort of cigar still goes at the Havannah by the name of *mousqueton,** or squib, to which the good friar Bartolomeo de Las Casas has compared it.

The *nicotiana,* or *tobacco,* was cultivated with especial care by the Indians, who attached to that plant not only an idea of enjoyment, but of religious veneration. They called it "blessed of God," *cosa santa.* The word *tabaco* belongs, it would appear, to one of the American dialects, and was generally used in the West India islands after the Spanish conquest. These, no doubt, borrowed it from the aborigines, who in their turn had adopted it from the Caribbees, when, sword and torch in hand, they made descents upon these coasts.

* *Fumar un tabaco* (smoke a cigar), is the expression used at the Havannah.

The plant which produces tobacco appears to have been originally a native of Cuba, but grows in the present day wild throughout the greater part of the continent of America, and the adjacent islands. Let modern compilers say what they like, it was in this island that the Spaniards first met with it, and the annals of that period bear out the assertion. Since then its cultivation has spread with rapidity throughout the globe. Nature, as if foreseeing its brilliant destiny, gifted it with every pliant, hardy, and resisting property, rendering it suitable for every climate; and from Cuba to Sweden, from Turkey to Maryland, this curious and singular plant may be seen in luxurious growth. The quantity of seeds produced by a single stem is prodigious. Linnæus states that one stalk yielded 40,320 seeds, and the germ of these seeds retains its quality of fructifying for several years.

Tobacco was first introduced into Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century, and it is incredible in how short a space of time its use became general, although it had to undergo rude and violent attacks, which elicited warm and eloquent replies. The schism which this innovation created was truly awful; and if the doctrines of Calvin and Luther inflamed the heads of theologians, and turned Europe topsy-turvy, tobacco became the firebrand of discord throughout the world.

John Nicot, French ambassador at the Portuguese court, brought to France the first specimen of tobacco in 1560, and presented it to the Dowager Queen Catherine de Medicis, which circumstance tended to enhance the value of that novel production. It was called *nicotiana*, out of compliment to the ambassador.

It was the Cardinal de Sainte-Croix, the papal nuncio in Portugal, who first introduced it into Italy, and there, as in France, it bore the name of him who had introduced it, namely *Saint Croix's plant*. From the qualities which were speedily ascribed to it, it gained the various denominations of *buglom*, or *antarctic panacea*, of *holy herb*, or *sacred Peruvian henbane*, and many others.

According to Stow, tobacco was introduced into England in 1568. The young courtiers were the first to bring it into vogue.

Sir Walter Raleigh, for some time Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and his friend, Sir Hugh Middleton, made it the fashion, by smoking in the streets, and other places of public resort, indulging with apparent ecstacy in the inebriating perfume which they exhaled around them. People stared at them at first, then imitated them; and thus the use of tobacco became at last the fashion even amongst ladies. 'Twas at this juncture that the new pleasure became the object of inveterate persecution on the one hand, and irresistible predilection on the other. Stow describes it as "*a stinking plant, the use of which is an offence to God*;" whilst Spencer, in his "Fairie Queene," denominates it as "*divine tobacco!*" King James the First led the crusade against tobacco, and his aversion to that leaf would have been tantamount to a prohibition with any nation less independent than the English. Whilst Amoret the Fourth was thrusting pipes through the nostrils of his dependents, whilst the Schah of Persia was cropping ears, and slitting the noses of his subjects, while the Czar of Muscovy was actually cutting off the entire probosces of his serfs, and Pope Urban the Eighth fulminating excommunications against those of the faithful who presumed to take snuff, King James the First

was engaged in fierce polemics, and hurling anathemas against tobacco-smoke.

From the brunt of these cruel punishments having been specially directed against the nose, it may be inferred that the custom of taking snuff preceded that of smoking, or was at least more general at that period. The following singular extracts are from King James's work, entitled the "Misocapnosi." It will show to what excess the use of tobacco was carried at that epoch in England:—

"And as for the abuse," says his Majesty, "which arises from this disgusting habit, is it not filthy in the extreme to give way to it at table, where cleanliness, decency, and propriety ought to be observed? Ought not men to be ashamed of puffing across the table, and contaminating the flavour of the dishes with the poisonous effluvia from their pipes, disgusting those who hold that custom in abhorrence? But it is not confined to table; there is neither time nor place where one is free from this ill-bred habit. Was there ever such folly as that of never meeting a friend without offering him a cigar, as if we were in the East? It is no longer offered as a remedy, but as an article of enjoyment; and he who dares decline the pipe is looked upon as a ninny, or an unsociable simpleton, as falls to the lot of those who drink deeply in the cold regions of the East. Why, a lady could not confer a greater obligation upon her servant than offer her with her delicate hand a pipe of tobacco!"

Here is another specimen of the manners of those times, and of the policy of King James:—

"Is it not," continues the King, "the greatest of sins, that ye, men of all classes in this kingdom, educated, and destined by God to consecrate your persons and your property to the preservation of the honour and safety of your King and the commonweal, that you thus unfit yourselves for the performance of these two great duties? You are no longer able to observe the Sabbath like the Jews; your whole concern is to ask a light of your neighbours to light your pipes. See how injurious this habit is to your interests! Let the nobility of Great Britain answer this, they who pay yearly from three hundred to four hundred pounds sterling, in order to indulge in this filthy habit."

This sum would appear exorbitant, did we not bear in mind that tobacco was sold at a very high price at that period, and that its use was much more general amongst the nobility of England and the middle classes than at the present day. The received custom of offering pipes to guests and visitors added considerably to the expense of this indulgence.

The war of persecution against tobacco spread in its turn to France. Pamphlets without number made their appearance, one of the most famous of which was by a Dr. Fagon, and entitled, "Ex Tabaci usu frequenti vita est brevior." This same Dr. Fagon, having a thesis to maintain against this alleged pernicious substance, and being prevented by indisposition from attending in person, sent in his place a colleague, whose nasal intonation belied throughout the discourse the thesis he supported, and bore evidence that his nostrils were incumbered with snuff.

Spain itself had its share in the general movement against tobacco. The Bishop of the Canaries, Fray Bartolomeo de la Camara, afterwards Bishop of Salamanca, forbade the priests to take snuff two

hours before or two hours after having said mass, and the clergy in general were forbidden to take snuff in churches, under pain of excommunication, and a fine of one thousand maravedis. After having had the honour of being thus persecuted, tobacco was in a fair way of being adopted irrevocably in all parts of the globe.

The superiority of Cuba tobacco is admitted on all hands. It is especially cultivated in the western part of the island, in a district called the Vueltra Abajo. Sandy and light soils are best suited for its culture. The *regas* (tobacco-fields) are situated along the banks of the rivers; but the finest descriptions are grown in the neighbourhood of the rivers the Consolacion and the San Sebastian. The atmosphere varies so slightly in different parts of the island, that it exercises very little influence upon the plant; everything depends upon the soil. If, by dint of chemical analysis, the soil could be rendered equally suitable to the culture in all parts of the island, a new source of riches would be opened to the inhabitants, and a vast field of encouragement to the white population.

Tobacco is cultivated and prepared at home, and in small quantities. An industrious labourer, assisted by his wife and children, is able to cultivate about half a caballeria of land (about half an acre), which contains from twenty-five to thirty thousand tobacco-stems, planted about a foot apart. The intervals are appropriated to the culture of maize, rice, &c., which are gathered without expense or trouble. One of the great advantages derived from the culture of this article, as has been already mentioned, is, that it opens a vast field to the industry and prosperity of the white population. The properties are small, consequently the colonists are certain of a ready sale, as competition and rivalry are unknown; the crops can never be too abundant, for that leaf is in request throughout the world, and that of Cuba is preferred to all others. The labour is easy, and the preparation costs but little. The grower finds employment for his family, and even his youngest children, in the delicate and various processes of manipulation and preparation. If the soil could be improved, the culture might be extended over all parts of the island; population would flow to the rural districts, and labour and riches would tend to promote civilization through the channels of commerce.

Tobacco, and the manner of using it, were not only discovered at Cuba, but nature seems to have bestowed a marked preference on this island in respect of this plant, although it grows spontaneously in other parts of South America; the admitted superiority of its quality, its primitive growth in this island, the remarkable circumstance of its having been the only plant cultivated, and, what is more singular, its being venerated by the Indians, an indolent race, living upon fish, and wild fruits, all justify the belief that the immense advantages of the culture of tobacco were especially bestowed by Nature on this island.

Nevertheless, thanks to the narrow policy, and the inquisitorial measures adopted long since by *La Factorerie*, the culture of this precious commodity is far from having attained the development which it is capable of.

From 1735 to 1765 the trade was in the hands of several companies by private contract. Subsequently, during the reign of Ferdinand the Sixth, the *Factorerie* was established, under the pretext of

improving and extending the cultivation; the removal of the plant, too, was forbidden. The effect of this measure tended only to lessen the crop; and, in 1783 and 1793, several measures of reform were introduced in the factory, and the subsidy was increased to fifty thousand dollars, but the manufacture of tobacco by private individuals was prohibited, and inspectors were nominated to visit and survey the crops rigorously, in order that the duties might be regularly levied. These vexatious proceedings, and the odious exaction occasioned a serious falling off in the crops. In 1720, during the monopoly of the companies, the exportation amounted to six hundred thousand arobas, independent of the consumption in the island, and although in 1803 the expenses of the *Factorerie* were considerably reduced, and one manager alone retained, the crop of 1804 was inadequate for the consumption of the island. From that period endeavours were made to correct some of these abuses, but whilst the system of prohibition continued the evil could not be eradicated, and the culture of tobacco continued to decrease and fall off, until 1827, when that important article of trade was entirely freed from the arbitrary shackles of the *Factorerie*. Infallible ruin would have befallen this branch of industry, but for the wise measures urged and carried into effect by the sagacious Don José de Pinillos, Count de Villanueva, intendant of the Havannah.

But the cultivation of tobacco will not obtain its full development at Cuba, until the Spanish government, by concessions, and by holding out advantages, shall have succeeded in attracting new colonists to the island.

The *vegueros* (growers of that leaf) are very expert in improving the quality of tobacco, and employ many processes for increasing the beauty, the silky softness of the leaf, nay, even its very shade. Other researches determine the merits of the manufacture, intrusted exclusively to the housewife and her daughters; and, when the connoisseur is sauntering at his ease, inhaling with delight one of those cigars *de la Reina*, relishing with the *gusto* of a true amateur its delicious flavour, and admiring its aptitude to catch and retain fire, let him know, then, that cigar, so fiery and yet so mild, has been— well, this cigar has been, like most others he has ever smoked, rolled, — yes, rolled upon the bare thigh of one of the country girls, called a *guajira* in Cuba.

MEDITATIONS AT A KITCHEN WINDOW.

BY A HUNGRY POET.

Spirit of Hunger, who dost love
With threadbare sons of song to rove
Through some blind alley's dark retreat,
The Muse's old-established seat,
Clinging to them close the while
In a most uxorious style;
Or, to mock them, when alone
They scrape a clean-picked mutton-bone
In some ethereal attic, where
The wind howls up the creaking stair—
Taunting Spirit of Starvation!
I feel thy fullest inspiration,
While, standing by this kitchen-window,
With phiz as grave as any Hindoo,
I mark yon partridge—dainty bit!—
Gently wheeling round the spit.

Savoury bird! thy very sight
Lends an edge to appetite,
And my stomach, while I gaze,
Rumbles volumes in thy praise!

Some in sonnet, ode, or tale,
Laud the maudlin nightingale;

Some exalt the cooing dove ;
Some, the royal bird of Jove,
Fond of new-born lamb, the glutton !
And not indifferent to mutton ;
Some, the mountain condor, who,
Crafty as a Polish Jew,
Seldom from his lodgings hies out,
Save to peck a dead man's eyes out ;
Some, the rook, of solemn clack,
Dressed, like parsons, all in black ;
Some, the woodcock ; some, the widgeon ;
Some, the well-conditioned pigeon,
Who, to gastronomic eye,
Looks so lovely in a pie ;
But the partridge, plump and white,
Is my feathered favourite ;
Dressed as epicure could wish,
And crisp of breast and wing,
"Isn't he a dainty-dish
To set before a King ?" *

But, hark ! the clock from yon church-tower
Shrilly strikes the wished-for hour,
And the butler, grave and steady,
Proclaims the tidings, — "Dinner 's ready !
Dinner's ready !" Proclamation,
Source of liveliest delectation ;
All who hear it mutely bless
The messenger of happiness !
Dobbs, a lawyer, grim and spare,
Leaps in transport from his chair ;
Hobbs, a fat old city bore,
Weighing twenty stone or more,
Cuts a long dull story short
About the Aldermen's last Court ;
Pretty Mrs. Colonel Cox,
A widow shrewd as any fox,
To her dandy neighbour's sighs,
And his whisper'd flatteries,
Turns awhile a careless ear,
Better pleased, I ween, to hear
The tuneful rush of whizzing cork,
And clatter of the knife and fork !

"Dinner 's ready !"—Down they go,
Two by two, a gallant show,
Attracted by the rich perfume
That floats around the dining-room.
Now they 're seated, and, methinks,
Commence 'mid cheering nods and winks,
And interchange of social greeting,
A course of serious, steady eating.

In imagination, I
Join the festive company,
And, on schemes of havoc bent,
Waste no time in compliment,
But placed, by her express command,
At my hostess's right hand,
Set to work with heart-felt glee
On callipash and callipee,
Victimize the venison pasty,
Punish the calve's-head so tasty,
Pitch into the pigeon-pie
With a shark's voracity,
Flirt with jelly, custard, ice,
Like the Arab Ghoul with rice,†
And quaff the sparkling cool champagne,
As thirsty meads drink in the rain,
Obedient to dame Nature's laws ;
While my ever-restless jaws
Convey a very vivid notion
Of the poetry of motion !

Glorious enterprize ! But, hark
How the guests in whispers mark
Their sense of wonder and affright
At a poet's appetite !—
"There 's a mouthful ! — did you ever ?"—
"He 's bolted all the pasty !"—"Never !"—
"Goodness gracious, what a swallow !
Sure he beats an ostrich hollow !"—
"Try him with a tough ship's cable !"—
"Oh, good Lord, he 'll clear the table !"—
Such the pert, facetious sneers
Mutter'd in his neighbour's ears
By each guest, to mark his sense
Of my rare ventripotence !
Well, I grudge them not their grin,
Those are tolerant who win ;
And I have bravely won, I swear,
A dinner fit for my Lord Mayor.

Mere empty boast ! An envious cloud
Wraps my vision in its shroud ;
Vanish'd is the banquet-hall,
Host and hostess, guests and all,
And I stand musing here, the winner
(In fancy only) of a dinner !—
Day-dreams of imagination,
Could ye but repress starvation,
How supreme in joy would be
The gifted poet's destiny !
But, alas ! with magic sway
Ye rule us, only to betray ;
And gladly I 'd exchange, heaven knows,
All delusive Fancy's shows
(Though brilliant as a comet's tail)
For a rump-steak and pot of ale ! !

* *Vide* the old nursery song.
† *Vide* the story of the Ghoul, in the Arabian Nights.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:*

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

Occupation is a blessed relief to the miserable. Of all the ingenious modes of torture that have ever been invented, that of solitary confinement is probably the most cruel—the mind feeding on itself with the rapacity of a cormorant when the conscience quickens its activity, and prompts its longings.

FENIMORE COOPER.

POUNCE was right. The authorities had decided that this unfortunate man, Lyppyatt, should have an opportunity of forming his own opinion of that terrific punishment, solitary confinement. The culprit was noisy, vehement, and ungovernable. No advocate, however friendly, could defend his conduct, for it was subversive of all discipline. But still, after lengthened consideration of the subject, and highly favourable opportunities for ascertaining its tendency, I hold it to be a punishment which no human being has a right to inflict upon another. Its results are too frightful, its tortures are too great, its penal consequences are too permanent. Lacerate the body, if you will; punish the man, if the dire extremity of the case call for it, even with the lash; subdue a thoroughly rebellious and ungovernable spirit by the infliction of spare diet; subject the refractory prisoner to severe and continuous labour; abridge his period of relaxation, and enlarge his period of toil; feed him "with the bread of affliction, and with the water of affliction;" *but spare the intellect.* Tamper not with the mysterious empire of the mind. *That* leave to the judgment and award of THE GREAT ETERNAL.

I know that this is not the popular doctrine; I know that far-sighted statesmen and fluent legislators have insisted on the "utility" of solitary confinement, and have averred that "it is a system which must be, and *ought* to be, carried out to its *utmost* practicable extent." Indeed! Is this conclusion—arrived at after lengthened experience, and on competent authority—to be wholly disregarded:—"*Solitude always developes insanity in those who have been insane before, just as the tread-mill brings out phthysis in those predisposed to it.*"

Is utter indifference to be ours, as to the diversified suffering and anguish which this new and desperate punishment has inflicted upon numbers of our fellow creatures? Are consequences to the individual never to be weighed by us? There *are* those, let us remember, towards whom society ought not to forget its duties, because they

* The following errata occur in our last number:—
Page 293, line 13 from bottom, *for* fume at, *read* fume at it.
294, line 8 from bottom, *for* the pleasure with which I frequent the Coverley bowling-green is to this hour indescribable, *read* the pleasure with which I frequent to this hour the Coverley bowling-green is indescribable.
298, line 6 from bottom, *for* in the memory, *read* in memory.
299, last line, *for* fear, *read* fears.

have, unfortunately, forgotten their duties towards it. There are those—helpless, it is true, and in our power—who have a right to say to us, "Proportion our punishment to our misdoing; macerate, if so it please you, the bodily frame, but abstain from the infliction of secret and daily torture of the brain."

Mine, I know, is tender ground; but *on paper, if nowhere else,* I may venture to say, that the advocates of the system have little reason to felicitate themselves on its success. It is matter of public record, that at the Spinning House at Cambridge, where there are two cells termed solitary, the keeper has declared that "he is afraid to confine them (the women) for a longer period than eight or ten hours, lest they should commit suicide, *two having attempted to strangle themselves!*" Nor is this horror of solitary confinement entertained by female prisoners only. The surgeon of Brecon county gaol observed, that "SOLDIERS placed in solitary cells suffer much both in body and *mind*—in winter additionally, from the coldness of the cells. They have complained to him of the want of books, and have said, that *they* would rather be hung than remain there." The medical officer of the Spalding House of Correction remarked, "I only visit the prisoners in solitary confinement when sent for; but I scarcely recollect one who has not sent for me, and *in the generality of cases I have found it to be the mind that has been affected.*" But all these statements, sad as they are, yield, in point of horror, to the Monmouth tragedy. *There* the tendencies of this system were fully developed. Its warmest advocate must shrink from such a result of his theory. During a recent year, in the month of February, a man "died in Monmouth County Gaol, apparently from fright. He was put into a solitary cell, and was *found dead the next morning.* There were no indications of the cause, excepting congestion of the brain. There was a rumour that the cell was haunted. He was a fine and powerful man. The verdict ran, "Died from apoplexy, produced by the effect of a superstitious dread of solitary confinement." Some of the prisoners heard him cry out. The turnkey thought him low-spirited when he placed him in the cell. On the previous day the deceased told a companion that he was going into solitary confinement, and that he feared he never should live the week out. He added that *there was some one walking there.*"

And yet this, we are told, is "a reformatory punishment," a punishment which will effect, if any human penalty can effect, amendment in the most hardened and callous offender!

It was to be tried upon Lippyatt. The order ran:—

"For refractory conduct, misbehaviour, and insolence, three days solitary."

Towards the close of the second day I took care to see him. He was considerably altered in appearance; *the mind seemed shaken.* He complained to me of shadows passing across the cell, and that at times a large white bird perched itself at the foot of his bed, and jeered and jabbered at him. He implored me to intercede in his favour, and obtain his release, otherwise he was sure he should be tempted to make away with himself. I combated his terrors in the best manner I was able, and, with a faint promise of a representation in his behalf, at which he caught with affecting eagerness, I left him.

Mr. Trounce was the first visiting justice I encountered, and to Mr. Trounce I told my tale.

"Mr. Cleaver," responded that magistrate, with a most forbidding air, "I do not recognise your right to utter one single syllable upon this subject. Confine yourself, sir, I beg, to matters spiritual."

"My intention, believe me, is good," said I, returning to my point, undeterred by his frowns, and quite impervious to his rebuff. "You will remember, sir, that, ten days since, in the gaol of the adjoining county a prisoner in the solitary cell nearly effected self-destruction, by cutting up his blanket into strips, and using it as a halter."

"Well! and what then?"

"This: that should poor Lyppyatt be driven to any similar attempt, it would, I am sure, be as painful to you as to me. He is on the verge of insanity at this moment."

Mr. Trounce looked at me with features rigid as marble, and at length, in a cold, unfeeling tone, replied,

"This morbid sensitiveness relative to these degraded men, of whom, I repeat, Mr. Cleaver, you are the spiritual teacher, not the medical officer, is wholly superfluous, and very incomprehensible. This gaol, sir, is fortunate enough to possess a surgeon, in receipt of a certain salary, charged with certain definite duties; and when he acquaints me that this man's mind is affected by the endurance of solitary confinement, I am, and shall feel, bound to listen to him."

"But *this* wretched captive is a sailor; his life has been passed chiefly in the open air; exercise and exertion have been his the day through; and now, independent of solitude, this change to a small, damp, ill-ventilated cell cannot be otherwise than most injurious."

"He should have considered all these points before he came here," was Mr. Trounce's rejoinder.

"But, circumstanced as he is *now*, should not we consider them for him?"

"I don't see that," returned the visiting justice doggedly. "At all events, your enumeration of them will not avail him. Lyppyatt you will *not* liberate, and *to yourself* do no small injury. I detest," said he vehemently, "your grievance-hunters, and shall make a *mental memorandum* of the conversation you have addressed to me this morning."

I had reason enough to remember that "mental memorandum" subsequently.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ENGLISH MATE AND THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

LAVATER.

"WHAT availeth complaint from the *friendless*? It excites no attention, awakens no sympathy!" was poor Sheridan's remark, a few hours before his death. It is a brief but bitter indictment against the powerful; and mightily was I tempted to re-echo it, on receiving, ten minutes after my interview with Mr. Trounce, a further repulse from another acting magistrate.

"I decline all interference," was his prompt comment on my narrative. "I cordially approve of solitary confinement as a punishment, and am confident that this man—Lyppyatt do you call him? —will be the better for its infliction during the rest of his life."

"And my persuasion is equally strong—pardon my frankness—that he will be infinitely the worse. It will not contribute in any degree to the reformation of his refractory and rebellious propensities."

"Why?"

"Because imprisonment in a dark solitary cell—the change from solitude in light, in which a man may work, and, to a certain extent, amuse himself, to solitude in darkness, where he can do neither the one nor the other—is viewed by the sufferer as an unjust aggravation of that amount of misery and torture to which he is bound, as a prisoner, to submit. It will serve but to harden and strengthen him in his wickedness."

"Defective reasoning! anything but that of a philosopher!" said my companion. "*No profound thinker* would thus argue!" And he turned away with a sneer.

"It is well," was my rejoinder, "if I act as a man;" and I instantly resolved to search out the surgeon. He readily agreed to accompany me to the refractory cell. It was below the ground, and reached by a flight of steps from the main passage of the prison; damp, without light or ventilation, and piercingly cold.

"This will never do," whispered the doctor, after he had attentively regarded the prisoner's appearance, felt his pulse, and weighed the answers returned to his questions. "He must have an hour's exercise in the yard forthwith; in fact, the man's system is sinking under his punishment; *that* must be suspended for the present. Tell him this while I go and see the keeper, and, if he is obstinate, tender to him a formal written certificate. I am glad I accompanied you. The visit is most opportune; for another night of solitary confinement, and the morning would have found this fellow a maniac."

The gratitude of Lyppyatt may be readily imagined, and the terms in which that gratitude was expressed interested even that matter-of-fact person the surgeon.

"That's no common seaman," said he, when we saw him together the next morning. "No 'fo'castle Jack' could turn out his sentences 'taut' and square in that fashion."

"He *is* no common seaman," was my reply, "but the master, and, I believe, owner of a vessel, which has had contraband goods on board, and which the revenue officers have seized, he declares, unjustly. It is a perplexed and intricate history; and I have never cared to inquire into it, because I understood some actress of questionable character to be mixed up with the disclosure. He is ruined, poor fellow."

"To a certainty, if he has trusted a petticoat with his secrets."

The doctor was a bachelor, the world said a "disappointed" one. With him it was evidently *post meridiem*, and its surest sign the readiness with which he snarled at the sex.

"Ruined by an actress! eh? Well, his predicament is not singular. He's not the only man who can date his overthrow from so attractive an associate. Harkee, my man, have you no friends, no relatives,

none that can intercede for ye with Government, and procure the release of your vessel?"

"I think I possess some claim," replied he moodily, "upon the favourable consideration of Government. I ought to have. Services rendered to royalty are generally remembered. Another would make much of them; but in my case 'tis hopeless. Disaster tracks me like a shadow."

"Tut! man," cried the surgeon cheerily, "'tis always darkest just before break of day. But as to services, of what description may yours have been, either to state or sovereign?"

"I speak not of myself," was his reply, "but of another. When the Duke of Kent held the command at Gibraltar, my father, then a young man, perilled his life for him. You have heard, perhaps, the story? The Duke, misled by bad advisers, shut up the wine-shops, and the consequence was a mutiny, or something very near akin to it, among the soldiery. Matters for some hours wore an awkward appearance, and at length the Duke was counselled to reconsider his order, and finally to cancel it."

"He was the *scape-goat*," said the doctor, aside to me. "His royal father never forgave him the blunder he had committed in issuing the order, and the minister of the day never digested the concession he had made to insubordinate spirits in cancelling it. In all respects the results were melancholy. As to the Duke, they threw a shade, unjustly enough, over *his* military career to his dying hour.—Well, my man, what followed?"

"Four days afterwards, when the hubbub had ceased, and the affair was apparently forgotten, the Duke was recognised in a steep narrow street, leading up to the ramparts. It was a bad part of the town, chiefly inhabited by Jew-salesmen and vintners of the lowest class. As ill luck would have it, the Prince was on foot, and unattended. He was mobbed; threats were uttered; stones were thrown. There was an evident intention to injure him. My father was bargaining with a ship's chandler for some slops wanted on board the 'Maid of Devon,' when he heard a strange outcry, groans, hisses, and oaths shouted in every language under heaven. Turning round, in the centre of a crowd, he spied the Prince, and quick as thought understood his dilemma. One moment, and he stood by his side; the next he felled an ill-looking blackguard, who had approached his Royal Highness nearer than my father judged polite or necessary, warded off a sharp missile from another quarter, and, in doing so, received a hurt, the scar of which he carried with him to his coffin. That stone was aimed at the Duke, and, had it hit him fairly, the probabilities are, there would have been no Princess Victoria. The guard soon came up, and at the first sound of their measured tramp the assailants slunk away. My father was thanked, his name, and that of his ship, were asked; and a young officer, called Wetherell,—I believe he rose the ladder of promotion so high as to become a general,—told my father that neither his name nor his assistance would be forgotten. But nothing came of it."

"Have you now, since you have been in trouble, represented these facts in the proper quarter?"

"I have, but vainly; no notice was taken of my application. I wanted *backers*. They are indispensable in England. My mate succeeded better at Odessa."

"At Odessa! How so?"

"We traded there, and my first mate, Bob Chivens, got into great trouble. He was beset, robbed, and in fact cursedly ill used. Not that I mean to say he was quite and altogether free from blame himself; but surely some little allowance should be made for the freaks of 'Jack Tar?' However, he was plundered, beaten, and left almost for dead. Some eight days afterwards, when he could stand upon his legs, and tell his own story, Chivens and I went to the British Consul,—the *acting* Consul, I think they called him, not that *we found him such*,—and begged he would get us redress.

"'It's impossible. You should have kept sober, and this would not have happened.'

"'But I'm your countryman,' cried Bob. 'Words cost nothing; at any rate, tell us what to do; put us, any how, in the wake of these pirates.'

"'I've other matters on hand. I don't sit here to settle the disputes of drunken sailors.'

"'What, then,' said Chivens, 'am I to be regularly cleared out, robbed of every farthing of my wages, left pennyless among foreigners, and make no effort to better myself?'

"'*Go to sea, and earn more.*'

"Pointed and pleasant!—rather a contrast to the words and deeds of our Cadiz consul, Mr. Brackenburg, with whom even a refusal is clothed in terms of kindness. But the *acting* Odessa gentleman is dead and gone, and so peace to his memory! As we were leaving his office, a keen-looking, sharp-eyed old man, who had listened most attentively to Chivens's story, came up behind us, and, plucking him by the sleeve, whispered, in a low, cautious tone,

"'Don't be discouraged; *our Father* will grant you redress; appeal to him.'

"'What! ALOFT, you mean?' said my mate, quite at a loss to comprehend his new friend's meaning.

"'No, no;—step aside—this is not a matter for the public street. Hush!—not a word—this way.'

"He passed into a little garden, of which there are many at Odessa, and closing the door, said, in a low, suppressed voice, as if anxious that no syllable of what he was saying should reach other ears than our own,

"'I am *English-born*, as you will at once believe; but I have lived so long at Odessa that I am almost a Russ, and am so accustomed to HIS authority, that I speak of him as if I were one of his native subjects. They, when referring to the Czar,'—his voice, as he uttered this word fell lower still,—'always call him OUR FATHER.'

"'He means the chief skipper, Bob,' said I to Chivens, who could not catch one word in ten which the old man used,—'the chief skipper—ay, ay! He is to them what our Sailor-King at home is to us.'

"'Just so,' said the old man; 'state your case in writing. This is my advice; take it, and you'll not repent it.'

"'But how? The devil a word of Russ do we understand.'

"'Then draw up your grievance in French.'

"'French! God forbid that we should say our say in Mounseer's language either! No, no; that will never do.'

"'Then write your letter in English.'

"'And who will deliver it?'

"'Who? send it by post; address it to Tsarskoe-Zelo. It will not miscarry, and *it will be read.*'

"'Burnt, I should say,' cried Chivens.

"'No: *read,*' repeated the old man earnestly, '*read,* I say, and HEEDED. My counsel is good; try it.'

"He opened the door, placed us beyond it, again locked himself up in his little sandy garden; and who and what he was we could never learn. His counsel, however, we adopted. A statement was forwarded, clumsily written, and not cleverly worded, Chivens declaring throughout that it was time and labour thrown away.

"We neither of us *then* understood the unfailing activity and unswerving justice of *Him* to whom we appealed. Eleven days elapsed, and we judged our case hopeless, when on the following day, the twelfth, orders came down which changed the entire aspect of affairs. A rigid and searching inquiry was instituted. A summary of the whole affair *was sent back to Tsarskoe-Zelo.* One fellow got a taste of the knout, and Chivens, within a shilling or two, the whole of his money. Now," concluded Lyppyatt, "people prate about civilized and uncivilized people, about this sort of government and that sort of government; but commend me, say I, to that ruler, and that mode of ruling, where a poor man gets ready justice, and where his complaints can reach the FOUNTAIN-HEAD. *Health and long life to the Emperor Nicholas!* the sovereign to whom the humblest in his dominions can confidently appeal! Oft have I told the tale, and drank his health on the deck of 'The Fair Maid of Devon!' Those were happy days. Will they ever return?"

THE VETTURINO.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

PART I.

All mortal things must hasten thus
To their dark end.—SHELLEY'S "*Cenci.*"

CHAPTER I.

THE CHATEAU DE BLONAY.

Here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.
Childe Harold, Canto 3.

INCLINATION has made me a wanderer; yet, were I to choose an abiding-place, I know no spot I would fix upon so readily as the beautiful village of Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva.

It stands on the last gentle slope of the base of a richly-wooded mountain, with the murmuring waters of the lake beneath, and the lofty Alps above it and around. Dark forests clothe the steep sides of the heights which form the foreground, while in the distance tower the snowy pinnacles of the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Morcles, and a hundred icy peaks beside. The soil is hallowed by the associations of history, of poetry, and of romance. The vineyards and meadows of Clarens adjoin those of Montreux; Meillerie and

St. Gingoulph are visible across the lake, and almost at our feet are the battlements of Chillon,

"Which round about the wave enthrals."

Although the descriptions of innumerable travellers have made the celebrated spots in this neighbourhood "familiar in our mouths as household words," yet few have dwelt on the beauties of the one which deserved description most, — of Montreux, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." For situation it certainly bears the palm; Clarens, "the birth-place of deep Love," lies too open; Villeneuve too low; and Vevay, so much vaunted, is a *town*, and not a clean one! Montreux, on the contrary, is sheltered from every inclement blast; it is secluded, and yet within a stone's throw of the high Italian road. The village is the perfection of cleanliness, and the very air we breathe is perfumed by the vineyards in which it is embosomed.

It was accident which first made me a resident in a spot which has haunted my memory like the vision of the Arab camel-driver in the desert; and when I think of the time I passed there, I can scarcely persuade myself that the recollection is not a dream. Yet, even during my short stay, events occurred which gave a sad reality to the actions of many. I shall have little difficulty in recalling them.

It was early in the summer of the year 18—, that I found myself a sojourner in the city of Berne. I had, in a previous tour already visited the Bernese Oberland, and my object was now to leave behind me this little nest of aristocratic citizens, and bid farewell to its piazzas, its fountains, its bears, and its most delicious trout. The direction in which I wished to bend my steps was where

"Lake Leman woos us with its crystal face;"

but the question occurred to me, which was the pleasantest mode of reaching its shores? I communicated my wishes to mine host of the Abbaye aux Gentilshommes," who undertook — it was his hope, to find me an agreeable mode of conveyance. Nor was he long in doing so. "A vetturino," he said, "had arrived only the night before from Basle, the driver of which, bound for Lausanne, was anxious to get on immediately, and having deposited his only passenger at Berne, would gladly meet my wishes in arranging for the journey.

I requested that the man might be sent for; and was glad to experience no difficulty in concluding the bargain, being prepossessed by the air of openness and honesty which marked the countenance of the vetturino.

Theodore — such was his name — was a fine young man, about eight-and-twenty, with a laughing eye, a florid complexion, and an air of mingled modesty and fearlessness, sufficiently characteristic of the "hardy Swiss." He was not one of those supple, pliant specimens, who become such unequalled *valets-de-chambre*; nor was he of that surly, consequential brotherhood who used to enact the part of janitors in the Parisian hotels, and who have bequeathed their names to all succeeding porters; he was a free-born son of the soil, who appeared proudly conscious of being the countryman of Tell and Hofer, and feelingly alive to every recollection which had a tendency to awaken his patriotism. He was, therefore, an excellent

cicerone, and many a steep ascent did he beguile of its weariness by his conversation. He pointed out to me all the remarkable sites which we passed; the lake and battle-field of Morat; the feudal castles of Colombier and Granson, and the island of Jean Jacques; he recommended to me the various objects which I ought to visit at Neufchâtel, at Yverdun (for such was our route), and finally at Lausanne. But, independently of this local information, he gave me an account of himself, which interested me still more. His native home, he said, was at Montreux, a few miles beyond Vevay, "*l'endroit le plus riant du monde.*" He had been absent about six months on a long excursion into the north of Germany and Holland, returning by the Rhine, and through the Breisgau. He looked forward to the moment of rejoining his family with feelings of deep interest, as he freely told me; not merely on account of his parents, but in consequence of the position in which he was placed with regard to a young maiden of Villeneuve,—"the prettiest girl in the Canton," he added, with an assured air, to whom he was affianced, and whose hand he was now about to claim, as her father had promised him on the day when he last departed; the maiden's consent had *somehow* been obtained *before*. He had saved some little money during his journey. "But her father," he said, "is a comfortable man; he has only one child besides Adèle, a son, named Adolphe, a clever, bold jäger, a little gay, perhaps, but as good a fellow as ever breathed; so that Master Dupont can afford to establish our *ménage* as well as that of any in the Commune." In addition to these personal revelations, Theodore also informed me that he had a charge of some consequence to deliver at a château near Vevay; he should proceed thither with the carriage; and, as he spoke in such high terms of his own village, it was soon arranged that I should fix my head-quarters at Montreux, and visit Lausanne on my return homewards.

Accordingly, my stay there was very short, as Theodore's impatience to get on increased as we approached the end of our journey.

It was a bright morning in July when we left the city, and skirted the shores of Lake Leman, fresh beauties rising every moment before us. Theodore was in high spirits; he sang and talked without intermission, and the effect was contagious; his horses even seemed animated by the same spirit, and we moved gaily forward. Passing through Vevay, we paused as we ascended a slight acclivity, where the roads separated.

"That is the road to Montreux," said Theodore, indicating the right-hand one; but, if monsieur pleases, this is the one I must take. The *détour* is not much, and will make hardly an hour's difference."

"I suppose, then, Theodore, that *somebody* lives hereabouts whom you wish to see before the rest?"

"Ah, sir; you mean Adèle. No! her father's house is *beyond* Montreux. I must take this road to deliver the charge of which I spoke, at the Château de Blonay; the view is so fine, you will scarcely regret the delay."

In this region of romance the expectant traveller runs no risk of disappointment, as the reality far exceeds description.

We leisurely ascended the mountain-slope, discovering at each turn of the road some snowy peak, or lofty Alp, previously hidden from the view; at length we gained a level space, and emerging from a thick growth of chestnut and mountain-ash, we beheld before

us the time-worn towers and lofty turrets of the Château de Blonay.

The original building—and much of it yet remains—was built as far back as the tenth century, and the architecture of the whole is little less antique. It stands, a fine relic of feudal times, on a slight eminence, in the midst of a small but fertile plain, and is nearly surrounded by lofty mountains. On the side towards the lake the prospect is unimpeded, and from the aëry of the donjon-keep, or embattled turrets, the gazer's eye may wander amid the majestic range of icy chains of Mont Blanc on the one hand, or till it loses itself in the purple line of the far-distant Jura on the other.

"And who lives here, Theodore?" I demanded. "Have you any famous baron in this magnificent castle, any 'redoutable seigneur,' who still raises *corvée* and *gabelle* on the surrounding peasantry, his serfs?"

"No, monsieur; the proprietor is old M. de Blonay, who lives principally at Lausanne, and all he raises here is the rent from his vineyards, and the price at which he lets the château."

"It is let at present, then, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur; to a Dutch lady, Madame Van Helmont, a very kind, good person; she has lived here these three years, and has made the gardens quite a show! It is she whom my business concerns. She receives her income annually from Amsterdam; and my journey being to that city, I was commissioned to bring it to her. Here it is!" he added, producing a canvass-bag from a small case under one of the carriage-seats. "Two hundred louis-d'ors, as the banker sent them."

"And had you no fear of being robbed, Theodore, with such a sum, and travelling such a circuitous route?"

"Oh, no; few people now-a-days would think of stopping a poor vetturino, at least on this side the Alps; besides," he added, smiling, "I know how to conceal, and—if needs must—defend my charge; as to the time, Madame Van Helmont was in no hurry, so, you see, monsieur, it was not possible to manage it better."

I could not but admire the primitive manner in which this commercial affair had been conducted; and while I was pleased with the steady honesty of the vetturino, I felt deeply impressed with the confiding simplicity of his employer, and experienced a strong desire to become acquainted with Madame Van Helmont.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHATELAINE.

She gave relief—abundant, kind.—CRABBE.

WHILE I was reflecting on the matter, Theodore approached a little wicket, and rang the bell for admittance; the door was shortly opened, and "a mayden curteis" stood before us. In our travelling zeal we had forgotten that it was Sunday, and were only reminded of it by Annette's informing us that her mistress was at church.

"But her stay cannot now be long, and if monsieur would like to see the château, Madame Van Helmont will feel highly gratified on her return.

As I wished for nothing better, I gladly assented to the proposition, and in a few minutes I was enjoying, from a noble oriel window in one of the vast apartments of the castle, the splendid view I have already described. I had not been long engaged in contemplating the magnificent scene, when I heard the sound of wheels approaching, and presently a neat little *char-à-banc* drove up to the gate of the château, in which I could distinguish the figure of an elderly female, whom I rightly judged to be the mistress of the mansion. I descended, of course, to pay my respects; but found Madame Van Helmont already informed of the cause of my visit.

"I am glad, monsieur," said she, "that Theodore's punctuality has been the means of procuring me a visitor to my antique abode. I hope you have not felt *ennui* from the interruption of your journey."

"*Ennui*, madame," I answered, "can rarely find its abode in the Château de Blonay; it must certainly have been an entire stranger since your residence here. The signs of employment are too manifest."

"Ah, that is our country's custom; we Dutch resemble our good friends, the Swiss,—we like occupation. My garden, my bees, my flowers, my aviary, everything about me, in short, furnishes me with the materials; but I forget that you are a traveller, and I dare say Annette has never once thought of the most necessary part of a traveller's welcome. You must take some refreshment; Annette, child, bestir yourself. Monsieur must judge if the dairy of Blonay is discredited by Dutch management; and tell Theodore to come to me in the *grande salle*."

Meanwhile the old lady offered to conduct me through her sunny parterres, glowing with the richest hues of roses of every dye, carnations, ranunculuses, and the not-forgotten tulip. The old walls teemed with ripening fruit, and from out the rents which time had rifted at their base the quick-eyed lizard darted across the path; once or twice, too, a gaudy, harmless snake, disturbed from its coil, where it lay basking in the sun, quickly unfolded itself, and fled amid the dry grass to its retreat.

Madame Van Helmont was a person of considerable taste, with a frank, open disposition, which led her to speak freely of her situation and pursuits. The consequences of the first revolution in France had deprived her of her husband and son, both of whom had fallen in the Dutch service, and had eventually caused her departure from her native soil. During the latter part of the war she had resided in France, but, subsequently to the battle of Waterloo, had returned to her home near Amsterdam. But she no longer felt that it *was* her home; the great charm, the once familiar faces were gone, and after a short residence, she sought that amusement in travel which was denied to her in repose.

She had visited the greater part of Europe, and had even extended her excursions to the shores of Asia; but time and satiety at length wrought their effect. She became weary of wandering, and finally resolved to take up her abode on the banks of the beautiful Lake of Geneva. The Château de Blonay offered itself, and she became the willing tenant. Here, among books, and flowers, and domestic occupations, she passed her time cheerfully and happily; doing good in her limited sphere, and hailed with affection and re-

spect by her dependents, and the surrounding peasantry, to whose wants she amply ministered, and, thus occupied, she found no cause to regret the choice she had made.

I felt highly interested as I listened to the quiet, unaffected manner in which Madame Van Helmont detailed her narration, and her calm look and benevolent smile added much to the impression.

After a short promenade we entered the château, where we found preparations had been made for a substantial repast. Madame Van Helmont did the honours with simple hospitality, and a traveller's appetite did justice to the rest. While thus engaged, a gentle tap was heard at the door, and Theodore entered, laden with his bag of gold,—for even in pastoral Switzerland gold is a requisite for happiness. He drew back on perceiving that Madame Van Helmont was not alone, but she desired him to enter.

"Our business," she said, "is not complicated; and monsieur will excuse its transaction here. Count the money, Theodore, to satisfy *yourself*, while I write your *quittance*."

Theodore came to the table, and deposited the bag; he broke the seal, and endeavoured to untie the careful knot, which, for greater security, had been twisted round the neck; but his efforts were fruitless, and to solve the Gordian mystery, he produced an enormous clasp-knife from a side-pocket, which he displayed somewhat ostentatiously as he said, with a smile, "Ca vient de *Bermigan!* c'est Anglais ce coûteau-là." His English blade soon effected the desired purpose, and the rouleaux were speedily disclosed.

I could scarcely tell what circumstance induced me to note an episode apparently so unimportant; perhaps it arose from the interest which I took in the whole proceeding, perhaps from one of those causes which one seeks in vain to define, nevertheless it made a strong impression on me.

The tale was, of course, complete, and Madame Van Helmont insisted on rewarding Theodore with a present of five louis, to which at first he sturdily objected, but the words "*corbeille*" and "*ménage*" effected a relaxation in his denial, and with a look of grateful acknowledgment, he followed the clown's example, and did "empetticoat the gratillity." I now rose to take leave, after resisting repeated solicitations to prolong my repast, or take a parting glass of *anisette* or *curaçoa double;* but I did not decline Madame Van Helmont's hospitality without willingly acceding to her request that I would pay an early visit to the château, when she hoped to shew me more than I had yet been able to observe.

CHAPTER III.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES.

The hope, and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of ev'ry man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
King Henry IV. Part I.

Descending by Clarens and the Château de Chatelard, we soon arrived within sight of the spire of Montreux, and many minutes had not elapsed before I was safely deposited at the door of the Hôtel de

la Couronne, where I resolved to establish myself. Theodore took leave of me with many expressions of thankfulness, and wended gaily on towards Villeneuve, while I once more found myself alone on the spot where I had so much desired to be.

It is not my purpose at this moment to dwell in tourist's phrase upon the many beauties of this romantic region, nor shall I describe my pilgrimages to Chillon, to Meillerie, and to St. Gingoulph; my wanderings amongst the wooded heights above Montreux, nor the many—to me—perilous attempts in search of the picturesque. But after the lapse of a few days, when a pause from my first exertions, permitted me a moment's leisure, I thought of the Château de Blonay and its inmate, and called to mind my neglect in not having sooner inquired after my friend Theodore, the Vetturino.

"Do you know," said I one morning to mine host of the Couronne, Monsieur Visinard,—"can you point out to me where Theodore the Vetturino lives? I thought I should have seen him before this, and expected to have congratulated him on his prospects; but I suppose he has been too much occupied since his return to remember the interest with which he inspired me during our journey."

"Ah, monsieur, he is a good young man, poor Theodore!" replied Monsieur Visinard with an ominous shake of the head, and a countenance of real seriousness, "I fear something untoward has happened to thwart his views during his absence."

"It grieves me to hear it," I answered. "I hope the girl to whom he was betrothed has not played him false; he would feel that most."

"No, it is not that, sir; Adèle is a good girl, and loves Theodore truly, I believe, as a maiden should who is about to plight her faith to the object of her choice; but circumstances have occurred in her family which may scarcely render it advisable for them to be married."

"You surprise me," returned I. "I thought all was arranged for their marriage?"

"So it was, sir; but I will tell you what has happened. You see, sir, Adèle has a brother, a fine, smart young fellow, but a little too wild, and fonder of gay company than befits a lad brought up at the foot of the Dent de Jarman; he was always of a roving, daring disposition, and while he followed the chamois, and scaled the mountain-peak, it was no matter; every Swiss should do the same; it is but natural to him. I like it myself, though I am married, and have four children. But the sports of the field were not enough for him, and Lausanne lying so near, he got a taste for the pleasures of the city, and fell in with a knot of young fellows like himself, who once had more money than wit, but had now exchanged commodities. Well, he liked this company, and by degrees began to absent himself continually from home, scarcely ever returning to Villeneuve, except to get money from his father to carry on this dissipated course of life at Lausanne, where they say he played at cards, and, even worse than that, spent his gains,—little enough, perhaps, if that were all,—on a tawdry Frenchwoman, a sort of cast-off mistress of one of his companions. I hope this last was only a report, for I should be sorry to think, bad as he is, that he had quite forgotten a poor girl who loved him once, pretty little Therèse Brissac; but, be

that as it may, the courses he was following were too bad to last, and so his father told him, and Adèle intimated as much whenever she saw him, which was very seldom latterly, and only when he paid his flying visits with one or two of his gay friends. She has told my wife often, with tears in her eyes, that she had a foreboding of some great evil in store for her; and when my wife replied that she was only love-sick because Theodore was away, she looked sadder still, and seemed to think that he was destined to be unhappy on her account. But, not to keep you too long, sir, — the end of this business did come, as everybody predicted. Adolphe, disregarding every affectionate and parental remonstrance, became deeply involved, and, trying to retrieve himself, played for very high stakes, which he lost, and being joint-possessor with his father of some lands, from whence their principal income was derived, he pledged their value to the amount he had rendered himself liable for; he even went further, and made himself responsible for what must prove utter ruin to his family if they consent to abide by the terms; and old Dupont is of such a disposition that I think he will not allow a stain to rest upon his name, if paying the money can wipe it off, though it reduce him to beggary; not that he would ever want while my house, or, indeed, any house in Montreux or Villeneuve, has a door to open to him; but it is a hard thing, monsieur, to be reduced from affluence to poverty, and that from no fault of one's own, but solely in consequence of having a spendthrift son."

"And Theodore, I suppose, has just learnt the unwelcome intelligence. How does he bear it?"

"Sadly enough; but still, manfully. He tries, my wife says, to cheer up Adèle, and tells her that if they have lost everything, he is still able to support her; but she tells me he is very much cast down to think of his friend Adolphe having behaved so ill, his own brother, as we may say, for they were brought up together."

Here ended Monsieur Visinard's communication, and it caused me much painful reflection. I resolved the following morning to pay my promised visit to Madame Van Helmont, in the hope that it might be in her power to devise the means of rendering assistance to the distressed family. It was at an early hour, therefore, that I bent my steps in the direction of the Château de Blonay.

CHAPTER IV.

MURDER.

> O, who hath done
> This deed? *Othello.*

The morning was lovely, and all things seemed to smile in the light of the sun as his rays came streaming down the gorge of the mountain, beneath which the castle stands. The vacherons were already busily tending their herds on the distant heights, and the tinkling bells of the flocks of goats could be faintly heard as they were led to browse on the lower ranges. Occasionally a peasant girl, in her high, bell-shaped straw-hat, wide sleeves, and short petticoats, with her long pannier on her back, and a staff to aid her in the steepest ascents, would greet me as she walked with rapid step in the direction of the châlets; and anon a knot of idle little urchins would issue from some cottage by the way-side, and clamour for

balzen; the vignerons were already at their labour, and the fresh perfume of the vines was shed deliciously on the morning air, as with leisure pace I moved towards Blonay.

On reaching the wicket I was surprised to find it unclosed; nevertheless I rang the bell, but no one answered to my summons. Again I pulled it violently, but obtained no answer.

"I will take the liberty, then," thought I, "of entering unannounced," and I passed into the garden. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "leave your gates open for a moment, and mischief is sure to be at work; the cattle have been here, and trodden down all the flowers."

As I drew near the hall-door, other signs of confusion were manifest; clothes were scattered about, the entrance-door stood open, and I heard a sound of voices as of women in lamentation. I moved tardily on, wondering what could be the cause of such an occurrence in this quiet spot; but the hall was deserted. I called loudly for Annette, and hearing voices in the corridor above, which runs round the interior of the court, I ascended a flight of steps, and proceeded in the direction of the noise. Through an open door a number of persons assembled in one of the inner rooms—a sleeping apartment, —and pushing by some of those who formed the outer circle of the crowd, I reached the spot to which all eyes seemed directed.

There, stretched on the floor, her night-clothes torn, her hair dishevelled, and weltering in her blood, was extended the lifeless form of Madame Van Helmont!

Beside her knelt Annette, weeping bitterly, and holding on her knees one of the passive hands of her murdered mistress.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, horror-stricken at the appalling spectacle, "say, what has happened? How comes this blood here? what accident has befallen madame?"

I gazed round the apartment; an expression of grief and horror was on every countenance; tears choked the utterance of many. At length one spoke. It was Claude Brissac, a young peasant, a *protégé* of Madame Van Helmont.

"Alas! monsieur, we are all ignorant of the cause of this dreadful event, but the fact is, that some villains have entered the château during the night, have plundered the money and jewels of madame, and consummated their crime by murdering the dear, kind, good, unfortunate old lady!"

"Is there no trace of the murderers?" I inquired,—"no clue by which to guide you? Who first discovered the sad catastrophe?"

"It was I, sir," sobbed Annette; "I went, as usual, this morning early to call my mistress, and knocked at her door several times without obtaining any answer; at length, thinking she might be ill, I ventured to go in, and found the chamber as you see, my poor mistress lying here quite dead, the secrétaire broken, and the casement open. My shrieks alarmed the gardener and his family; and before long all the neighbourhood. Oh, what a dreadful sight! what a terrible day!" and again she burst into a flood of tears.

"Where does the nearest *juge de paix* reside?" I asked; "has any one gone to Vevay, to inform the authorities there?"

I was answered in the affirmative.

"Let us examine the premises," I continued, "and endeavour to discover if any clue exists to guide us in our search after the assassins, for I judge there must have been several."

We accordingly commenced a general search; but, save the signs which had first attracted my attention on entering the garden, nothing was perceptible. There were footmarks, it is true, in the soft mould under the window, but one had effaced the other, and nothing could be distinctly traced. At length an exclamation was heard from Claude Brissac, whose eye was attracted by something which glittered beneath a thick, tufted plant near the gate. He stooped down, and groping under the leaves, drew forth a large, open case-knife, the blade of which was notched and smeared with blood. He held it up in the air, exclaiming, "Here is the murderer's knife!"

I looked at it intently; it was an English blade, the maker's name, and the place, "Birmingham," were engraved upon it. A horrible fear entered my mind. "Could it be the same I saw in Theodore's hand when he unfastened the bag! Could *he* be the murderer!" It was too dreadful to entertain the idea! These thoughts passed like lightning through my brain, but I refrained from giving them utterance. "The kind, gay, light-hearted young man, whose every look but a few days before bespoke a mind fraught with innocence, could he in one moment have become a villain of the deepest dye? I would not imagine so. But the circumstances in which his friends were involved; their want of money; his knowledge of a source that could relieve them; and yet, as if robbery were not bad enough, why should murder have been superadded?" I dared not continue the questions which crowded my mind, but resolved to be guided by more conclusive evidence. The knife might *not* be his; or he might have lost it.

The weapon became the object of everybody's attention; it was passed from hand to hand, each person receiving it with a countenance expressive of awe and disgust, mingled with intense anxiety. No one appeared, however, to recognise it. I began to breathe freely. "Surely," thought I, "if it were Theodore's it would have been known directly."

At length a sallow little Cretin,—one Jacques Labarre, an ostler at Montreux, examined it; he possessed little of the finer feeling which influenced the peasantry about him; he took the knife eagerly, and looked at it with a scrutinising glance. The handle as well as the blade was covered with dirt and gore; he rubbed it with his sleeve, and his wide mouth distended with an ominous chuckle of self-satisfied ingenuity.

"See here!" said he; "here is a mark which perhaps may tell us who the owner is; who can read? There's something here which was not formed when the knife was made."

Every one crowded round him; he scraped with his nail, and half-a-dozen voices exclaimed at once, "'T. S.'—it is Theodore's! Yes! it is his name, Theodore Saintré!"

On hearing this worst suspicion confirmed, my emotion was so great as almost to overpower me, and I leaned against the wall for support. A thousand painful feelings agitated those around me. Every one seemed to suffer from the shock; some looked incredulous; others quite bewildered; the Cretin alone remained quite unmoved, he smiled significantly, "Ce beau Theodore!" was all he muttered.

NOCTES NECTAREÆ.

Scene — Friendship, Wit, Wisdom, and the Materials. *Time* — approaching the small hours. *Present*—Deux jeunes hommes très convenables pour un petit thé.

Whiskey-Drinker. Colour, sir, is everything.

Cantab. Indeed! I thought that Irishmen observed in whiskey, as in love, the "*nimium ne crede colori*" principle.

Whiskey-Drinker. In love, my boy, you are pretty right as regards the great nation in general; and as regards myself, in particular, I confess to have paid most disinterested attention to all ages of the softer sex, from sixteen to fifty, and to all colours, if you'll just leave out downright ebony black.

Cantab. To the colour of your favourite "comforter" you *are* faithful. Now, as we cannot on this side of St. Patrick's herring-brook get a sight of the orthodox hue without difficulty, it would be consolatory to know those particular ones which we should avoid. Our Anglo-Irish whiskey boasts almost as many as Iris's bow.

Whiskey-Drinker. Barring the brightness. Ceres has nothing to say to the composition of such atrocious liquors, nor Iris to their general effect. The odious colours to avoid are the dirty-pale, like an icicle in a consumption, and the whity-brown, which most resembles a love-sick lady of the tropics.

Cantab. The "dirty-pale" is a corruption of the Scotch, I suppose, for I have always observed the Glenlivet and Fairintosh,—at least what I have seen of those distillations,—to be of a pure pellucid colour, like rock-water.

Whiskey-Drinker. Decidedly. The tavern-keepers mix water with the Scotch juice, to increase the quantity at the expense of the quality; and very often, to compensate for the diminished strength, they add vitriol, or spirits of soap.

Cantab. Spirits of soap!

Whiskey-Drinker. Well, there is something mighty soapy about it; for if you put a spoonful of it into either hand, and rub your palms together, you may have a patent lathering-box any morning you want to have a clean shave, grog-blossoms, and all. Now, the pure, unadulterated spirit raises no soap-suds, but evaporates as quickly as spirits of wine, or an Irishman's passion.

Cantab. Well, as to the "whity-brown?"

Whiskey-Drinker. That's murder in Irish! or, at least, manslaughter of the Irish staple by a dirty attempt to physic it with an infusion of burnt sugar, and doubly-diluted London stout.

Cantab. That, however, is the colour of the newest and most-approved of article in the London market.

Whiskey-Drinker. Of course it is. The Londoners, properly so called, are the quarest race of bipeds in the world. They won't have things natural, like other people, but coloured up to their own notions of the correct. Look at the sherries and brandies that are coloured for the London market. O Cockney! Cockney!! Cockney!!!

Cantab. And the genuine colour, after all—what may it be?

Whiskey-Drinker. The colour of Ceres' harvest-crown.

CANTAB. Straw-colour?

WHISKEY-DRINKER. With the sun shining through; the purest and brightest straw-colour.

CANTAB. And "unde derivatur?"

WHISKEY-DRINKER. From a three years' consignment of the pure distillation of "the barley-bree" to a sherry, or better still, a madeira butt; after which, from that fountain of beauty, "Medio de fonte leporum, &c.," nothing distasteful will arise, not even a headache, I'll warrant you."

CANTAB. But, supposing one does not find it convenient to live up to a butt of this whiskey; one in chambers like myself, for instance?

WHISKEY-DRINKER. Sure, one can live down to a small-beer cask, I suppose, or not call one's-self a hospitable gentleman; and, sure, one can fill that same little trifling rotundity of ten, twenty, or it may be, of five-and-twenty gallons' dimensions, with the nectar I speak of with pride and affection, and most conscientiously swear by. Then one can seal it up tight, and very tight, and much tighter than a pettifogger's conscience, or a woman's secret, and put it into a sack that has been accustomed to convey potatoes to the kitchen-ranges of "my lords and gentlemen," or the dwellings of the poor, and bury it in the ground.

CANTAB. Bury it in the ground!

WHISKEY-DRINKER. Exactly so. Indeed I'm not quite sure that it is a new idea; and I wish that your Cambridge Philosophical Society, or the Camden Society, or the Percy Society, or the Shakspeare Society, or the British Association, or the British and Foreign Institute, would enlighten us on the fact as to whether "sherris sack" was not sherry buried in a potato sack, and taken up from the tomb after a given time. Be this as it may, however, and I've seen far more absurd deductions from the *antique* swallowed without a grain of salt, good whiskey becomes much better by being buried for some time. One year in the ground is better than two above it— "post fata superstes,"—"post funera virtus;" try this plan, although, not having a rood of ground that calls you master, you be compelled to take a twelvemonth's lease of five feet square of some suburban cabbage garden to enable you to do so. If you afterwards repent the trial on putting your treasure-trove to your lips, you may call me Scroggins's Ghost, or the Flying Dutchman; or condemn me to circumambulate the sea-girt isle of Britain with dancing dogs, white mice, a bear, a monkey, and a hurdy-gurdy for the remainder of my rational existence.

CANTAB. By Jove, this "death of the sack" is very extraordinary.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. Not half so extraordinary as the resurrection. 'Tis then you get the value of your spirited improvement, and a tenfold return for your investment in the soil.

CANTAB. Bravo, Paddy! You speak in the true spirit of a tenant farmer. Your evidence in behalf of the body in general would figure well in Lord Devon's Blue Book.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. I am the son of one whose sagacity in whiskey is on a par with his georgics, and whose

"Constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home!"

CANTAB. And it appears too plainly that your

Ad Fontem Sonam,

IN PATRIO FUNDO, DUM ROMÂ REDIISSET.

Fons innocenti lucidus magis vitro
  Purâque purior nive,
Pagi voluptas, una Nympharum sitis,
  Ocelle natalis soli,
Longis viarum languidus laboribus
  Et mole curarum gravis
Thuscis ab usque gentibus redux, tibi
  Accline prosterno latus :
Permitte siccus, quà potes, premi, cavâ
  Permitte libari manu.
Sic te quietum nulla perturbet pecus,
  Ramúsve lapsus arbore :
Sic dum loquaci prata garritu secas,
  Et lætus audiri salis ;
Assibilantes populetorum comæ
  Ingrata ponant murmura
Tibi, lyræque Vatis : haud frustrà sacer
  Nam si quid VRBANUS probat,
Olim fluenti lenè Blandusiæ nihil
  Aut Sirmioni debeas.

The Poet to the Fountain of Sona,

ON HIS PATERNAL FARM, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM ROME.

Fountain, whose sweet waters flow
Purer than the purest snow,
Sparkling with reflective light,
Than a mirror's far more bright,
Hail to thee, the hamlet's pride !
Blessings on thy mossy side,—
Where the Naiads drink the wave,
And their light limbs gently lave !
Eyelet of my parent earth,
Watering my place of birth,
Pity me, with travel worn !
Many a league, with care forlorn,
I have come from Italy,
Fountain, to revisit thee !
Let me stretch my weary side
'Mid the wild flowers by thy side ;
Let me cool my parch'd lips, and
Pledge thee in my hollow hand !
May no flocks with footsteps rude
Desecrate thy solitude !
May no fallen branch of tree
Ruffle thy tranquillity !
Whilst the meads your waves divide,
Murmuring, sparkling as they glide,
May the poplars whistling shrill,
And the vocal winds be still,
List'ning to thy song and mine,
Which shall make thee all divine.
If my URBAN bless thy name,
Thou art consecrate to fame ;
Old Blandusia's wave of glass
Henceforth shall not thine surpass ;
Nor the scenes through which you flow
Yield to classic Sirmio.

At this stage of the entertainment the Whiskey-Drinker's handmaiden enters, with "Please, sir, Mr. O'Daly is below ;" upon which intimation she receives brief instructions to "*rowl up the piper.*" Shortly afterwards a heavy step is heard near, and more near, advancing up the winding stair, accompanied by the eccentric sibilation of one who had evidently whistled at the plough, to the air of "Moll Roe in the morning." The anabasis accomplished, a hoarse voice, less indistinct as it approaches along the corridor, trolls merrily,

"In winter 'tis you makes me warm and hearty ;
  In summer, my darling, you cools me like ice ;
Coming home from a wake or a gay jolly party,
  Och, sweet '*duch an durris*,' I likes your advice !
Ri toory la loo, ri toory la loory li,
Ri toory la loory, ri toory la lay—ah !"

After which the door opens, and, striding into the apartment with the gay air and free carriage of one of Nature's troubadours, appears a remarkably fine-looking young man, tall in stature, and straight as a pine-tree of Mount Ida, with black hair, whiskers ditto, and eyes to match, a green 'kerchief, carelessly tied in a sailor's knot, round his noble throat, which it leaves freely revealed ; a dark blue coat, with gilt buttons ; white swansdown waistcoat, with a shamrock deftly

worked thereon; and fawn-coloured cassimir indispensibles. This splendid specimen of the dark Irishman of Iberian blood, fixing on the welcoming host his laughing eye, and stretching towards him a hand as large as a leg of mutton, which is grasped in reciprocation, *sic inde loquitur:*

O'DALY. Och, Master Pat, Master Pat, wasn't to-night a proud day for ould Ireland?

WHISKEY-DRINKER. O'Daly, my fine fellow, I 'm glad to see you, late or early. Help yourself to the large horn goblet bound in silver, with the ponderous wooden sugar-smasher in it, standing like a pestle and mortar on the top of the dumb-waiter, and bring your keel to an anchor in the harbour of that vacant easy-chair. Here 's the saccharine, and here 's the scald, and here 's the *rawsin*. Fill up your chalice, and tell us all about it. You look as if you had been at a dance.

O'DALY. At a dance! No, nor a wake either. Bad manners to you, Master Pat, wasn't I at the dinner?

WHISKEY-DRIKKER. What dinner?

O'DALY. What dinner? Why, Dan's, to be sure. What dinner! And that 's the cowld way you ax all about the glorious news. What dinner, indeed! och mille murder! This is wonderful fine drinking, anyhow, and mighty comfortable and convaynient to warm one's throat, after all the cowld wine I tuk in drinking the Queen's health and Dan's, and hob-nobbing wid the ladies.

CANTAB. It was a grand affair, then, Mr. O'Daly, this banquet at Covent Garden to your liberator?

O'DALY. Troth, you may say that, ma vouchalleen. Emancipation was a fool, the three days of July all blatherumskite, and the battle of Anghrim only a cock-fight to it.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. But I thought *you* could not with propriety, nor indeed with safety, go to a political meeting, as the Queen's piper. You are a ministerial personage.

CANTAB. Oh, is Mr. O'Daly the celebrated Terry the piper, who played before her Majesty and the French court, at the Château D'Eu?

O'DALY. The very same, and at your sarvice, sir; but not *piper*, if you plaise. I have the honour and felicity to be her Majesty's coort musicianer, by royal appintment, framed, glazed, and hung up in the windy.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. Are you quite sure that it may not turn out unpleasantly for you, in case of its being heard in the highest quarter of the realm that you interfere in politics?

O'DALY. Lave me alone for that. Sure there was no politics to be broached, barring in friendship; and no more there wasn't at all at all, barring the fun of the thing; and, whether there was or not, maybe I wasn't sent there to bring home the news of what Dan tould the people.

CANTAB. What, to the palace?

O'DALY. And where else? Every inch of the way, and every word that was said.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. I suppose you can favour us with a recital by way of a full-dress rehearsal.

O'DALY. I suppose I can; and I suppose I must. Well, there was the world's wonder, and no end of people there, and them that

cleaned the trenchers in the pit were remarkably well-dressed, daycent men, some with white cravats, and some with black, and some with Donnybrooks, like myself; but the most gintlemanly part of the congregation was the ladies in the booths,which I was tould they call the boxes. Such grandeur, such dresses, such raal quality, such beauty, my jewel, such burgamot, such owdycolonya, such lilies and rosies, such jillyflowers, and such white pocket-handkerchiefs! There was one purty crather in the stage-booth, on the left-hand side of the chairman, dressed in white muslin, as tall as a queen-lily, and her hair black and shining like the raven's wing, and her eye darting fire like a basilisk, that you might light your pipe at it, and her beautiful arms as white as an egg-shell; and she stood up almost the whole time, and clapped her little hands, and waived her delicate bit of white fringe, and enjoyed herself like a thrue pathriot when Dan was laying down the law to us, and delivering his noration. Troth I couldn't ate my dinner comfortably, gazing at her till the tears came into my eyes, though I drank the more. And, says I, "Young woman, you're the bright Phaynix of the world," says I; "and I wish that one Terry O'Daly was an aigle of nobility for *your* sake and *his own*, poor boy!" says I. And with that the trumpets cried out, loo ra loo! loo ra loo! too ra loo ra loo ra loo! the same as they call the sodgers home to barracks, or the bugle-call at break of day. And a fat little chap behind the chair roared out like a lion, "Fill up, you divils, and bad luck to the daylights," says he; "the chair is going for to discoorse yez." And then Tommy Duncombe, the mimber for Funsbery, spoke up for the ould country like a Briton, and he tould us he had always a regard for *Granuail*, although he never saw her purty face; and says he, "The Queen, God bless her, is Queen of Ireland as well as the rest of the world, and she'll go next summer and see Paddy's land. And why not? for who is to purvint her?" says Tom. "And thin," says he, "the ruction would be quashed as aisy as anything, aisy as shelling pays or drinkin' ould whiskey; and people would have payce and quiet, and the Queen's sarvints and horses would spind money there," says he, "and make the mare go, and do good to thrade. And as for my friend, Dan," says he, "I'd like to see the man that'll lay the tip of his little finger on the tip-top curl of his brown wig—Hookey Walker!—my eye and Betty Martin! So let us give ninety times nine for Dan," says bowld rattling Tommy Duncombe. Ah! then if you could only see the sight, such a storm of delight, such a regular whirlpool of enchusiism, the men dancin' and jumpin', and crying hurroo! and the ladies waving their shawls and pocket-handkerchiefs; and the fuglemen, with the trombonies, cried out "Silence!" and made more noise themselves than the rest of the place put together. Well, then, my jewels, Dan got up at last, and began to talk to them in his own sweet, soft butther-'em-up and sliddher-'em-down accintuation, and he said he never saw such a gathering of the boys and girls afore in his born days, and that he'd go to jail or to Jericho for twenty years to see the likes agin. But when he began to throw the soft sawdher into the ladies' laps, and to talk about angels, and seraphs, and diamond-eyes, and the terrustrial paradise, the darling beauties of the world cried out as how they couldn't hear him, bekaise he was too far aff; and may be they didn't want to see all that was of him besides; for,

d'ye see, you couldn't see no more of him than from his chest, or, at most, his waistband up. So out they had *him*, and up they had him on top of a dale table in the face of the country, and he looked as fresh as a three-year-owld, red and rosy, in a rifle-green frock, and a boa-constricther round his neck. Every now and then, when he was going to give something good, he gave a twist to the curls of his brown wig, as much as to say to his innimies, "Take care of your corns; for I 'm going for to be down on the top of yez." I was just undher him, do ye see, and swallowed every word that dropt from him as sweet and beautiful as the blessed dew in my father's green fields of a May-day morning. And sure they all listened to him, Sassenachs though they were; and the men were going mad wid joy; and as for the women, they cried sometimes, and then laughed away the drops that came trickling down, and then cried again. And sure we all made it up, as the little boys do at school, and we said we 'd call each other no dirty nicknames no more; and nothing happened to disturb our joscularity, but a great fat fellow just opposite me that interrupted Dan, and wanted him to say something about the ninety-nine p'ints of the charter and unyvarsal suffrance; and I said to him, "Howld your prate," says I, "or I 'll jump down your throat, you uncommon omedhaun," says I. "You 'd have no room there, Paddy, if you did," says a smart young gintleman on my right; "bekaise he 's choke-full to the chin already with grubbery, and no more room for inside passengers," says he. "But sure we 'd make room for a wisp in the baste's mouth," says I; "and, if we dipped it in whiskey, may be he wouldn't have no objections," says I, giving back my young joker his shuttlecock as spruce as he sent it. Well, d' ye see, Dan went on talking music to them as sweet as my own pipes when they play Ailleen Aroon, or Paddy Whack, or some other complaintive ditty for the Queen; and he tould thim that the music of his voice would be sung upon the wings of the steam-press to the four quarthers of the Europeyan world, and to Ameri-kay, and wherever the Inglish lingo was heard, spoken, interpreted, and understood. And says he, "We 've all made up," says he. "There 's no difference betwuxt the two countries now, barring the accent; and I think Paddy's is the right one, after all, although it may be sometimes too loud. Yez are all brave and hearty chaps, and able to bate the world before yez; and don't yez like to see a man stand up like a man, and speak out loud when he has got any-thing to say," says Dan, says he; "and sure all I said," says he, "was, that we never had luck, nor grace, nor payce, nor comfort in the ould country, since Billy Pitt stole away the Union in a tin box from the Pigeon House; and I 'll say so till I die," says he. "Sure locking me up won't take any shavings off my lips, nor file the rough edge off my tongue, nor stick a pin-hole in my bellows, nor take the fire out of the ould man," says he; "but I 'm not there yet," says he, putting his finger to his nose; "and if I am, I must go through it," says he, "and die game to the last," says he; "for, as Homer observes most beautifully," says he,

> "What though we soon must go to quod,
> Where pathriots went before;
> Yet in the cell, as on the sod,
> We 're Paddies evermore!"

"And if I do go," says Dan, "sure I 'll be with the best of company,

and have as regular a staff of follyers as Bonnyparte had in the island of Saint Helena. I 'll have Father Tierney for my chaplain, and Doctor Gray for my physicianer, and my darling son, John, for my seckretayry, and Ray for my purse-bearer, and Tom Steele for my hinchman, and Dick Barrett for my historian, and the Nation man for my poet; and all I 'll want, then, would be a blind harper, to make me as merry as an Irish King, as great as Ollam Fodhla, or Brian Boroo!" Well, when he threw out that insinivation, d' ye see, I was just at that minute on the pop of saying to him, "If an Irish piper, sir, would do as well, you wouldn't have to go far to borry him;" but I thought of my snug warm place, and the grandher of my new sitivation, and says I to myself, "Terry O'Daly, you 've as good a right to be a good boy, and take care of yourself, as Mister Shiel, or Mister Wyse of Watherford, or Mister Moore O'Farrel, or any other of the Catholic gintlemen who held places under government, like yourself, and didn't come to the dinner, or, if they did, sure they howld their tongues, or hide themselves behind the curtains in the boxes. So, d'ye see, I kept my under-jaw close, and said nothing to nobody. And now, to make a long story short, that 's all I recollect of Dan's speech, for I 'm getting quite obfuskificated like, d' ye see, and my jaws are as dry as a lime-burner's galligaskins. Musha, this is a fine big tumbler, Master Pat, made out of a cow's heel, or a ram's horn, maybe; but I wondher where all the licker is gone to that was in it when I began my shanaghus?

WHISKEY-DRINKER. Fill again, true son of Apollo, and take another Havannah, for the one you have been essaying to puff at intervals you have allowed to go out, and have relit it at least fifty times.

CANTAB. I am afraid, Mr. O'Daly, that if you give her Majesty and the royal circle the same version of O'Connell's speech as you have just given to us, they will find it not exactly the same as the reports of it in the morning papers.

O'DALY. And that 's the reason I was sent to tell the truth to her Majesty and the Royal Circus, bekase, you see, there 's no believing the papers since the Kilrush Petty Session's man swore in open coort in Dublin, the other day, that he gingered his reports for the Cockneys.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. O'Daly alludes to a witness examined on the late state trials.

CANTAB. Your own account, however, of the scene you have just witnessed, Mr. O'Daly, is rather a spicy one.

O'DALY. Not half so spicy as that shaver's. What do you think of him telling a story once about a man being summoned before the justices for a brayche of the payce, for damaging the eye-sight of a neighbour's bull by flinging a fistful of snuff in his eyes to stop his bawlin' and roarin', which was disturbin' the neighbours. And so, when the bull got the snuff in his eyes, he comminced for to sneeze, in coorse, and to roar wid the pain in his eyes, which was blinded up like a bat's, and the wather came down his nostrils in pailfuls, and he danced about, quite mad, and why wouldn't he, poor baste! for he couldn't help it, says the Kilrush man, bekaise bulls don't carry pocket-handkerchiefs. Who could depind upon such chaps, after that?

CANTAB. So you don't like spice?

O'DALY. Troth, I don't; only a little shake-down of black-pepper on a dish of butthered turnips, or an Irish s-t-phew!

CANTAB. An Irish what?

WHISKEY-DRINKER. An Irish stew. You must whistle it, as you do the name of your present master of Trin. Col. Cam. Some names must be sneezed, some laughed, and some whistled.

CANTAB. And an Irish stew is a capital system; almost as good a thing as an Irish song. Could you not favour us, Mr. O'Daly, with a stave; and if you feel the want of your instrument to cheer you on, your worthy foster-brother will turn round to the Broadwood to assist you.

O'DALY. 'Troth, I would sir, and welcome; but, you see, I 'm as hoarse as Moll Rooney's pig, cheering and shouting for Dan; and more, betoken, I 'm to sing for the coort at the next levy, so I must be sparin' of my voice, *ma vich*, for that and my musical instrument is my stock-in-thrade, d' ye see. There 's Master Pat sings like a thrush in a bush, or a green linnet in a bunch of briars, and he 'll rise the cockles of your heart with that beautiful song upon the whiskey with which he playses the ladies when he goes out into private society.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. Did you never hear it?

CANTAB. Not that I recollect.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. What, not remember Ben Morgan singing at his snug little public in Maiden Lane some years ago?

CANTAB. No, I can't say that I do; but let us have it.

The Drinker turns to the piano, and having taken a racy Irish flight among the top-notes of the treble, and rolled out an equal number of responsive harmonies in the bass, after the manner — to use his own words — of a cat playing a fiddle, he thus debouched into the vocal department.

A Merry and Marvellous Ditty on the Mountain Dew.

AIR—*Fill the bumper fair.*

Whiskey—drink divine!
Why should driv'llers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we 've thee before us?
Were it not a shame,
Whilst we gaily fling thee
To our lips of flame,
If we would not sing thee!

CHORUS.

Whiskey—drink divine!
Why should driv'llers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we 've thee before us?

Greek and Roman sung
Chian and Falernian;
Shall no harp be strung
To thy praise Hibernian?
Yes; let Erin's sons,
Generous, brave, and frisky,
Tell the world at once
They owe it to their whiskey!
Whiskey—drink divine! &c.

If Anacreon, who
Was the grapes' best poet,
Drank the Mountain Dew,
How his verse would show it!
As the best then known,
He to wine was civil;
Had he Innishowen
He 'd pitch wine to the *divil!*
Whiskey—drink divine! &c.

Bright as Beauty's eye
When no sorrow veils it;
Sweet as Beauty's sigh
When Young Love inhales it;
Come thou, to my lip!
Come, oh, rich in blisses!
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses!
Whiskey—drink divine! &c.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole grove of bays
Should my brows encumber.

Be his name adored
  Who summ'd up thy merits
In one little word,
  When he called thee "SPERRITS!"
    Whiskey—drink divine! &c.

Send it gaily round;
  Life would be no pleasure
If we had not found
  This immortal treasure.

And when tyrant Death's
  Arrows shall transfix you,
Let your latest breaths
  Be "Whiskey! whiskey!! whiskey!!!"

CHORUS.

Whiskey—drink divine!
  Why should driv'llers bore us
With the praise of wine,
  Whilst we 've thee before us?

There 's a bacchanalian lilt for you, worth ten thousand namby-pambyisms about cape wine, and luke-warm wather.

CANTAB. By the body of Bacchus, it is one of the best I have ever heard on the all-inspiring subject. Whose is it?

WHISKEY-DRINKER. It was written by a very worthy and gifted friend of mine, a distinguished member of the public press. He would write more such songs as the one I have just sung, and by all the nine Muses, and Apollo to boot, there is great room for a good song-writer in these days of lyrical charlatanism, but that he has not time, nor, perhaps, inclination, if he had time, for the never-ending and all-wasting avocations of the daily press takes the fire out of many a poetic spirit that might otherwise have burned with a worshipped light, and taken its place among the stars.

CANTAB. I am one of those who think, now that literary pensions have been granted, that the reporters, at least, who have attended parliament for the great morning journals for twenty years ought to be pensioned liberally by the nation, to enable them to spend the rest of their days in ease and comfort. But, with respect to the fine song which I have just heard, it is a pity it is not better known.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. And I am determined that it shall be, and universally known too, for I have metamorphosed it into the language which once gave laws to the nations of the earth, and is still understood and cherished by every educated drinker in creation. Listen, Saxon, with all your ears!

Ad Rorem Montanum. Dithyrambus.

VITÆ Ros divine!
  Vinum quis laudaret
Te præsente—quis
  Palmam Vino daret?
Proh pudor! immemores
  Tui, dum te libamus,
Ore flammato tuos
  Honores non canamus?

CHORUS.

Vitæ Ros divine!
  Vinum quis laudaret
Te præsente—quis
  Palmam vino daret?

Veteres Falernum
  Chiumque laudavêre;
De te nefas filios
  Hibernice silere!
Nam fortes et protervi
  Hibernice habentur;
Tibique has virtutes
  Debere confitentur.
    VITÆ Ros divine! &c.

Teius Lyæi
  Cecinit honorem;
Cecinisset dulcius
  Montanum ille Rorem!
HORDEARIUM si
  Forte libavisset,
Ad inferos Lyæum,
  Anacreon misisset!
    VITÆ Ros divine! &c.

Clarior ocello
  Veneris ridente;
Suavior suspirio,
  Cupidine præsente!
Liceat beatis
  Te labris applicare,
Imbrem et basiorum
  Guttatim delibare!
    VITÆ Ros divine! &c.

Versibus pusillis
  Si satis te laudarem,
Lauro Apollinari
  Hæc tempora celarem.

Faustus ille semper
  Sit, et honoratus,
A quo "SPIRITUS" tu
  Meritò vocatus!
    VITÆ Ros divine! &c.

Ordine potemus
  Festivo recumbentes,
Cur vivere optemus
  Hoc munere egentes?

Cum te Libitina
  Telo vulnerabit,
"Nectar! Nectar!" spiritus
  Deficiens clamabit!

CHORUS.

Vitæ Ros divine!
  Vinum quis laudaret
Te præsente—quis
  Palmam vino daret?

Will that do, boy?

CANTAB. Supremely well, brave drinker of the dew.

O'DALY. The English of the matter is the thing for my money, as I wasn't edicated for the church, and the only bit of Latin I know is "*Dominus vobiscum*," which, now that I mind me, they didn't sing after dinner this evening at the Convent Garden playhouse.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. "Non nobis Domine" you mean; the usual chaunt after meat.

O'DALY. Well, sure it's all the same; the one, I'm tould, means, the Lord be with yez; and the other says, "No, he won't," and where's the differ; but this will never do, I'm to be up in the morning early, to give the Prince of Wales his lesson in Irish, and after that to practice my veriations on Prince Albert's march, and after that to call on the little broth-of-a-boy that you call the Irish Phygius—Mr. Johnny Jones, the skulptherer, that's taking Dan's burst in Irish marble; I promised to stand for him as one of the Grecian statties, representing the man of the people as Phayton driving an Irish curricle through the air, and setting the world in a blaze.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. Good night, my boy; and do you hear me, O'Daly, have your pipes in readiness, for I mean to introduce you to some distinguished friends in these apartments some night before long.

O'DALY. Very well, sir; I'm the boy for bewitching them. So come along, Mister Englishman, your honour, if you're for the street, and want a safe convoy.

CANTAB. Indeed it's high time for all but irredeemable night-crows, and birds of ill omen, to retire to their roosts.

WHISKEY-DRINKER. No! no!

"Fly not yet: 'tis just the hour."

CANTAB. Say rather

"Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite capellæ."

O'DALY. I wish they taught me Latin instead of the pipes, and I'd be a mimber of Parlymint; but come along, sir, I can match you in sweet poethry.

[Going down the stairs rather irregularly, and chaunting the following strange version of "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut" in an undeniable Irish brogue:—

Och! it is the moon, I sees her horns,
That shining in the West, d' ye see;
She's goin' to bed, and it's time to go home
To our wives, and quit the companee!]

THE DIVAN.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AT THE HAYMARKET.

QUITE a new view of theatrical affairs, and an immense field for practical economy in their management has been lately opened by the production of *"The Taming of the Shrew"* at the Haymarket Theatre; the comedy being acted throughout without the aid of scenery, whilst the localities the characters are supposed to occupy indicated by the simple but ingenious process of exhibiting a scroll inscribed in fair capitals with *"A public place in Padua," "A chamber in Hortensio's house,"* &c. &c. What a brilliant thought was this, fraught with a long vista of retrenchments in theatrical expenditure worthy the brain of that great human save-all, Joe Hume! Here, at one blow, by the substitution of a contrivance beautiful in its simplicity, the whole army of scene-painters, carpenters, and shifters, are ingeniously swamped.

Nor must we see in it merely the stroke of an artful economist. There is more than this; there is a knowledge of philosophic truths, and an acuteness of deduction, which in this dull age is not often met with. The pleasures of imagination are great; Rogers has sung them, all have felt them, but it was left to the logical appreciation of the Haymarket manager to see that the pleasure would be greatest of all when all was left to the imagination. We trust that this doctrine will not have been promulgated in vain, and that it will have speedy followers. Easter is at hand, with its accompanying spectacles. Let managers seize the bright idea, and, to use a nautical phrase, "let go their painters," turn off their scene-shifters to shift for themselves, and trust to the imagination of the public. They may now produce the most gorgeous spectacles, utterly regardless of the expense; which, according to the new system, will be exactly nothing. Scenic effects of the most novel and complicated character may be got up,—that is, got over,—by a simple series of scrolls, and an appeal to the public to do themselves the pleasure of exerting their imaginations vigorously. More than this, the system may embrace in its sweep even the human accessories, and render the supernumeraries superfluous; for, does the manager wish, as in the "Beauty of Ghent," to introduce a *"grand analogous procession,"* let him write up that the same is supposed to cross the stage at some particular moment, and, with the aid of a little lively music, each spectator will be enabled to carry out his own idea of an "analogous procession" to his own satisfaction, thus avoiding all disappointments as to the effect.

We are not sure, indeed, that a still further application of this most pregnant thought may not be made in the matter of costumes. The actors might appear in their own clothes, and wear labels disposed in different parts of their persons, announcing what particular kind of raiment is supposed to cover them, as, for instance, "A slashed doublet of fine green velvet;" "A Spanish hat, with beautiful ostrich feathers;" "A handsome pair of scarlet hose." This, at the same time that it effected an immense saving, would produce a very striking *coup d'œil.* In fact, there is no knowing to what extent this noble confidence in the powers of imagination may be carried. It may one day, perhaps, in

its career of retrenchments, include even the profits of managers, the imagination of the public being at last educated to so high a point that they may be able to read a play at home, and fancy themselves at the theatre. Nevertheless, to the inventor of inscriptions in the place of scenery, honour is due. We believe there is in France, or somewhere, an "Academy of Inscriptions;" Mr. Webster ought decidedly to be elected an honorary member thereof.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

That season at last is beginning
Which Thomson knew nothing about.
The waltzers look forward to spinning,
Young ladies to being brought out.
The *Polka* has not yet come over,
(Galignani says naught else goes down,)
Twill soon cross the rough Straits of Dovor,
Viâ Folkestone and Tonbridge, to town.

Our fair little Queen is intending,
Along with her excellent spouse,
On Brighton no longer depending,
To seek the sea-breezes at Cowes.
The pepper-box palace unsightly
Will then be most likely pull'd down,
And streets in its stead, if built rightly,
Confer a new grace on the town,

The Opera advertised Zampa,
Fornasari was law-bound, and ill,
And so the first night was a damper,
Which left an unfortunate chill.
Adelia's notes fail'd to charm us,
Until, with her Circe-like wiles,
Forth bounded Carlotta to warm us,
And banish the gloom by her smiles.

The ballet 's enormously pretty;
Five *tableaux*, or acts — they 're the same,
Shew scenes in the *moyen age* city,
Which Hugo has handed to fame;
And Adelaide Frasi, *la bella*,
With wonderful eyes, black as coal.
I wish an acquaintance would tell her
To dance with a little more soul.

Still she 's lovely. From under her lashes
(As Buckstone would say, "Oh! them eyes!
Did you evar? I nevar!") there flashes
A brightness that language defies.
We 're glad Mr. Lumley has got her,
The "omnibus" hearts to enthral;
But still she don't equal Carlotta,
The loveliest—the first of them all.

Miss Edwards (*Signora Favanti*)
Has made a successful *début*,
Though most of the real *dilettanti*
Assert that she never can do.
She was called for, and kind friends applauded,
But yet we 're obliged to confess
Her powers have been over-lauded,
In spite of the whole of the press.

The "Venice," of which a description
We gave, is pack'd off; in its stead
They shew, in the Hall that 's "Egyptian,"
A dwarf, at a shilling a-head.
We may see at the Chinese Collection
The "Feast of the Lanterns" at night.
And the paradox learn, by inspection,
That their heaviest outlay is light.

And Balfe's "Marble Halls" is the song
At every rout we 've attended;
And Burford has painted Hong-Kong;
And Duprez's engagement has ended;
And swarms of fresh books are just printed,
Too often to lie on their shelves.
So, least such a fate should be hinted,
We think we will finish ourselves!

STREET PLACARDS.

There is not a feature in the present physiognomy of London more remarkable than those vast surfaces of variegated type that flare and flaunt upon every wall and hording which the work of destruction or improvement places at the mercy of the bill-sticker. Nor are these

only confined to the walls: they are seen parading with slow and pompous pace, through every thoroughfare, screaming, as it were, into one's eyes their startling announcements of "POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHTS!" their peremptory interrogations of "HAVE YOU SEEN" any temporary marvel? or their friendly counsel "TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY."

This method of taking the attention by storm, by attacking it with tremendous broadsides from the walls, or exposing it to a volley from a small boarding-party of about thirty-two, is growing to such a frightful extent, and the divers claimants to public notice appear to be endeavouring to trump each other in the dimensions of their placards, with such ferocity that for our parts we firmly believe London will one day be fairly "burked" with one of Monsieur Jullien's posters. As it is, to read an advertisement of his promenade concerts involves a little promenade in itself from one end of the bill to the other. What advantage is to be gained by the gigantic size of these bills is not apparent; unless they are meant to terrify the passenger into immediately rushing to the box-office, and purchasing a ticket. As to ourselves, they have a directly contrary effect. We believe that the worst things are always the best advertised; or, to use the old adage, that *the weakest always goes to the wall.*

Among the most striking of street-advertisements, we think is that of a cheap tailor; consisting of a curiously-constructed locomotive, round which are disposed in niches figures of gentlemen attired in fashionable garments of superfine saxony; and a little boy in a skeleton-suit, standing up by the driver. At first we were struck with horror at the sight: for, as they are all singularly deprived of their heads, we imagined that they were beheaded traitors, exhibited as a solemn warning, and that the driver was the public executioner. When, however, the project was explained, we admired its ingenuity. We are astonished that amongst his numerous contrivances to attract public notice, M. Jullien has never adopted that which is occasionally employed by the managers of ambulating circuses; and paraded the streets in an ornamental van with a portion of his band, occasionally treating the public to a gratuitous performance, and distributing the bills of the day.

Some years ago two or three caricatures were published, exhibiting a hording covered with bills, in which the cross-readings afforded by the posters were ludicrous enough. They were ingeniously arranged, but too artificially so to be correct. The dead walls in themselves afford much better matter for consideration: they are the type of the metropolis and its competitions. It has been well said, he must labour hard who would lift his head above the common herd in London. The success of one party is too generally founded on the downfal of another. The large placard attracts notice by overwhelming all the smaller ones about it; and the bills of widely-different enterprises follow the same anomalous arrangement as do the various undertakings and affairs of the great city; where life and death, pleasure and misery, affluence and starvation, walk hand-in-hand, and jostle one another upon the pavements. Walk to the city, and on your way to an excellent dinner at Markwell's, stop for an instant at the hording which now surrounds the Royal Exchange. You will see a large, "illuminated" placard, in which the names of DUPREZ, FLEURY, and ALBERT, are conspicuous, advertising the opera and ballet on the same evening, and

setting forth "the greatest attraction ever offered in one night." Immediately at the side of this is a small poster not a foot square. The ornamental portion of the theatrical bill forms a sort of border to one side of it, and it runs thus: — "FOUND DROWNED, a young woman, about twenty-two years of age, near the Thames Tunnel; dressed in a black silk gown, straw-bonnet, and black jean boots. Linen marked 'F. S.' Hair long, and dark-brown, and a slight scar on the forehead. The body lies, &c. &c." Close to this is an advertisement of a sale of "SPRING FASHIONS" from some house in the Borough, encroaching on that of a bankrupt's stock of wine; and half covered by this last, a list of prices for interment at some suburban cemetery,—a sickening proof that there is vanity in the tomb, from the "brick grave and desk-service" to the "private catacomb." Over this is the announcement of a little "child lost," on a small, ill-printed bill, and, from the address given, evidently of poor parents. At its side a scarlet placard of "MR. JOHN PARRY every night at the Haymarket, with his celebrated *buffo* scenes," and adjoining it a gasping *affiche* of "DISEASED LIVES ASSURED" at one of the thousand struggling offices.

But many of these placards are as singularly apposite in their chance arrangement, as they are, in other places, antithetical. There are several small blue bills, on which a gallant soldier is galloping furiously along upon horseback, pointing with his sword to some imaginary object of glory in front of him; and underneath we are told that "Several spirited young men are wanted immediately" to complete a dashing *corps* in one of the Honourable East India Company's regiments. At its side, the poster of a Sunday newspaper promises its fearful details of the "Slaughter in India," at the sanguinary capture of Gwalior. Then, close upon a reward offered for the capture of some one concerned in a late notorious case of swindling, is the information of a "Communication between Folkeston and Boulogne" by steamers working each tide. The remainder of the hording is covered by bills of actors' benefits, rude woodcuts of the principal scenes in some successful drama, and particulars of forthcoming auctions; amongst which the alleged facts of "Glorious Success," and "Extensive Failure" stand side by side. All these casual arrangements are far more worthy of attention than the most ingenious cross-readings they can be twisted into.

In truth, there is good philosophy now taught at a cheap rate by the street placards of London.

A THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

In this age of concerts, everybody knows what a theme with variations is in music, and how, by certain ingenious devices, a tune that goes "tum-tum-tum" can be altered so as to go "tum-titi, tum-titi, tum-titi," without losing its identity. We are much surprised that this notion has been confined to music, when it might be readily employed on other subjects. A joke, for instance, may be successfully told in one party, in a manner which would be immediate death to it elsewhere. The joker, therefore, having learned his joke, (*making* one is now-a-days out of the question,) should carefully study how to deliver it, so as to accord both with his own person and with the circum-

stances under which he designs to crack it. It would be no bad exercise if any one, intending to be funny, were to write down each of his good stories, &c., and then contrive a series of variations upon them, so as to be prepared for every emergency, and always avoid the wretched fate of those persons who repeat a joke that produces no laughter. We will give an example of our meaning, taking our theme from a collection of old English jests :—

Thema.

When Maister Hobson's wife had many pyes in the ouen, one of his seruants had stole one of them out, and at the tauerne had merilie eaten it. When the pye was missing, Maister Hobson found out the stealer thereof in this maner. He caled all his seruants in friendly sort together into the hall, and caused each of them to drinke to one another till they were all drunke. Being set altogether, he said, "Why set you not downe, fellowes?" "We be set allready," quoth they. "Nay," quoth Maister Hobson, "he that stole the pye is not set yet." "Yes, that I doe!" quoth he that stole it; by which means he knew what was become of the pye.

VARIATION I.—LARGO MAESTOSO.

[This will do for a stout old gentleman to tell at a City dinner, or in the Clapham omnibus.]

That Hobson, sir, was a most eccentric person, sir. One of his domestics, sir, had one day purloined a pie, sir, which afforded him a repast at a neighbouring public-house. Hobson, sir, missed his property, and felt confident that one of his menials had possessed himself of it, but he could not identify the culprit. So he seated all of them round a table, and placed ardent liquors before them. The effect of this was, that all the men became intoxicated. Hobson then coming to them, said, "Is your entire number seated here?" They all answered, "It is." "No," said Hobson, "I differ from you; your assertion is incorrect; the man who made away with the pie is not seated." "I am indeed," replied the man, who had lost his presence of mind, in consequence of indulging in the ardent spirits. Thus you see, sir, Hobson discovered the wrong-doer, and, in my opinion, displayed a great deal of shrewdness, and acumen.

VARIATION II.—PRESTO CON FUOCO.

[This will do for a *gent.* with cigar, and in a Taglioni coat, to tell to a friend similarly accoutred, at the supper-table of a convivial night-tavern.]

I say, did you ever hear of old Hobson and the pie? Devilish rum old chap. His servant, you know, prigged a pie, and he could not tell what the deuce had become of it. He guessed it was one of the lot, but couldn't twig the right one. So what does he do, but he calls in the whole *posse*, and stands something, mixed, all round, made pretty stiff, you know. All got lushy, of course. So says he, "Are you all seated, my rum uns?" "All; the whole biling of us," said they. "Blowed if you are," said he; "the cove that prigged the pie has cut his lucky." "Devil a bit," says the one; "here I am, and no mistake!" So you see old Hobson was down upon him. Deep card, eh? Ha! ha!

VARIATION III.—ALLEGRO GRAZIOSO.

[This will do for a young lady to tell after tea.]

Really one can't help smiling, when one thinks what Mr. Hobson did. So absurd! His servant had stolen a pie—could you imagine it?—so dishonest! He felt that it was one of the servants that had behaved in this shocking way; but which it was he could not conjecture. So like him, you know! Well, he 's the oddest creature—he gave them all a quantity of spirits and water, till the men became rather — rather — tipsy. He had made them all sit down — you know his way— so he said—so ridiculous:—"Are you all seated?" They told him they were; so he said, "No you are not; "he that stole the pie is not here." "Yes, I am," said the dishonest one; and so he was, of course. Only think!—the idea!

N.B. The above is just enough to indicate our plan and principles. But, as we are convinced of the importance of carrying those principles into execution, we (the Divan) hereby undertake, that if any one shall send us a joke in writing, and also the circumstances under which he intends to utter it, (post-paid,) together with five shillings of lawful money, we will so alter and modify the aforesaid joke, as to make it completely fitted for the aforesaid circumstances. But if the joke be found utterly impracticable, then we will return one half of the five shillings, retaining the other half for the great pain and labour bestowed in considering such a pleasure.

A SUBAQUEOUS FANCY FAIR.

The anniversary of the opening of the Thames Tunnel took place on the 25th of last month, and was celebrated with due festivity; chiefly in honour of the enterprising individual, who, although he actually took the bed of the Thames away from underneath him, and succeeded only by undermining his possessions, still, as a civil engineer, is entitled to every return of politeness. Separations are usually *a mensâ et thoro*, but in this case the river was only kept from the latter, or bed; the table (that of the tides) being beyond his control, although never forgetting its obedience to the decrees of the shrievalty, as within the civic jurisdiction, by being always moon-influenced. The divorce was accomplished by his own court of arches; armed with a shaft and shield alone, he vanquished.

Our own ideas of "fancy fairs" had always been connected with Edgington's marquees, dahlia-shows, lady patronesses, pretty girls, and two-guinea kettle-holders: therefore, we were somewhat curious to see how such a *fête* would go off in the Tunnel, at one penny admission; and travelled thither accordingly. Upon arriving at the bottom of the staircase we found there was no occasion to bring a well-stocked purse—the possession of a shilling would enable you to make many purchases from the stalls of "fancy" articles, amongst which were included cold sausages, hot coffee, and pints of porter. But, low-priced as the things were, they did not appear to sell; people went there to look at, rather than buy them; so that, if Johnson's definition of a "fair" be true, viz. "a stated meeting of buyers and sellers," we presume the festival had been named from being entirely a fancy, or imaginary fair, where no traffic of any kind took place.

But the stall-keepers were evidently an enterprising people in their way. Some decked their stands with artificial flowers, and others hung out alluring placards, several of which were very diverting. Half way down the avenues was a banner, on which was inscribed, in letters visible from a distance, "*This is the stall for fun and frolic.*" We quickened our step, in anticipation of great diversion; but, on approaching, found the humour consisted in a dial weighing-machine, by which a very melancholy man was keeping watch; but nobody approached, at least, whilst we were there; and there was something so very forlorn in the appearance of this would-be jocularity, that it had the effect of making us laugh involuntarily, and vindicating its claims to be considered as a source of merriment. Further on there was a small printing-press, with an enticing placard, on which we read,

"You may print your own Tunnel Newspaper for one penny;" but the supply was fearfully beyond the demand. Then came the "Tunnel Coffee Shop and Eating House," with Tunnel cups, saucers, and cheese-plates; and, finally, to meet the scientific taste of the age, was a stall with nothing on it but a small electro-magnetic apparatus. The bill of this stand was curious in its way, and ran as follows: "Persons electrified for one penny each; *mild shocks for ladies and children, twopence.*" Whilst we were looking at it a navigator loomed up towards it, and then inquired of us, "What 's that, young man?" Not being proud, we replied that it was an electrical apparatus. Our friend looked seriously at the little blue and crackling spark for a few minutes, and then turning to a fellow-sailor, observed, "That 's the thing as all this tunnel was made by." What his exact notion of the power was, we could not exactly make out, no more than what he took it for.

At the foot of the Rotherhithe staircase was a "show," the only one that graced the fair. It was a small tent, containing a proportionately small dwarf; so limited in its accommodations, that it reminded one of being inside a four-post bedstead with the curtains drawn. The little gentleman was about forty years old, and attired in a clerical suit of black. He gave us his biography, marched up and down the tent, as far as the space permitted, and then brought round a tin-box for voluntary contributions, the master of the show informing us that such was his perquisite and private income. There was also a snake in the same exhibition, who shared the mystic *penetralia* behind a scrap of chintz-curtain with the dwarf. They appeared, however, to live together on terms of excellent fellowship. And, close to this was the temporary abode of an artist, who took black profiles for sixpence each; "neatly shaded with bronze, one shilling." It was worth while going to Wapping, had it only been to have seen a policeman at this temporary temple of the arts, who was having his likeness transferred to a card as a present to the lady of his choice. She was more taken up with the portrait than ever any culprit had been by the original.

AN ETYMOLOGICAL FABLE.

A little child had left in a doorway, over against a pump, a bright pewter spoon, with which he had stirred his pap. For a while the spoon looked with admiration on the tall and lofty pump, and stared with excessive wonder when it swayed up and down its great iron arm. But soon, when it saw what came from the mouth of this pump, it broke out into a loud fit of laughter, and then said, grinning, (as when one seeth one's own face in a spoon,)

"Marry, thou art but an empty boaster and a vain. Thou holdest up thy head as if thou shouldst say, 'Lo, I am some one,' and raisest thine arm with excessive action, as if thou wert going to utter some worthy and mighty thing. But what is it that cometh from thy mouth? Simple water, without spirit or savour. Of a truth, I think every braggadocio and swashbuckler that weareth a proud aspect should be called a pump."

"Nay, look to thyself, Goodman Spoon," replied the pump, "and see whether thou, that speaketh lightly of the wit of others, hast so subtle a wit thyself. Store of dainties is set before thee, and thou plungest to the very bottom of the store, as though thou wouldest ac-

quire great wealth; yet what hast thou to show for it? Every simple child licketh from thee all thou hast acquired with great toil and labour, and thou remainest poor, and without good or possession. Truly, I think that he that laboureth to get wealth for others, and acquireth nought for himself, ought to be termed a 'spoon.'"

While they were discoursing thus disdainfully, a fine woman and a stately passed them in the highway, bearing a costly muff. Hereupon the pump and the spoon did both laugh right lustily, and the pump said,

"Look at that senseless fur; it incloseth the hands of that lovely dame, yet doth it not press them, nor take of them any heed, but lolleth listlessly and simply, as though it were hung upon a hook."

"Thou art right, friend pump," said the spoon, "and hast for once shown a shrewd wit. I think that every dull and senseless person should be called a muff."

A little maiden, who vended savoury fruits near the pump, narrated this converse to a small youth who cleansed chimneys; he told it to one that bore meats on his shoulder, who told it to divers. And therefore is it that they who are weak and of small understanding are called "pumps," "spoons," and "muffs," unto the present day.

GUY'S CLIFF.*

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Quæ ipsa sedes est amœnitatis.
CAMDEN.

THE heart loves solitude! with what relief
It turns from fading joys to pensive thought,
From the light laugh, to sympathise with grief,
And share the sorrows of a mind o'erraught!
As the worn trav'ller seeks some friendly stream
To quench his thirst, and cool his fev'rish head,
So turn we from the world's distemper'd dream
To Nature, where her sweetest gifts are spread.

* At a short distance from the Guy's Cliff Mill is Guy's Cliff, which tradition asserts to have been the final resting-place of England's redoubted hero, Sir Guy, from whom, in consequence, it derives its name.

St. Dubritius (the first Archbishop of St. David's), anterior to the Saxons, built an oratory here, which he dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, "unto which, long after, in the Saxon days, did a devout eremite repair, who, finding the natural rock so proper for his cell, and the pleasant grove wherewith it is backed yielding entertainment fit for solitude, seated himself here. Which advantages invited also the famous Guy (sometime Earl of Warwick) after his notable achievements, having wearied himself from the deceitful pleasures of the world, to retire hither, where, receiving ghostly comfort from that eremite, he abode to his death."

The reader will find a full account of the various deeds of prowess by Sir Guy, in the pages of the antiquary Dugdale, vide History of Warwick, in which they are related with an almost child-like simplicity by that worthy chronicler, whom it would be sacrilege to doubt. Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, temp. Hen. 6th, instituted a chantry here for two priests, "which should sing mass daily for the good estate of him, the said earl, and his lady.

The late owner, Bertie Greatheed, Esq., has enriched the mansion with a numerous collection of paintings, the work of his own genius; some of a high order, and all displaying the marks of a master-spirit. Intense application to such pursuits brought him to death at a very early age.

Shrine of romantic beauty! who could view
With changeless aspect such a glorious home,
Or mark thy battlements of time-worn hue,
Without a thought of what thou wert whilom!
The ivy mantling o'er the stately walls,
From which the fretted window archly peers,
A host of fancies to the mind recalls,
And adds a charm unto their weight of years!

From the vast woods that once enthroned thy site,
Where stood the hallow'd and sequester'd fane,
The mitred saint hath praised the God of Life,
And lifted up his voice in choral strain!
The deep-toned masses for a soul's repose,
By hooded monks hath swept the midnight air,
And the sweet vesper hymn hath softly rose
On the calm breeze from this abode of pray'r!

The ghostly fathers lived their day,—then slept
Within the bosom of the peaceful grave;
An anchorite his lonely vigils held
In the rude confines of a mossy cave.
Godly his life,—Fame spoke of him as one
Whose austere course was mark'd by pious deed,
Heav'n long had cherish'd as a favour'd son,
For whom eternal blessings were decreed!

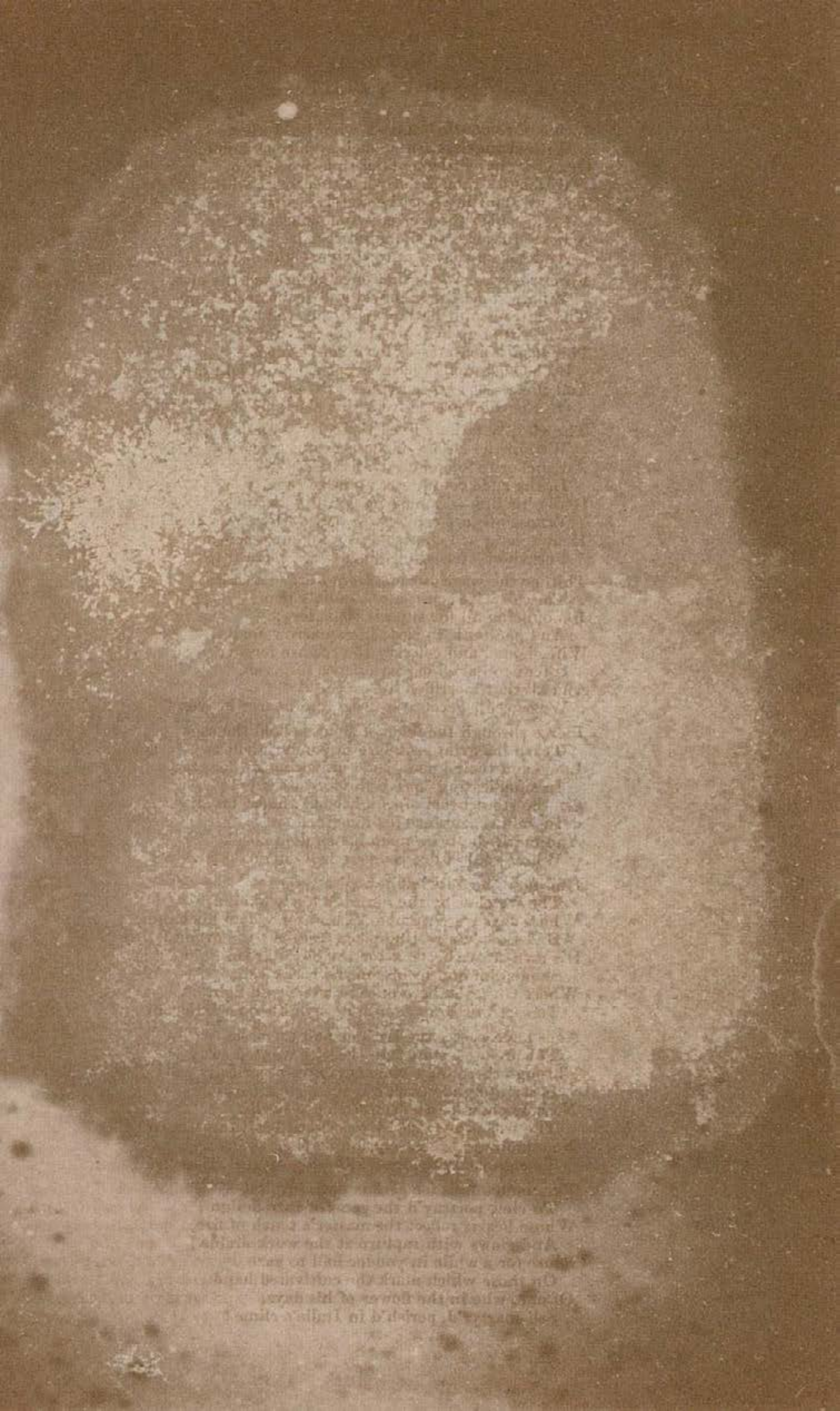
Thither the warrior came from Jordan's shore,
To seek wise counsel of the holy man,
Renouncing all for superstitious lore,
And penitent, to close life's narrow span.
Wife, home, and country the recluse forgot,
Intent to have his past offence forgiven,
And all that mortified his earthly lot
Was sweet, because it drew him nearer heaven!

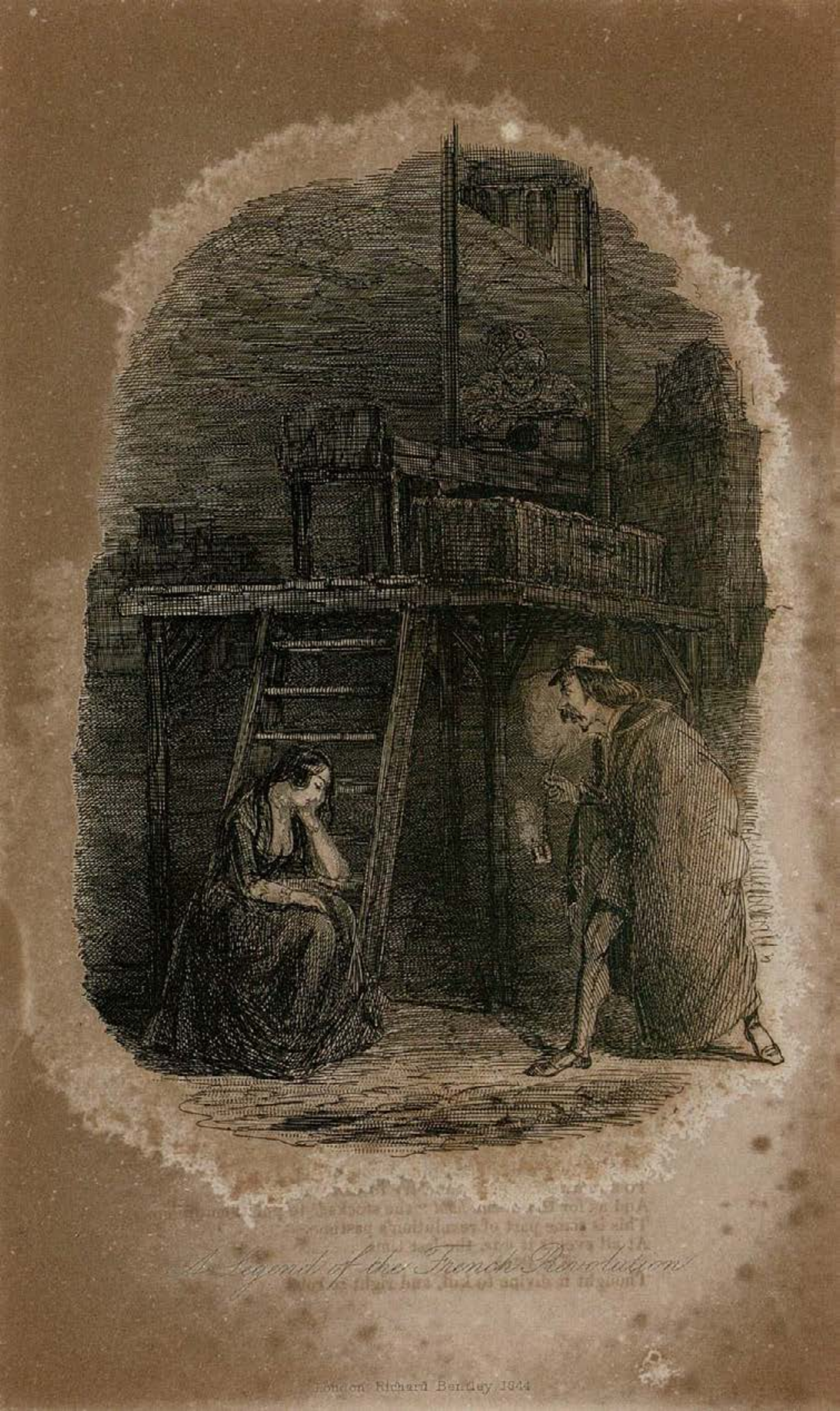
Pierce through the folds of time, behold the sage
Teach his grim proselyte in yonder glade;
Low bend their knees, then quivering lips engage
In supplicating 'neath the forest shade!
See the stout heart of knighthood almost break
In vain repentance for imagined sin,
And mark the tears upon his sunken cheek,
Whose soul of fire remorse had quench'd within!

And now the only habitant, he stands
The watcher by the hermit's lowly mound,
Whose days were number'd, and for whom his hands
Had scoop'd a resting-place from out the ground,
His own scarce better—for the day's broad light
Shone dim and feebly on the rocky cell,
Where Guy, the hero once of bow'r and fight,
To earth erelong breath'd forth his own farewell.

Ages have past; the croisier and the stole,
The prelate's state hath lost its wonted sway;
Through these huge chambers now no priestly cowl
Is seen to glide from out some covert way.
No holy chaunt in solemn cadence swells.
The woods are razed that echoed back the strains;
No eremite in calm seclusion dwells,
Though contemplation still all-powerful reigns!

Ye whom a love for genius doth inspire,
To view portray'd the gems of rare design;
Whose hearts reflect the master's touch of fire,
And glows with rapture at the work divine!
Pause for a while in yonder hall to gaze
On those which mark the cultivated hand
Of one, who in the flower of his days,
Self-martyr'd, perish'd in Italia's clime!





A Legend of the French Revolution

London Richard Bentley 1844

A Legend of Revolution.

(FROM THE GERMAN, OF COURSE.)

BY ALFRED BUNN.

Upon my soul it 's true,
What 'll you lay it 's a lie?
Major Longbow.

THERE 's not a doubt
That Byron's Lord,—*id est*, the Poet,—
When his high genius was a little mellow,
Was what they call a very funny fellow;
At least his writings show it,
When you precisely know what they 're about;
For instance, he says in *Don Juan*, " Revolution
" Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution."

But doctors differ, as we know full well;
For some maintain,
In precept very plain,
That revolution 's nothing else *but* " hell!"
We 'll put the case before you, gentle reader,
With all the cunning of a special pleader
In his full practice,
Stating exactly what the fact is,
Then say if it be what, in your solution,
'Tis most advisable that we and you shun!

We will not talk of kings,
For they *are* call'd Ambassadors of Gods;
Though they are brittle things,
Shiver'd whene'er the infuriate rabble nods.
We 'll speak of household matters,
Of all the ties
Which gaunt rebellion shatters,
Where'er her pinion flies,—
Kindred, house, home, wife, mother, daughter,
Swept down alike in one wild scene of slaughter,
Where blood, uninterrupted, rolls like water!
Youth, innocence, defiled,
The parent and the child,
Mow'd down without respect, as if, in play,
Death and his scythe were making holiday!

The principle of all whom an *émeute* empowers
Is to make *theirs* to-day what once was *ours*,—
To level all distinctions, to bring down
The worth of all things, from a copper to a crown,—
To aim at every prize, and try to win 'em,
And as for those who *hold* " the stocks," to put them *in* 'em.
This is some part of revolution's pastime,—
At all events it *was*, the last time
The Mob
Thought it divine to kill, and right to rob!

Ergo—if in these days the world is quiet,
When monarchs reign supreme,
And when their subjects seem,
If not misled, to be averse to riot,—
When nature's bounties all the globe embalm,
Making those blush who would disturb her calm,
If, in this bless'd estate, *'tis* "revolution
"Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution,"
We should be glad (not being too particular)
Just of one word, writ or auricular,
To tell us WHAT can save it
From those who would enslave it,
From scenes of murder, rapine, and of terror,
Such as we 've here described,—perhaps in error!

Without, then, even seeking to convince,
Or asking you *which* doctor 's right or wrong,
What arguments to either side belong,
What scenes had pass'd *before*, or happen'd *since*,
We 'll lead you into one which, you will see,
If it occurr'd, took place in '93,
When *France* play'd tricks which other states thought scurvy,
And tried to turn their kingdoms topsy-turvy,
And when Party display'd, what she 's certain to do,
"The madness of many for the gain of a few."

The spot was one, the PLACE DE *GRAVE** they call,
And justly so, for 'tis the tomb of *Gaul*,—
And thereupon, as being quite select,
A scaffold stood erect,
And, rising high in air, the rack
(The guillotine
We mean)
Was, like the boards which bore it, clothed with black,
Soaked through with stains
Of human gore,—for, strange to say,
E'en in that awful day,
When those condemned *to* death *we* hung in chains,
France hung *her* palaces *of* death in cloth, to prove
How much in all things *England* she 's above;
And if we thrash her every time we fight her,
In matters, or of *goût*, or blood, she 's much politer.

'Twas a fearful night of which we speak;
Not a star shone out upon heaven's cheek,
They were all, the weather-wise say, in doubt
Whether on earth if they ventured to stare
At the sanguined rivers billowing there,
The spray of the waves would not put their light out!

The city was hushed, and its places of death
Were, like a volcano out of breath,
Reposing from action, in order to borrow
A little more force for the fun of the morrow!
The wine, which had streamed as freely and red
As though t'were gore, had now muddled each head;
A calm as profound
Pervaded around,
As if, though hotter its vengeance might wax,
There was not another wretch left for the axe!

* Quere, *Grève?*—Printer's Devil.

The drowsy guard
Were snoring hard;
The headsman slept;
And if the grief of some one awake,
That terrible silence seemed to break,
It came from a broken heart, that wept
In desperate agony
Over those who were dead, or about to die!

On the night in question a German youth,
Who lived on hypothesis rather than truth,
And who also lived in a street hard by,
And slept on a bed where 'twas hard to lie,
In a chamber (but that we shall tell you about
When we have resolved other matters of doubt,)
Who had visited Paris, to study the arts;
But when *quite* "at home," why, he dwelt on the Hartz,
A pleasant abode, both extensive and airy,
Inhabited, if not by Christians or Jews,
By plenty of others, from devil to fairy,
And possessing, in very fine weather, fine views!
There are one or two lakes for the web-footed elf,
There are plenty of trees, and a capital glen
For the famous Demon's banded men,
Where the traveller's advised to take care of himself.
If he's partial to fish,
There are plenty herein, and e'en GROVE cannot match 'em,
If one could but invent any process to catch 'em;
And, better than all,
That choice viand they call
"The cameleon's dish."

Well,—wending home on this murky night,
With thoughts so full of "the metaphysick,"
'Twas enough to give all the city the phthisick,
The mournful tone
Of a voice unknown
On his sensitive hearing chanced to alight;
Was it the wind
That sought in some hollow a shelter to find?
Or was it a moan
From a re-opened grave, of the spirit there
Wanting to take a little fresh air?
—The devil a bit!
'Twould the fancy strike
Of a sober person, as much more like
The groan of one fallen down in a fit.
He hurried as fast as he could to the spot,
(The identical scene
Of the guillotine,)
And all preternatural matters forgot;
But the ground was so clammy, not having yet sipped
The moisture thereon, that he nearly tripped.
—'Tis an odd sensation
In any—no matter whatever *the*, nation,
When, thinking you're slipping about in mud,
To find it's a fellow-creature's blood!!!
But this is an episode, slightly comparative,
Which must not impede the course of our narrative.—

At the foot of the fatal stairs which conducted
To yonder Engine,

By ingenuity so well constructed,
That, without any twinging,
Writhing, or gasps, or kicks,
Which vulgar hanging inflicts,
It can slice off your head,
Before you 've any idea you 're dead—
We say—on those stairs, by a dash of the moon,
Which had been fast asleep,
Or been playing bo-peep
Through an ebon cloud, hung up for a curtain,
Our German youth felt pretty certain
A figure reclined, just got out of a swoon.
He was perfectly right ; and how high you may rate your
Ideas of science, yet one touch of nature
Will settle all questions regarding humanity,
Much sooner than doctrines that verge on insanity.
Flesh and blood 's the criterion,
And always has been, since the days of *Hyperion!*

'Twas a female form, and never had eye
Been permitted to gaze on such symmetry :
On her ashen cheek
One livid streak
Of animation seem'd to stray ;
And her hair, as black
As the raven's back,
Strew'd o'er it in careless play ;
Her bosom as white, and of course as pure,
As the snow on the mountains of *Ukasure,*
Was painfully heaving,
As if some grieving
Had robb'd that breast
Of its hallow'd rest.
She was robed in velvet of jet, to betoken
The heart within it was utterly broken,—
And those exquisite arms,
Where nature had almost exhausted her charms,
Rich bracelets of gold presumed to deck,
And a *bandeau* of diamonds encircled her neck—
In short, she was beautiful,—and as he gazed
The student felt something much more than amazed,
And it would not a conjuror puzzle to tell
He was both beside *her*, and himself as well!

" Is there aught I can do ?" he frantic, cried,
As the sister of sorrow despairingly sigh'd.
" Is there any relief
To that canker grief,
Consuming a thing so fair,
Which an anxious heart
May dare to impart ?
In short, if I 'm not breaking
The rules of society,
Of decorum, or piety,
Or suspending attrition,
Or a liberty taking,
May I ask what a lady of your condition
Can at such an hour be doing there ?"

" I mourn for the dead,"
She replied, in a voice whose tones seem'd to enter
His panting heart, and stick fast in its centre—

"In the ruthless fray
Of the bygone day,
On the spot where now ye stand,
By murder's purple hand,
My brother lost his head!
There is not a tie, how little the worth,
Which binds me now to this guilty earth,—
I have not a home, nor a friend
A sheltering hand to extend—
A fond one I left for this scene of strife,
In the hope to save that brother's life;—
And I ask but a boon you will not deny—
—To remain where I am, and here to die!"

The student had no such idea, and so
He turn'd a deaf ear to this tale of woe.
"Not a friend, nor a home!—though you *have* lost your brother,
I'll be to you one, and will find you the other.
Leave this terrible place,
Envelop that form and face
In this cloak."—In fact, o'er his frame
A sudden odd sort of tenderness came.
The night and scene alike were dreary,
The lady was sad, and exceedingly weary,
And probably peckish, and so he resolved
The duty to fill which upon him devolved.
He raised her up, and by her side,
In a tone between pity and selfishness, cried,
"There are reasons you don't now see
For intrusting yourself to me.
I've a room, and a trifle, I think, to eat,
And a fire I'll make for those delicate feet;
And, should such inducements as these plead in vain,
There's one that will not—IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!"

"Have you sister, or mother?"
The victim exclaim'd.
"Neither one nor the other,
To own I'm ashamed!"
She rose up with dignity, look'd him quite through,
To see if by chance any feature she knew—
With the pride of her sex,
Quite enough to perplex
All logicians on earth, when the heart's in a mask.
She then ventured to ask,
"Do you think, *entre nous*, it would *really* be prudent
For me to go home with a young German student?"

With a fancy highly wrought,
He spurn'd at the very thought.
"Madam! I hope *you* do not suspect
That honour on which man don't dare to reflect.—
Von Humbuggeim's a name
That is well known to fame,
And, though people may bully it,
I would not sully it!
My apartments are snug, notwithstanding they're small,
But that's not consider'd a drawback at all;
Sufficiently warm for those who're rheumatic;
And for those who are not,
It's a fine open spot,
And classical too, for they're up in an *attic!*

Then, if on a delicate point I might verge,
There 's a lady to wait on you, call'd the *concierge ;*
Mine '*ancient'* "—(from which appellation, 'twould seem
She belong'd to the days of the *ancien regime*)—
"Well, I 'll show you the door, and, that there may be no sin
with it,
I 'll give you the key, too, to lock yourself in with it!"

There was really some reason
Her feelings to seize on,
In all that he said;
It was plain, and well-bred—
Then 'tis fit we should state
It was getting quite late,
And bear also in view
She was nearly wet through—
So you can't be surprised she accepted the offer
The student *Herr* 𝔚. was so kind as to proffer!
They reach'd his home, and, though long the walk,
He beguiled the time with such charming talk,
That, though she well knew
He ought on the instant to bid her adieu,
She said, while his cap in his hand he twirl'd,
She would not be left there alone for the world !

If he jump'd before by starts and fits,
He now very nearly jump'd out of his wits!
On that *very* " spare " bed, as her frame reposed,
And the lid on the eye underneath had closed,
He heard an intermittent sighing,
Then again so calmly she dosed,
He really thought she was dying;
And if she were so, he couldn't outlive it.
Then, his attention completely to rivet,
The *bandeau* of diamonds continually glitter'd—
—Then she gnash'd her teeth, and apparently titter'd!

In deep abstraction at last he sank,
And, seeing the rich things she wore,
Though he had not much doubt before,
He concluded she must be a lady of rank ;
For this *bandeau* for ever arrested his eyes,
Its brilliants appear'd of such very large size!

'Twas getting near dawn,
As he knew by the cock,
That infallible " herald of morn,"
When, his feelings to shock,
She was seized with a spasm,
And ask'd him to get her a cataplasm!
Though up five pairs,
In a twinkling he sprang down stairs;
He knock'd *up* the *concierge*,
And, on her attention the matter to urge,
He gave *her* a good d—,
And her *door* a good slam;
Then seeking a doctor, in great alarm,
He nearly knock'd *down* a brace of *gens-d'armes*.
" *Sacré nom de Dieu! qu'est ce que c'est que ça ?*"
Said one, and the other exclaim'd, " *Ha ! ha !*"

He utter'd a most inarticulate phrase,
Which kept these good people in greater amaze:
"A lady is dying—I don't know her name—
Run to *numéro trois*, there, and then *au cinquième*—
While I run for a doctor;"—and he took to his heels
With the speed of the *Birmingham* railway wheels;
While the men, as it was not a very great distance,
Were soon on the spot to offer assistance.

The HERR was not very long away,
But whether he managed to fly,
To get back in the wink of an eye,
The legend does not exactly say;
But certes it is, he burst into the room
Precisely in time to hear his doom!

She who had bound his soul
In feeling's fond control,—
She, who'd no stain upon her,
Although she *had* done him the honour
To come to his house,—she, his heart's pride,
(For he'd sat up all night by her side,)
She, who was all mystery,
For he didn't know her history,—
She—had been seized with hysterics and cramps, and raved
In a manner, 'twas clear her life couldn't be saved—
She gasp'd, drew her lip in, as though she would suck it,
And kick'd, till at last she kick'd—the bucket!
Thus, though they had scampered fast,
Ere they came she had breathed her last.

'Twere vain HUMBUGGEIM'S grief to paint,—
Suffice it to say, he was ready to faint.
He quickly recover'd, and flew to the bed,
And then begun swearing she couldn't be dead.
"Not dead!" said the man-at-arms,—and it seem'd
An incredulous smile on his visage beam'd,
He open'd his hand, put his thumb to his nose,
(A sign of cognition which all the world knows,)
"MEIN HERR, other people this stuff you may cram on,
But really with us you are 'coming the gammon.'
Not dead!" and he gave his fellow a nudge,
Who acted at once both as jury and judge;
"Why, my camrade and I
Were standing by,
Only yester noon, and chanced to have seen
Her head taken off by the guillotine!"

He reel'd—then his arms he began to extend,
His eye had a demon's glare,
And his head's "each particular hair,"
Like the curly tail of a pig, "stood on end"—
"Guillotined!" he yell'd; "why, some hours ago
She was pacing this chamber to and fro—
She'd been walking the streets—that very chair sat in—
And, before she retired, we'd an half hour's chatting.
Abuse as you please my rhapsodical nation,
But I never yet heard of such mystification."
[He forgot that KING CHARLES, though the notion some scoff,
Both walk'd,
And talk'd,
Half an hour AFTER *his* head was cut off!!!]

The reader perchance will believe,
Or can readily conceive,
While change upon change thus continued to pass,
The tragedy promised to turn out a farce !

The "*gens-d'arme*" gave a significant leer
At Mein Herr—and his comrade standing near,
Then he gave a shrug, and a moment after
He burst out into a fit of laughter.
"If you won't believe *me*, or rely upon *my* sight,
You cannot object to believe your *own* eyesight."
He went up to the couch, and with instant grasp
He seized the *bandeau* and its diamond clasp,
Ripp'd it off her neck with malicious frown,
And surely enough HER HEAD ROLL'D DOWN ! ! !

(The bed-curtains here of themselves withdrew,
And a fleshless figure appear'd in view,
The Cap of Liberty cover'd his head,
And, with bony finger fixed on the dead,
The legend affirms, he was heard to say,
"Death and the Devil will have their own way !")

It were not a difficult thing to describe
The wink of the *gens-d'arme's* eye, and his gibe,
The student's horror, his vacant stare,
And an evident doubt of all passing there—
The trunkless head, that had roll'd on the ground,
And the *bandeau* which circled it tightly round—
The old *concierge*, who had dropp'd on her knees,—
And the worthy old *medecin* diddled of fees ;—
But, treating all that as a child does its coral,
We had better at once go direct to the MORAL !

Its purpose is twofold, as a legend's should be ;
And as to a tale, when *our* legend has told hers,
You will fully agree
It behoves us to see
That we *have* got a head, and it's fast on our shoulders !

To a person of sense this first point is clear,
And the next just as plain to the world will appear,
That when body and head cease to hold all communion,
It is what *may* be called—A REPEAL OF THE UNION !



The Truant

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Fogg leaves London, and Vincent meets with Mr. Bolt upon Tower Hill.

It did not take long for Mr. Fogg to arrange affairs for his departure. The care of looking after the products of his various plays in his absence was left in the hands of the Dramatic Authors' Society, which is a pleasant institution for enjoying the luxuries of law at a small expense, subscribing to defray the costs of litigious members, and hunting country managers into corners, from which they are unable either to come out or come down,—a chase as exciting in its progress, and generally as profitable in its result, as that of a red herring.

On the afternoon following the receipt of his letter, Mr. Fogg prepared to leave the metropolis. His wardrobe was packed up in a curiously ancient black portmanteau, similar to the one which comic travellers bring on the stage with great toil, and then sit down upon, in romantic melodramas. But, as his toilet was not very extensive, the spare room was filled up with prompters' copies of unpublished plays; two or three damned farces, to be brought out under new names in the country, or, if that failed, to be turned into dialogue stories for the magazines; and a collection of minor-theatre play-bills, with full programmes of the scenery and incidents, for the provincial typographers to copy from. The furniture and "properties" of his chamber were left in the care of the landlady of the house, who resided in the back kitchen, to which Mr. Fogg usually descended as if he bore a torch to soft music. And then, about six in the evening, accompanied by Vincent, (who did not perform that night, in consequence of a benefit, with a change of pieces,) he gave up the key, and left his abode; begging his hostess to bear in mind "that an interval of six months might be supposed to elapse between the departure and the return."

It was dark when they got to London Bridge, where the steam-boat, in whose fore-cabin Mr. Fogg was to voyage to Yarmouth, was lying. But there was a great deal of bustle; for a large foreign boat had just arrived, and was discharging her load upon the lighters; and heavy porters came pressing forward, with "By your leave," which they took without waiting for an answer; and foreign gentlemen, in remarkable caps, clinging to leather hat-boxes, as though all that was dear to them in existence was inclosed therein, vandyked with indecision about the quay, as they tried to recollect the name of the hotel in the "Place de Lestersquare," to which they had been recommended, and to see if it was the same as the various touters on the wharfs assured them it was.

Vincent went on board with Mr. Fogg, to stay with him until the bell rang to go on shore; and the author forthwith took possession

of his berth; all of which resting-places together had somewhat the appearance of a double row of continuous Punch's shows, both as regarded size and drapery, which was of that popular blue check familiar to the public. And, indeed, after Mr. Fogg had been inducted to his roosting-place by the steward's assistant, whom he called "box-keeper," he found that the attitude he was compelled to assume therein resembled that of the facetious puppet, when thrown into convulsions by the appearance of the ghost, previously to informing his usual medical attendant that he was very bad to-morrow.

"You will write to me, I hope," said Mr. Fogg. "I shall be anxious to hear how you get on, and what you are doing. I will send you up the play-bills, and then you will know where I am located."

"I should be very glad to come to you," returned Vincent; "for I do not see what I shall do in London, especially when you are gone. I appear to be as badly off as the night I first came up to town."

"Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day," continued the author. "You are entitled to my lodgings until Wednesday; for I have paid up until then. And, after that, never dowse your toplights, but brace up your foresail-halyards against the breakers of misfortune, and drop hope's anchor in the haven of happiness, which ever assists the bold mariner, who never says die. Ah!" resumed Mr. Fogg, reverting from the present to the retrospective, "I remember when that speech used to get three rounds. Those were the palmy days for the Shaksperian nautical drama!"

At length the voice of one of the crew shouted down stairs, "Now, who's for shore?" in a manner that showed the question was not to be trifled with, unless people wished to be carried off against their intentions. Vincent shook Fogg warmly by the hand, and the author was no less hearty in his farewell; for he had the heart of an infant, despite his love of the terrible. And he even made a slight allusion to the state of his lee-scuppers, for so he called his eyes, as he parted from his friend; whilst the other left the steamer, and remained upon the wharf until it had cast loose its moorings, or whatever they were, and moved away down the river.

It was soon out of sight in the dark evening, and then Vincent, when he could watch it no more, turned away. Nor did he find until this moment that even the simple-hearted dramatist, who painted life without knowing it, and abounded in the milk of human kindness, whilst he revelled in the blood of unnatural ferocity,—that this unit in the last census, by his departure, had left a void too large for the remaining millions to fill up, who were bustling about, and crossing each other's path, like so many ants, around him.

There is no solitude so terrible and dreary as that felt in the very heart of a vast, unsympathizing city, — nothing that gives an idea of utter and chilling loneliness so forcibly as being surrounded by crowds who know you not, nor have one feeling or one interest in common with your own. In the wilderness of nature, the solitary island, the deep tranquil forest, or even the dismal and trackless desert, where but a few harsh and arid plants alone thrust their thirsty heads above the sand to drink the night-dews, there is still companionship. Every product of the earth, every minute living

thing that creeps upon it, or murmurs on its course through the air, holds converse with our mind, and in some measure becomes a part and parcel of our being. But in the peopled city all around us bears an alien aspect; we dare not therein look for company. There is no more fellowship in the hearts of those we meet than in the flinty pavement they traverse. Their very presence estranges those things from us in which—alone—we might perhaps find a mute sympathy, and teaches us they exist not for ourselves, but for others.

Bitterly feeling these hard truths, Vincent turned away from the wharf, and, perfectly heedless of going in any particular direction, wandered along Thames Street, until he came to Tower Hill; and, as he strolled over its open space, lost himself in a tangled labyrinth of plans and speculations, each one to be put aside by that which followed it, until his ideas got into such an inextricable mass of confusion, that with an effort he dismissed the elaboration of the subject altogether; and, lighting his pipe—his usual resource when perplexed or irritated—he walked rapidly backwards and forwards along the edge of the moat, endeavouring to wear away his mental anxiety by bodily energy, to tranquillize himself, if not by philosophy and self-reasoning, at least by exhaustion.

There are few places in England which preserve so perfectly the aspect of an old continental town as Tower Hill and its surrounding buildings, when viewed through the medium of moonlight, sufficiently tempered to wrap its more prominent objects in semi-obscurity, whilst at the same time it permits the general outline of the fortifications to be visible. The irregular buildings of the fortress itself, with lights gleaming from small windows high in air, and dim oil lamps flickering at wide intervals on different portions of the outworks,—the open expanse of the hill, with its borders of trees before the houses, forming a rude species of boulevard, assist in completing the picture; and so Vincent thought, as he gazed listlessly around him. Every now and then the roll of a drum from the interior echoed along the ramparts, followed by the challenge of a sentinel; and occasionally indistinct sounds of music and revelry broke from some of the taverns, where a few mariners had assembled from their vessels in the pool, to make merry, and get rid of their hardly-earned payments as speedily as might be. But beyond this there was little noise; for Tower Hill is not a great thoroughfare, and towards evening is comparatively deserted, except by those whose interests lie within its precincts.

As Vincent Scattergood leant against the rails, and ruminated as he smoked, his eye fell upon a little knot of people who had collected against the railings of Trinity Square, and from whom bursts of laughter occasionally broke upon the general stillness, as they apparently listened to the harangue of a man, before whom a red glaring light was burning, which threw its shadows, not altogether unpicturesquely, upon the assembled throng. As he was in the humour to seize upon any incident, however trifling, that might divert his feelings, he drew towards the assembled loiterers, and was soon astonished at discovering that an old acquaintance of his own was the object of attraction.

For there, in front of a small covered vehicle, something resembling those driven by the Holloway and Dulwich carriers, elevated

upon a platform laid across the shafts, which were raised to a level by a rough trestle of rustic workmanship, stood Mr. Cricket, otherwise, and in worldly intercourse, Bolt. He was haranguing the assembled crowd in praise of the wares which stocked the interior of his small vehicle, and this was a sort of bazaar upon wheels, so numerous were its articles for sale. Indeed, by looking at them, it would have been a point of great difficulty to have told precisely to what species of British manufacture Mr. Bolt especially confined his mercantile exertions; for there were waistcoats and memorandum-books, guns, handkerchiefs, and two-foot rules; tea-trays, saws, and writing-paper; pewter spoons, shaving-boxes, and pocket tool-chests in such profusion, that the cart, which was called the "Noah's Ark," really carried out its name, as being especially constructed to hand specimens of everything down to posterity. He was speaking as Vincent approached his rostrum; and, not caring to interrupt him before his listeners, our hero joined the group, and paid attention, along with the rest, to his harangue.

"Now, come nearer," said Mr. Bolt, "and then you won't be quite so far off: there 's good people You buy as slowly as lawyers go to heaven, and that takes a long time for 'em to do. My father was a lawyer, and went aloft in a hackney coach. He 's been on the road six months, and hasn't got half way there yet. Now, why don't you buy this teapot?"

"Because we haven't got the money," replied a rash spectator, who directly afterwards was very sorry he had spoken.

"I should say so," observed Mr. Bolt. "You look as if you couldn't lay out a shilling without giving your pocket a fortnight's notice of it. I could get rid of my cargo twice as quick in Sheffield, where they come from; for, if they haven't got the money to buy there, they 've got the pluck to steal, and you 've got neither. Well—you 're partikler. I 'll knock you down with the butt-end of my nonsense now, though, before I 've done with you."

And Mr. Bolt, retiring to the mysterious depths of his caravan, came forward armed with half a dozen dinner-knives and forks, of the best cast-iron.

"Here 's a bargain for ten pounds," he cried. "They 're cheaper than mackarel at a penny a dozen, and won't get bad if they 're kept, which the mackarel will. I sold some like them to a great nobleman, named George, who lives across the river. He 's got a farm, and keeps three tom-cats, a billy-goat, and a butterfly, to do his work. He gives my brother three guineas a-week to ride a black beetle amongst the cabbages, and hunt the slugs. If ten pounds is above your figure, take ten shillings: if this won't do, take five—four—three—two—one. Who 's for 'em at one? I can sell 'em for what I like, and be a gainer, because they don't cost me anything at first."

The knives and forks were rapidly purchased, and Mr. Bolt, seeing that they stood well in the market, took out six more.

"They were good ones I just sold," he said; "but these are better. Don't you know why? Because I have got them to sell. Buying knives is like marrying women: you ought first to try their temper. These are very good-tempered, and wouldn't cut anything so as to hurt it for the world. Perhaps you don't believe that 's a lie, but it is."

In this strain did Mr. Bolt continue for some time, to the great edification and delight of his listeners, who might well have conceived from his unceasing eloquence, that, coming from the manufacturing districts, he had provided himself with a pair of the best cast-iron lungs, upon very moderate terms. But at length the auction began to hang very heavily on hand, in spite of all the seller's efforts to continue it with proper spirit. He appealed to their liberality, and insulted their poverty, but alike in vain, until his stock of patter being exhausted, even to repetition two or three times over, as well as the pockets of the bystanders, he recommended them, if they were dissatisfied with any of their bargains, not to come and make any complaints before that time to-morrow, when they would be certain not to find him; and then proclaimed the sale closed for the evening.

The people soon dispersed, and then Vincent went up and addressed the auctioneer. He was apparently in the habit of seeing so many different people, under so many various phases, that he did not at first recollect the person who addressed him, until Vincent produced the dirty public-house card which the other had given him on the night they arrived together in London.

"Why, to be sure—so it is, Mr. Vinson," exclaimed the free-trader. "I 've been looking forrards to hear of you this ever so long. And what 's been up since we parted co, as the saying is?"

Vincent briefly related the upshot of his accidental meeting with Mr. Fogg, and then went on to intimate to Bolt the various indefinite notions he entertained as to what he should do next.

"I told you once," replied the trader, "there was a living to be got in London by everybody, if they wasn't over-particular, and know'd how to set about it."

"You appear to have found out the way."

"Well, I believe I have. This is about the best line of all, though." And he continued, whilst he patted the shafts of his cart in the same manner as he would have done a favourite animal:—"Of your honest dodges this is the one; when you comes to the others, they 're promiscus. It 's through this you 've heard so much of me in the Times; not by my paid advertisements, but by the own private remarks of the gentleman as writes the whole of that wonderful paper every day, in the leading-article. I 've often thought how uncommon 'cute with his pen that codger must be. Halloo, Sam!"

This last remark was addressed to a human-being, from whose appearance it would have been difficult to tell whether he was a convict or a charity-boy, and whom Vincent had hitherto looked upon as a sack, as he lay coiled up asleep in the back of the waggon. He started from his sleep as he was called, and rubbing his large, dull eyes, awaited Mr. Bolt's orders.

"Now, look sharp, old Ten-stone-and-a-half," said the master. "Shut up the shop; and let me find it off the Commercial Road to-morrow.—What do you mean to do with yourself to-night?" he added, turning to Vincent.

"Nothing: I am ready and willing to do anything."

"Then come with me," answered the other; "and if we do not find anything for you at once, I 'll show you where you may at another time."

So speaking, Mr. Bolt confided the Noah's Ark to the care of the assistant, and, accompanied by Vincent, proceeded across Little Tower Hill.

CHAPTER XVI.

Frederick Scattergood runs away from Merchant Tailors'.

The first fortnight passed away without any diminution of the persecuting tyranny to which the little boy was subjected at the public school. Every morning brought with it the unrelenting cruelty of the monitors; every day the indiscriminating chastisement to which he was subject. He was fagged in the school-room during the hours that he was at the mercy of his superior fellows; he was bullied in the cloisters by the other boys — even by those younger than himself, who, seeing his quiet and inoffensive disposition, played off any cruelties upon him that their evil spirit suggested; and at home, or rather at Mr. Snap's, he was driven about by Gogsley upon the most menial errands.

He wrote home, but it was generally upon the sly, creeping down in the dreary gloom of early morning, before the others had risen, or sitting upon the steps of warehouses as he went to school, that he might not be seen. For the others read his letters, and made merry with the contents, adding occasionally postscripts of their own, or taunting him afterwards with the homely expressions of feeling and affection which he gave utterance to therein. But, lacking power to paint the troubles he underwent in their true light, his epistles were received by his family as the natural products of a boy's discomfort at going to school for the first time; and, regarded merely in the the abstract, produced only replies meant, in all love, to be consolatory, that Easter would soon arrive, and that every day he would be happier. And when he hinted at wishing to come home—if for ever so short a time, a Sunday afternoon, or an hour or two on the usual half-holidays allowed by the school, the fear of his mother that such a visit would but unsettle him the more upon his return (in which opinion Mr. Scattergood always warmly coincided, to save being asked for his own), made him the more wretched, as it took away the brightest hope he cherished.

It was a custom with several of the boys who left the afternoon-school earlier than the others, according to the order in which they were called up to be heard, to go and play upon the wharfs in the neighbourhood of Suffolk Lane, joining in hide-and-seek amongst the casks, making up-and-downs with the timber, or assisting the men to unload such things as they could carry from the barges; and sometimes they joined in the more dangerous pastime, when the lighters were empty, of chasing their fellows from one to the other, running along the gunwhales, and leaping over the intervening spaces. A party of boys from one of the neighbouring free-schools were in the habit also of assembling at the same place, and this led to frequent collisions between the two parties, with all the acerbity of the "gown and town" rows pertaining to a more advanced academical career, until open war was proclaimed between the public-school-boys and the "blackguards," as the others were termed by the pupils of Merchant Tailors'. And at last *melées* and single combats daily

took place in all the courts and lanes surrounding the school; and the single partisan of either clan, caught by himself, had a sorry reception.

There is a peculiar festival held at Merchant Tailors' School, termed "Probation Day." It is chiefly dedicated to breaking the windows of the school-room, cutting the book-straps of the little boys, pouring ink over their heads, or spluttering it upon their lay-down collars, and devouring a particular sort of sausage-roll, manufactured expressly for the occasion. It is also a day of commercial speculation, coupled with the comfortable prospect of certain profits to the heads of the academy, who become for the time being retail stationers, and sell copy-books of humble value to their pupils for a shilling a-piece. In these are written Latin and Greek exercises, which become the sole property of oblivion, wherein also the copyright is vested. And on those especial days less faith than usual appears to be placed in the school-clock, which keeps time below the imposing arms, with their rampant dromedaries, at the end of the room, and their very appropriate motto, "*Parvæ res concordiâ crescunt*," or, in proper vernacular, "Nine tailors make a man;" for the clock is then completely out of favour, and a silver hour-glass is introduced, which performs gymnastic feats upon the head-master's desk, tumbling head over heels at stated intervals, (announced by the rap of a hammer, similar to those used by chairmen of convivial taverns, and auctioneers in the Poultry,) before the time of day is given out in wonderfully elaborate mouthfuls of words, which complicate the simple period "three o'clock" into "*horâ tertiâ et ultimâ pomeridianâ*." Legends, impressed upon the juvenile pupils with due gravity, go to prove that this hour-glass is in the yearly habit of laying a number of egg-boilers, which are disposed of through the medium of the wheels of Fortune, at the lounges of Lowther and Tulley; and the gigantic ancestor of the whole race is shown to awe-struck freshmen, sculptured in stone on an immense scale, and elevated in front of a public house for the sale of Calvert's Entire, which, situated on the southern side of Upper Thames Street, appears in solitary majesty to watch over the time misspent in the opposite Suffolk Lane.

The real importance of this day is not known: when it is over, the books are collected, and are apparently seen no more. But the scholars evidently think it one of great toil and unpleasantry; for no sooner has the last orison of the evening prayers fallen from the lips of the boy whose duty it is to repeat them for the day, than its echoes are crushed by a loud and long huzza, in lieu of response, which resounds for some minutes through the courts and startled warehouses of the vicinity, arresting the passengers, who look up towards the school-room windows for a solution of the mystic noise, and are greeted in return by showers of broken glass from the book-assailed casements, and in another moment by the outburst of whooping, turbulent youths from the interior.

Probation Day was over, and Frederick Scattergood went down to the wharfs to play with some of his fellows in the interval between the close of the school and tea-time at the Reverend Mr. Snap's. The boys, who had broken forth like so many caged animals, were elate with the conclusion of their labours; and, upon arriving at the water-side, finding that some of the free-school lads

had taken possession of the tubs and bales amongst which they usually played, prepared to eject them. The others, entertaining different ideas upon the subject, resisted the attack, and in two minutes both parties were engaged in a regular contest.

Some of the younger and more timid boys took to flight at the commencement of the hostilities, and amongst them was Frederick; but, just as he was running out of the gateway leading from the wharf, he was met by a party of the antagonists; and, driving him into a corner, they immediately set upon him in a very savage and cowardly manner, striking him about the head and face, until his upper lip and ears were covered with blood. It was perfectly useless attempting to resist them. He shielded himself from their attacks as long as he was able, and at last seizing upon an opportunity, darted off towards the river, with the whole pack huzzaing and shouting at his heels. Scared almost out of his senses, he ran down a plank, used by the men who were unlading, on to one of the barges. The free-school boys followed him, now more delighted at the extreme terror of their victim, than anxious to beat him. The poor little fellow scrambled from one barge to the other, until he came to the last of those which lay together, when, running along the edge of it to reach a spot where some of the Merchant Tailors had collected in triumph, having beaten off their adversaries, his foot slipped, and he tumbled over head and ears into the water.

In an instant the alarm was given, and the boys, ceasing their hostilities, crowded to the edge of the river, calling loudly for help; for the tide was running down very fast, and Frederick was being already carried into the current, now struggling, and throwing his arms out for assistance, and the next moment sinking beneath the surface. Fortunately there was a man at work in a boat by the side of one of the lighters, and he directly put off after him, and succeeded before another minute had elapsed in saving him, returning to the wharf amidst the cheers of the boys, who had forgotten all their quarrels in the excitement of the accident.

But the mirth was of very short duration. One of the masters, who had received intelligence of the uproar on the wharf when it first began, had hastened down to the water-side, determined to stop it. He arrived there just as poor Freddy was taken from the boat, dripping wet, and still bleeding; for the bath had been insufficient to wash away the results of the chastisement he had received. Ascertaining that the accident had been the result of a conflict with the lads of the free-school, and no doubt looking upon little Scattergood as the ringleader, he took down his name, and, ordering the rest of the boys to disperse, told Frederick to get home and seek fresh clothing directly, and bear in mind that he should expect to see him at school on the next morning that it opened.

"Well," said Gogsley to him that evening, as the boarders were once more assembled round Mr. Snap's hearth, "I would not change places with you for a week's holiday. You won't have an inch of skin left on your back. Don't he cut deep when he has a mind? that's all."

"I was not fighting at all," replied Frederick. "It was in trying to get away that it happened."

"Oh, yes, of course: you are always innocent; I should think so," said Gogsley. "Hold out your hand for telling crams."

"No, I won't," answered Frederick, for once revolting against such continued bullying, and putting both his hands in his pockets.

"You won't!" observed Gogsley; "very well." And gravely taking his handkerchief from his pocket, he twisted it into a thong, and tied it in the middle in a double knot.

"Now, come here," he continued, when these preparations for torture were completed. "Cashbox, hold down his head."

This order was given to young Jollit, who was too much in dread of Gogsley not to obey him immediately.

"Hold it down lower," cried the tyrant, "and make his clothes tight. Now, then—one, two, three—fire!"

At the last word he struck Freddy so violently with the knot, that a scream of pain broke from the victim, so loud as to make his persecutor desist, for fear of alarming Mr. Snap.

"That will make you speak the truth," said Gogsley. "Now, leave off blubbering, or else I shall lick you again. Do you hear me?—leave off, I say."

"I 'd recommend you to put a copy-book up your back," said Plunkett, "if you can't stand fire better than that; for you will be sure to catch it pretty tidily at the school. Rasper bought such a bundle of thick canes yesterday!"

"Canes!" said Gogsley; "he won't get off so easily. You 'll be birched; I suppose you know that; and have bits cut right out of you."

The arrival of bed-time put a stop to this ingenious course of torture. But Frederick did not go to sleep. Fevered with pain, excitement, and terrible anticipations, until he lay quivering in the bed like a hot coal, provoking endless remonstrances and cuffs from Plunkett for his restlessness, he heard every quarter from the gloomy chimes of St. Paul's for the greater part of the night. He knew what a severe punishment awaited him if he remained; and yet he did not dare to go home, because he was certain that his father would send him back again directly. At last he determined to run away,—he scarcely could tell whither, but stay at the school any longer he would not.

The next day was a holiday, but the pupils were allowed by Mr. Snap to go out in the afternoon. There was a mountebank exhibiting in one of the small thoroughfares near the house, and the boys stopped to look at him. This attracted their attention, and Frederick, taking advantage of it, crept through the crowd, slipped up an adjoining court, and was soon out of their sight.

He ran quickly along two or three lanes, until he found himself at the Mansion House. And now which way was he to go? He had only threepence in his pocket, his weekly allowance, which had just been given to him, and this would not help him much upon any road. Whichever way he journeyed must be on foot. At last he recollected when his family lived in Essex, that he used to come to town along Whitechapel whenever they visited London; and this decided him upon going in that direction. Vague enough, to be sure, were his ideas of the country beyond that thoroughfare; but, next to Boulogne, there was no other direction in which he knew a soul. Indeed, with him these two localities were the world.

The clocks struck three as he started off along Cornhill. It was

a fine bright afternoon: warm, too, for the time of year. People had left their great-coats at home for the first time, and walked about with cheerful faces. Gay ribbons and light fabrics in the windows of the drapers peeped out from amongst the more sober articles, like snowdrops from the dull, wintry ground. Weathercocks gleamed in the sunlight against the blue sky; long trucks of crisp fragrant heath and tinted daisies, redolent of country odours, appeared to supplant the sickly hyacinths on the window-sills. Travellers forsook the interiors of omnibuses, and climbed the roof, to the great joy of the drivers, legended to pocket all fees therefrom derived. Frugal housekeepers began to think of letting their fires out in the middle of the day, and dreamt of coloured willow shavings and elaborate dissections of many-nicked silver-paper, to the great detriment of that trade which Mr. Chicksand affected to be a wholesale speculator in. Everything appeared looking forward to the spring; and perhaps everything turned out very delusive, even the next morning, as pleasant anticipations usually do.

Freddy felt at liberty, but at the same time terrified at his freedom; he was as embarrassed as a loose canary; and when he collected sufficient courage to ask a waterman at a cab-stand the way to Whitechapel, and the waterman looked at him with a glance which none but ogres in story-book woodcuts ever have been known to assume, with the exception of the terrible Turks who roll their eyes in moveable magic-lantern slides, and said, "he hoped as he wasn't the little boy that all the newspapers said had run away from school," he was so frightened, that he determined at all risks to pursue his indefinite journey as well as he could by guessing, rather than again submit to such a thrilling intimation.

He remembered the butchers' sheds in the High Street; because, when a very little boy, he used to gaze at them from the coach-windows as he came into London, and wondered whether there were enough people in the world to eat all the legs of mutton that hung in endless rows from their penthouses. So this assured him that he was going in the right direction; and he walked on and on, until the road widened, and the footpath became broad and unpaved, towards which houses pushed out shops from their ground-floors; and here and there little bits of dirty turf, which had been apparently planted with birch-brooms pulled to pieces, tried to look like gardens. Then came a tract of country covered with nothing else but almshouses and hospitals, sometimes broken by a dingy inclosure of mouldy grass, "to let on a building lease," in the centre of which a dismal cow was gradually starving; next, more rows of dwellings, with a public house at each extremity; and then again fields, larger and broader, with attempts at trees and hedges, but still encompassed by formal rows of buildings, warehouses with open walls, letting in the air upon unknown productions, and chimneys from which black smoke was vomited continually. Sundays, week-days, or holidays—morning, noon, and night, it came forth just the same.

The afternoon was declining as he reached Bow, and the sun was throwing its latest beams upon the tower of the old church, before it retired for the night beneath the orange-coloured vapour that hung over London. And now, for the first time, Frederick began to consider what he was to do when night came. He was already rather tired; not so much so but he could have walked some miles further,

if needed; still he knew that he must ultimately knock up, and then where was he to look for shelter? He had not money enough to procure a bed. Indeed, if he had possessed sufficient, he would have been afraid of applying for one.

He was getting hungry, too. His persecutions and misery had taken away his appetite at dinner, but the walk had restored it with double sharpness; so, after dusting his shoes, that attention might not be called to them, he ventured into a chandler's shop, and purchased a small piece of cheese. He thought the woman who served him looked suspiciously at him, as if, in fact, she was perfectly aware that he had come that afternoon from school, and was going on with very undefined notions of his journey. He next bought a roll at an adjoining baker's, and, keeping both these things in his pocket, he picked pieces off and eat them as he went along, which diverted him until he reached Stratford, where the road divided.

It was now nearly dusk, and he was perfectly undecided which thoroughfare to follow. There were direction posts to each; but it was too dark to see them, and he was afraid to ask anybody where either of them led to; so that, in great perplexity he sat down upon the stonework of the churchyard rails, and almost cried for very perplexity.

He began to think that he had done very wrong in leaving the school, and wondered what they were doing at that moment at Mr. Snap's, and how the discovery of his flight had affected the establishment. Then he supposed they would send home to see if he was there,—perhaps they had done so already. And what trouble that would put them in, not knowing where he was! Poor Clara, who was always so kind to him, and his mother. Oh! it was very terrible!

He would have gone back; but the dread of being taken again to the quarters he had just quitted drove the idea from his mind. He must go on, but whither? How comfortable, he thought, everybody around him appeared; for they all knew where they were going to sleep. Even the old woman at the fruit-stall close to the inn must have somewhere, however humble the lodging was, to go to; and the man who was cleaning the omnibus before the door was sure of a truss of hay in the loft, if he had nothing else. Next he formed a plan of getting inside the omnibus when it got quite dark, and staying there all night. But soon the horses were led out, and harnessed to it; and, after it had loitered in front of the inn for half an hour, to the great edification of the solitary passenger, who had been assured that it was going directly, it started off for town.

At length the little boy got up again, and pursued his way, taking the left-hand road upon the decision of his remaining penny, with which he tossed heads and tails, to see which route was best for him to follow; and, getting nervously excited, he propounded oracular questions to himself respecting the successful termination of his enterprize, taking his answers from the first names or letters he saw over the shops.

"Shall I be happy by to-morrow morning?" he inquired. "If the first letter on the next shop is O, that shall mean *no;* and if it is an S, *yes.*" He got up to the shop, and looked at the name: it was Wood; and this discomfort of his own creating depressed him more than anything else. But he went on with desperation, biting

his under lip, and clenching his hand until his nails left their marks deeply impressed upon his small palms.

When he got to Leytonstone, lights were gleaming from the windows of the different dwellings, and through some of them he caught glimpses of people comfortably seated at tea in snug parlours. The public houses, too, looked cheerful, as the bright fires within shone through their red blinds. He was exceedingly thirsty with worry, and somewhat fatigued, and he ventured into one of them for half a pint of porter, which cost him his remaining coin.

"You look pale, little master," said the landlord, who was a good-tempered-looking man, with a green cut-away coat and a red face—a perfect mixture of the natural and conventional host. "Aren't you well?"

"Yes, sir," replied Freddy, forcing a smile, and trying to look pleasant. "I 'm very well, only a little tired. I 've walked from London."

"And where are you going to?" asked the man.

This was a terrible question to answer. Freddy looked down upon the ground as his face turned scarlet, and crumpling up the corner of his jacket into his hand, said in a low, tremulous voice, "that he was going home." Little people have a great deal of art, but never the tact to conceal it.

"I fear they don't expect you to-night exactly," observed the landlord gravely. "Whereabouts is your home?"

"Romford," answered the little boy, hazarding one of few names he knew in the county.

"Well, but this is not the road to Romford, you know," replied the other; "this goes to Wanstead. How did you get here?"

"I 'm afraid I mistook the way, sir," said Frederick, with great humility.

"Ah! I 'm afraid you have," observed the landlord, shaking his head. "Wait a minute; I think there 's a cart in my yard going to Romford before long. I 'll go and see; and if there is, the man shall take you."

The host left the bar, and went into the tap-parlour, where several people were drinking. The instant his head was turned Frederick stayed no longer, but slipped out of the door, and ran up the road as fast as his legs would carry him.

He sped on until he was out of breath, and then he ventured to look around him. He had left the town, and was getting into the open county. It was starlight, and he could see that he was coming near what was apparently a forest. Under other circumstances he would have been afraid to venture alone, and at evening, upon its outskirts; but his alarm at being found out, and sent back to Mr. Snap's,—never reflecting that such a thing could not occur unless by his own information, — drove him on to seek refuge in its coverts. He struck out of the road to the right; and, neglecting in his anxiety to study any objects that might lead him back again, in five minutes had completely lost his way amidst a wilderness of large trunks of trees, holly bushes, and evergreen shrubs.

Fear, however, now regained its ascendancy, and as soon as he perceived his situation he cried aloud. There was no answer; a dull echo followed the sound of his voice, and then nothing was heard but the gurgling of a little spring that tumbled over some pebbles

almost at his feet. There was just light enough for him to distinguish a hollow and large beech-tree close to where he had stopped; and creeping into the trunk, he coiled himself up like a dormouse. He was concealed; of that there was no doubt. But where was he? In the middle of a forest, which his imagination conjured into one of those shocking woods where young princes and ruined merchants always got lost on the same night they left their homes, before discovering some wonderful castles inhabited by beasts, white cats, or sleeping-beauties. In the middle of such a forest; at night, and alone.

Anon the terrible usurped the place of the fairy interest with which he endowed it. He thought of sad murders that had been committed, where the bodies had been buried beneath a tree, which became the haunt of unholy spirits ever after, and threw its scathed and blasted limbs on high, as if appealing to heaven to lay open the dreadful secret it inclosed amidst its roots. Then he thought that this was just such a tree, without bark or leaves, with long, gaunt branches; perhaps there might have been a murder there—who could tell? and the body was rotting beneath him. Some of the evergreens, too, as they bent their topmost branches to the night-breeze against the star-lit sky, looked like the wailing ghosts of the departed. And next came back a keen recollection of the only corpse he had ever seen, that of an old servant, who had died when he was very little; and he fancied a piece of withered timber lying on the ground a little way off looked like it. He called back the dreary sight in all its terrible particulars. The curtains drawn, and the obscure light of the room, so awfully imbued with the presence of the dead; how he was told to touch the body, that it might not frighten him at night; how cold and strange it felt! And how, in spite of the precaution, it always appeared with the dusk before him; how long it lay by his side in bed, as he quailed and shivered beneath the clothes at the grim phantom; and how dreadful a thing death was, that changed a being he had loved to his most shocking punishment. All these ideas rose before him in frightful images, and well-nigh turned his brain with terror. They were not the spectres of the imagination. He saw them palpably, hideously before him. There was not a shrub or pollard but appeared, in the gloom, endowed with some appalling semblance.

Gradually, however, their forms became less distinct, as intense fatigue usurped the place of terror, and he fell into that state between waking and sleeping, when the attributes of either condition are equally confused one with the other. He thought he was at home, and yet it was in the middle of the forest; and Clara spoke to him in the tree, so plainly that he started to hear her. And suddenly Gogsley laid hold of him, and pulled him along the roof of the school to the very edge, where he let him fall; upon which he awoke suddenly in affright. But at last everything faded away; and, worn out with fatigue and apprehension, he became alike heedless of cold, hunger, or fear, and fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

Which reverts to the Chicksand colony, and its inmates.

If there was one day more than another upon which Mrs. Chicksand gave way to the ebullitions of an irritable temperament, it was on Monday mornings, when she ascended with Lisbeth into her own room, and made a haycock of dirty things in the middle of it; at the same time constructing a statistical table, or "list to be retained," by entering the articles in a printed book, chiefly remarkable for containing the names of everything nobody ever wore or used; or accompanying the process by a running commentary, from which listeners, had there been any, might have gleaned much information relative to the social economy of her lodgers.

"Why, my goodness, what is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Chicksand, as Lisbeth, after diving into a large ticking-bag, until she was almost as completely hidden in it as a bee in a blue-bell, pulled out a round towel, and sent it across the room, like a flying serpent, towards the heap.

"That makes four this week 'm," replied Lisbeth; "I told Mr. Bodle you 'd be in a way about it."

"Mr. Bodle must amuse himself by sweeping his own chimney with my towels," said Mrs. Chicksand. "What can make them in such a mess?"

"He 's trying to turn all the black-lead into diamunts," replied the handmaiden.

"Diamonds, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Chicksand, with a toss of her head. "I wish he 'd turn a little money into his pockets instead. Well, of all the dirty—filthy—no, I never did! Diamonds, indeed! Mr. Bodle will never make anything else but a great fool of himself. I did say I never would have professionals to lodge with me again; and, when he goes, I never will."

And at that instant Mrs. Chicksand made an inward vow that the following week she would charge Mr. Bodle with two-pennyworth of milk he had never had, to balance her expenditure. She had learned this clever piece of domestic economy from her father, who once kept a large hotel, and made it a rule whenever anything was broken which he did not get paid for, to charge his inmates all round with a sheet of writing-paper the next day, which, by thus retailing a quire, covered the loss. Mrs. Chicksand was a worthy descendant of this talented man. It was wonderful what a lot of watercresses Mr. Snarry devoured during the summer, without knowing it. And, independently of Mr. Bodle's endeavours to establish diamond-mines in the black-lead box, had he given himself up entirely to smelting iron-ore in blast furnaces, the sixpenny scuttles would not have told up more fearfully than they did, whenever his account got a few days past recollection.

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Chicksand, as Lisbeth added another article to the heap, "why, what the goodness is that?"

"Them 's ink, ma'am," replied the servant, holding up a counterpane, which looked as if it had been used as blotting-paper to a very large letter. "That 's Mr. Bodle again—writing in bed."

"And how dares Mr. Bodle write in bed?" resumed Mrs. Chicksand. "How dares he do it!"

"I told him you'd make a noise," said Lisbeth. "He says he must, because he has moments of perspiration. He's been at it again."

And, in corroboration, Lisbeth displayed a pillow-case, upon which was the undeniable impression of some remarkable theme with variations, intended at some future time to astonish the weak wires of the six-octave square.

"This decides me, then," said Mrs. Chicksand wrathfully, venting her anger upon the list she was completing, by running her steel-pen through it.

"I have never had my things in such a state before since Mr. Brooks had the second floor—that gentleman who walked the hospitals, and ran in debt."

"One, two, three, four," said Lisbeth, counting up some towels. "I've heard master talk of him, ma'am."

"A troublesome fellow!" continued the mistress. "I've known him forget to undress himself, and go to bed in his boots twice running. He went away at last, but we'd a world of trouble to get rid of him."

"Had you, now, 'm?" asked the servant, who perceived Mrs. Chicksand was suffering from an accession of communicativeness, which excitement generally induced.

"I rather think we had," replied Mrs. Chicksand: "let me see—four towels. He gave a party the evening before he left, and his friends stay'd all night. When they went in the morning they rammed bits of tobacco-pipes into all the keyholes of the house."

"Dear me!" observed Lisbeth, with an expression of alarm. "And how did the other families get out of their rooms?"

"There it was," said Mrs. Chicksand; "they couldn't. Mr. Chicksand was obliged to go for the fire-escapes, and let them down into the street out of the windows. I never shall forget it as long as I'm born—no, I never shall. What capital things those escapes are when a house isn't on fire!"

The enumeration of washables had nearly concluded, and 'Lisbeth gathered them up into one enormous bundle, to be kicked down stairs before her into the passage, and there wait until the man called.

"Now, mind what I say," remarked the mistress. "I won't have Mr. Bodle take any more jack-towels to make diamonds of. If he asks for one, tell him I say that he shan't have it, unless it's to hang himself with. Then perhaps he'll be offended, and go. Ah! I hear you."

The last words were playfully addressed to nothing in particular, but intended to apply to Mr. Bodle, from whose room proceeded musical sounds of an elaborated and continuous nature that showed the piano to be in the last stage of suffering, and by its violent internal grumbling led people to think involuntarily of tincture of rhubarb, bottles of hot water, and powdered ginger.

As Mrs. Chicksand descended the staircase, Clara met her at the drawing-room door, and asked her to step in for an instant. The hostess immediately acquiesced in the wish. Mr. and Mrs. Scattergood were both from home, and Clara was a great favourite with Mrs. Chicksand, so she anticipated a long talk, which she was ever ready to indulge in.

But this conversation was not of a particularly diverting nature. After a few domestic inquiries respecting the state of the larder, and the probable store of bread in the safe, Clara told the landlady that she thought the bill might be put up again for one of the bed-rooms; and she said this with such a melancholy expression, that it induced Mrs. Chicksand to hope nothing unpleasant was about to happen.

"Oh, no," replied Clara; "at least I hope not. But I shall be able to tell you more about it when papa and mamma return."

"Have you heard of Master Frederick lately, miss?" inquired Mrs. Chicksand.

"Oh, poor little fellow, yes," returned Clara. "He wrote yesterday; but I am afraid he is very unhappy. It was a sad, gloomy letter, filled with wishes to come home. I must get mamma to go and see him."

"Everybody has their troubles, miss, as I tell Mr. Chicksand, when the wooden pegs in his boots run into his heels. There 's skeletons in everybody's houses, only they don't show them to visitors. I 'm sure I have enough to put up with."

"I suppose your lodgers sometimes give you a little uneasiness," observed Clara, feeling called upon to make some sort of remark.

"No living soul can tell but Mr. C. and me, no more than nothing that ever was," answered Mrs. Chicksand. "I shall never forget the foreign gentleman, who took this very room in which we stand, and gave a reference to a high French nobleman, whose house we could not find. To think, one day he ordered a broiled mackarel when he went out, and never came back again; but took away my husband's blue macintosh and the sugar-tongs."

"But did not he leave any luggage?" inquired Clara.

"He said it had to come through the Custom-house; but, as it never came, we suppose it was too large. And well I recollect that very day I shewed the second-floor to Mr. Snarry, with a bursting heart, at ten shillings a-week, who took the mackarel off my hands, and has occupied it ever since. A nice gentleman Mr. Snarry is, miss, and often asks about you."

"I am very much obliged to him for his attention," replied Clara. "He appears a quiet, well-conducted person."

"Oh, but he 's full of fun, miss; full of fun, though you wouldn't think it," replied Mrs. Chicksand, as if she thought Clara had spoken reproachfully of him. "What I says is, that you may soon know the real gentleman by what he eats," continued the landlady. "For vulgar people pinch and screw, and starve on chops alone; but well-born lodgers love a joint, and never see it twice."

And, delivering herself of these opinions, Mrs. Chicksand released the door-handle from its five minutes of bondage in her hand, and went down stairs.

THE OMEN.

A LEGEND OF BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

Before the bombardment of Bergen-op-Zoom,
(*Not* the fatal attack when Skerret and Gore,
Macdonald, and Carleton, and numberless more
Were lost to their country, and plung'd us in gloom ;)
But the siege when, old Cumberland acting as hat-holder,
Maurice of Saxony warr'd with the Stadtholder ;—
Still, as the fire of his batteries got MORE range,
Redoubling the cry of—" No quarter to Orange !"—
So that, when the poor city surrendered,—'twas sack'd,
Which seems a great shame, and is call'd a great fact !—

Well,—before THAT bombardment of Bergen-op-Zoom,
In one of the aisles of its stately cathedral,
To all English travellers, a wonderful tomb
Was specially pointed to note by the beadle.—
And the moment the eye of the stranger espied it,
Though others more showy by half stood beside it
Every monument there, whether urn, bust, or slab, he
Held cheap, as the tombstones in Westminster Abbey,
Which headless and dusty, look shockingly shabby :—
Or St. Paul's, where on payment
Of twopence a head,
In a temple to pray meant
They peep-show the dead ;
Where beadle and verger
So cruel a scourge are,
And keen Dean and Chapter
To screw one so apt are,
That Sir Christopher Wren would their *robbing* disown,
Could he do in St. Faith's what he pleas'd with his own.
On marble Archdukes
In flowing perukes,
A Dutch burgomaster
In pure alabaster ;
Electors in steel, and
Archbishops of Zealand,
All mitred and crosiered,
(You 'd fancy their prose ye heard.)
People listlessly gaz'd, like the cockneys who go
To stare at the wax-work of Madame Tussaud,
Stiff as pokers or pikestaffs, and ugly as sin,
Lord Palmerston,—Nap,—and Commissioner Lin !—
But awful to view was the wonderful tomb,
Beside the high altar of Bergen-op-Zoom ;
Its emblems mysteriously hinting a doom
That might take out the shine in cadaverous gloom
Of the tales of Monk Lewis, Ann Radcliff, and Co.,
Once the popular authors of *gens comme il faut.*—

To remind us that fragile as glass human fate is,
A lesson old Time still imparts to one gratis,
It bore the sad text,—" VANITAS VANITATIS !"—
And the emblems,—I shudder in writing the tale,—
Were a skull on a looking-glass,—parti per pale :—
The technical term may be wrong :—of Sir Harris
Exactness in matters heraldic the care is ;

But the objects were plac'd,—as your forefathers saw, Sir,—
The skull like a teacup,—the glass like a saucer.—

Such a blazon announc'd to the prosy and dull,
Not a crack in the glass, but a crack in the skull,—
Till the terrible legend was told to its ending.
But a moment for breath, if you please! 'Twere like blending
Ash-Wednesday in sackcloth with loose *Mardi Gras*, if
We touch'd on such horrors without a new paragraph!—

By the Frith of Forth
In the canny North
Once dwelt a noble man;—
Brave, braw, and spruce
Was young Lord Bruce,
A farthing of Queen Anne!—
The gamesome and the gay among,
He bore away the belle;
But belles, alas! can wag a tongue
Their right to rings to tell;
And when some blustering brother talks
Of Mantons, and eight paces,
Even fighting Smith, or doughty Dan,
Or Lady Sale, or Cardigan,
Or valiant Jack, the Cornish man,
Might wish he dar'd to walk his chalks
And ne'er had seen their faces!—

However, Lord Bruce was so general a favourite,
That, do what he would, 'twas the vote of the Lords,
'Twould be their *own* loss were he sent to the grave for it,
So they sheathed their toledos, and swallow'd their words.

'Twas the time when from Scotland King Jamie the First
Brought his naked and hungry, our treasures to bone here,
And a cat-and-dog sort of affection was nurst
'Twixt the courtiers of England and stout Caledonia!—
Mid the proudest at court
Young Sackville was seen,—
A champion for England
A knight for a queen;—
Like Bayard the Spotless,—of chivalrous France a star,
Or the *preux* of our *own* time, to whom he was ancestor,
Cantilupe,—last of the Dorsets, whose bays
Crown'd heroes and bards in Elizabeth's days.—

Now Sackville detested the Scotch, and protested
That Bruce, who just then with his sister was flirting,
If he show'd but his nose in the house, for proposing,
Should be seiz'd by his vassals, and tumbled the dirt in,
Wherever they jostled,—no matter the spot,—
He muttered the insult of—"beggarly Scot!"—
And Bruce, though 'twas hard his emotions to smother,
Had not e'en the resource to retort—"you're another!"

A Scotman's devotion *pro aris et focis*
As the love of the Swiss for their fatherland, close is.
So that Bruce, thus revil'd, though averse to the action,
Was *forc'd* in the end to demand satisfaction.

But as luck will'd, King Jamie, "their gossip and dad,"
Got a hint of the business, and swore with an oath,
"If he heard of a meeting between 'em, egad!
He'd settle in Newgate the hash of them both."—
To the London police
He gave them in charge,
Rehearsing the piece
Of the "Prisoners at large,"—
But they turn'd on their heel, and
Set sail straight for Zealand,
With seconds and surgeons
To act in emergence;
And landing at Antwerp, upon the Escant, Sir,
Agreed they would fight the next day, at Tergosa.—

'Tis unpleasant to draw
On one's brother-in-law:
And that night, when in bed
Lord Bruce laid his head,
And thought of the sorrow
Might chance on the morrow;
Having supped on sauer-kraut
Pumpernickel and stout,
In which Dutchmen delight,—
He was tortur'd all night
By a nightmare, just such as one dreams in one's flurry
After seeing Macbeth done to rags at the Surrey!—
And awaking at daybreak, "used up" and affrighted,
Beheld what was worse than ten nightmares united!—

In that province, where webbed in the foot man and beast are,
A mirror is plac'd in the beds for a tester;
Like a looking-glass stuck in a comfit-box lid,
Multiplying by two what must else have been hid,—
And making the snoozer snooze double,—too bad O,
My Wordsworth,—to jest on thy Swan and its Shadow!

Therein of course Lord Bruce expected
To see his night-capp'd face reflected;
But lifting up his eyes,—(the wind
With hideous moanings howled the while,—)
Behold, a human skull thence grinn'd
Most horribly a ghastly smile!—
Oh omen dire,—Oh omen dread,—
His face transform'd to a death's head!—

He fainted not, nor call'd for aid
From waiter, or from chambermaid:—
But softly to himself he said,
"I'm a 'gone' coon!—All's up with *me*!—
My doom is settled—Q. E. D."—
As though by Babbage prov'd, or Whewell,
A victim pre-ordained, he knew well
That adverse fate, with purpose cruel,
Had sworn to pink him in the duel!—
So having wash'd and said his prayers
He took his sword and walk'd down stairs.

In the record George Sackville has left of their fight,
To prove to all England he was not a scamp,—
He tells us distinctly it rain'd in the night,
And the meadow they fought in was wretchedly damp.

He felt but the damp to his feet from the grass,—
But the damper of Bruce was the skull in the glass!
And dazzled and desperate, he rush'd like a fool on
His foe,—in a style that would shock Monsieur Coulon.

From the right breast of Sackville the blood flowed in torrents,
But though pale as a portrait of Canning by Lawrence,
He rallied his strength with a wrench and a start,
And ran his antagonist straight through the heart,
The surgeons drew near,—'twas no manner of use!—
As the omen foretold, all was up with Lord Bruce!

The great Earl of Clarendon tells us this story,
And Steele in the Guardian has plac'd it before ye;
But both have in silence the ghost of the skull,
As an old woman's tale of a cock and a bull.—
Though, when to Culross in process forlorn
The heart of the dead, cas'd in silver was borne,
By his mother those emblems were plac'd on his tomb
Beside the high altar of Bergen-op-Zoom!

MORAL.

The moral of this dread event
Should be inscrib'd on brass;
Refrain, young lords, on conquest bent,
From looking in the glass!

MIKE LEARY;

OR, THE JEWEL OF BALLYHAUGH.

BY W. LAW GANE.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

THE Cathedral of Ballyhaugh, as all the learned in Hibernian topography will testify, rears its towers and turrets in a parish of the same euphonious name, which itself is a corner of the arcadian district of Connemara, the whole being included in that province of provinces, "swate ould Connaught;" and every mother's son of ye knows where Connaught is. Now this same cathedral is the glory of the whole wide earth. 'Twas here St. Patrick,—bless his memory!—tried his 'prentice hand at mixing mortar, and gave his first lectures on shouldering the hod, which his descendants, to their honour be it said, have never forgotten. Surely this of itself was sufficient to place our parish first on the file: but it has other distinguished claims. Its cathedral contains the most precious and inestimable relic that ever was, or ever will be, the blessed portion of saint or sinner; 'tis the Jewel of Ballyhaugh, and the envy of Christendom. Add to this, that its lads are the best-behaved, and most peaceable, and its lasses the prettiest anywhere to be found between Cape Clear and the Causeway; and we have said enough to glorify Ballyhaugh. In the recollection of its oldest inhabitant, no bailiff has been known to dine on parchment writs in its precincts, or tithe-proctor to be escorted *out* at the point of the pitchfork.

The beautiful sprigs, which, (nately tipped with lead,) are such convincers, through the length and breadth of green Erin, grow in peace in Ballyhaugh; none cuts his stick till compelled. And all this beautiful state of society, this blessed condition of purity, prettiness, and

prosperity, is entirely owing to the jewel of a relic, and to nothing in the world, or out of it, besides. This boast of the island is open to public inspection, though jealously guarded by a dragon in the shape of Tim O'Flaggerty, the *multum in parvo* of Ballyhaugh; Tim being sexton, parish-clerk, bell-ringer, fiddler at wakes and weddings, and some score other callings in case of need. Tim is, and naturally enough, proud of his office, and he has reason to be so. Tim, and his select friends, believe there is no other so dignified to be found throughout the land; the lord-lieutenant has not half such a charge, and as to the keepership of a King's conscience, it 's a mere tin-kettle affair in comparison with Tim's.

The blessed jewel is enshrined in a real silver box, and this is placed in an old chest, big and strong enough to keep Behemoth out of mischief, and the stout walls of the fine old cathedral enclosed all. Thus secured, it may bid defiance to Mercury himself, or to a conclave of relic-stealers, with the Pope at their head.

It has always been regarded as an act of condescension on the part of Tim to exhibit his charge; and lucky is the wayfarer deemed who can obtain a peep at it. Many and many a noggin has been lavished on Tim in vain, and even more potent persuaders have occasionally failed. But, withal, Tim is a good-tempered soul; and, catch him any day, when the pigs are behaving respectably, and the praties have turned out *nately*, and there is not much danger of a refusal. It chanced on a certain beautiful morning, that Tim, with a dignity of fifty-beadle power, opened for us the cathedral doors, and was graciously pleased to permit us to inspect the world-famed, the never-to-be-sufficiently-esteemed relic. When, after a salam, that would have done honour to a Moslem, Tim opened the silver shrine, great was our surprise, immense our astonishment; it was not bone of saint, or beard of martyr that we saw; it was not a toe-nail of St. Magnus, the spear-head of St. George, the remains of St. Andrew's oatmeal, or St. Crispin's lapstone, or good St. Anthony's nose. It was—a tail, a tail! but such a tail! The idea naturally and instantaneously obtruded itself, what animal could have borne such an appendage? It never wagged behind an Irish beast, that was certain; the unicorn could not boast such an adjunct. Our knowledge of Buffon and the naturalists was ransacked in vain. Buckland, and the geologists, did no more for us. The sea-serpent's it could not be; a mammoth never owned it. In size it nearly resembled a cow's, but assuredly this never whisked off the flies; it was covered with hair of an indescribable quality, and its colour was sooty black, beautifully tipped with brimstone yellow.

This is all the information we can give for the present. While we cogitated, Tim was singing the praises of his jewel; he related the wonders it had performed; he told us of the many contests that had agitated Christendom for its possession; how the blessed pope had sent a deputation to Ballyhaugh to borrow it for three months, that he might behold it, and how the pope was refused; to which Tim added, that the devil himself would have been served in the same way, and how a wicked monk, in days of old, had died like a *baste*, because he stole one of the precious hairs, and sold it to a cardinal for a bottle of whiskey. All this was well enough; but still the tail continued a *tail* of mystery. We turned imploringly to Tim for a solution, and Tim in return gave us a look, which said as plainly as words could express, "I could if I would; but I 'm not to be wheedled." A little bribery,

and a great deal of blarney, however, produced their usual effects; the ice appeared to be thawing; Tim was melting into a state of compliance. The gentleman-keeper deposited the jewel in its ancient resting-place, quietly folded his arms, and seated himself upon the huge old chest, and we as quietly followed his example. It was evident something was coming, and expectation was on tiptoe. Tim's tongue, we had perceived from the first, was hung upon the perpetual motion principle; once set going, it stopped not until worn out; and its powers being now directed to an elucidation of the mysteries of the tail, we had nothing to do but to act the part of respectable listeners. It is certainly a matter of regret that Tim's rich and racy brogue, his genuine Hibernicisms cannot be transferred literally to our pages; to make amends for this, it is our intention next time we visit Ballyhaugh to induce Tim to write his own history of the tail; and if this is not well received by a discerning public, we shall certainly say that taste is defunct, and at once set about writing its epitaph.

"Arrah!" said Tim, commencing his narrative, "but this precious jewel is the thing itself! there is nothin' in the whole wide arth to compare wid it! Och! darlin' tail, wasn't Ballyhaugh a different sort of a place before ye walked into it? Pretty divils were the boys then-a-day, and hard work was it for his riverence, the praste, to get them safe through purgatory, and some were so atarnally bad that the blessed bishop himself couldn't put them into the right road. Och! murther! but they were divils unborn, and the biggest divil among them all was one Mike Leary, a spalpeen, whose name shouldn't be mentioned in dacent society, but that we can't help it. Be dad! it was strange that sich an everlasting ragamuffin should have been the manes of givin' us sich a gift, a gift which all the Kings of the arth, if they put all their gold, and all their jewels together, couldn't buy, nor get another like it, for this plain reason, that there isn't another to be had. The animal this wagged behind was what the larned called a *rara avis;* and, his riverince has often told me, had but one tail.

"This Mike Leary, as I told yer honours before, was a broth of a boy, as unsanctified a sinner as the land could produce. Divil a bit o' mischief was there going on but Mike had his hand in it. He lived all alone, and by himself, and his cot was rarely seen by any eye but the crow's as it flew over the mountain; the boldest ventured not to visit him where he dwelt, for awful tales were told of the doings thereabout. And yet, withall, the lad was not unsocial; he was always foremost in the fun at fights, and at fairs, at wakes, and at weddings. No one ever knew him to work, or to win, to buy, or to sell, and yet his turf-stack was always high; he never was widout praties on his floor, or pork in his sty: but how did he get 'em? That's the question I should like to have answered.

"May be thay came naturally, as manners do to monkeys, or pitchfork tongues to women, or may be"—and here Tim crept close to us, and spoke low,—"evil sperits supplied him, and 'tis said infarnal cr'atures were sometimes seen dragging swine, already fatted and shaved, up the hill, while the poor bastes were so frightened that they said not a word, but went like lambs to the slaughter. And, as to praties and turf, they positively walked up of their own accord, and niver interfered with a shoul, if they met one, but just said 'Good night,' and passed on. There was strange doings in those far-off days. If a child caught the masels, the muther vowed it was all owin' to Mike;

if a cow slipped into a ditch, or a donkey grew melancholy, he was certain to have a hand in it. Not a thing happened, good, bad, or indifferent, for miles around, that Mike's powers were not call'd into question. Mike sartinly was a frind to some, particularly to his kith and kin. As an instance of this, though he required no land himself, as he niver laboured, he took care to provide all his relations with the best the neighbourhood could bestow; if the owners hesitated, Mike dispatched his compliments, and assured them that it was perfectly necessary for their own good, and the pace of society, that they should comply with his frinds' request, and let them have the acres. They seldom needed a second admonition. If any of his own fancied a wife, and the parent, or the maiden, was bold enough to say no, Mike hinted softly to them that he should feel obliged by their so far honouring his family; and if they still hesitated, he would condescend to pay them a personal visit, not as the lily-livered spalpeens do now-a-days, in the dark night, but in broad day, and gintaly strapping the damsel on his horse, carry her off to the narest praste. Mike in his own sole person was the parliment of his parish, and faix, he was judge and jury too, and further, whiniver occasion required, he niver failed to execute his own decrees. No one for a moment dreamt of opposing him; he was universally belaved to have on his side a power which nothin' human could withstand. In those days we hadn't the Sassenachs, neither their laws, nor their red-coats; and, supposing they had been here, what then? No laws can bind, and soldiers niver were and niver will be able to fight against divils, and these most assuredly Mike had at his fingers' ends."

Here, although Tim made no pause, we could not avoid asking ourselves what on earth all this had to do with the tail. It did not appear that Mike had, however likely a subject for a long voyage, travelled in strange lands, and certainly it stood confessed that such a tail was not of home-growth. Did he associate with, keep, feed, and cherish, some strange beast in his out-of-the-way den on the mountain, and had he in a moment of anger, spleen, disappointment, or forgetfulness, mutilated its fair proportions? The generosity, kindness, and amiability of the Irish character at once negatived this assumption. Had it been a head instead of a tail, we should at once have assigned it to some hydra, some joint-stock monster, a creature whose loss of heads is of such frequent occurrence as to be scarcely entitled to notice.

Could it be a disjointed member, which, worn out with continual agitation, had spontaneously dropped? Unfortunately for this solution of the enigma, Mike flourished in a golden age, in an era when College Green retained its verdure and its sprouts, warranted of native rearing, amidst which the Hibernian bucks revelled, strangers to decay, or any other mortal ill.

This was a poser; speculation was completely floored; conjecture dead-beaten. Nothing remained but to turn again to our "oracle and guide."

"It would take a long day," continued Tim, "to mintion all Mishter Mike's doings; but I must jist tell ye that he cared not a snap o' the finger for the praste himself; whinever he crossed his riverince's path he would be after cocking his eye, or putting his tief of a finger to his nose, and yet his holiness strived hard to convart the sinner:—

"'Blood an' oons!' he would say, 'what do ye think will become o'

ye, Mike Leary, unless ye be afhter mendin' yer ways? There 's a very dark gintleman looking close after ye, Mike Leary, and if once ye git into his claws, let me tell ye, all the saints couldn't git ye out agin. Come to mass, Mike, and pay yer praste his honest dues, and ye shall have absolution on raysonable tarms.'

"But all this kindness was thrown away; his riverince might as well have whistled jigs to red-herrings. Mike cared not a rap for praste or purgatory, and some assert that he stole his riverince's cabbages, bad luck to him!

"Matters went on in this way for many a year; Mike grew worse and worse every day of his life, and not a cat could say a mouse was its own in Ballyhaugh.

"In all likelihood yer honours have heard of that terribly stormy night, when the round tower on the hill of Howth was thrown down, and the beautiful city of Killarney was overflowed by the lake. It was on that very night, while Mishter Mike was sitting by his arth, draming of divilry for the morrer, and larfing at the tunder and the lightnin', and watchin' the praties bile in the pot for his supper, and, basides, he was singing a song, which I 'll repate to yer honours; 'tis called 'Mike Leary's song of the praties.'

"'Dear praties, or murphies, or whatever name
The l'arned may call ye, I love ye the same;
Ye 're the roundest, the swatest, the best of all fruit,
And I 'll sing till I 'm tired in praise of the root.

'Just schrape them gintaly when put in the pot,
And take them up smoking, and ate them quite hot;
And while on their beauties my shoul is regalin',
I 'll loudly proclaim they require no repalin'.

'Wid buttermilk shure for a prince they 're a faste;
There 's nothin' like praties, west, north, south, or east.
Swate fruit! while adown my pleased throat as ye roll,
Be assured that Mike Leary will ne'er charge ye toll.

'The gintles may talk of their fruit from afar,
Of the grape, and the pach, the apple, and pear;
But the pratie so maly, the pratie is mine;
May the pratie and shamrock for ever intwine!'

"Whether Mike had finished his song or not, 'tisn't asy to say, but 'tis sartin that a gintle and purlite tap at the door silenced him intirely.

"'Murther! and who is it there? Come in, an plase ye, as ye ginerally do, through the kayhole, or down the chimbly. But the invitation was declined, and the tapping continued. After some delay, Mike went to the door, and opened it, and to be sure a very dacent-looking gintleman stood on the threshold. He didn't stop to be asked, but walked in, as if he had been steppin' into his own house.

"'Quite at home, sir!' said Mike.

"'To be sure, Mishter Mike; and arn't ye glad to see me?' said the stranger.

"'Seein' as how I hav'n't yer honour's acquaintance, I carn't very well say whither I 'm glad or sorry to see ye, but if yer honour will be pleased to tell where ye larnt my name, perhaps I shall be able to answer.

[illegible]

But [illegible] ... and some [illegible] ...

[illegible] ... on that way for [illegible] ... his life, and [illegible] ...

[illegible] ... have heard of that [illegible] ... on the hill of [illegible] ... was [illegible] ... Mike [illegible] ... for the ... and [illegible] ... and [illegible] ... the [illegible] ... song, which [illegible] ... the [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] ... the [illegible] ...
[illegible] ... that Mike [illegible] ...

[illegible] ... they raised their [illegible] ...
[illegible] ... the [illegible] ...
[illegible] ... the ... and [illegible] ... for ever [illegible]!"

Whether Mike had finished his song or not, 'tis hard to say, but [illegible] ... the door [illegible] ... and who is [illegible] ... through the [illegible] ... the [illegible] ... and the [illegible] ... to the door, and opened it, and [illegible] ... on the threshold. He didn't stop to be asked, [illegible] ... said Mike.

"[illegible], Mickey, and [illegible] ... see me," said [illegible] ... I [illegible] ... glad [illegible] ... perhaps [illegible] ... able to



"'We shall be better acquainted soon, Misther Leary.'

"'Maybe, or maybe not,' whispered Mike to himself.

"The stranger was a fine, tall man; he walked to the fire, and sated himself in the chimbly-corner; a large wide cloak covered him from head to heel, and Mike was rayther surprised to see that, although the rain was comin' down in a flood, not a drop had touched it. He wore a singularly-shaped hat; his face was quite shaded, and he appeared anxiously to conceal his feet. Mike, knowin' as the lad was, couldn't exactly understand his visitor, and was quite curious to find out who he was, and what he wanted. He had nothin' of the praste about him; the police wasn't born: who else was bold enough to intrude on Mike? The lad was fairly puzzled.

"'I hope yer honour had a pleasant walk up the hill,' said Mike, re-openin' the conversation.

"'Quite delightful, Mishter Leary; it was the fineness of the night that induced me to pay ye a visit.'

"This was rayther unintelligible to Mike, seein' that it was what might be honestly called, the 'divil's own weather.'

"'Did yer honour asily find the way up?' inquired Mike.

"'Quite asily, indeed; I was lighted all the way,' said the stranger, pointing to the lightnin'.

"Mike sated himself by the fire, opposite his visitor, and endeavoured to get a peep at his face, but the man was too deep; there sartinly was somethin' very singular about him. Mike's blood began to get warm, but the appearance, and the free and fearless manner of the stranger, kept him quiet; in fact, Mike changed from hot to cold, and in a few minutes he began to feel, as perhaps he had never felt before, confoundedly afraid of the man before him. The stranger glanced frequently at Mike, and the very peculiar expression of his well-shaded eyes made the lad feel quare and oncomfortable. He fidgeted about, and began to consider where he should light upon his biggest shillelagh. He sartainly, and more than once, wished the stranger in a very warm climate. He seemed perfectly to understand Mike's thoughts, for he was very particular in his inquiries afther his health; and he asked afther all his friends, and how they were gettin' on in the world, and what they had been doin' lately, and whether Mike had been busy, and all sich things, and so many of them, that Mike began to think him a frind of the family, which the stranger confirmed by sayin',

"'I feel a great intirest, Mike Leary, in all that concarns ye, and have a strong desire to sarve ye, if ye will jist be afther lettin' me know how I can do it,'

"'By makin' yerself scarce,' Mike would have said, but he didn't. He was rayther onaccustomed to resave, and seldom needed, offers of assistance, so he hardly knew what to say, and therefore said nothin'.

"The stranger wasn't at all surprised at anythin' Mike said or didn't say; he played with the lad as ye would with a well-hooked trout, or a delicate morsel that ye've only to open yer mouth to swallow. He continued:—'I have been thinkin', Misther Mike, that ye would like to pay me a visit; in truth I have called 'specially to invite ye, and as the evening is so agreeable, we shall find no time better than the prisint. My sarvants and frinds have long been expectin' ye, Mister Leary, so ye'll have no occasion to fear inconvaniencin' us.'

"'Arrah! I will,' said Mike, hardly knowin' what he was sayin'.

"'My risidince is a considerable distance from this; but it will take ye a very little time to raach it! Not so long, we could not help hoping, as it takes you, Tim, to reach the tail.'

"'Shall we start at once?' continued the stranger.

"'Quite as yer honour 'plases,' said Mike; 'but I was a-thinkin' yer honour must be faint; so, perhaps, before we go, ye 'll be takin' a slice o' the bacon,—there isn't better under the moon,—and a dhrop o' the raal stuff, the ginuine dew,' and Mike pointed proudly to a keg in the corner,—'don't spake of it,' and Mike winked at his visitor, 'but I made it meself.'

"'It was sartainly kind o' ye, Misther Leary, to think o' the bacon; and I 'm obleeged to ye for the dhrops that are comin', and I carn't find it in me to refuse yer offer.'

"Mike jumped up suddenly to rake the fire together, and takin' the stranger rayther by surprise, for his cloak had slipped aside, he saw somethin' that nearly made him jump back agen; but the lad smothered his feelin's, and jist wint on wid his job as if he 'd seen nothin' at all.

"'Malely murther! though,' said he to himsilf; but the sacret 's out; but Mike Leary is safe as yet, and, be dad! but he intinds kapin' so. Yer a deep ould file; but I jist mane for ye to pay yer lodgin's.'

"Mike bustled about, lookin' afther the gridiron, but he couldn't find it nowhere,—and how could he, considerin' he hadn't one?—It warn't under the bed, nor under the table; it hadn't got among the pigs; and Mike had no neighbour to borrow it; he thought it must be in the corner behind his visitor; and there, sure enough, he didn't find it, but he did see a tundering big tail curled round and round, and the tip turned up like a snake's head, and all this the owner quietly fancied was covered up by his cloak, but it wasn't. 'Now 's the time,' thought Mike; and he very nately slipped one end of a halter over the tail, and fashtened the other to a nail in the wall.

"This was a strange way, ye 'll be thinkin', to sarve a frind, but Mike didn't fancy ballancin' his accounts jist yet, and he felt sartain his mashter has called for a sittlement, so he thought he 'd turn round, and open a new score. Perhaps he made up his mind to go to the divil in finer weather. Mike pertinded to go outside the house to look for the gridiron. He took one short pape in at the window, whin he saw the divil already began to get fidgety, and then started off at the top of his speed, to pay the first visit he ever paid in his life to the house of the praste.

"He ran down the hill like a hare, and in less than no time stood at his riverince's door, against which he thumped like a bathering-ram. His riverince soon popped his blessed head out ov the windy, and his disturber, widout giving him time to spake, bawled out,

"'I 'm Mike Leary, and, plase yer worship, I 've got the divil.'

"'I always told ye ye had, ye graceless whelp! and what do ye mane by disturbin' an honest man at this time o' night, and in sich wedder, to tell him a sacret that the whole parish knows?'

"'Quite thrue, yer riverince; but I 've trapped the divil himself; he paid me a visit, and I 've tied him up by his tail.'

"'Bad luck to ye, Mike Leary, for a lyin' thief! do you think to persuade me the divil would lave his snug fireside in sich wather as this?'

"'Mike Leary, divil as he has been, wouldn't bemane himsilf by tellin' ye a lie; I 've got him bag an' bone, head an' horns, and I want yer riverince to come and excommunicate him, that we may have pace in the parish.'

"I 'll tell ye what, ye bogtrottin' villin! if ye don't be afther gettin' back to yer den, it 's yersilf that I 'll excommunicate; and thin ye may go and keep company wid the divil for a long day.'

"'Then, it 's yer riverince that won't come,' said Mike; 'bad luck to the divil for comin' at all; but if I must go back to him by mesilf, it 's not walkin' I 'll go; I 'll jist borrer yer riverince's pony, and, as I like ridin' asy, I 'll take saddle and bridle as well; I 'm sure yer riverince won't object, considerin' the wather;' and wid this Mike went towards the stable.

"'Och, ye murtherin' villin! only wait till I get down, and I 'll tache ye to borrer ponies! This Mike Leary would stale the beard off the chin of the holy pope!'

"Mike knew well that the praste wouldn't let his pony go widout a struggle to save him, and the praste was equally well assured that Mike would do as he said, and he was perfectly acquainted also with what he meant by borrowin'.

"The lad had scarcely time to saddle and mount, when down came his riverince in his shirt and his slippers, but in sich a tunderin' rage that he would have felt warm packed up in ice. He had seized the first w'apon that came in his way, which happened to be a chopper that the ould crater who waited on his riverince used to cut up the sticks and the mate wid, and a fine thing it was for Mike that he had the start, or his pate might have been made into two. Mike rode away up the hill, and the praste follard as fast as he could; not a rap cared he for wind or wather, and sometimes his shirt was over his head, and sometimes he thought it was blown clane off his back, but not a word did he spake, for the rage and the runnin' blew the breath clane out of his body.

"Mike rode leisurely along, merely takin' care to kape out o' reach of his riverince's arm, for we must do the lad the justice to say that he didn't want to stale the horse, but only to draw the praste up the hill. In this there was no difficulty, for his riverince stuck to his work like a brick, and Mike laughed to himself whin he considered how nately he was takin' him to the divil. His riverince went on, detarmined to go there, or anywhere else, for his pony. They had scarcely reached halfway up the mountain, whin they began to hear a most disperate uproar, and as they got nearer to Mike's house, there was sich an infarnal clatter as niver was heard on arth before. The wind, and the rain, and the tunder, made a vary respectable noise, but all were drowned in noise of another sort. Some would have fancied that the inner parts of the mountain wanted to come out to have a look at the daylight. I forgot it was night; but niver mind. I 'll jist be afther tellin' ye that sich a roarin', howlin', and scratchin' couldn't have been equalled by fifteen hundred tousand womin doin' their best, and its jist mesilf that knows what one can do whin her blood 's up.

"Mike stopped, and so did the praste.

"'Are ye afther hearin' that?' says Mike.

"'I am,' says the praste.

"'That 's the ould baste himsilf,' says Mike.

"'Is it?' says the praste.

"'Yis,' says Mike; 'and, dipind on it, I can tell yer riverince the cause o' the clatter; I hope yer riverince will pardon me, but some time ago I *borrerd* a halter from yer riverince, and 'tis this same that I 've tied the tief up with, and the blessed rope he carnt touch widout burnin' his fingers, and isn't it atin' into his tail like murther. Yes, Mishter Divil, yer in for it now.'

"'I 'm afther tinkin', Mike, that yer not so bad, after all. I 'll go wid ye; but jist get off the pony, and let me ride; and for the love o' the Lord, give me yer coat, for I 'm gettin' cold, and it won't be raspactable at all, at all, to make my app'arance in this state before the divil. Yer a sad rogue, Mike; but I suppose I must be afther forgivin' ye. I 'm sure I should if ye had a drop o' whiskey.'

"'No sooner said than sarved,' cried Mike, as he handed his riverince a bottle, which he was seldom widout, and havin' got off the pony, and out of the coat, his riverince took his place in both cases, and they pursued their journey, the praste merely remarkin':—'Of course, Mike, I shall have the halter back?'

"'Of course!' replied Mike, 'and the divil wid it, if yer riverince plases.'

"Whin they reached the house, a very swate sane of confusion they saw. The chairs looked as if they 'd been havin' a deadly battle wid one anoder, for legs and arms were strewed in all directions; the table had gone clane mad, and had cut its capers till it fell down all of a heap; a whole side of bacon was br'ilin' on the fire, and the divil had basted it wid the frying-pan. The tief had taken one swate pig by his purty little tail, and broken its nose against the wall, and had clawed the ear of anoder, and swallowed it whole; but, worse than all, he had danced upon the whiskey-cask, and smashed it to smithereens; but the roarin' lion didn't forgit first of all to dhrink the whiskey, and a blind man might have seen that the baste was roarin' dhrunk.

"When Mike saw all this, he didn't spake a word; he only said to himself, 'I 'm thinkin', Mishter Divil, that ye 'll be afther payin' for yer sport.'

"The moment Mike and the praste intered, he was quiet as any helpless lamb; he shlunk into the corner, like a well-whipped cur, and would have put his tail betwane his legs, only he couldn't.

"'Ho! ye 're here, are ye?' says the praste.

"Not a word did the divil reply.

"'The divil 's in it, but we 'll find manes to make ye spake!' and says he, 'Mike, be afther givin' me some wather;' and Mike gave his riverince the wather, and his riverince blessed it, and turned it to holy wather intirely, and thin his riverince dipped his hand into it, and gave the divil a taste o' it; and didn't it go into him like scaldin' broth; be dad, but it did; and how he roared, and how he groaned, while Mike and the praste larfed outright, and well they might.

"'Now, thin, ye brimstone-stinkin' baste! what have ye got to say for yersilf?'

"The unfortunate divil could only groan. Wid that the praste give him a taste more of the wather.

"'Spake, and be damned!' cried he. 'It 's yerself that shall remimber comin' to Ballyhaugh.'

"The poor divil managed to squake out,—'Let me go! let me go! and I 'll be on my oath niver to come widin fifty miles of yer riverince again.'

"'Ye will?' said his riverince; 'yes, I dare say ye will; but, do yer think I'm sich a fool as to take a divil's oath? not I. I'll have yer bond; yes, yer bond, Misther Divil, and brake it if yer dare.'

"The divil signified his willingness to comply wid any tarms to get free. Mike wanted to try the effects of the shillelagh on his skull, but the praste wouldn't have it at all; he had no objection to taze, but he didn't like committin' murther; besides, his riverince had an eye to business, for he knew that rootin' out the divil, like oder ill wades, made work.

"Mike, by the praste's desire, produced a skin, and his riverince sat himsilf down to write, and he wrote an agramint as long as a homily. He tied the divil down in all sorts of ways niver ag'in to show his nose in Ballyhaugh; there was all sorts of curses and anathemis, and the like; and he made the divil promise to ate himsilf up if iver he broke his bond. The like of this writin' ye won't often meet wid. Whin it was finished, he gave it to the divil to sign, and what should he do to make the barg'in more bindin', but open a vein, and write his divilish name wid his blood.

"'And now,' said he, 'to be sure, kind sir, ye'll be afther lettin' me go? Come, undo the halter, for I assure you it begins to make me fale rather oncomfortable.'

"'To be sure! to be sure!' says the praste, 'and wid that he wint behind him, pertindin' to undo the halter; but, faix! he took up his chopper, and wid one clane blow *cut off the tip of the divil's tail.* Sathan gave a bellow that would have quieted a thousand big roarin' guns, and widout so much as sayin' good night to ye, bounced through the winder. The noise the divil made drove Mike against the wall, and quite stunned the poor lad, but nothin' the baste could do had any effect on his blessed riverince; he cried out as the divil flew away,—'Ha! ha! me boy, there ye go, wid yer tail off; but niver mind, there's plenty o' places where they retail bad spirits,' and wid that his riverince picked up the tail, and he and Mike made thimselves comfortable, and ate their suppers quite well.'

"Now, then," continued Tim, "I've only to tell yer honours that the blessed jewel that ye've been favoured wid a sight of, is the very tail that the divil wore whin he visited Mike Leary on the night o' the famous storm. And, can yer honours concave anythin' more precious and beautiful. Here it is, and here it shall be as long as the world stands.

"I'll just conclude by tellin' yer honours what became of Mike, and the praste, and the other paple. To begin wid the halter; by express desire, it was sent to his holiness at Rome, and his holiness was so delighted wid it, and so sure that it would put him into the right road, that he hung himself wid it. What became of the divil I have niver exactly larnt, but 'tis quite sartin that since that night he hasn't been so free wid his personal visits, and much more particular in the company he kapes.

"If ye look about ye in swate Ballyhaugh, ye'll persave that he's not broken his bond; ye may be shure his nose has niver since been on this side the mountain.

"The blessed praste, good luck to his mimery, was made prior of our monastery, and a swate place it was; Mike was made cook, and he lived well, and died fat. I've done at last, and I hope yer honours are satisfied wid the *tail.*"

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO SANDWICH.

BY HENRY CURLING.

"Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery."

On the morning of the 13th of August, 1597, the sun shone bright to every eye in the good town of Sandwich, except to that of Catharine de Mandeville. She alone, amidst all the bustle and excitement consequent upon the expected arrival of Queen Elizabeth on that day, sad, sick, and solitary, remained closely immured in her chamber, whose lattice window looked out across the haven upon the fertile Isle of Thanet.

With her lovely but pallid cheek upon her hand, she sat and watched the main of waters, as they rippled in the sun-beams off Pegwell Bay. Since the Bonaventura had gone down upon the Goodwin Sands, for hours at a time would she sit and gaze upon that part of the ocean which surges around the headland, where last she had watched the boat containing her lover, as he made effort to intercept the devoted bark of the adventurers. Her hawks, hounds, and steeds were alike neglected; the falcons moped in their tower, the hounds bayed unnoted in the kennel, and the steeds yerked out their heels with impatience in the stall.

Amidst the multiplicity of matters to be arranged and attended to, preparatory to the royal visit at his house, Sir Philip de Mandeville had been so much occupied since his return, that he had failed to notice the deep and settled melancholy which now pervaded the spirits of his sometime joyous child. The household, too, was altogether in a state of confusion and bustle. Serving men and maids were hurrying hither and thither; officials constantly coming and going, ordering and counter-ordering; messengers departing and arriving; and the whole establishment in that state of uproar and discomfort, which is always more or less the case when guests of high importance are about to bless some favoured individual with the honour of a visit.

Up rose the sun o'er marsh and meadow, turret and twisted chimney, roof and steeple, on the important 13th of August, 1597, a day big with the fate of Master Mumble, the mayor, the barons and burgesses, the supporters of royal canopies, the stewards of the court, the Queen's bailiffs, and the town-clerk and hog-beadle of Sandwich.

Sandwich, indeed, on this day was like one great guard-house. The turrets and towers of its various gate-houses surmounted with flags, banners, and banderoles, which, various in device and hue, streamed and flaunted gaily in the breeze; its walls, bristling with pikes and matchlock barrels, frowning with heavy ordnance, and resounding with the roll of brass drums, the bray of trumpets, the hoarse roar of command, and the clash and clatter of armed men.

Those who look upon this dull and deserted town in the year 1844, with its still and solitary neighbourhood, would hardly conceive that it ever contained within its walls so lively a population as on this day fretted in its streets and thoroughfares. To gaze upon the earthy beds and green mounds of those peculiarly damp and dismal-looking churchyards, one would hardly suppose them compounded and amalgamated with the bodies and bones, the limbs and thews, the fragments and particles of the aspiring citizens, the swashbuckler cavaliers, the soldiers, sailors, pretty lasses, and unwashed artificers composing the mob, gentle and simple, who on this day strutted and bellowed so abominably through the streets of Sandwich.

Up rose the sun o'er tower and town, on the 13th of August, 1597! The sun, however, was not so early up as the Sandwichers: the whole place was in a state of feverish excitement long before it was light. These were days in which men went to roost almost as soon as the fowls in their poultry-yards, and arose from their truckle-beds with the early village-cock.

If the present few-and-far-between, the scattered few, who now inhabit this Cinque Port, could look back upon the multitude swarming the streets at the period we are writing of, joyous, "glittering in golden coats," and full of spirits as the month of May, they would perhaps throw up their eyes, and fancy the whole town had swallowed the insane root which takes the reason prisoner.

Large pieces of tapestry, and strips and fragments of cloth, hung from many of the open casements of the houses on either side the principal streets, reaching nearly to the pavement. Flags met each other from the opposite room-windows, like the proud banners of ancestral chivalry in an ancient hall; and the heraldic honours and gonfalons of many a Kentish knight, which had been rotting since the York and Lancastrian feuds in lofts and garrets, were this day brought to light, and hung up in the rooms and halls of old Sandwich. The streets themselves, too, were strewn with rushes, herbs, and flags; the quaint old houses embosomed in flowers and shrubs, and festooned with wreaths; the highways and byways, the blind alleys, and tortuous courts were hung with garlands, and peopled with cavaliers and ladies gay, together with soldiers, sailors, and suttlers, barbers, bakers, gardeners, tapestry-workers, and pork-butchers, vintners, cutlers, pilots, pastry-cooks, fish-fags, and ship-carpenters. Minstrels* (so called) also piped through the town; the warden of the company of tailors mustered his bandy force in Lucksboat Street; the shoemakers fell in at Hog's Corner; the weavers and fishermen marched down Strand Street, and took up their station finally beside Blue Dick's† pond; and the gentlemen yeomen of the county rode up, and posted themselves without Canterbury Gate. Then again there were costelets of ale tapped in the Butchery, bonnes of beer broached in the Fish and Corn Markets, and a barrel of Gascoigne wine distributed in Chantry House Square, besides pottles of beer sold at all the hostels at one halfpenny per pottle.

* All persons piping, or playing on stringed instruments, or bellowing about the town, were called minstrels at this time, and ordered to be taken up.

† Blue Dick, who worked so hard in destroying the "*great idolatrous window*" in Canterbury cathedral, and gave a narrative of his proceedings, entitled "Cathedral newes from Canterbury."

Then there was no end to rows and railings within doors, and squabbling and fighting without; riot and rascallity, strife, manslaughter, filching from pockets, and all sorts of petty larcenies. Three respectable townsmen were this day banished for life, for thefts in dwelling-houses; one worthy inhabitant sentenced to have his ears cut off, and nailed to a cart-wheel, for assaulting a jurat whilst on duty; and an old woman ordered to go about the town with a mortar borne before her, for abuse of the mayor. These were indeed the good old days, when old women could not lie with impunity, but were flagellated, made to stand in chantries in white sheets, driven through streets with mortars borne before them, and even seated upon the cucken-stool.

O Sandwich! lone, desolate, melancholy, and neglected, with thy shops, wharfs, and warehouses to let, thy cabin-like apartments, in the bulkhead-looking stories of thy dwellings, damp and decayed; thy walled gardens; thy various markets; thy closes, chantries, friaries, and hospitals, now so ruinate and waste;—who can look back upon what thou once wast, without sharing the melancholy pervading the whole town. Where now, indeed, O Sandwich, are we to find, even in the parish of St. Clement alone, the streets and thoroughfares once so filled with bustle and life? Who shall presume to point out, amongst the quaint-looking, ruinous cabins, still tottering, and affording shelter for bats and bloated toads, the location of the *Capel* Street, the *Old Hall* Streets, the Tarechef Streets, the Knighten Streets, and the Knightrider Streets? Who shall now say where once was Price Lane, leading to the walls; the Garget, or Communis Latrinam, near Davy's Gate, or Barnsend, described as the street going from the Chain to the town-wall, or Pondend Garden, or *Love's* Garden, or Galliard Garden, or West Delf Wilderness? Where now are the Libberpets, the Crowpeck, Gascoigne Lane, the Cage in the Fishmarket, or the inclosed Pleasaunce in Dregger Lane? Verily, Sandwich, thy glory *hath* departed from thee; "thou art no more as thou hast been."

On the 13th August, 1597, the streets we have named presented the appearance of a carnival. All day long did the crowd roll backwards and forwards like a surging tide in these various thoroughfares, and all day long were the gate-keepers employed in putting strangers to their answers, breaking the shins of intruders, and scoring upon the pates of vagabonds who strove to push in amongst their betters. All day long, too, were the town-guards and various beadles endeavouring in vain to keep order and regularity, and make a respectable appearance in the streets.

Meanwhile her Majesty had been long expected, and no man could say at which gate she was about to enter. To Master Mumble, the Mayor, alone was the hour of her coming, and the point she would arrive at, supposed to be known.

At the Sandown gate, however, was the greatest crush. There the soldiery and volunteers being mostly drawn up, on either side the way, and flags and banners waving thickly as poppies in a corn-field, the scene was most brilliant and imposing. Master Mayor, too, with no less than nine portly jurats revolving around his huge body, towards the latter part of the day, was observed to hover more constantly and anxiously about the Sandown gate than in the vicinity of any of the other gates of the town. Three hundred of

the most respectable personages in the immediate neighbourhood, apparelled in white satin doublets, slashed and puffed with pea-green, and having pink ribbons on the sleeves, wearing also black Gascoigne hose, and cross-gartered with scarlet. Gentlemen volunteers, each gentleman having a morion and a caliver, had offered their services to do *suit* and *service*, and mount guard day and night whilst her Majesty remained.

"And now sits expectation in the air." All day long the nobility and mobility of Sandwich had been in a state of ferment; many having been drunk and sober two or three times over, in drinking healths to her Majesty, and still she had not arrived. From early dawn till near nightfall (for it was now upon the stroke of seven P. M. by St. Clement's clock) had the Sandwich folks kept their spirits, as it were, upon the *qui vive*, and hope deferred, together with too much liquor, began to make their hearts and stomachs exceeding sick, when it began to rain furiously, and Master Mayor to grow also out of humour.

At length a hum, like the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe, was heard on the road, far away beyond the Gate-house. It was evidently a sound of mighty import. The noise of many voices, much loyalty, and large masses coming slowly onwards, something similar to the noise of a disbanded power riotously inclined. The sound communicated itself within the walls of Sandwich ; the pent up multitude began to expand as it were, to perspire afresh at every pore, to effervesce, and threaten spontaneous combustion. The town-guard and halberdiers of the West Port are put to it to keep their posts; heads are broke by dozens, and women trampled upon; and yet will not the mob be restricted or restrained. A brazen trump at this moment suddenly rings out "no mistake" from the Gate-house; it is answered from the bastions and ramparts that girt the town, east, west, north, and south. There is a noise amongst the excited folks, as when, in these latter times, the horses are really off on the Derby Day upon Epsom Downs. Even Master Mayor is shoved about hither and thither, and compressed upon jurats, barons, and burgesses, as he strives to get to his proper post without the walls of the town. His red gown is torn in the press, his wig trodden under foot, and no respectable citizen can say what has become of the wife of his bosom. The soldiery are driven desperate, pikes are at the pits of people's stomachs; the hog-beadle's staff is beaten to pieces with drumming upon the hard heads of his neighbours, and his nose has begun to bleed from ire and over exertion. Then came the cry of the captains upon duty at the barbican, and the angry shouts of the irate Mayor.

"Ha, rascals!" he roared, "I would I had a gallows erected here at hand. Beat back that huge fellow, Master Beadle, clambering up the flag-staff. Mercy o' me! what a crowd of women have got up here amongst the burgesses and town-councillors! Ha, rascals! I shall be crushed to a mummy! Quoit me down that rude vagabond fighting with the haberdasher's wife, Ensign Peake. Fetch me a wipe at those pestilent rogues throwing rotten apples at the Queen's bailiff and the supervisor of the water-delf. Get me a dozen strong fellows from before the Pelican Inn, Master Facefright; tell them to bring crab-tree staves with 'em. Body o' me! but I'll scratch the heads of these varlets that so choke up the gateway. Hark!

Lupus," he continued, as the report of a matchlock met his ear, "what noise is that? Clear a passage, villains! Gentlemen, handle your calivers. Throw open the gates there, warder. The Lord of his infinite mercy be good to me!" cried the still struggling chief magistrate; "the Queen's at hand, and I can't get out to receive her!"

And now, in midst of this uproar, the huge gates being thrown open, folks peer out on either hand, and the cavalcade is actually to be seen in the road beyond.

Meanwhile a silence ensues, as when the storm suddenly lulls, in order to gather breath for a greater effort. It lasts till the head of the procession has almost reached the gate, and then in an instant the cannon from the ramparts seem to tear open men's ears, and cover every one near with sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre, dismay, and dread; then out roll the ready-braced drums and brazen trumpets; then caliver and matchlock rattled the welkin's ear, and a shout arose that shook the old Saxon tower of St. Clement's church to its foundation-stone.

Meantime Master Mayor, (her Majesty having halted without the Sandown gate with all her cavalcade,) he being apparelled, as the account saith, in *a scarlete goune, did then and there yield unto her Majestie's hand his mace;* which her Majesty receiving, amidst all this smoke, fire, and uproar, in no whit dismayed, restored to him again, with a marvellously civil speech and complimentary.

"What think ye, my lords," she said to the nobles opposite her, "of our reception in Sandwich? By God's grace we feel ourself so well satisfied with the loyalty of the inhabitants, that we desire of Master Mayor no less than that he should express the same to all and sundry, giving our hearty commendation of the good order we find here, as well as for the excellence of their small shot."*

After which, the cavalcade once more getting in motion, in another minute the walls of Sandwich encircled their Queen. And now, the procession having entered the Sandown gate, the people were rewarded with a sight thereof. First came a squadron of cavalry, mounted on cream-coloured steeds, gallantly armed, and clad in buff and gold, scarfed and plumed; then followed a goodly company of pikemen on foot, whose steps kept time to the rolling drum and wry-necked fife; then was seen (what at that time in itself was a curiosity) namely, a huge, ill-contrived leathern vehicle, gilded all over, and called a coach, and which, creaking and groaning like the idol of Juggernaut, contained five awful-looking, owl-like judges, incorruptible, incomprehensible, and inscrutable, every line of their parchment visages rigid with stern resolve and strong sense. Next to that creaked the royal carriage, drawn by eight enormous grey steeds, with flowing mane and tail, driven by a coachman, grave-looking as the preceding judges, and quiet as sapient-looking, bare-headed, and sweating with his exertions in keeping back his mettled steeds, so as to preserve a grave and dignified deportment and pace. Then came a company of peak-bearded gentry, astride upon Flemish mares, intermingled with a score of running footmen, accoutred in fantastic liveries of light brown, picked out with yellow. Amidst

* Queen Elizabeth, when at the Sandown Gate, gave great commendation to the townsfolks, not only for their good order, but as also for the excellence of their small shotte.—Boys.

this fraternity of flunkies walked the Mayor of Sandwich and all his civic company, his body bent forwards, and bowing to the centre at every step he took. After this followed a third carriage, filled with radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable females, most likely maids of honour to the Queen. They appeared highly amused and diverted with all they saw; for they laughed consumedly, and chatted to each other incessantly, the luxuriant ringlets upon their creamy cheeks being in a state of constant vibration and agitation consequent upon their mirth, which, indeed, was only to be kept in check by the continued roar of the artillery from the ramparts, the file-firing of the small arms in the streets, and the clang and clangour of trumpet and drum. Then followed a fourth carriage, containing another full complement of fair females and cavaliers of condition; after which followed a troop of horse, armed in "back, breast, and pot;" the whole being brought up by a triple line of pikemen, who, stretching completely across the road, formed a sort of rear-guard, each line halting and coming to the right about alternately, with their weapons at the long trail, and then retiring through the intervals of the preceding files, as modern skirmishers are seen to do, when executing the manœuvre of the fire and retire, and by which wise provision the pressure from without was in some sort kept back, her Majesty's carriage allowed room, and the rabblement from the neighbouring villages finally shut out of the town.

And now, we would it were possible, and that space would allow of our giving a full and particular account of all the pomp and circumstance of this most condescending visit of her Majesty. Our limits, however, will not permit of more than a fractional part being here dilated upon. All we can therefore accomplish will be to glance at one or two of the devices and divertisements invented and devised for the royal pastime whilst she remained. Suffice it, then, we have brought her Majesty by easy stages into this town of towns, and she is already progressing along Strand Street, where from either side hung divers cords, entwined and twisted with branches of the vine; their leaves hanking (as the account saith) *crosse the streets*, and upon them hung pendant *dyvers garlandes of fyne flowers*, so that, what with garlands and vine-leaves over head, and *rushes, herbes, and flags, and flowers* strewed beneath her feet, her Majesty rode in a perfect bower of bliss, until she came to her lodging, "*a fyne howse*, over whereon her armes were sette and hanked with tapestrye."

Thus, then, her Majesty progressed down Strand Street, amidst such a din of warlike instruments as though the inhabitants meant to blow the town piecemeal into the air for her especial honour and glory.

"And, O, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,"

we pray a cessation of your clamour whilst we safely lodge her at Sir Philip Mandeville's mansion.

First and foremost, then, she was stayed in mid career by Rychard Spicer, minister of St. Clement's, and the towne's orator, who, backed by other ministers, and *the stole-master*, halted the procession for the purpose of delivering an oration, penned for the purpose, of a most portentous length and singular dulness, and of which her Majesty gave great commendation, and once more essayed to move on. Then, again, she was brought to a stand, for the purpose of

being presented with a "*cuppe of golde*," weighing two-and-thirty ounces, and having a cover of curious device, and which her Majesty graciously receiving, did hand to Ralph Lane, one of her equerries, a right jovial and merry-conceited gentleman, who "put it in his pocket." After which the cavalcade again put on, but was stayed after a few paces by Simon Beetle, the head-master of the preparatory school, who, apparelled in a black gown and hood, lined with white taffeta, presented the Queen with a Greek Testament, accompanying the gift with an appropriate speech, of such portentous length that her Majesty cut it short by a severe reprimand in the language in which the holy volume was written, and which so amazed the donor that he was carried off in a fit by the hog-beadle to the Pelicane Inn. After which, "the imperial votaress, fancying she was free," once more essayed to move on out of the press, and, notwithstanding that she was lauded and extolled at every step, and verses and poems sang and said by "pretty dimpled pages," in the shape of parish foundlings, who, planted against *every post and corner* from her first entry to her lodging, sung hallelujahs at the top of their voices, she at length reached Sir Philip Mandeville's mansion, where she was received by that gentleman in a proper and dignified manner.

And now, again, we would it came within our capacity, or the limits of this paper, to describe how her Majesty comported herself during the remainder of this eventful evening. As how she held converse with my Lord Cobham during the refection served in the hall of the mansion, and where a throne had been erected for her on a raised dais at its upper end, upon the subject of the measles and the small-pox,* which then raged at Canterbury, and the plague in Folkstone and Faversham. And how her Majesty joked with my Lords of Leicester, Burghley, Clinton, and Say; talked scholarly and wisely upon various learned matters with the Earls of Sussex and Lincoln; and rebuked Master Mumble, the mayor, for his awkwardness in attempting to hand her the loving cup, and stumbling over her footstool, and throwing the contents all over her royal stomacher, as also, how she held council with Sir Philip Mandeville on the subject of erecting mills upon the salt-pans, widening the haven, and assembling two thousand men in the town, from Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, for the purpose of training and preparing, in readiness to be used up, in the event of their being required.

And now, her Majesty's royal repose having been all night long disturbed by the busy clink of hammers, and the shouts of rude mechanics. On rising from her couch, after induing her habiliments, and presenting before the glass just such a half-length, y'clad in jewelled stomacher, amazing ruff, and carrotty wig, as is to be seen in Holbein's celebrated portrait, she threw open the casement in order to sniff the air of the flats, and observe the cause of the din which had "startled the night's dull ear," and disturbed her rest, when she was sufficiently astonished at beholding a sort of "pie-crust fortress," which, having been run up in the watches of the night on the other side the haven, was now with its turrets bristling with falconets and small cannon, and crowded with armed men;

* My Lord of Cobham signified to her Majesty that the measles and small-pox raged at Canterbury during her visit to Sandwich.

whilst the shore on her own side the river was also lined with troops, only waiting her august appearance to commence a furious mock-assault, and carry this formidable battery by storm.

No sooner, therefore, was her Majesty's radiant countenance, jewelled stomacher, and portentous ruff, seen at the casement, than the leaders gave the word, the cannon of the fortress vomited forth smoke and fire, and the assault began from the wharfs and warehouses immediately beneath her window, making altogether (as the account saith) a very diverting *scarmeche*, for her royal amusement and delight. Meanwhile, during the din of the engagement, certain Walloons, who could swim well, having thrown themselves on board certain boats, being armed with quarter-staves, assaulted each other in the stream, and dealing their blows with might and main, kept up a very respectable engagement, sousing each other ever and anon into the river, highly to the delight of her Majesty, the merriment of the nobles of the court, and the amazement of the maids of honour.

Me lists not now to tell of the many subsequent divertisements, masques, dances, and revels, which, without intermission, followed fast upon each other during the royal visit at this Cinque Port. Suffice it that on this particular day, and which had begun so auspiciously, after her Majesty, and ladies of honour, together with all the choice-drawn cavaliers of the court, had broken their fast upon barons of beef, larded capons, pasties of the doe, and beakers of humming-ale, the Queen held her court at Sir Philip's mansion, in a room which may still be seen in all its pristine beauty, and in which her bluff sire had been twice before similarly entertained. After which she was regaled with a sumptuous banquet given at the school-house adjoining, by Mistress Mayor and her sisters, the jurats' wives. This costly spread consisted of a hundred and nine dishes, served upon a table twenty-eight feet long, and whereat her Majesty was so well entertained, and so exceeding merry withal, that she ordered certain of the most curiously-devised dishes, containing those viands she more especially relished the flavour of, to be reserved and carried off to her lodgings for supper.

On the following Thursday her Majesty took her departure from the town somewhat more quietly than she had entered it, for, in consequence of the continued rain, the soldiery were drenched and dispirited, shot off their pieces ill-favouredly, the chambers would not go off at all; and from the circumstance of there being less *mo*-bility in the town, there was less uproar and confusion.

We must now, in the absence of the great personages who have figured in these pages, turn our attention for a brief space to those individuals of lesser note, who, during the bustle and all-absorbing interest of the royal visit have necessarily been overlooked.

Sir Philip de Mandeville, whose constant duties as host to the highest personage in the realm, had kept him in close attendance and a state of feverish anxiety, so that matters connected with his own particular had been unthought of and neglected, suddenly remembered that, during the residence of the court in his house, he had scarcely seen his daughter, and that, after having been presented to her Majesty, she had shrunk from the gaze of the attendant cavaliers, withdrawn herself from the presence, and was reported sick in her chamber. As he reposed himself in his study after the departure of

the royal *cortège*, the remembrance struck upon him with a pang, and, leaping to his feet, he sought her chamber.

Valentine Harkaway, who has also figured in the early part of this history, had likewise made himself exceeding scarce during the diversions of the royal holiday. Devoted to her, whose slightest smile was dearer in his esteem than all the jewels in the royal diadem, he had been in constant attendance upon his beautiful cousin. Twice had he spurred his courser, and put a girdle round about the isle of Thanet, by desire of the fair Catharine, in the vain hope of learning some tidings of the boat which she had last seen pulling for the barque of the adventurer, and each time had he returned embossed with foam, and bloody with spurring, to tell his cousin of a fruitless search. The boat had never been heard of since. It had either reached the ship, and shared its fate upon the Goodwins, or had been carried out to sea on that rough day. Meanwhile the illness of Catharine increased hourly, and all was gloom and dismay at the mansion. The stalwart form of Valentine was to be seen hour after hour, with his broad-brimmed castor and hunting-whip in hand, leaning listlessly against the casement of the withdrawing room, and Sir Philip himself sat weeping beside his daughter's couch, and listening to her heavy breathing as the curfew sounded solemnly through the town. The leech of the place was already in attendance. Another had been sent for from Canterbury, and, as the last sound of the great bell of St. Peter's church died upon the evening-breeze, he arrived.

Taking the lamp from the table, soon as he entered the chamber, the new practitioner approached the bed upon which the patient lay; and at the first glance upon its occupant he started back, put his finger to his lip, and beckoning the family-physician from the room, closed the door behind him, and led him a few paces into the corridor.

"Your patient, doctor," he said, "you know her situation and disorder."

"I have been puzzled by previous symptoms," returned the other, "which caused me to doubt; but I suspect it's—"

"—The plague," said the Canterbury leech, interrupting him, "and she'll die in two hours from this time. I must to horse again immediately. Nothing can be done here, and our consultation has lasted a decent time. Best call her father from the chamber, and inform him of the fact."

"Best so," said the Sandwich leech mournfully, and it was accordingly done.

And now all was grief, dismay, gloom, and horror in the town. Sir Philip's mansion was not the only one in which this awful visitation had fallen. The disorder pervaded the very air of the town. House after house was in turn locked up. The buriers of the dead were successively carried off to that pit where they had deposited so many of their neighbours; and, with fearful haste, lest the disorder should spread in the mansion of Sir Philip, his daughter was committed to the tomb.

INDIAN LUXURIES.

INDIAN luxuries! ha! ha! We are seized with a disposition to pitch the pen into the fire, and throw up our legs in an extacy of fun when we have written the words. They represent such a pleasant fiction, — such a contradiction in terms, — such a very piquant jest. How the two words, "*India*" and "*luxury*" ever came to be joined together in the holy bonds of adjective and substantive passeth our comprehension. In the mouths of honest people, who know nothing of the "British Empire in the East" they are indissoluble; but in the mouths of those who *have* broiled under a Bengal sun, they are an impossible conjunction! the banns have been strictly forbidden by the demon of the climate; and no license, — not even "the most unbounded,"—can connect them for a moment. They may possibly have been united in the days of the vulgar old nabobs, whose notion of the luxuries were regulated by a certain capacity for animal enjoyment, and a preference for the *far niente* over the pleasure of labour, else where the phrase so common even now in these, the realms of ignorance? But the divorce has long since been pronounced; the union immemorially repealed. Is it a luxury to be denied the free and healthful use of one's limbs? to be perpetually troubled with dyspepsia? to be for eight months in the year thawing and dissolving, and the remaining four panting and withering under the combined influence of a scorching sun and biting hyperborean blasts? Can there be any enjoyment in tossing and tumbling about one's bed, with a trumpet-band of musquitoes sounding the *reveillé* from midnight until dawn? Is pleasurable existence compatible with cutaneous eruptions? with perpetual boils? with eternal apprehensions of cholera? with absence from home, and friends, and relatives? with lassitude, *ennui*, and insufferably stupid society? Solely on the principle that

> "Every want which stimulates the breast
> Becomes a source of *pleasure* when redrest."

Can anything be deemed a *luxury* between Cape Comorin and the Punjaub. Are you horribly athirst—and when are you not athirst?—a glass of water, bearing on its surface a lump of ice from the American lakes, floating like a miniature berg, and bobbing against your heated beak, and cooling your fevered lips, may, in such a view, deserve to be called a luxury, although it is only a common necessary of life. Are you incapable of putting one foot before the other from sheer languor, or too tindery to expose your person to the action of a vertical sun?—you fling yourself into a palankeen, filled with morocco-leather-covered bed and cushions, and lie your length along, with the latest number of *Bentley* in your feeble hands, —yet, bating the magazine, which you can get much fresher in England, where is the *luxury* of such a remedy for helplessness? A punkah, a huge oblong fan of tusser silk, or painted cotton, stretched on a frame, suspended to your ceiling, and swung by a drowsy, lazy, yawning, nodding, opium-chewing native, agitating the atmosphere, and keeping the myriads of gossamer insects at a respectful distance, must, of course, be a luxurious appendage to a dwelling. Is it? Try to dine without it—the perspiration from your brow

mingles with your mulligatawny; you break off after each mouthful, and clap your cambric handkerchief to your streaming cheeks; myriads of curious specimens of entomology settle upon your argand lamp, and dim its lustre; and see! a huge member of the locust family is getting board and lodging gratis upon the mealy potato on which you have fixed your eye; four or five oddly-shaped creatures, something between the black ant and the wasp, have driven their proboscia into your curried chicken; and at least half a score of glassy, globular black beetles, and as many glittering, jet-black, winged, and perfumed bugs, fresh from the neighbouring jungle, or born of the contiguous marshes, have plunged into your goblet of Hodgson, demonstrating their preference for pale ale over the stagnant yellow cream of their native pool. Then try to breathe freely after each course. *Do* it as an amusing illustration of the pursuit of respiration under difficulties. "*Punkah, then!*" you shout to your menial; for you find the "luxury" *indispensable* to your existence. No!—most emphatically I say, No! There is no higher degree of pleasure in Indian life than results from the artificial remedies for misery. If there be luxury in the necessaries of life, then we have a higher measure of indulgence in our own sea-girt island. Chimneys that don't smoke, omnibuses, policemen, umbrellas, the Poor Laws, steam-boats, door-bells and knockers, boot-jacks, cab-drivers, coals and candles, all belong, on this principle, to the catalogue of luxuries.

Still, a man of an enlarged mind may refine upon an indispensable ingredient in Indian life, and, by excess of good taste, enhance even the degree of sensual gratification arising from eating and drinking. There are thousands of men in London who wear coats, but very few wear them with the air of a Brummell; there are tens of thousands of men in London who eat mutton every day, yet how rarely is the meat subjected to the scientific treatment which makes the chops at Dolly's, and the *cotelettes* at the hotel of the Buckingham Institute, sapid, palatable, intellectual? All men, in the burning, steaming, suffocating month of May, devour many fish in Calcutta; but very, very few know how to eat them. Indeed, I never knew but one who had a just sense of what was due to the fish and his own palate. Instead of sitting in a coat or cotton jacket, waistcoat, cravat, &c., *vis-à-vis* plated dishes of sodden fish, inclosed in a vapour-bath, he dispensed with the idle ceremony of dressing for dinner, merely because the dinner had the manners to be dressed for him, and placed himself at table in his shirt-sleeves, bare-necked, and open-breasted, while the punkah waved over him at the rate of sixty pulls per minute. The fish came up in the frying-pan, hot, crisp, hissing, the butter forming itself in bubbles through the well-browned crumbs which protected its delicate skin; the potatoes, almost lost to view in the volumes of steam which arose as they were uncovered, accompanied the fish; the melted butter just anointed the vegetable; and a long glass of creamy, foaming champagne, iced to that exquisite point where excess of cold does not affect flavour, wound up the delicate repast. And that *was* a luxury, and the only luxury *we* ever knew in five-and-twenty tedious years.

THE VETTURINO.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER V.

SUSPICION.

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he who made the slaughter?
King Henry VI. Part II.

During these proceedings the *juge de paix* was announced. I advanced to meet him, and stated the facts which had been communicated to me, as well as what I had myself witnessed, and we proceeded to view the chamber of the deceased. Various depositions were then made, and a *procès-verbal* was drawn up; the discovery of the knife, the most important feature, being principally dwelt on. Reluctantly the peasants deposed to the fact, and as reluctantly admitted the probability of its belonging to Theodore.

The circumstantial evidence was strong, and the *juge de paix*, without actually signing a warrant for his apprehension, gave an order for his immediate appearance at the château, to account for a fact so suspicious and mysterious.

The messengers dispatched on this errand were unsuccessful; they proceeded to Theodore's cottage, and having knocked, without obtaining admission, they entered the apartment, the door of which was unbolted. Theodore was from home, and, to judge from its appearance, the room did not seem to have been slept in; the only sign of recent occupation was a half-burnt candle, which had been extinguished where it stood, in the crevice of the window-seat. Inquiries were made of the neighbours; one old man, who lived opposite, could alone give any information. Being over-fatigued from a hard day's work in the vineyard, he could not sleep, and at a very late hour he had observed a light shining in Theodore's cottage; curious to ascertain the cause of so unusual an occurrence, he had risen from his bed, and saw Theodore, dressed, and standing at a table in the room; but, his back being towards him, he could not ascertain the nature of his occupation. In a short time he saw him approach the window, and extinguish the light; soon after the cottage-door was gently opened, and, though the night was dark, he could distinguish a figure, wrapt in a cloak, passing quickly out, which he did not doubt was that of Theodore.

This evidence, though of trifling import at any other moment, tended greatly, under existing circumstances, to enhance suspicion. Further inquiries were prosecuted, and more certain intelligence finally obtained. It was discovered that Theodore had passed the preceding evening at Villeneuve; a part of it in the company of two strangers, with whom he was seen at a late hour, in earnest conversation.

That Theodore should have been seen at Villeneuve was no matter for surprise, as his engagement with Adèle Dupont was known to all the Commune; but, on being questioned, the elder Dupont

admitted that he had left them at an early hour, after an evening of much sorrow, in a very dejected state, with the promise of returning early on the morrow, to devise some plan for relieving the present anxiety of the family.

"But," added the old man, "I will never believe that crime can attach itself to poor Theodore, nor that he can be connected by deed, word, or thought, with the dreadful act perpetrated at the château."

The consternation and grief of Adèle were excessive when the sad news, and the more fatal comments which accompanied them, reached her ears; she, too, relied proudly on the undoubted innocence of her lover, but she grieved to think that a shadow of suspicion should fall on his name. She strove to comfort her father with the assurance of Theodore's freedom from guilt, and appeared to gather hope and confidence herself from the oft-repeated assertion; though an attentive observer might have discerned that at times the *hysterico-passio*, climbing to her heart, nearly choked her utterance, and belied the eager expression of her countenance.

But the presumptive evidence was strong against him; he had been seen to leave his own dwelling at a late hour of the night, or rather, at an unusually early one in the morning; he, better than most people, knew where the treasure of the unfortunate Madame Van Helmont was deposited; a knife, identified as his, had been found beside the spot where the murder was committed; and his present absence, or presumed evasion, was confirmatory of guilt.

Such, at least, was the opinion of the *juge de paix*, who, having carefully examined into all the circumstances, and collected all the evidence that could be obtained, finally issued a warrant for Theodore's apprehension, wherever he might be found.

The excitement caused by this event in a community like that of Montreux, ordinarily so tranquil, was excessive; the peasants forgot their daily avocations, and assembled in knots, to discuss the mysterious occurrence; the whole country appeared at once put in motion; messengers came, and went, and every fresh arrival or departure furnished matter for renewed discussion. This state of things lasted all day; nor was it diminished towards evening, when, just as the sun was setting, a peasant arrived, breathless, to say that Theodore had been taken at Vevay, as he landed from a small sailing-boat.

I was sorry, and yet glad at the news; my own impression, in spite of appearances, was in favour of Theodore; and this opinion was strengthened by the fact of his return, an act which, I trusted and believed, was rather the result of innocence than of security from detection, or familiarity with crime.

The peasant's communication was brief. Theodore had expressed the utmost astonishment, as well as horror, at the murder; his emotion, he said, was great; but whether it arose from grief at the loss of his patroness, or the dread of discovery, remained a question. He had loudly and solemnly protested his innocence, but readily gave himself up to the officers of justice, and was now in the prison of Vevay. It was too late to attempt to obtain an interview with him that night, but, naturally anxious, as well on account of the living as of the dead, and being, moreover, myself a party to the discovery of

events connected with the murder, I determined to go to Vevay early the next day.

I passed a restless night; a thousand objects flitted tumultuously before me; combining the occurrences of the day with by-gone recollections, in a strange mingling of what was at once fearful and beautiful. I might, perhaps, have slept; but my dreams were only the continuation of the same perplexed thoughts, and I rose in the morning, for the first time since my residence at Montreux, feverish and unrefreshed.

On my arrival at Vevay I experienced a great disappointment. The authorities had issued strict orders, prohibiting all access to the prisoner; nor was I the only person whose wishes were ungratified. Others, possessing a far stronger claim than myself, were compelled to return, with their expectations frustrated.

As I retired from the prison-door, I noticed two figures, whom in the eagerness of my inquiry I had previously overlooked. One was a tall old man, with fine features, somewhat sharpened and attenuated, perhaps, by recent suffering, the traces of which were visible in his hollow cheek and troubled eye; his figure was slightly, and but slightly, bowed by time; and the uncertain step with which he trod seemed less the consequence of age than of some strong emotion.

Beside him, and clinging to his arm, with her head bent towards the ground, and face averted from the throng, moved a fair and delicate girl. She, too, was tall; but the symmetry of youth had moulded her form into the finest proportions; her features were hidden from my view; but even, had not her face been turned away, her long brown hair, falling in rich profusion over her shoulders, would have effectually concealed them. She wore the costume of the canton; but it needed no indication beyond the distress, which was only too visible in their appearance, to explain that old Philippe Dupont and his daughter, Adèle, were before me.

It was not until they had reached a retired spot, on their slow return, that I ventured to approach them, when a pause which they made, to allow old Dupont a few minutes' rest, afforded me the opportunity.

They had reached the summit of a sharp ascent, where the road turned in the direction of Clarens, and where some felled trees, lying beneath the shadow of a high bank, invited rest. Here they seated themselves, and remained with their hands locked, so motionless, that even the timid lizard, scared at first from its retreat, stole forth again from beneath the fallen trees to bask in the sun beyond the verge of their shadow.

Drawing gently near, I also sat down, and, with expressions of the sincerest condolence, addressed Dupont. The old man raised his head at the sound of my voice, and quietly listened to the account I gave, and seemed grateful for my sympathy; but Adèle, overwhelmed by grief, remained in the same dejected attitude, nor raised her head when I had ceased speaking. I therefore turned to her, and endeavoured to inspire her with the hope which I felt myself, that circumstances would soon be elicited to clear up the mystery attaching to Theodore; but the poor girl only looked at me with an expression of grateful acknowledgment, and remained silent. Her father spoke for her.

"Adèle," he said, "has suffered so much of late from accumulated misfortunes and disappointed expectations, that she almost ceases to hope. We both feel that Theodore is innocent; but that alone is not sufficient. He must clear himself to the world; and, in doing so, a terrible fear haunts my mind lest we should suffer still more from the revelation."

"Do not suppose it, dearest father," suddenly exclaimed Adèle; "do not entertain the dreadful idea! No!—both are innocent—both—both!" And she sobbed anew.

I felt that I could do nothing at the present moment to assuage their sorrow; but, as I rose, I begged he would allow me to see him at a later hour of the day, that I might learn in the meantime the events of the preceding evening, as connected with his own family. To this he consented, and, with a silent pressure of the hand of each, I turned in the direction of Vevay, and left them to pursue their way homewards.

I was more successful on my return to the town than on the previous occasion. By a mere accident I obtained permission to visit Theodore in his cell. It arose in this manner. While resident in Paris, in the course of the preceding winter, I had made the acquaintance of a young advocate, who was just then beginning to make some noise at the bar. His name was Alphonse Delacroix, and he was a native of Lausanne, of a good family there. His natural abilities were of a very high order, and his acquirements were proportionate; his nature was kind and open, his conversation lively and agreeable, and, without being spoiled as a pet, he was a general favourite in society. We had been intimate, nor had our friendship been broken by distance; for during my rambles I frequently wrote to him, and occasionally—for his occupations allowed him less leisure than myself—I received a welcome reply. I had at this time not heard from him for nearly two months, when, to my great astonishment, at a sudden turn of the road, about half a mile from Vevay, I encountered a horseman, who proved to be no other than Alphonse Delacroix himself. Our greeting was cordial; and, after mutually expressing our surprise and pleasure at meeting, we entered into conversation touching our respective plans, and in a short time he was in full possession of the narrative which I have already laid before the reader.

"I see, then," said Delacroix, "you are desirous of obtaining an interview with this poor Theodore. Ah!—it is lucky—I have a relation here, a person of some influence. I ought to have called upon him as I rode through Vevay; I should then have heard of this sad affair, which grieves as much as it excites my horror; but the day was too tempting, and I was bound to Chillon, a place whose associations have been rendered doubly attractive since its dungeons became the theme of your great poet. But we must not speak of poetry to-day. I had thought to have left all the cares of my profession behind me in the Quartier St. Jacques; but they are of quick growth everywhere, and it is our duty not to shun them when they approach us."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTERVIEW.

Demand me nothing;—what you know, you know.—*Othello.*

The expectations of Alphonse were not disappointed; by permission of his relative, the magistrate of Vevay, we were allowed access to the prisoner. We found him pale and agitated, after a night evidently passed without sleep. He was pacing the chamber hastily as we entered it, and on our entry he turned eagerly towards us, while a gleam of satisfaction shot across his features at beholding me.

"Ah, Monsieur!" he exclaimed, before I could speak, "you do not suppose me guilty of this terrible crime?"

"I do not, Theodore," I replied; "but my own opinion can avail nothing in this case. There are many suspicious circumstances which must be explained before you can clear yourself in the eyes of the world. Here is my friend, a gentleman of Lausanne, and a distinguished advocate in Paris, who can, if necessary, render you professional assistance. But I would fain learn first something I am desirous of knowing. What caused your absence from home the night before last, and where were you till yesterday evening?"

"I am very thankful, sir, for your kindness; but these are questions on which I must be silent."

"I am sorry for that, Theodore, as everybody looks for an explanation on the subject. At any other moment no interpretation of your motives would have been sought; but, combined with other discoveries, your absence tends greatly to increase the unfavourable impressions that are abroad."

"What discoveries, sir, do you mean?" exclaimed Theodore, in an alarmed tone. "Surely—" And he paused.

"You hesitate," I rejoined; "but I am not here to examine you. I speak only as a friend, and would not extort your confidence. Perhaps you would rather declare yourself to Mr. Delacroix."

"Oh no, sir, it is not for that; but you said there were 'other discoveries.' What more can be urged against me?"

"Theodore," I returned, "if you really are innocent—"

"*If*, sir!" he interrupted. "I take God to witness—"

"Hear me," I interposed; "if such be the fact, it is only right you should know all that may be brought against you. A knife, which I myself recognise as yours, has been found, stained with blood, close to the spot where the murder was committed."

"My knife!" he cried, in accents of dismay,—"my knife! Ah! yes, it is gone! Oh, *mon Dieu!* what shall I do now?"

He threw himself on a bench as he spoke, and buried his head in his hands, his frame trembling with strong emotion.

Alphonse now spoke.

"I think," he said, turning to me, "that, as your deposition has been taken by the *juge de paix*, it would be more advisable if you left me alone with the young man, to elicit from him all he is willing to tell. Your commendable anxiety in his fate has caused you to

overlook the fact, that you may induce him to utter words to his own detriment."

I at once acquiesced in the propriety of the suggestion, and was withdrawing, when Theodore rose and came hastily towards me.

"Do not," he said, "leave me, sir, with a bad opinion of me. There are some things which I must not, I cannot explain."

"My opinion," I answered, "is, in spite of circumstances, still favourable towards you; but, as M. Delacroix has said, it is better I should for the present remain in ignorance, even if you were disposed to make any revelation. I only hope that the next time we meet you may be fully at liberty to speak the truth. For the present, farewell."

"Adieu, sir," replied Theodore, "and may God bless you,—and protect me," he added, in a low but fervent tone.

I retired from the cell as he spoke, and awaited the result of the interview in an adjoining apartment. It was some time before Alphonse joined me, and, when he did so, there was an air of perplexity on his countenance. I questioned him somewhat eagerly as we left the prison together.

"You do not think he is guilty, do you?"

"Um," he replied, musingly, "I could not well tell you so now, even if I were sure of it; but the fact is, there are several awkward points to be disposed of in this affair. He has told me a very probable story, so far as his own movements are concerned; but there is evidently something that he is desirous of concealing."

"May it not relate to others, whom he is fearful of implicating?"

"Yes; but the risk he runs in doing so is too great for ordinary motives. However, I will do the best I can for him, and must try to find elsewhere the clue which he refuses to give. My vacation will not be ill spent, if I can save a poor fellow whom I really believe to be innocent; and my professional pride will be fully gratified, if I can conquer the difficulties which surround the case."

"I earnestly trust you may, my dear Alphonse, and I am, at any rate, pleased that you should incline favourably towards poor Theodore."

"Well, to be of service, it is necessary I should return promptly to Lausanne; for the source of crime is always to be found amongst the haunts of men; but," he added, "there, too, the means for its detection are most at hand."

In the expectation of soon meeting again, we shook hands, and parted. He mounted his horse, and rode towards Lausanne; while I retraced my steps homeward. I met no one on the road until I reached the village, and the only person there, who had not taken refuge from the intense heat of the sun, was the deformed Crétin, Jacques Labarre, who lay stretched on the parapet of the bridge of Montreux, apparently asleep.

"Habit is everything," I thought. "That poor object is lying there on the very brink of perdition; the slightest movement of his body might precipitate him into the foaming torrent, some hundred feet below, and yet he can slumber on, unconscious of peril. But danger is, after all, in most cases an imaginary fear: when most it threatens, it may be most remote; they who sleep the most secure find it the soonest. Witness poor Madame Van Helmont, and look at that wretched Crétin."

As I turned from the bridge to enter my hotel, the creature raised his misshapen head, and his wide mouth distended still further as he grinned at me over his shoulder, and then lay down again to bask in the sun.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRETIN.

> The greatest
> Deformity should only barter with
> The extremest beauty, if the proverb 's true
> Of mortals, that extremes meet.
>
> LORD BYRON.

REMEMBERING my promise to communicate with Philippe Dupont, but having nothing consolatory to tell, I resolved to write a short note, avoiding the particulars of the interview with Theodore, and stating only in general terms the hopes entertained of his being eventually cleared from the charge upon which he was confined. Having done so, I summoned M. Visinard to procure a messenger to take the letter.

"I will send it," he said, "by Labarre. Yonder he lies, as usual, on the bridge. Holla, Jacques!"

"Can he be safely trusted?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes. The creature, though a Crétin, has intelligence enough in many things. The mental faculties are seldom entirely obscured in his race. Some amongst them exhibit only its outward deformity, and he is an example. Were he but good-natured, he might earn an easy livelihood; but his wayward temper keeps the villagers aloof. He will, however, be a willing messenger to Villeneuve; for, strange as it may seem, he has, I think, fallen in love with Adèle Dupont; for when she comes to see my wife he is sure to be hovering near, with his eyes fixed upon her as stedfastly as a rifleman looks at a target; and on market-days, whenever he can get away from the stable, away he goes to the bottom of the hill, to watch for her as she passes along in the boat between Villeneuve and Vevay. Marie tells me she has often observed him, and latterly more than ever."

"Curious enough; though such things frequently occur; has Adèle perceived it?"

"She is a woman, you know, sir," replied Monsieur Visinard, smiling, "and, therefore, not likely to be the last to make the discovery. But, if she notices it in any way, it is only by an occasional kind word."

During this colloquy the Crétin, who had left the bridge, remained standing beside a fountain in front of the hotel, dipping his hand in the spray, and scattering it wider around, an occupation which seemed quite to absorb him, for it was only after Monsieur Visinard had twice called to him that he appeared to hear him.

"Take this letter, Jacques," said his master, "and go as quickly as you can to Villeneuve; leave it with Monsieur Dupont, and bring back word how himself and Mademoiselle Adèle are. You understand?"

"Ah! yes!" answered the Crétin, clutching the letter in his long, lean hand.

"Take care, your hand is wet," said I; "you will spoil the letter."

"Never fear," he replied; "water cleanses, and the sun dries everything. Look here," he added, stretching out his horny, discoloured palm; "it is soon gone: nothing lasts;" and, so saying, he shrugged his broad shoulders, and shuffling down the steps, was soon out of sight.

"Well, Monsieur Visinard," said I as soon as the Crétin was gone, "there is nothing more for me to do in this matter at present. I should like, if you can spare the time, to ask you to be good enough to shew me the way to the waterfall you were speaking of a few evenings since."

"Willingly, sir," he returned; "I will set out with you immediately. I have only a word to say to Madame Visinard, and will be back in a moment.

He soon returned, and his wife came with him to the door of the hotel. She was a tall, graceful woman, about five or six-and-twenty years of age, with finely-formed features, dark eyes, and very black hair, which fell in thick tresses on her shoulders, though not sufficiently to hide the curse of the country, the *goître,* which shewed itself on one side of her fair throat. This might have caused the melancholy expression of her countenance, or it might be habitual, but it did not appear to affect her cheerfulness, for her ready smile seemed always natural.

"Visinard," she said, "though no longer a hunter, is always glad of an excuse to go up to the mountains. Don't you let him lead you into any dangerous places, sir, for he is always venturous, and sometimes forgets that he is not quite so light as the chamois."

I looked at my host, who stood nearly six feet four in height, and was stout in proportion, and could not forbear smiling:—

"Ah!" exclaimed he, laughing in return, "Marie is fond of amusing herself at my expense; I trusted one day to the branch of a mountain-ash, which hung over the stream in the dell up yonder, and got a ducking for my pains. But," he added, looking down complacently on his vigorous limbs, "I broke no bones, though Marie made outcry enough when she heard of the tumble. Allons, monsieur," he continued, gaily. "Adieu, Marie," and waving our hands to Madame Visinard, we set out together.

"Have you seen our pretty churchyard, sir?" inquired my guide.

"But for a moment," I replied; "I meant to pay it a longer visit."

"We may as well take it on our way, then; I can shew you a most superb point of view. I think," he continued, as we approached the gate, "you will be pleased with the spot; there is the lake, sir, in all its beauty. The white buildings of St. Gingoulph stand out quite clear from the broad shadow of the mountain, and beyond the point, a little to the right, as far as the eye can reach, you may just catch a glimpse of the towers of the château of Nyon. Here, just below, is the little island, with its *three* trees; and, nearer still, the turrets of the castle of Chillon. Ah! I remember Milord Byron coming here well. He often stopped at the Couronne, and of an evening he used to sit under the acacias on the terrace, and write at a little table, placed in the open air, full in view of the old place. He was a kind-hearted, liberal man, but his spirits seemed very uncertain; sometimes he was as gay as the merriest amongst

us, and would play with the children for hours, — not mine, sir, for I was not married, then; but with the children of the vintagers, — and give them *batzen* to take home to their mothers; and then, again, he would keep quite to himself, scarcely speak to any one, and then only, perhaps, to order his boat, and row out on the lake, where he would sometimes swim about for hours, especially if the weather was stormy and rough. I heard afterwards that he died far away in a distant country; is it true, sir?"

"Quite true," I answered; "he died, as he had lived, the victim of strong feeling, sometimes wrongly directed, but, happily, in a glorious cause at last. Did he ever visit this particular spot?"

"Oh, yes, sir; and used frequently to converse with our old pastor, Monsieur Préval, who was then nearly eighty years old. I remember the good old gentleman,—he is still alive, sir,—telling me he had shown his verses to the great English poet."

"What verses were these?" I asked.

"Here, sir," returned Monsieur Visinard, "you may read them at your pleasure."

He pointed as he spoke to a tablet against the churchyard-wall, above a small aperture, which communicated with the pastor's house. It bore the following inscription:—

"Toi qui viens admirer nos riants paysages,
En passant jetes ici ta pitié aux malheureux,
Et le Dieu dont la main a dessiné ces rivages
Te bénira des cieux!"

It was impossible to resist the appeal, though the literal mite which fell from my hand bore no proportion in the service it rendered to that which must have resulted from the liberal gift made, as Monsieur Visinard told me, by Lord Byron.

CHAPTER III.

THE WATERFALL.

The waters stir,
Not as with air, but by some subterranean
And rocking power of the internal world.
What 's here? *The Deformed Transformed.*

After lingering about an hour in the churchyard, we crossed into a lovely meadow, and entering a rocky valley, began our pilgrimage towards the cascade. The path soon became wild and picturesque in the extreme, and it was difficult to imagine the existence of scenery so rude close to the fair lake and smiling vineyards. As we advanced, the gorge of the mountain gradually contracted, until it seemed to terminate altogether, leaving space only for the rapid waters of the torrent as it issued from a dark, narrow cavity. We paused for a moment in front of a massive rock, whose solid grey mass presented apparently a barrier to all further progress.

"Where is the waterfall?" I inquired.

"Oh," replied my guide, "we have some distance to go yet."

"But in which direction? for, unless we turn back, I see no outlet from this valley."

"Our way lies here," said Monsieur Visinard, pointing to the rock.

To me it appeared perfectly inaccessible, and I told him so.

"Oh, no," he answered, "Monsieur will soon see that the path is not difficult, and, springing on a large stone, he placed one foot in a fissure of the rock, caught hold of a projection above, raised himself slightly, planted the other foot, again extended his arm, and still climbing for a few yards, paused at length to turn round, and ask me if I did not think it very easy? I could not exactly confess so much, so Monsieur Visinard descended to assist my progress, and, by dint of putting my feet in the proper crevices, and following his directions as to where I should place my hands, I succeeded in reaching the point which he had at first attained.

"What am I to do now?" said I, "the rock is quite smooth, and I am almost afraid to turn my head, lest, being unaccustomed to the height, I should grow giddy, and fall."

"Do you see that twisted root over your head?—seize hold of it with your left hand, place one knee against the rock, and raise yourself till you can reach the branch above with your right hand, and then swing yourself up to the ledge, and the ascent is made;—the rest is nothing."

These were instructions more easily given than followed, and it was not without hesitation that I prepared to obey them; for the prospect of swinging in mid air was not precisely one of the *agrémens* which I had promised myself in my morning's walk. However, there was no help for it; and, by the aid of Monsieur Visinard's strong arm, I managed to steady myself, and accomplished the ascent, infinitely to my satisfaction. The remainder of the route was comparatively easy, and in the course of about half an hour we reached the waterfall, where, seating ourselves on some large stones, we watched the foaming waters, as they "leaped with delirious bound" from the summit of a lofty cliff, and discoursed of Alpine customs and pursuits. The day wore on, and we began to think of returning, when, as I looked upwards to take a parting gaze at the noble waterfall, I fancied I saw a figure moving amongst the brushwood which grew in the rifts of the rocks, an immense height above where we stood.

Although Monsieur Visinard had prepared me, by the tales he told, for witnessing the risks which the mountaineers often run in their perilous excursions in pursuit of game, it was not without shuddering that I could behold what I fancied was a human being crawling along the face of an apparently perpendicular rock, with nothing to save him from destruction but the support of a few frail twigs. Fearing lest the sound of my voice should cause an accident, I laid my hand on Monsieur Visinard's arm, and in a low tone directed his attention to the object.

"There is surely some one creeping along that rock. What can he be in search of?"

Monsieur Visinard turned, and with his quick eye examined the rock in a moment.

"Yes," he replied, "I see a man's head above those juniper-bushes, within a few yards of the fall. It is not a hunter's track, though it may be practicable for one. Access to the waterfall can be obtained on that side; but there are not many even amongst the native-born who would care to venture that way."

"Let us wait and see who it is," I said. "He will probably show himself again."

A clump of birch which grew on the brink of the torrent effectually concealed us from being seen from above, while through the branches of the trees we commanded an excellent view of the fall.

"See," said Monsieur Visinard, after watching attentively for a few moments, "the figure is again in motion. There is a space almost bare, which, if he moves in that direction, he must pass, and then I shall be able to make out who and what he is, and probably what he is in search of."

We both fixed our eyes on the rock, and presently the dark outline of a human form was apparent, crouching on hands and knees, and crawling obliquely towards the fall.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Monsieur Visinard, in a hurried whisper, "it is the Crétin!"

"The Crétin!" I returned. "Why, I thought he was at Villeneuve. Can he have come back so quickly?—and what brings him here?"

"Oh, he can move nimbly enough upon occasion, as what we see plainly shows; and, indeed, there has been plenty of time for him to return since we set out. But what object he can have in descending on that side I cannot tell; besides, he did not know he should find us here."

While we spoke, the creature continued to advance slowly along the rock, till he gained a narrow ledge, and stood upon his feet. It was but for a moment only; for before we could take note of him he had disappeared.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "the poor wretch has fallen into the torrent!"

"*Point du tout,*" replied Monsieur Visinard coolly; "there are always caverns behind these waterfalls, and the Crétin has discovered one here, though for what purpose he seeks it now I am at a loss to conjecture."

"Is there any other mode of egress than the way in which he entered?" I asked.

"I imagine not," answered Monsieur Visinard; "for you see the rock on this side is quite perpendicular, and the spray driven against it must make its surface as slippery as ice."

"There is something about that creature," I observed, "which keeps him always in my thoughts; it may be his deformity and repulsive aspect; but the associations which his presence excites are always of a singular character."

"Well, sir," inquired Monsieur Visinard, "are you willing to stay longer to see what becomes of him?"

"No, indeed," I replied; "for, after the great heat of the day, and the exertions I made to get here, I feel very chilly, and would gladly be in motion again."

"You shall return a different way, sir; and when we get home, if you will honour me by entering my cellar, I will beg of you to taste some of my *vin d'Yvorne,* the best in the country, of the vintage of 1825, that will warm your blood again, if anything can."

I cast one more glance at the waterfall; but the Crétin, if he was indeed behind it, did not make his appearance. We then plunged into the thicket, and, breasting the mountain pastures, found our

way back to Montreux, by the towers of the Château de Chatelard. As we passed the stable-door of the hotel I observed the Crétin, apparently very busy cleaning the harness of his mules. I looked at Monsieur Visinard interrogatively: he shrugged his shoulders in reply, and then gave me a nod, as much as to say he would return to the subject hereafter.

My host's wine did not belie the character he gave it, but the chill which I had caught in the valley was not to be dispelled by its aid; so I retired early to rest. The next morning found me suffering from a severe rheumatic attack, which confined me to bed for several days. In the meantime others were at work in connection with the catastrophe of Madame Van Helmont.

FLOWERS.

Beautiful Flowers! wherever ye bloom,
With your soft-tinted leaves, and your fragrant perfume;
Whether in Spring ye come forth from the ground,
Or when Autumn scatters her dead leaves around;
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,
Beautiful Flowers! I love ye well.

Behold a young girl, in her mirthful play,
Laughing the hours of childhood away,
The light winds are waving her sunny hair,
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air.
While her fair hands are twining, from summer bowers,
Wild blooming wreaths of the beautiful Flowers.

The scene is now changed, for years have flown;
That gay laughing girl to a woman has grown;
And the lover is there, who fain would tell
The secret their eyes have reveal'd too well!
But Flowers he plants in her snowy breast,
And their eloquent leaves have his love confest.

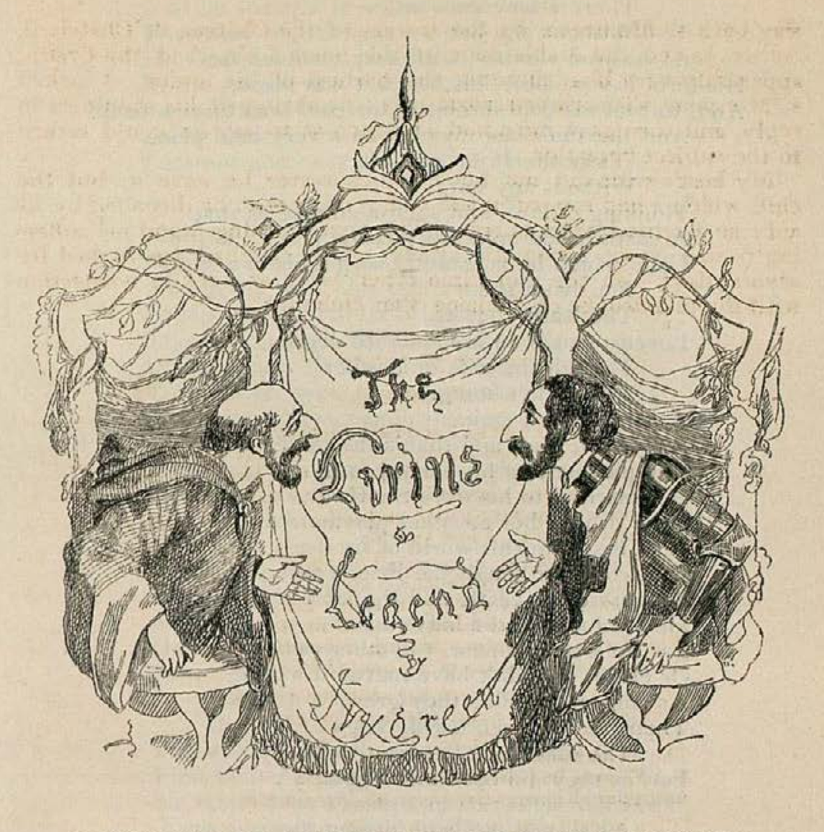
'Tis a bridal morn, and loudly swells
A merry peal from the old church-bells;
The white-rob'd bride is smiling now
'Neath a budding wreath from the orange-bough;
And bright-ey'd maidens before her strew
Beautiful Flowers, of every hue.

There 's a voice of sorrow,—for time hath fled,—
A wife and a mother lies cold and dead;
They 've laid her to sleep in her endless rest,
With a young babe clasp'd to her marble breast;
And Flowers are there, with their perfum'd breath,
Decking the bud and the blossom in death.

In the green churchyard is a lonely spot,
Where the joyous sunshine enters not;
Deep in the gloom of the cypress' shade,
There is her home in the cold earth made,
And over her still the sweet flowrets bloom,—
They were near her in life, and forsake not her tomb.

Beautiful Flowers! ye seem to be
Link'd in the fond ties of memory!
Companions ye were to our childhood's day,—
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay;
And barren and drear were this wide world of ours,
Lacking the smile of the beautiful Flowers!

Frederica Emilie D.



ILLUSTRATED IN GLYPHOGRAPHY BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE sun, with his face all ruddy red,
Had made up his mind to go to bed;
For he 'd had enough, as he very well knew,
Of the sweetest potation, the mountain dew;
And fearing, like drunkards, an unpleasant dream,
He slaked his thirst with a neighbouring stream,
And shook his cloud-bed in the cozy West.
The shadows stretch'd long as he sank to rest;
His bed-curtains waved with a ruddy glow,
As they blush'd at the red of his face below;
And, dreading the night-dews might give him a cold,
He popp'd his nose under the sheets of gold;
A mountain extinguisher put out his light,
And he quietly tuck'd himself in for the night.
A convent there stood, all embower'd in trees,
Where holy men ate, drank, and slept at their ease.
The vesper bell swell'd on the evening air,
Calling the good and the bad to prayer;

There a lone man sat,
Without any hat,
At an oriel window, with dark troubled face,
His form it was noble, his beard it was black,
And, to cool his bold forehead, his cowl was thrown back,
And the sun's last rays fell on a very bald place.
'Twas the Prior who sat
Without any hat,
Thinking of love, and such nonsense as that.
A castle stood on a hill just by,
Upon which he constantly turn'd his eye;
For dwelt she,
The Lady that he
Loved to such an immoderate degree,
Though the wife of another,
That didn't bother
A man of such eminent piety.
A wife she was, and that 's the truth,
The playmate of his early youth,
But married to his *frère* Sir Hugh,
Who 'd been her constant playmate too,
Who first into this world of sin
Had come, although the Prior's twin;
Therefore the castle and the land
Had influenced the lady's hand;
For the one was poor, the other rich,
Or else it wouldn't have matter'd which;
As daily more alike they grew,
Their mother even hardly knew
The difference between them;
For, as they did each other pass,
'Twas like reflection in a glass,
As all had said who 'd seen them.
And, when to manhood they had grown,
Sir Hugh had call'd Amile his own.
The younger brother turn'd devout,
And coolly kick'd his passions out.

Years roll'd on, and the lady fair
Had fail'd to give the lands an heir.
Sir Hugh got glum, and moped about,
And in the habit of staying out;
But his lady was mild as unskimm'd milk,
And she quietly sorted her worsted and silk,
As she sat with her maidens round a frame;
Her grandma and mother had done the same.
Indeed, the family had much fame
For working grim murders in tapestrie,
And handing them down to posteritie.
Sir Hugh walk'd up, and Sir Hugh walk'd down,
And ever was seen on his brow a frown;
He bit his lip, and his cheek grew pale,
As his eye wander'd over his coat of mail,

And he thought it rather a comic affair
That they should hang rusting and unused there;
He thought of the blood that was shed galore,
In the golden time call'd the days of yore,
How he long'd, like a true knight, to spill much more!
As he stamp'd his heel on the oaken floor,
I am not quite certain, I think he swore!

* * * *

Morning breathed forth her sweetest breath,
Shaming all thoughts of blood and death;
The fleecy mist now upward curl'd,
Shedding on earth its brightest pearls;
There 's music in the air, which tells
Of fairy blast on wreathed shells,
To summon home to mossy cells
The truant crew, who love to sing
Their matins in the fairy ring,
When, galloping up the deep ravine
In fiery haste, a man was seen.
The pale light shone on his helm afar,
Like Friar Rush with his dancing star,
As he rode in haste through briar and brake,
Hoping to find the warder awake,
And ready to ask him what he 'd take,
He bore a letter as big as a plate;
So, stopping his horse at the castle gate,
He gave a loud ring
In the name of the King.
The warder sprang up at the sonorous call,
First taking a peep through a slit in the wall.
Sir Hugh took the letter with trembling hand:
'Twas summoning him to the Holy Land,
Where nobles and knights
Were flocking in flights,
And leaving their wives and their lares like fools.
The cry was Jerusalem,
Where, to bamboozle 'em,
The Lion King took them to use them as tools.
He quickly repairs
To his lady up stairs,
To talk about all the domestic affairs.
The folly of linen
Was just then beginning,
And soap was a thing hardly known in the land;
So a shirt of mail,
With a very short tail,
Was much more convenient, and made to stand
The wear and the tear
Of a serious affair,
Like that which he'd got in hand.
Ere set of sun
Everything was done;

His waistcoat and breeches were polish'd and bright,
And his beaver of steel was screw'd up tight.
A wail arose from the valley below,
For many unwilling were doom'd to go.
Each vassal was summon'd to follow his lord,
The vassal that kept the watch and the ward,
The villeins appendant who stuck to the land,
Or pass'd, like old fixtures, from hand to hand,—
The villeins "en gross," who 'd labour and toil,
Yet were sold like sheep from their native soil.
They stood like dark statues before the tall knight,
In the castle court-yard in the falling twilight—
Their green hills saw them no more.
The lady stood on the tower so high,
To wish them good luck as they trotted by,
She waived her scarf with a tender sigh,
Then went to work as before.

* * * *

Five long years have come, five long years have gone,
The castle shines bright on an April morn—
All this time,
In a foreign clime,
The knight has been fighting like anything,
By the side of his brave, but thick-headed King.
His wife has gone on with her tapestrie
As calm as a duck-pond, and happilie
"No news was good news," and so thought she;
For hearing at all was uncertainty,
As no penny stamp
Was known in the camp
In the golden days of the good Sir Hugh;
And if there had,
It would have been just as bad,
For there was no post to put into.
But the Prior, the brother,
Behaved like a mother,
And to comfort her daily he never did fail;
He came unawares,
Ran up and down stairs,
And was just like a tin kettle tied to her tail.
He his brethren deserted,
And he sat there and flirted,
While the Lady look'd on him with her cold blue eyes,
And her face was so stolid,
Her look was so solid,
That knock'd on the head all his looks and his sighs.
Things were in this situation,
Needing some slight alteration,
When the Prior, who sat on a fallen tree
On the side of the road, (he was going to tea,
At least 'twas a meal at the very same time,
Only made up of things more solid and prime,)



Beheld a tall man in a very black jack,
That cover'd his stomach as well as his back,
Bending his way
Where the castle lay.
His visage was dark, he 'd a scar on his brow,
Both speaking of danger and some foreign row;
The bridge of his nose
Had sunk in repose,
As if to get out of the way of more blows.
T'was his brother's bold henchman,
He knew at a look;
So he jump'd up at once,
And three strides he took.
The man turn'd round his sinister eyes
As coolly as if he 'd been used to surprise,
And, without a start,
Said, "Lor! bless my heart,
You are my Lord's brother, as sure as eggs.
He 's very near here,
And, feeling but queer,
He stopp'd at an hostel to rest his legs."
The Prior he thought for a moment or two
What, under such a chance, he best should do.

He bade him haste to the lady's bower,
    And tell his tidings there,
Then steal from out the castle gate,
    And to his cell repair.

*   *   *

The henchman sat in the Prior's cell,
  He shiver'd as if with cold,
And in his horny palm he held
  A heap of shining gold.
The Prior's eyes were fix'd and bright,
  Like the snake's prepared to spring;
His cheek was pale as sheeted ghost—
  He look'd a guilty thing!
A dagger sharp and keen now pass'd
  From out the Prior's vest;
The henchman wink'd his knowing eye,
  As if he knew the rest.
Another whisper pass'd, and then
  This precious pair arose,
The Prior looking solemnly,
  With his finger on his nose.

*   *   *

His heart it flutter'd like a bird,
  As he changed his robe for blue,
As a Palmer fresh from Holy Land,
  With scrip, and a cross'd wand too.
    Then he took out a hat
    Both broad and flat,
  With a terrible width of brim:
    It shaded his eyes,
    It shaded his nose,
  And had cockle-shells round the rim.

*   *   *

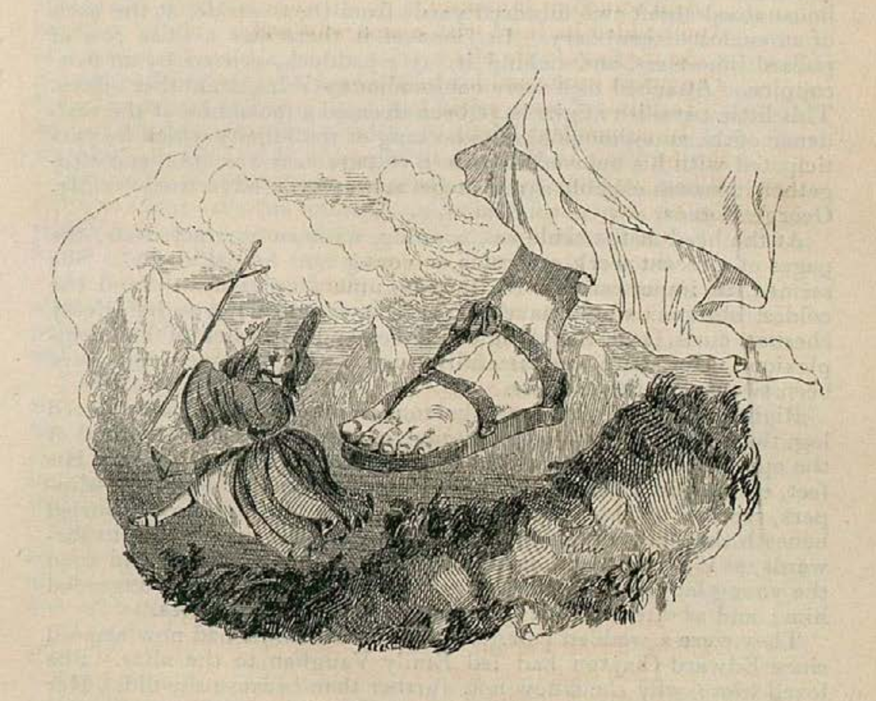
The Lady sat fidgetting in her bower,
Each minute appearing to her like an hour.
  And she constantly stirr'd the fire.
A step is heard upon the stair—
Ah! is her Palmer Knight, then, there!
(Between ourselves, 'twas the prior,)
Then the door flew wide, and there appeared
The palmer dark, with frizzled beard;
He rushed to her arms, but he started back;
As he did so, of course, he looked over her back;
And, looking, beheld, 'tis surprising as true,
His own very counterpart standing in blue;
The very same hat, with the very large brim,
And cockle-shells sticking all out round the rim.
    His ecstasy stopped,
    His under jaw dropped,

As he looked on the figure, and saw its dull frown;
Its hand raised in air,
As if saying, forbear,
And the large spots of blood on the gown;
The lady turned to see the cause
Of such a pause,
But seemed to look on air;
And as he stared,
She still declared
She could see nothing there.
He breathed again, for, though a monk
Was game as any bantum,
And did not fear a rush, not he,
Since it was but a phantom:
The supper was brought; still the figure stood by,
Attracting no notice, attracting no eye.
The lady smiled,
And the meal began;
But who could eat
When the murdered man,
Looked on with a fishy eye;
And, pleading fatigue, and heaving a sigh,
He thought it was time to go to by-bye,
And said, as he felt no desire to sup,
He begged that her ladyship wouldn't sit up;
Then, beckoning a servitor who stood near,
He ordered a rushlight, and finished his beer.



Then, turning his head,
With a feeling of dread,
Beheld there no phantom at all!
But, though as a priest he no courage did lack,
Yet he ordered the vassal to keep to his back,
And he held the rushlight high
As he stalked o'er the floor
Of the long corridor,
He constantly turned his eye;
When, chancing to see on the neighbouring wall
A shadow not like the vassal at all;
But there, with eyes as big as a crown,
With the very same hat, and the very same gown,
Stood the phantom with a light;
It glided on first to the castle gate,
The prior stalked after, compelled by fate,
In a pretty tarnation fright;
He tried to be
At his *conjuro-te*,
But his tongue quite failed him, it felt so thick,
As dry as a parrot's, or Flanders brick;
They came to the portal, the gates were wide,
Not a soul was on watch either out or inside.
The phantom pointed down the vale,
And smiled as if in scoff,
And nodded its head with a mournful nod,
As if to say, "Be off!"
The priest he turned his head away
To think of some trick
To circumvent Nick,
For he knew he 'd the devil to pay,
When suddenly he received such a kick
On his holy gown behind,
That, to believe
Such a ghost could achieve
He must have been out of his mind;
The toe was like steel
That made him feel.
He fell with the blows
On his reverend nose,
But he picked himself up in a trice;
Yet still that great toe
Kept on kicking him so
In the whereabouts not over nice,
That over and over
He rolled in the clover,
And the rocks tapped his shaven crown.
He prayed and implored,
He shouted and roared,
'Till he 'd rolled about halfway down;
Then he got on his feet
In case a repeat
Might finish the job quite brown;

He turned, and beheld the henchman grim,
And many more standing along with him,
And amidst was his brother seen.
He fled in affright,
And well he might,
And the portcullis grinned at the luckless wight
As he bolted down the ravine;
He heard the abbey vesper-bell,
And loud laughs mingling quite as well.
In the morning he starts,
And leaves those parts,
And goes to Canterburie,
And hides his shame
With another name,
With a like fraternitie.
His brother so stout,
Who had kicked him out,
With his needlework wife,
Lived a happy life,
Till they died in the natural course,
When he lied by her side,
In sculptured pride,
With his valiant legs across.



THE SPORTSMAN'S FIRESIDE.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

Domestic life, no less than Nature, has its scenery. The *boudoir*, the nursery, nay, even the kitchen, are at times pictures in their way. But, of all social prospects, the finest, if not the most pleasing, is that of the dessert-table on a winter's evening. The rich red window-curtains, closely drawn, reflect a comfortable warm tint over the whole room. The decanters and glasses sparkle at their manifold angles with the lively glitter of the wax-lights, intermingled with the ruddier glow of the fire. The service of plate and china, grouped in elegant disorder, is piled with fruit of various kinds and hues, and the diversified tints of the whole mass of objects are in contrast with the dark surface of the rosewood or mahogany. Subject worthy of the pencil of a Rembrandt! Picture of luxury and comfort! What poet, remembering him of his two-pair-back, could behold it without a sigh, and a wish for a thousand a-year?

Such was the scene displayed on an evening in the latter end of December, in the snug dining-parlour of a little shooting-box some few miles distant from a market-town in the West of England. The house stood about two hundred yards from the roadside, at the back of an enclosed shrubbery. In front of it there was a little row of pollard lime-trees, and behind it lay a paddock, skirted by an oak-coppice. Attached to it were commodious stables, and other offices. This little paradise might have been deemed a fac-simile of the residence of the anonymous bard, who sang of the felicity which he participated with his beloved Rosa in a cottage near a wood; and altogether it was as eligible a messuage as was ever advertised by Mr. George Robins.

At the head of the table sat, conning, with an abstracted air, the pages of a recent work of fiction, a young and beautiful girl. She seemed an impersonation of the sanguine temperament; and the coldest observer would have admired her fine hazel eyes, her glossy chesnut curls, and the mingled bloom and alabaster of her complexion. Her attire was tastefully ornamental; her age might have been twenty, or thereabouts.

Right in front of the fire, whereon glowed a huge, half-charred log, there reclined, in a crimson-covered arm-chair, an individual of the opposite sex. He was clad in a velveteen shooting-jacket. His feet, encased in a pair of old boots that had been cut down into slippers, reposed by the heels one on each hob; his hands were buried beneath the skirts of his upper vestment, and his head was bent forwards, as if in profound meditation, on his chest. Ever and anon the young lady, raising her eyes from her book, wistfully regarded him; and as often, with a slight sigh, resumed her studies.

They were a wedded pair. About twelve months had now elapsed since Edward Clayton had led Emily Vaughan to the altar. She loved him; why she knew not, further than because she did. Her mind, though certainly not below the feminine average, was not analytic. And could a self-scrutiny have discovered a no more re-

condite source of her affection than an admiration for his fine figure, handsome profile, blue eyes, and dark hair, still certain it was that she loved him. And, in accepting his hand, what visions of future happiness did she picture to herself! His means were ample; not that she was mercenary, or would have married an old man or a bad character for money; but she had received a fashionable education, and felt all those elegant wants and longings which are its consequences. Now they would be gratified. What bliss! what transport! If a few anticipations like these mingled with her more disinterested feelings, still the chief element in her prospective felicity was the idea of living together with Edward, in the constant reciprocation of endearments.

Edward Clayton belonged to no profession. He was under no necessity of following one; nor did his inclinations prompt him to do so for amusement. Nor had he a taste for science or literature. Neither was he ambitiously disposed. The streamlet in summer, in winter the field and cover, were his world. He was the most expert angler and renowned shot in the county. His acquaintance marvelled what could have induced Ned Clayton to marry. It was, however, really no marvel. He felt lonely; breakfast was a bore to him; he longed for some fair hand to mix his brandy-and-water of an evening, and Emily was the prettiest girl he knew.

And thus they sat, the sportsman and his bride. He was not, however, quite motionless: his head occasionally leaped up and fell again, and now and then his limbs started a little. Nor was he altogether silent: indistinct murmurs at intervals escaped his lips, and measured sounds, inarticulate, but unequivocal, proceeded from a neighbouring organ. In point of fact, he slept. He had been out for a long day's shooting, and had come home tired, insomuch that he had sat down to dinner without making his toilet, further than washing himself and kicking off his boots.

The lady continued momentarily gazing at her dormant lord. All was silent save his snoring, and the voice of the wind without, which was singing one of the sweetest and most solemn dirges ever heard by the side of a winter fire.

At length she impatiently closed the volume before her, and, after casting one more complaining glance at her husband, reclined pensively in her seat, and thus half thought, half murmured to herself:—

"Dear me, how very dull this is! What a pity that Edward should go to sleep like this every day after dinner, except when he has company, and then he and all the rest take too much wine. How much more pleasant it would be if I were to work now, and he were to read to me; or if we were to sit and chat; or if he would hear me sing or play to him!—Edward, dear!"

This sudden and somewhat alarmed exclamation was occasioned by a kind of choking sound in his throat, accompanied by a heaving of his shoulders; phenomena occasionally characteristic of gentlemen who go to sleep in their chairs.

"Umph!—eh?" ejaculated the sleeper, or something to that effect.

She jumped up, and patted him on the shoulder. He shook himself, half opened his eyes, and muttered, "Don't."

"Edward!"

He replied with a loud snore. She stood and watched him for a few seconds, and returned to her chair.

"Fast asleep again!" she presently exclaimed. "How tiresome! Oh dear! I am weary of this stupid book!"

She closed the volume, and pushed it impatiently from her, when her eye rested on a pile of music on a chair beside the piano. Again she rose, sauntered towards the instrument, took up, half unconsciously, one of Labitzky's waltzes, mechanically placed it on the stand, and seated herself on the music-stool. Her delicate finger fell gently on one of the notes; its vibrations died faintly away. She looked over her shoulder; still there was Clayton, buried in slumber, and snoring as fast as ever. "There's no waking him," she thought; and off she struck with the waltz.

"Hey! halloo!" cried the husband, starting from his slumber.

She stopped short in the middle of a passage, and wheeled herself round, her eyes meeting his, now wide open, and staring over the back of his chair.

"I wish you hadn't made that row," he said. "Couldn't you sit still, and keep quiet a little for once? You've woke me up with that hammering."

"Don't be angry, Edward," she replied. "Do you know it's eight o'clock, and you've been asleep these two hours?"

"Well; and you'd want to sleep too, if you had been beating cover all day."

"My dear, I am sure sleeping so much is not good for you. Now, *can* it be?"

"What can *you* know about it?"

"Why, Edward, bed is the proper place for sleep; and I am sure it would be much better for you to exert yourself, and keep awake, and have your tea, and go to bed early."

"I want some sherry-negus."

The materials were at hand, and she proceeded with great good humour to compound the beverage; Mr. Clayton in the meanwhile amusing himself, first by a bout of yawning and stretching, and then by hammering the log on the fire with the poker.

Ought not Edward Clayton to have thought himself a happy fellow? Here he was, with a beautiful young wife mixing his sherry and water, pleased with the task, and ready to sweeten the draught with conversation, music, or anything else that she could do to please him. He had no cares, no anxieties to vex him; there was plenty of money at his command, a good house of his own over his head, and a life before him, of which every day promised to be like the present.

Receiving his glass of negus, without, however, taking the trouble to thank the compounder, he took two or three sips at it, and then, crossing his legs, sat staring intently into the fire. His wife took a little low ottoman, and placed herself thereon beside him.

"Don't lean there; it fidgets me," he said, as she affectionately rested her elbow on his knee. "Where's my cigar-case?"

"My dear Edward, are you going to smoke?"

"Yes."

"Not here, love, surely."

"Why not?"

"Why, hadn't you better go into your little room up stairs?

There 's a fire lighted there, and all. Whenever you smoke in this room, the smell hangs about the curtains so, and it is so very disagreeable of a morning."

"Don't bother; there 's a good girl. Give me the cigars."

"Hannah has put them away somewhere."

"Well, ring, and tell her to bring them, then, and the spittoon."

The obedient wife executed his order with a slight sigh.

The smoking materials were brought. "Hand me a spill," said Clayton, moistening a cigar. "Ah! that 's it." And he began to smoke. Mrs. Clayton was seized with a fit of coughing.

"Didn't you find it very wet in the fields this morning?" she inquired, when she had recovered.

"Wasn't in the fields." (Puff.)

"Where, then?"

"Cover." (Puff, puff.)

"Did you meet anybody?"

"Watkins." (Puff, puff, puff.)

"How were Mrs. Watkins and the children?"

"Didn't say."

"What a sweet child his eldest girl is!"

(Puff.)

"Don't you think so?"

"What, Polly?"

"Polly? La, no, dear! She 's the second."

"Oh!"

During the whole of this colloquy Mr. Clayton continued gazing intently in the fire. After a pause:—

"Edward," said the lady, in the most winning accents.

"Well, what?"

"A penny for your thoughts." (Puff.) "Come, sir, tell me." (Puff.) "Tell me now:—I 'll pinch you till you do." And she suited the action to the word.

"Don't!" exclaimed the husband, in the tone, and with the look of an injured man. "Do you think one can't feel?"

"Some cannot," she replied plaintively, her features fixing themselves for a moment in an expression of thoughtfulness. (Puff, puff, puff.)

"What time is it by your watch, Edward?" presently inquired Mrs. Clayton, after gazing for some moments on the imperturbed expression of his countenance, as he sat rapt in the tranquillity of tobacco.

"Don't know," he replied, without moving. "See."

She extracted the chronometer from the pocket of his unbuttoned waistcoat. "Dear me! Why, it 's a quarter to nine. It 's time for tea."

"I don't want tea."

"La, don't you? I do. I feel so thirsty."

"Have it in, then."

Mrs. Clayton pulled the bell.

"Tell Hannah not to take the things away," said Mr. Clayton. "I shall have some more negus."

"Very well, dear."

"And tell her to tell John to step here."

She did as she was desired as the servant entered the room. The latter speedily returned with the tea-things, followed by the man.

"John," said Mr. Clayton.

"Yes, sir," answered the domestic, touching his forehead.

"Bring my gun-case."

"Very well, sir."

"And tool-box."

"Yes, sir."

"And a pail of warm water."

"Very well, sir"

"My dear!" exclaimed the lady in astonishment.

"What 's the matter?"

"Why, what *can* you want with a pail of warm water?"

"To clean the gun."

"Surely you wouldn't think of cleaning it here!"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, of course, you wouldn't; at least I should think not."

"Why, what harm will it do?"

"What harm? Spoil all the things. Consider, my love, my best carpet, and the rug—"

"Pooh! hang the carpet. Hannah, take up the rug."

"Well, then, Hannah," said Mrs. Clayton, "bring in a piece of floor-cloth, and put it down over the marble. But, my dear, couldn't John clean the gun?"

"John! What does he know about it? Now look sharp, you two, and do what I told you."

After a brief interval, which Mrs. Clayton occupied in making room for the tray, and her husband in blowing circles of smoke, the servants reappeared, Hannah with the floor-cloth, and John with the gun and its appurtenances.

"Where 's the bucket?" demanded Mr. Clayton.

"Fetch it directly, sir," answered John.

"And bring the oil with you, will you?" said his master.

"The ile, sir; yes, sir," replied the man.

Mrs. Clayton now proceeded to make tea; and her husband, accommodated with the requisites for the purpose, began cleaning his gun, by plunging the breech-end of it in the bucket, and working an iron ramrod, with some tow wrapped round the screw, up and down in the barrel like a piston. In the course of this operation, he happened suddenly to withdraw the said ramrod, when out flapped after it a column of inky fluid, smelling like a bad egg, which, as his wife was at that moment taking the kettle from the fire, went right over her dress.

"Edward, my dear Edward," cried the lady, exceedingly vexed, "see what you have done!"

"What 's the row?"

"The row, indeed! Why, you have quite spoiled this beautiful satin dress. How very provoking!"

"Won't it wash?"

"Wash! No, to be sure not. It is really too bad of you, Edward."

"What?"

"What! Why, to clean your nasty gun here in the parlour. If

it had been my dark stripe, or black velvet, I shouldn't have minded so much; but this was such a love of a gown!"

"Never mind, old girl. Come, make yourself some tea, and me another glass."

"You deserve no such thing; and I have a great mind that you should make it for yourself."

"Come, come, don't make a fuss. There—a little more nutmeg this time. That will do."

The sportsman having finished his gun, set it by in a corner of the fire-place. Next he imbibed a mouthful of drink, and after that applied himself to cleaning the lock, which he began taking to pieces with a small screw-driver, keeping up, in the meantime, that sort of desultory whistling, or rather sibillation, by which gentlemen of a mechanical turn are peculiarly apt to accompany their operations. His wife all this while, for want of amusement, sat looking on, leaning on her elbow, with a slight but restless movement of one foot.

"Do you want that bucket any more?" she said, at length.

"No," replied Mr. Clayton, speaking in the effort of urging a screw. She summoned the servant, and had the eye-sore removed.

"Confound that blockhead!" cried Clayton, looking about him on the table.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"The oil."

"There it is at your elbow."

"Hand it here. Don't put it down."

Having oiled the spring of the lock, while his wife held the bottle, before returning the feather which he had used for that purpose to its place, he playfully wiped it on the back of her delicate hand. This little pleasantry occasioned her to start and drop the vessel.

"Well done, clumsy!" exclaimed Mr. Clayton.

"How could you be so dirty, Edward? For shame!"

He made no reply, but finished his job. Just as he had concluded it, there was a tap at the door.

"Come in," he cried.

It was John. "Please, sir, said the man, "here's Wilks. He said I was to say as he was come about the dog."

"Oh! very well. Tell Wilks to walk this way."

A step, like that of somebody thickly shod trying to walk softly, was heard approaching; a prolonged shuffling on the mat ensued; then there was another thump at the door; and thereupon entered Wilks. Mr. Wilks was a tall, raw-boned man, with a reddish face, large features, and high cheek-bones. He was attired in a broad-skirted blue coat, and a remarkably long waistcoat of buff, barred transversely with mingled black and dark red. His nether garments were of corduroy, with continuations of the drab; and he wore a pair of thick nailed half-boots, which, in spite of his exertions on the mat, displayed evidences of a recent visit to a stable. He had a stout black-thorn stick, on the end of which he carried his hat.

"Good evenun', sir," said Mr. Wilks. "Sarvant, mum."

"Sit down, Wilks," said Mr. Clayton.

"Thank'ee, sir," replied that individual, first brushing his hat with his sleeve, and depositing it on the floor beside him. "I've

come, sir, about that ar dog. If you mind, you said as how I was to call round?"

"Yes," said Mr. Clayton. "I think there is something the matter with his hind-leg."

"Better goo and have a look at un, sir, hadn't I?" inquired Wilks.

"Yes. I don't know, though. I don't feel inclined to move." He rang the bell. "John, step into the yard, and bring Dash here, will you? And, while you are about it, bring Juno too."

"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Clayton, "pray do not let those horrid dogs come in here."

"Why not?"

"Why you know I don't like them."

"Nonsense. They won't eat you."

"Oh no! It isn't that I am afraid of them—but—"

"But what?"

"Why, they are so very—that is, I do dislike them so much; and you must allow that they are not proper animals to be in a sitting-room."

"Pooh! What harm will they do, poor things?"

"I had much rather you would not have them here."

"Oh!" expostulated Mr. Clayton. "What sense is there in talking like that? Fetch them in, John: your mistress won't mind. Now, Wilks, what will you take?"

"Thank'ee, sir; you're very good."

"Here's wine, and there's brandy-and-water."

Mr. Wilks intimated that of the two he should prefer the latter beverage; whereupon he was desired to mix for himself; which request he complied with with great alacrity.

"Your health, sir," said the polite Mr. Wilks, having resumed his chair.

"Thank ye, Wilks."

"Here's wishun' *your* very good health, mum."

Mrs. Clayton acknowledged the compliment by a slight bend.

Here in rushed the dogs, tumbling one over the other, and ran panting and sniffing in all directions. Dash poked his nose into the face of the cat, which scratched it for his pains, and bolted under the sofa. Juno, before Mrs. Clayton had time to get out of her way, jumped up, and put her fore-paws on that lady's lap; thereby imprinting her footmarks on the same.

"Dash! what are you after, you rascal? Lie down, Juno!" growled their master.

"Ah! you good-for-nothing thing!" cried the wife, addressing the animal. "See here, Edward, what it has done! I wish you would give it a good beating."

"Oh! what for? 'T was only her fun; how should she know any better?" said Mr. Clayton.

"Fun indeed!—nonsense!" exclaimed the lady indignantly.

"Dogs is sitch playful creechures," remarked Mr. Wilks.

"Really, Edward," said Mrs. Clayton, "I cannot stay in the room with those horrid animals. Unless you send them away, I must go —I must indeed."

"Well, you can go to bed, you know, when you like," said the husband.

"Yes; but I don't want to go to bed yet."

"Well, don't bother, that's a good girl. Now, Wilks, just look at the dog, will you? and tell me what you think of him."

Mr. Wilks upon this addressed himself to an examination of the affected limb; which, being concluded, he sat with his hands in his pockets, gazing on the physiognomy of the canine patient, as if considering the case.

"Well, Wilks?" exclaimed the sportsman.

"Don't 'pear to be much the matter wi' un now, sir," answered the practitioner. "Sprain'd a leader, p'raps, a bit, or med be a cotch cold."

"Don't come here, you wretch!" said Mrs. Clayton, as the dog, released from the hands of the medical man, ran, wagging his tail, towards her.

"I wish you wouldn't call the dog names," complained her husband, "it's just the way to spoil his temper."

"Oh, fiddle!" she exclaimed pettishly. "I am sure he is enough to spoil mine."

"There now, don't be cross," he replied. "Just look at Juno's eye, Wilks; I fancy there's something odd about it."

Mr. Wilks, on inspection of the organ, thought there was "a summut" the matter with it; to which he gave the technical term of "information;" but, he added, the affection "warn't nothin' to speak of;" and that the animal, with the adoption of certain measures which he suggested, would be "all right" in a day or two. Having pronounced this opinion, he rose to depart; but the sportsman, in spite of a look of remonstrance from his lady, asked him to stay, and take another drop; so he sat down again. Mrs. Clayton took her workbox, and tried to busy herself with her needle.

Then ensued between Mr. Clayton and Mr. Wilks one of those long colloquies, wherein sporting gentlemen, their friends, and allies, are so particularly fond of indulging; and whereunto might be applied the title of "Horæ Caninæ." It extended, likewise, to the equine race; involved a long disquisition respecting double and single-barrels, shot, and percussion-caps, and included certain digressions concerning badgers and rats. The conversation, as may be supposed, proved anything but interesting to the lady; her exclusion from all share therein, however, was worse. At last she could bear it not longer; and sat watching an opportunity to get a word in edgeways.

Mr. Clayton, in the course of conversation, happened to inquire of Mr. Wilks whether the circle of his canine acquaintance included such an animal as a good retriever?"

"Got a dog in my eye now, sir," answered Mr. Wilks, "a spaniel, and as good a one as you ever see."

"La! Edward!" interposed Mrs. Clayton, "Miss Wilkins has a very nice little spaniel; at least I think it is a spaniel, and she was saying the other day that she meant to give it away."

"Eh?" said the sportsman, actually seeming interested by his lady's observation. "Have you seen it?"

"Oh! yes, dear; and a very nice dog it is; quite a little pet; with such beautiful ears,—so long!"

Upon hearing this, Mr. Clayton was seized with a violent fit of laughter, which was renewed as often as his wife, no less astonished than vexed, begged him to explain the cause of it.

"I say, Wilks!" exclaimed the sportsman at length, laughing and speaking by turns, "what do you think of a King Charles's retriever!"

"A rum un, sartainly," replied Wilks, grinning, "savun' your presence, mum."

"I am afraid," said the lady, "that I have said something very stupid. What is it?"

"A King Charles's dog a retriever!" repeated her husband. "Ho ho!"

"How should I know anything about reprievers, or whatever you call them?" she demanded impatiently.

A fresh peal of merriment was occasioned by the misnomer; Mr. Wilks considerately cramming his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, to the distention of his cheeks into the magnitude of a pumpkin, the contained air escaping, with an explosive noise, at the angles of his capacious mouth.

Mrs. Clayton bit her lip. She was, indeed, exceedingly mortified; still, however, good-natured soul that she was, she subdued her feelings, and made a few additional attempts to join in the conversation, which were either unnoticed, or laughed at, by her sporting lord.

There are limits to the patience of an angel even. Having all along been sitting at the table, while her husband and Mr. Wilks occupied the opposite angles of the hearth, she began to complain of cold.

"Well!" said Clayton, "can't you come and warm yourself?"

She drew her chair unassisted to the centre of the fire-place. The setter, Dash, was lying directly in her way; she stumbled over him, and was near falling. "Plague take the horrid dog!" she exclaimed. "Get out of the way, do!" And she gave him a push with her little elegant foot; which, however, impinging on a nerve in the flank, occasioned the brute to yelp.

"There now!" cried the sportsman in upbraiding accents. "What did you kick the poor dog for? How would you like to be served so yourself? Poor Dash, then; poor fellow! come along. Did they kick you, then?—did they?" he continued, patting the beast as though it had been an infant.

"Nonsense!" she cried. "I didn't hurt the wretch."

"Oh, yes! I dare say," said her husband. "Don't you do that again."

"Oh! pooh! I 've no patience, with you."

"Well, don't do it again; that 's all."

"Dumb animals," here observed Mr. Wilks, "has their feelins as well as Christians."

"Really, Mr. Wilks!" cried the lady with some hauteur.

"Beg pardon, mum," said Wilks, apologizing for his impertinence.

Mrs. Clayton made no answer, but looked imploringly at her husband; who answered to the appeal only by a glance of reproach; and resumed his conversation with his guest without minding her. She remained standing; and he did not even suggest that she might as well sit down. She gradually coloured; her eyes glistened; and, at length, turning away her face, she seized a bed-candle, and without speaking, hurried from the room. A sound very like sobbing was heard as she ascended the staircase.

"I 'm afeared, sir," remarked Mr. Wilks, "as your good lady is out of sorts."

Mr. Clayton answered by a toss of the head; and, dismissing the subject, inquired if his visitor would like a pipe? to which Mr. Wilks replied that he didn't know but what he should. They then recommenced their previous discourse, which was protracted over grog and tobacco till a late hour. Such was the sportsman's enjoyment of his fireside.

THE FATAL MARK.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

All was gaiety and bustle at that deservedly admired and popular spa, Chaude-fontaine, a spot more highly gifted by nature than any other in Belgium. The unusual circumstance of a marriage having taken place there, to the great amusement and satisfaction of the visitors and immediate neighbourhood, and the real joy of the parties concerned, filled the persons congregated on the occasion with perfect ecstasy.

Jules Duvivier, a subaltern in the French Lancers, had left his division of the army in Spain, having received a severe wound at the battle of Salamanca, which compelled him for a time, by the advice of his medical attendants, to seek the reviving air of his native hills, situated in the vicinity of Liege. Arrived here, he quickly recovered, and had already made up his mind to leave the neighbourhood of Chaude-fontaine, when he accidentally met Mademoiselle Halliere, a Swiss by birth, who was here enjoying at once the pleasures of society, and the advantages derivable from the admirable waters of the place.

To those who have much frequented watering-places, it will be unnecessary to dilate upon the ease with which mere acquaintances grow into intimacies. Thrown continually into each other's company, freed from the restraints of metropolitan frigidity, admiring beautiful scenery together, the best feelings of their nature expanding with the clear blue sky above them, can we wonder at the circumstance, or blame the graceful young lancer for falling violently, passionately in love with the fascinating Marie de Halliere?

To account for, to reason on it, is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that Jules became desperately enamoured of the lovely girl, and in less than three weeks found his suit not only approved, but his hand accepted.

Mademoiselle de Halliere had no one to consult; no kind, affectionate father, uncle, or guardian to thwart her wishes. An orphan for many years, living on a limited, but independent patrimony, derived, as she asserted, from a small estate left to her by her father, she did not hesitate to pronounce a full affirmative to the warm solicitations of our hero (for Jules was a hero) to become his bride.

During their courtship, if the pointed and lover-like attentions of a youth to a young lady during fifteen days may be so called, there were many who strove their utmost to mar the match. A prudent dowager, a marchioness without a single sous, her only riches consisting of six

ugly daughters, had whispered her advice to the lancer to find out first "who and what the damsel was, before he farther compromised himself."

Another female—a rival *belle*, I believe—ingeniously hinted, "that Mademoiselle Halliere always wore high gowns, to hide the marks of a certain royal disorder, to cure which she had doubtless sought the spa." Another, a rejected suitor, "swore she was a widow, and that her name was assumed." But Jules laughed at these remarks, and only loved her the better for the envy she had excited. It is true he sometimes wished that she would speak of her past life in less ambiguous terms, and as frequently he determined to question her on it; but when they met that thought was forgotten, and, with truth and innocence beaming in her countenance, the young soldier felt it would be blasphemy to doubt her.

The result need scarcely be told: the morning on which this sketch opens beheld Marie the bride, the beauteous bride of the proud Jules, who, after partaking of a sumptuous breakfast, given by him to a large party of congratulating friends, started off in high spirits for the château of his old uncle, situated near Bruges, determined to linger some few days on the road, and thus enjoy, in loving selfishness, the uninterrupted company of her, whose very life he felt himself to be.

At about twelve o'clock on the fifth day, the young and newly-married couple arrived at Bruges, having hurried past the many objects of interest which presented themselves on their journey, in consequence of most earnest solicitations to join their good old relative, whose handsome seat was at no great distance from the capital of Western Flanders. Here they halted at the principal hotel, intending after dinner to set out for the residence of their uncle. To save time and trouble, they joined the *table d'hôte*, which here, as throughout Flanders, takes place at one o'clock. By the time, therefore, that the lady had taken off her shawl and bonnet, and performed those little "*agrémens de toilette*" incidental to an appearance before strangers, the great bell sounded, and, as Jules handed down his lovely bride, the already loud clattering of forks and spoons bespoke the fact that the substantial meal was already begun.

On entering the room, they found about forty persons seated, all greedily employed in devouring their soup, scarcely deigning to look towards the strangers who came in. In France, under similar circumstances, a dozen gentlemen would have risen to offer their seats to the lady. In Belgium, however, the case is different; and each honest burgher eats his meal, scrambling both for the best seat and daintiest dish, without the slightest attention either to rank or sex.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for the loving pair to be divided thus early in their honeymoon; but so, on the present occasion, they were compelled to be. Two chairs alone stood unoccupied, and these chairs far apart, while, if possible to make the separation more severe, they happened to be on the same side of the table, so that not even an interchange of glances could take place, no word of converse pass, save for the benefit of a few stupid intervening citizens,—a benefit which neither party were anxious to confer upon them.

As strangers, therefore, they sat down to table, consoling themselves with the confident assurance that their separation could not continue above an hour, and that *then* a thousand extra caresses might make up for their lost portion of "love's sweet interchange." Poor Jules, how-

ever, was far too much enamoured to sit down philosophically, and enjoy his meal with appetite. His eyes roved about him, till they fixed in some astonishment on his opposite neighbour, who, having coolly laid down his knife and fork, sat anxiously gazing at Marie. At first Jules thought it might be accident; some casual resemblance might have struck him; staring might be his habit, and the next minute his regard might fall upon another. But no; his eyes remained riveted on "la belle Marie," and the bridegroom felt anything but comfortable.

Every man is jealous; I do not believe any one who says he is not so; nor will I assert that some qualms of this kind did not now arise in the breast of the lancer, who could not help supposing, from the continued gaze of his opposite neighbour, that he must have known the newly-married lady; by possibility he might have been a former friend, a flirt, a lover. The idea was distracting. Jules determined at once to put an end to his doubts; so, bending across the table, after some preliminary observation to his staring neighbour, he observed, with as much nonchalance as he could possibly muster,

"You appear to know that lady?"

"I *think*," replied the other, in a grave tone, "nay, I am *sure* I do," and then turned the subject.

This was anything but satisfactory to the young soldier; for again the eyes of the stranger were fixed upon his bride.

There is nothing more provoking than a limited answer to a question, by which we have previously determined to elicit a full explanation. There is nothing so painful as half-grounded suspicion. Jules found it intolerable, and consequently pressed his inquiries.

"Are you quite certain you have seen this lady before?"

"As confident as that I now breathe. I never forget a face I have once beheld. It is *her*, I am sure; I cannot be mistaken."

"That's odd! Where did you know her?" And the questioner felt that his happiness depended on the answer.

"Thank God! I never knew her," quickly replied the stranger, with a shudder.

This was indeed a perplexing answer. The husband scarcely knew in what light to regard it. It is true, it freed him at once from all jealousy; but then, again, it implied a mystery, and, from the stranger's manner, evidently a dreadful one. What could it mean? He determined to hazard one more query.

"My question seems to call up some unpleasant recollection. Will you explain it?"

"If you wish it particularly, I will, although I confess I would rather drop the subject; at all events, I would not wish to do so while she is present."

With this reply poor Jules was forced to remain content, though he felt that the rack itself would bring less torture than the agonies of suspense. Presently, to his great relief, the well-satisfied party began to break up. One by one the plethoric burghers left the room; but Marie stirred not. Jules watched his opportunity to give her, unseen, a signal to retire. This she did; and in less than a quarter of an hour more the lancer and the citizen alone remained.

"Now, then, sir," said the former, abruptly turning round, "your promised explanation."

The stranger paused ere he replied. "I am perhaps wrong in thus

satisfying the curiosity of one whom I never saw before, and more particularly so, when I tell you that the anecdote I am about to relate involves most deeply the character of the unhappy female who has just quitted the table."

The stroke of death would have been less agonising than such an answer. Jules' brain seemed to burn like molten lead. He could scarcely repress his agitation as he asked, with an almost sardonic sneer, "You were, perhaps, that lady's lover?"

"God forbid!" solemnly ejaculated the burgher, "my tale is not of love. But, as you seem interested, I will give it you in a few words. I had a very dear friend in Victor Rossaert. From youth brought up together, our mutual confidence was unbounded. Unfortunately Victor found it necessary, for the arrangement of some mercantile affairs, to visit Geneva. Here, it appears, he met a merchant's daughter, Adelaide Moran, whose charming manners, and lovely appearance, soon won the heart of the enthusiastic young man, and he wrote to me in all the triumph of an accepted lover."

"I cannot really see what this has to do with the lady who was here just now," impatiently interrupted Jules.

"It has everything to do with her. Listen, and you will agree with me. Victor, by a mere accident, arising out of the jealousy of one of the lady's former suitors, learnt that she whom he thought so innocent, so good, had, long ere she had seen my friend, forfeited her reputation. There was madness in the thought, despair in future life, but honour demanded the sacrifice; and the broken-hearted young man, in a letter addressed to her, whom he could not but still love, declared his knowledge of her guilt, and his resolution never again to see her. This letter written, he instantly started off to join his friends at Dijon. To this spot she followed him, and having vainly, for some weeks, supplicated, urged, and threatened him, with a view of making him marry her, she seemed suddenly to relinquish her purpose, and entreated but to be his friend. As such, for several weeks she visited him. His health gradually declined. In vain did she try to cheer him. He hourly sank; and, feeling death fast stealing on him, he wrote to me. I started off soon after the receipt of his letter; but it was, alas! too late. When I arrived, my much-loved friend had been consigned to the tomb, but not before a *post mortem* examination had taken place, from which it appeared that he had died of poison—a slow, subtle poison! Suspicion immediately fell on Adelaide Moran; she was seized and interrogated, but she would neither confess nor deny. Circumstances were scarcely sufficiently strong to justify a trial for murder. She was therefore brought before the court for the minor offence, namely, that of forging a will, by which it would appear he left her all his property. On this charge she was tried and convicted. Mitigating circumstances, however, were urged, to save her from the galleys; and she was only condemned to stand in the pillory, and be branded on the right shoulder. This sentence was to be carried into effect the very morning of my arrival at Dijon. Impressed with horror, I attended near the scaffold. The lovely, but wicked woman, was brought forth. Never can I forget that sorrowful countenance. Deeply imprinted on my memory, it can never be effaced. Judge, then, my surprise, when I beheld that very woman, that identical female, the person who destroyed my friend, this day seated in yonder chair!"

Jules started up. His eyes dilated with horror: he approached the

narrator, "You are mistaken by an accidental likeness; that lady's name is not Moran, or Adelaide. Say you are mistaken, or the consequences may be dreadful."

"By the high heaven above, I speak the truth. But why this agitation?"

"Stay, stay but five minutes, and you shall learn the cause."

And Jules Duvivier rushed from the room, leaving the worthy citizen to wonder at the interest he took in one certainly very beautiful, but most depraved.

The time mentioned by the anxious bridegroom had nearly elapsed, when the communicative citizen was summoned to the apartment of the soldier. Unhesitatingly he obeyed the summons, and entered with cool indifference into the saloon, where he found the now almost convulsed youth, who pointed to a chair; then advancing to the door, instantly locked it, and placed the key in his pocket. Such strange conduct naturally made the burgher look about him. On the table lay some objects covered by a handkerchief; a sheet of recently-written paper, and other things of minor importance. A door opposite led from the saloon apparently to an inner bed-room; but this was closed. There was nothing, therefore, save the strange manner of the occupant to astonish or alarm the visitor.

For a moment Jules seemed to collect his coolness, then calmly spoke, at the same time lifting up the handkerchief, and discovering beneath a pair of richly-mounted pistols.

"Sir, you have now entered on your death-scene, or mine. The person of whom you spoke to-day is my wife. If you have dared to assert a falsehood to me, if you have coupled an innocent name with foul dishonour, by all the powers of heaven you die, and that without further shrift. If," and the young man's voice became almost dreadful to listen to,—"if, I say, you have spoken the truth, I pledge you my salvation you are safe. Speak not. Answer me not. A moment more, and herself decides the fact."

Thus saying, Duvivier walked to the inner door, opened it, and led forth his bride, who seemed much surprised at the abrupt manner of her husband.

"Madam, I desire you instantly to strip off all covering from your shoulders."

The poor girl, thus taken by surprise, perhaps conscious of her guilt, perhaps overcome by modest scruples, unwilling thus to unrobe before a stranger, astonished at the harshness of him who only a few hours before had sworn eternal love to her, hesitated, and attempted to remonstrate.

"Nay, I insist! no words, I say!" almost roared Jules.

"I beseech you, what does this conduct mean? Nay, on my knees."

"Do you, then, shrink? Thus will I prove or falsify the damned suspicion." And the impassioned youth flew with tiger-like avidity, and tore off her upper garments, till her shoulders were without covering.

One glance was sufficient. Plain and palpable the horrid brand appeared confessed. The executioner's iron had seared that marble flesh, and left the damning reminiscence of the harrowing crime for ever behind.

Jules now summoned all his coolness. A smile almost played on his writhing features. He took out the key, and threw it to the merchant.

"Quick, begone! lest madness make me stop your tongue for ever. It were better, perhaps, to close your lips, lest they again repeat this tale of shame and dishonour. But no; I have pledged myself to let you go unscathed; and, though thus fallen, I will not break my word. Quick, begone! unless you wish to see me do a deed of stern and cruel justice."

It needed no farther persuasion to induce the citizen to leave the room. He hastily rushed down stairs to summon aid to stop the rash young man. He had reached the last step, when he heard the report of a pistol. Ere he could call assistance, a second weapon was discharged, and a heavy fall shook the stair on which he stood.

At once he was surrounded by a group of anxious waiters, with the landlord at their head, desirous to learn from him the meaning of these sounds. By sounds alone he could reply. They therefore one and all rushed up, forced open the door, and there beheld indeed a sight of horror.

Duvivier had first shot through the heart the once lovely being who had deceived him. Her warm blood still flowed from her breast, and stained her white robe. Her flaxen locks were dabbled with the gore, and pity could not refuse a tear, however guilty the victim might have been.

Not so the destroyer; he had placed the pistol in his mouth, and blown away the upper part of his head. Horror and disgust claimed the feelings of the beholder as he looked upon the dreadfully disfigured remains of the stern executioner of her he once had loved so well.

Such is the brief story of those whose real names have been concealed. The poor man, who by an unguarded observation caused the dreadful catastrophe, has never held up his head since. What makes the story more distressing is, that circumstances have since come to light, which have proved that Victor destroyed himself in consequence of remorse at having unjustly suspected Adelaide Moran, who consequently died innocent of all crime, after undergoing the most dreadful degradation; her only fault having been a want of candour towards her husband, a concealment towards one who should have shared her every thought. Such concealments, I have often remarked, have brought years of misery to those who have foolishly persisted in them.

TO THE AGE-FEARING.

Why should the aspect of the vale of years
  Banish thy smiles? Imports it much, I pray,
  How dark the path that leads thee to the day?
Lo, all thine own yon gathering cloud of fears!
Lo, all thine own the mist of falling tears,
  Weeping around the portals of the way,
  From this world, full of beautiful decay,
Unto the lasting light of purer spheres!
What dost thou long for most? what most lament?
If perfect love—if youth and beauty spent,
And thy companion-spirits too soon rent
  From thy sad heart—behold the road to all!
  Oh! let not then that gracious gloom appal,
  When first its shadows round thy footsteps fall.

P. D.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XV.

THE LONDON SEASON.

THOMSON'S Seasons are, if we recollect rightly, four in number; London boasts but one; nor does this one answer to any of the four of Thomson's, being neither spring, summer, autumn, nor winter, and known simply, without reference to the names of months, as THE LONDON SEASON.

To the London season, in which our shopicultural labourers reap harvests more or less abundant, according to the nature of their soil and *exposure* of their shops, we oppose the VACATION, or London out of town. In the season, London is said to be *full*, and in the vacation *empty*: said fulness and emptiness having particular reference only to the west end; the north, east, and south ends being, to all outward appearance, in season all the year.

The approach or departure of the sun to or from the earth is supposed by astronomers to determine the advent of spring, summer, autumn, and winter respectively; the assembling and prorogation of Parliament in like manner determines the beginning and ending of the London season and vacation.

The arrival of the Court at Buckingham Palace is the approach of our sun to the earth, and the indication of our approaching spring; its departure, on the contrary, along the ecliptic of the Great Western railroad to Windsor, is the sure indication of the coming winter of our year.

As these movements, parliamentary and courtly, are not subject to fixed and immutable laws, as the motion of bodies in the planetary world, it is impossible for us to state exactly the beginning or ending of any given season; let it be enough that the London season usually comprises the latter part of spring, the whole of summer, and the earlier part of the "yellow autumn" of the bucolic writers.

As a general rule, we may mention that the commencement of the London year is determined by the meeting of Parliament; that Parliament meets when the minister thinks proper; and the minister thinks proper as soon, and no sooner than he can safely postpone the meeting aforesaid.

Grouse-shooting, in like manner, terminates Parliament and the season; the *surplus* talk of both Houses is bottled up for another session; as much business as can be huddled through both Houses is "lumped," and "read a third time," and "passed," with astonishing rapidity; Parliamentary clerks, and gun-makers, are much hurried; and, about the beginning of August, the collective wisdom, their dogs, guns, and gamekeepers, set out together for the moors.

Of the natural, or meteorological indications of the revolutions of time in our metropolis, we shall only observe, that the SEASON, or what elsewhere would be denominated the beginning of summer,

sets in with its usual severity; we are whitewashed, sometimes by the Insolvent Court, but more generally by showers of snow; drenched with driving sleet, and peppered with pelting hail; easterly winds gnaw our cartilages, and harrow up the vitals of our lungs; whirlwinds seize the prolific dust, catching it up, giving to your eyes the sensation of being well rubbed with sand-paper; the razor-edged east-wind blows round every corner directly in your face, with manly hostility disdaining the base advantage of attacking you behind; the influenza, coming to town, insists upon paying you a visit, and, more watchful than noonday dun or twilight bailiff, confines you to water-gruel and your chamber.

Summer, as rustics call it, or, as *we* say, *the height of the season*, indulges in a pleasant variety of contrasted weathers; the downward sun, inclining a vertical ray, heats the bricks, tiles, and chimney-pots to a red heat, and warms comfortably the flags under the soles of our feet, or, as it has been sublimely described by a great poet,

"The sun's perpendicular height
Illumines the depths of the sea;
And the fishes, beginning to sweat,
Cry, D—n it, how hot we shall be!"

You may observe the sunny side of the streets depopulated, passengers having emigrated simultaneously to the side of shade; the omnibuses drag tediously their diaphoretic length, and the cab-stands are seen in the atmosphere as through a medium of molten glass.

This continues until we are pretty nigh re-dissolved into the nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, of which, as chymists inform us, flesh and blood are composed; and then, exhausted Nature, unable longer to endure the tyranny of Sol, rights herself by a thunderstorm—a revolution of the elements.

A London thunderstorm is a great thing. Clouds, like featherbeds, lie piled thick and heavy upon the horizon; darkness is precipitated upon the earth; a chilliness, with depression, comes over the mind; the body languishes under the calm, unmoving, sultry atmosphere; a blink of sunshine streams now and then, as if to show the menacing blackness overhead; lambent lightnings play at short and rapidly-decreasing intervals; crushing, crashing, brattling thunder shakes the ground on which we tread.

Now comes down, and downright, *not* rain, nothing like it—a *plump*; not drops, but *ridges*, parallel, clearly defined, cutting *ether* in *échellon*; rattling upon our roofs like volleys of musketry fired in platoons; not dropping, or falling, by its own specific gravity, but *impelled*, driven, each individual drop, against mother-earth, thence resulting with impetuous rebound. The storm subsides for a moment into showers, which, heavy as they are, compared with the thunder-plumps, appear but dew; another flash, another brattle of heaven's artillery, and then again succeeds the musquetry of rain.

Now elderly, bald-headed gentlemen, with bland, benevolent expression of face, smile placidly upon houseless wayfarers, drenched to the skin, and standing close up to the hall-door over the way, in the attitude of policemen at "attention;" ladies, nestling in like manner, their holiday-finery begraggled beyond repair, and their visages mournfully expressive of the irreparable fate of dress.

Now strikes upon the ear the frequent rattle of long-unemployed

cabs; happy man be his dole who sits snugly ensconced within! Now omnibus "cads," *more* than full inside, "have the advantage of you," and regard you with a derisive air of independence, as, from your doorway shelter, raising your hand, you implore the favour of a seat. Now does the passenger, misled by morning sunbeams, "wise in his own conceit," sigh after his homely but trusty friend and protector, his cotton umbrella; now, who does not regret his folly, parted from his excellent acquaintance, Macintosh?

Thunderstorms in London do not endanger human life so frequently as we might suppose; we have ere now walked unharmed through an atmosphere, we might call it, of lambent lightning. Nor are they without salutary influences, no less in restoring the proper elemental equilibrium than in supplying the defects of the scavengers, when these gentry, as is too frequently the case, postpone their detergent operations. The streets are cleansed in an instant; the Macadamized roads looking as if they had been holy-stoned, and the wood-pavement as if it had been French-polished. Of accumulated filth, egg and oyster shells, broken delf, and cabbage-stalks, the gutters are gutted: your thunderstorm is the greatest of detergents — admirable abstersive! How its torrents sweep the delining streets, scattering, like snipe-shot, the isolated stones and wandering pebbles? Now do ancle-deep inundations marvellously delight small boys, who gloriously ancle-deep paddle therein; the declining sun "extends its evening-beam," and London rejoices in the anticipation of putting on its coat, and luxuriating beneath a less torrid sky.

The hebdomadal division of time in London is noted by domestic men, somewhat after the following method:—

MONDAY.—Washing-day, a day of cross looks, and cold shoulder; husband dines out; wife goes without; husband enjoys himself in the evening at his club; wife luxuriates at home over her tea. Wife goes early to bed; husband, coming home late, breaks his shins over the clothes'-horse in a vain search for the lucifer-box, and to bed in the dark.

TUESDAY.—Wife tired; no breakfast in time for spouse, who refreshes himself at a coffee-shop; garden, if you have one, blossoms luxuriantly with coarse and fine things, hung up to dry; if not, are dried in the house, converting it into a vapour-bath, exceedingly grateful to rheumatism of spouse; dinner late, and ill-dressed, owing, you are told, to the washing.

N.B. Have long since given over desiring your wife to put her washing out.

WEDNESDAY.—In the morning, half-weekly scrubbing of floors and wainscots; rooms damp, for cleanliness; afternoon, ironing going on, diffusing a grateful smell of hot iron throughout the house, which makes you sick. Determine to have no more of it; but keep your determination to yourself, well knowing that by expressing it you will precipitate a row.

THURSDAY.—Comparative repose; washing having terminated, and the grand Saturday ablution not yet thought of. Dinner hot, in time, and comfortable.

FRIDAY.—Preparations for the great clean-up of to-morrow; a man with mops and pails called into consultation; a make-shift dinner, the excuse being that fish was too dear, or not to be had.

SATURDAY.—Black-lead morning; confusion, scrubbing, black-

leading, brick-dusting, whitening, browning, French-polishing, linseed-oiling, dusting, spider-exterminating. Breakfast out of the question. Dinner, chop or steak, next day being Sunday. Club till 12. Bed.

SUNDAY.—Two hours later in bed; bell rings for church as you begin your muffin; hurry, bustle, and confusion. Long sermon; tendency to sleep; nudged by wife. Dinner, with pudding, wine, and dessert; in summer, evening stroll to Hornsey Wood House or Highbury Barn; winter, mamma reads Bible, and papa Sunday paper; hot supper; bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES OF LONDON.

The middle classes of England, neither the froth at the top of the pot, nor the dregs at the bottom, but the body, strength, and flavour of the liquor.—WHITBREAD.

THE most important, because the most valuable, useful, and respectable of all the anatomies we have been at the pains of setting forth to the curious reader, yet remains to be introduced to his attention, we mean the aristocracy of the MIDDLE CLASSES.

The near approach to perfection of the social system in London is in nothing more strikingly exhibited than in the gradual and regular descent of wealth through every class, save the very lowest, binding by points of contact, or connecting links, the several grades of property-possessing people in a concatenation, whose gradations are as marked as those of the several species of the animal or vegetable kingdoms. The multitudes of middle-class people make up the true solidity, the real strength, and substantiality of power of London. Here the paper-aristocracy of wealth beams large in the public eye, and loans, and stocks, and scrip, and all the intricate machinery of paper values, keep it perpetually before the public; yet, to our thinking, there is something more tangible, and not less pleasing, in diffusive wealth, distributed, as it is so largely, through the middle-class population of this great metropolis.

Nothing is more conclusive of the almost inexhaustible fertility of the resources of this country than the wide diffusion of property through the bulk of the middle classes. You cannot enter any assembly of the middle classes without having pointed out to you men who have risen from the humblest condition to the possession of property. This is so common, that it ceases to surprise; nor does the conversation among neighbours, upon the rise of their neighbour, take a tone as if his elevation were anything marvellous or extraordinary.

There would seem to be an almost moral certainty that in London industry, good conduct, and perseverance can lift a man from nothing into the proud position of being his own master, and accountable to no one for his thoughts, his words, or his actions; and it is doubtless to this very general diffusion among the middle-class people of London of the *means* of independence, that they exhibit so much carelessness of authority, wealth, station, or power, in the exercise of public and personal opinion. Independence of circum-

stances gives independence of character; and we know that this quality can be nowhere exhibited in broader relief than among the class of men we are now treating of. Their pride—for they, too, have their pride—is the pride of successful industry, and the dignity of an honest reputation; their strict conformity in dress, appearance, and behaviour with the duties of their station.

Their one predominating, exclusive idea is of their trade or business. This they are always fond of descanting upon; and so wholly are they taken up with this, that it is not easy to divert them to other topics, nor are they sufficiently well-informed to take a shining part in general conversation. The value of money, the modes of making it, who has it, who is in the way to have it, who has lost or is like to lose it, is the prevailing topic of their conversation, and upon this they are never exhausted. They are not ashamed, neither, of the uniform of their trade. A publican worth twenty thousand pounds will hand you an empty pipe, or a full pot, in his short white apron: a butcher, who has bought up half the houses in the neighbourhood, who serves the Royal Family, and is a man of great influence in his parish, will cut you half a pound of rump-steak, put it in paper, give you change out of a shilling, thank you as politely as if you came to lay out five pounds, and ask you whether he shall not *send* it; this man shall be dressed in a blue frock, top-boots, with the instruments of his trade hanging at his girdle. Men of the working classes, hard-fisted fellows, will come into the parlour of The Blue Last, or The Shepherd and his Flock, in their fustian jackets, covered with lime or dust; and the first you hear of them, when they take their pint of beer and leave, is the number of houses, or the plots of ground, or the property, of whatever kind, one or other is possessed of. Nothing on earth is more wonderful to the student of human nature than the contrast between the idle, beggarly pride of the middle class in remote poor places, and the busy, industrious pride of the middle classes of London.

At the same time, the lower orders of this middle class, it must be confessed, are but a sordid race; they have no taste for reading, or mental cultivation of any sort; their habits of thinking, speaking, and acting are gross, and their tastes are confined to vulgar and brutal diversions, particularly those in which cruelty has any prominent share. Their recreation, after the labours of the day, is the neighbouring pot-house. Here they find repose from connubial objurgation and infantile vociferation in clouds of thirst-compelling tobacco-smoke, and libations of brain-bemusing beer; here they talk incessantly of property, houses, and buying and selling, by which alone they appreciate a man; they are rough and dogmatical in talk, yet we have always observed that they contradict the richest man among them with some little approach to deference.

They meddle little with state affairs, except at the time of a general election, or at some particular crisis of political excitement; but even then they take no further interest in the selfish combats of public men for public plunder, or what is commonly called politics, than heartily cursing all sides for a pack of self-seeking scoundrels. "Things that are nearest touch the most:" they are great in *parish* politics, on the appointment and dismissal of overseers, and reductions of parish rates. Their parish is the microcosm where alone their public mind exhibits itself openly in public prate; their vestry

is their parish parliament, over which the Rector presides as Speaker, and where some open-throated reformer declaims upon the miseries of the workhouse, the hard-heartedness of relieving-officers, the infamy of church-rates, the prevalence of priestcraft, and the corruption of everybody save themselves. The question of a right of way, encroached on by some unscrupulous or ignorant parishioner, is enough, in their parochial eyes, to justify a resort to arms; not, indeed, those by which rival monarchs decide mooted points, but others not less harassing in their way, or less expensive.

Grand meeting is convened of full vestry; counsel's opinion read; much patriotic breath expended in avowing the determination of the parish that the right of way shall be no longer interrupted; workhouse children are marshalled in battle-array, headed by the beadle, awful in his lace-bedizened cape, tri-lateral cocked-hat, gilt-headed staff, and carbunculated nose; overseers, churchwardens, attended by a few constables to clear the way, and for fear of accidents. When arrived at the Thermopylæ in dispute, a plank is pulled from the paling, and a small charity-boy insinuating himself through the crevice is speedily followed by the authorities, who perambulate the path, making their exit in the like formidable manner. This warlike demonstration completed, loud hurras of the charity-boys announce the parochial triumph, and the procession returns, to assuage its generous thirst of gin and glory at the most convenient pot-house. The Attorney-General and the Court of Queen's Bench are then appealed to; the heavy artillery of the law is brought to bear upon the right-of-way question; declaration, replication, rejoinder, demurrer, rebutter, sur-rebutter, follow in due rotation, and the triumphant establishment of the right of way is celebrated in the fulness of time by a dinner, and a rate of fourpence in the pound.

The higher orders of the middle classes of London are a very superior people. They mingle intellectuality with business, in that nice proportion which constitutes as respectable a character as any in which human nature can appear. In provincial places of business this class is all business; their talk is of "dollars," and their admiration is measured by money; with them, *merit* is almost always debtor to *cash*; it is through the window of his counting-house that they are used to take the measure of a man.

In provincial places of pleasure the greatest man is the master of the ceremonies; the measure of a man there is the measure of his coat; the fitness of things is there the fitness of things wearable; men are there taken by the glove, rather than by the hand; the attractions of the head belong to the barber and perfumer;—by their tailors shall ye know them!

The character of the higher middle classes of London is a more solid character, whose surplus wealth and time are devoted to pursuits the most refined, intelligent, and useful.

Nor is the social life of this class less respectable than their recreations. They live in good, easy style, removed from the extremes either of extravagance or meanness; their hospitality is hearty and frequent, within that limited circle of friends to which they delight to confine themselves; nor have they the slightest pride beyond that respectability which their conduct in their station confers; they call their shop their *shop*, and are proud of it.

CHAPTER XVII.

LITERARY LIFE.

The causes of the misfortune and poverty that dog, with almost uninterrupted step, the lives of professional men of letters, though it be an unpleasing topic, is one yet worth dwelling upon, since there are many misconceptions in the public mind upon the subject.

When a man chooses a bad trade, or sets up shop in a locality where his particular commodity is not in demand, or does not bring sufficient skill to his business, or neglects it, you will never hear him assign any one of these reasons for his failing to earn honest bread in his vocation. Not at all. He tells you of the badness of the times; of high rents, rates, and taxes; of the numbers engaged in "his line;" of the unfair advantages they take of him, by underselling, giving unjust weight or measure, or vending inferior articles; and, when at length he is compelled to shut up shop and quit the neighbourhood, broadly insinuates that his want of success in life has been owing to his misfortune in having been "too honest."

A great deal of this blinking of the real demerits of their case, to compare great things with small, occurs in the popular consideration of the misfortunes of men of letters. At one time, patrons suffer under the imputation of neglecting them; at another, the booksellers are accused of oppressing and keeping them down; and, as a last resort, the public is taunted with want of taste, feeling, or judgment, and the enraged author indignantly appeals to the decision of posterity.

If we consider the matter calmly, and with reason, we shall find that neither patrons, nor booksellers, nor the public, are to be exclusively blamed for the humble and embarrassed circumstances to which the great majority of men of letters have in all ages been condemned; but that there are circumstances essentially adherent to the literary profession, and inseparable from it, to which much of this customary lamentation must be with justice assigned.

In the first place, literature is a bad trade; in its own nature, and in the nature of things, a bad trade; a trade, when it is made a trade, made such not by enterprize, but by necessity. An author by profession is usually a man unsuccessful in some other profession. Unfortunate aspirants for the honours of the Church, the law, and the faculty of physic, have long furnished the largest number of recruits to the literary profession. They adopt it, not as of choice, but as of necessity; not because they consider they are doing well, but that they are doing better than doing nothing.

Schoolmasters, governesses, tutors, who have not found their advantage in the instruction of individuals, boldly hazard the still more difficult undertaking of instructing the public at large. Amateurs of fashion, and of no fashion, vanity-struck persons of fortune, and a thousand others, rush into print, deluging the book-market with unsaleable trumpery, for which somebody, either publisher, author, or reader, must pay, more or less; and which loss, if it fall upon the first, must be retrieved by lowering the price to be paid for some work of more intrinsic value and better sale.

When we consider the first object of an author,—the instruction, or amusement, or both, of his fellow-men,—we cannot but be sensible that he *ought* to be, either by superior wit, humour, or erudition,

able so to instruct, amuse, or to combine instruction with amusement. When we reflect on the great diffusion, in our day, of information among men, and, by natural consequence, of that power of right judging and discrimination flowing from extensive reading, we must regard the man who is qualified for his task as one of superior attainments, both natural and acquired.

Yet we know perfectly well, what authors and publishers know and *feel*, that the great mass of books (we can hardly call them *works*) have no such power of amusement or instruction, or both, as will entitle them to the attention of the mass of the reading public. We are necessarily, therefore, led to the conclusion, that either the public is far from deserving the epithet, so frequently applied to it, of *discerning;* or that this multitude of unsuccessful authors have no claim to set up as such, and therefore have no just or reasonable ground of complaint when they do not succeed in that for which they are not qualified.

In the case of authors who have exhibited powers entitling their labours to a fair reward, we must take into our consideration how many circumstances affect the amount and certainty of that reward, whether it be in fame or money.

Professions, like families or nations, are respected and respectable only as they are united.

Union opposes a front to injury from without, while it wards off the contempt that never fails to attend dissension from within. Literary men appear to be incapable of union: not that I believe that, as a body, they are more envious or jealous than other men, notwithstanding all that has been asserted to the contrary; but that they are more fastidious and difficult to please, and therefore less inclined to approve deviations from that style upon which they have chosen to model their writings. They form in their own minds a standard of taste—the public do not; and literary history affords us abundant examples of an intolerance of criticism, belied by the unqualified, though perhaps delayed, approbation of the best judges—the public.

It is impossible definitely to fix the value of that which is not referrible to any known standard. If a man is possessed of ten thousand pounds, or any other sum, and is *known* to be possessed of that sum, he may, and does, receive precisely ten thousand pounds' worth of consideration and respect, other things being equal; and so on, to whatever amount of money he may be in possession of, in a like proportion. But no critic has it in his power to determine quantities of literary merit with arithmetical precision. We can say, if we are sure of it, that such a man can command ten thousand pounds in money; but we cannot say that any other man is in possession of ten thousand pounds' worth of dramatic, epic, or historic talent. Money is worth so much, and everybody knows and can understand its value; but literary merit has a value depending upon opinion, and therefore its measure of respect from the world at large is arbitrary and indefinite, uncertain and remote.

Again, if a man have a certain rank recognised in society; be he a peer, baronet, knight, the elder or the younger son of a peer, a right honourable, a right reverend, a captain, a colonel, or what not, his social position is determined by his title, if he possesses no higher claim to consideration for which he chooses to put his title of honour in abeyance. The rule of precedence is settled for certain classes and conditions of men by act of Parliament; a justice of the

peace or a captain, for example, being an esquire, while an attorney is only a *gentleman*. But there is no such settled precedence among literary men. The republic of letters abounds with citizens who are, as in other commonwealths, perpetually telling their fellow-citizens that they are "as good as you," and perhaps truly believing that they are so. No man is willing to diminish the amount of public applause which he thinks ought to fall to his own share, by accumulating the already towering heap of a brother *littérateur*.

> "What poet would not grieve to see
> His rivals write as well as he;
> But, rather than they should excel,
> Would wish his rivals all in hell?"

The *isolation* of authorship is another drawback upon its arriving at any great distinctions of wealth or station, as in other professions. Labour, whether mental or bodily, when isolated, and employed upon literature, or any other of the luxuries of refined society, seldom or never pays.

The man who draws too often upon his head is much more likely to break his bank than to make his fortune. Like an unskilful farmer, he exhausts his brain by over-cropping, instead of allowing it to lie fallow, at least every alternate year.

When the time lost in choosing a subject likely to be attractive is considered, the time expended in collecting materials, in accumulating original turns of thought, or happy combinations of imagination, the mechanical labour of writing for the press, the difficulty and delay of finding a publisher, the comparatively small sum paid in the end—the natural consequence of the uncertainty of the enterprize, the exhaustion that succeeds the completion of an undertaking of any moment, the thousand lets and hindrances that fritter away the time, which is the money of the literary man,—we need not wonder that so few escape from struggling for existence into the serene quiet of a life independent of the petty cares of each succeeding day, but rather be surprised that any should be gifted with brains so fertile, or fortune so good, as to be able in the evening of life to attain an unpensioned existence.

Authors are more isolated than perhaps any other class or denomination of men. Not only are churchmen, physicians, lawyers, recognised and protected more or less by law; but, although individually they may be opposed to one another in the hand-to-hand struggles of life, they enjoy a certain *corporate* intercourse, by which they acquire a common power of resistance, and an aggregated strength, which, if it cannot raise every individual, at least renders the body more respectable.

There is no such intercourse among authors; even social conversation is not maintained amongst them, beyond some narrow set or clique; and even then the staple of their conversation is abuse of all who do not or will not belong to them, or set their caps after their fashion. High men, whose fame is secure, and position in the world of letters determined,—who, in fact, *can afford* to give praise and take it,—enjoy an easy familiarity with literary men of their own rank and standing; such an intimacy as Johnson enjoyed with Goldsmith, and these with the better order of literary men in their time.

The misfortune of authorship is, that no qualifications, save those of being able to write and read, are necessary to set a man of letters up in business; no other stock in trade than pen, ink, and paper.

The man who with scissors and paste transfers from a page of one size or type to a page of another size or type, is as much an author, in the vulgar acceptation of the term, as the man who writes a romance, a drama, or an essay from the stores of his imagination, observation, and reading, moulded into form and substance by the plastic hand of taste. All are authors, though never so unlike,—those who invent new combinations of ideas, and those who use them ready-made,—of these last even there are various orders and degrees of pilferers, as the stealers of ideas which they dress up in their own style, and the stealers alike of the ideas and the words in which the real author has dressed them.

"How comes it, honest friend," said one merchant of birch-brooms to another, "how comes it that I, stealing the materials of my brooms, am undersold by you?"

"Friend," replied the other, "*I steal my brooms ready-made.*"

Now that literature is an article in as constant, though not, perhaps, as great demand as law or physic,—now that we have a reading, as well as a litigious or hypochondriacal public, and that numbers devote themselves to gain a livelihood by literature,—why should there not be a protection thrown over that profession by the law, or the sanction of public opinion?

Intrinsic excellence is estimated and regarded only by the judicious few; the many are to be impressed chiefly by outward conventional signs of the respect of society; and, however great, however eminent, however courted, no man who lives in society is insensible to the respect of society, nor will too nicely distinguish for what that respect is given. It is enough for him that he *is* respected.

We believe it may safely be asserted, that, while in no country in Europe is the *intrinsic* weight of the literary character greater than in England, in no country in Europe is the *conventional* or social weight less. We have no hesitation or doubt about the matter, that fewer literary men, *as such*, are sought after, promoted, or distinguished by the government of this country, than by any other government in the world, be it arbitrary, constitutional, or democratic.

At this moment Russia affords us an example, in the illustrious Humboldt, of a merely literary and scientific man in the highest station to which a subject can be called by the favour of his sovereign, that of Premier Minister. The Premier Minister of France, too, is likewise a man of *naked* talent, a mere literary man. The ambassador of the United States of America at the Court of Madrid represents at once the political interests and the literature of his country. Goethe was created a Privy Counsellor, as a mark of respect to his literary merit; and this, though the homage of a petty sovereign to the greatest of his subjects, was, it should be recollected, the greatest honour this petty sovereign had in his power to bestow.

We shall not stop invidiously to enumerate the great names of our time who have been utterly neglected, condemned to poverty, isolation, and neglect by the indifference of those who have from time to time swayed the destinies of this country; we shall only request the reader to recall—and he will find it no heavy charge upon his memory—the names of those who now, or at any former period of our literary history, have been advanced, for their merely literary merit, to lofty or distinguished station.

If, in making this calculation, the reader will keep out of view politico-literary hacks, or those who "to party gave up what was

meant for mankind"—if, deducting the men of literature, who were also men of birth, family influence, or connexion, who have risen above the common kind, he will find, that bating a brace of baronetcies conferred within our own memory, a few paltry subordinate places in public offices, and a score or two of "Chandlery" pensions, not half a dozen of the thousand men that have done honour to the literary name of Britain have been promoted for their *literary* merit, nor, when we say half-a-dozen, do we believe that such half-dozen may be found.

Why should the labours of those who exert considerable influence upon the present time have no other honour, nor further consideration, than the present time chooses spontaneously to bestow upon them? or why should not the age we live in anticipate in some degree, for those who deserve it, the approbation and the gratitude of posterity?

It is a most melancholy, if not *the* most melancholy, circumstance in the lives of men of letters, that, while money wealth gains respect and consideration from the world while its possessor lives, intellectual wealth is seldom or never recognised until its possessor has mingled with his kindred dust. While the vulgar rich lives, the vulgar world neglects the intellectual rich: he must pass through a fiery ordeal of criticism, after emerging from the arctic regions of public indifference; must suffer calumny, contempt, detraction, and, even then, must live to an advanced age before he can enjoy the fulness of his fame.

Had the great ornament of our age and nation, Wordsworth, "perished in his pride" some quarter century since, he had gone down with bitterness to his grave without his fame; but it has not often, much less ever, been the hap of mighty genius to survive the wounds of critics, to live long enough to witness the death of detraction and neglect, and to receive in the evening of life the mild and genial rays of popular or royal favour.

The great misfortune of literature, as a profession, is want of *status*, social rank, or public consideration in its corporate capacity. In other professions the eminence of one man is an elevation to the body; in this it is, unfortunately, a means of depreciation of the rest, inasmuch as literary men are estimated by intellect, in which each man stands alone, and answers for himself, and not by conventional rank or *status*, in which every man gives and takes more or less respect from the position of his fellows. It is true that no conventional rank or title can elevate the mind, or give value to the productions of the mind; nor do the greatest and best require more than the homage of their contemporaries, freely and spontaneously paid, a voluntary offering. It is the respect gained from the world at large, from those who are not equal to measuring the claims of eminent men, that gives social distinctions their value; and as all professions more or less adopt and profit by these, we know not why intellect employed in letters should not possess its corporations of honour as much as intellect employed in arts, or arms, or commercial enterprize.

Literary honours have been ridiculed, and we are asked what can the men who deserve them gain by them: we might ask what can a Wellington gain by a red ribbon, or a garter, or what distinction can he acquire from a cross dangling from his neck, or a star glittering upon his breast?

Others gain by these apparently trivial, but really important things; generous rivalry and noble emulation are excited by them; public respect is paid to them, as the badges of honour, and the outward and visible signs of worth and deserved pre-eminence.

We are asked, what have garters, ribbons, titles, academies, done for the world? We answer, what have not men done to become eligible to these garters, ribbons, titles, and academies? Why should there not be in this country a royal academy of literature, as well as a royal academy of art, or why should we not look up to and pay respect to the great literary men of our country, not merely in their works of might, but in their places of honour? It is not for their own sakes that we would urge the value of such distinctions upon our great men; they are *above* such distinctions. The prize is not worth so much to the prizeholder, as to the competitors for the prize; station is of no moment to the men who have station, but it is a never-ceasing stimulant to those who are struggling to deserve it. We have occasion to lament, also, in our day the extinction of that literary hospitality, as we may take the liberty of calling it, that formerly distinguished a few of the mansions of the aristocracy of birth, wealth, or fashion.

We believe that there is not at present one of the numberless palaces that lift their gorgeous heads above the herd of vulgar houses in London, where the owner does himself the honour to gather together, associate, and interfuse the literary talent of his time. One looks in vain through the columns of our fashionable journals for the splendid *réunions* of Holland House, where not alone men of stamped and sterling merit were associated in intellectual brotherhood, but where the rising man, struggling for his fame, was admitted to catch inspiration from the lips of the poets, orators, artists of his time; where, in the words of one of the most distinguished of the distinguished circle in which mind reigned supreme, "they may recall the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds' Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. *They will* remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness far more admirable than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed; they will remember the venerable and benignant countenance, and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome; they will remember that temper which years of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter, and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among ambassadors and earls."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FINE ARTS.

The utilitarianism of this money-making *practical* age diminishes the respect with which men of letters might be regarded. Take an illustration of the utilitarianism of public estimation of genius, from the past and present condition of the fine arts.

In its high and palmy days, painting was not a merely intellectual, recreative, luxurious art: it bore the higher, and in public estimation, utilitarian character of a grand devotional accessory. Its professors were all but ministers of that religion whose temples they adorned with almost living canvass: their genius and toil did not merely transmit to posterity lineaments of princes and nobles, or record varied conceptions of their luxuriant fancy, revelling in the unbounded fields of mythology, scriptural and profane history. A few devoted themselves altogether, like Poussin and Salvator, to gazing upon Nature's face, and reflecting her beauties with more than literal—with *poetic* truth: the greater number enlisted, heart and hand, under the banners of the Church, wielding the pencil as if it were the crozier, glorifying God and themselves, working like men who meant to live for ever. They were not painters, they were ministers of public instruction under a great politico-religious empire. They were the exponents to vulgar eyes of books sealed, and of fountains shut up: through them, spiritual things took forms material, and mysteries were made plain. While at a thousand altars priests celebrated daily sacrifices, above those altars for ever died the sweet Saviour of the world upon His cross, and for ever lived His Virgin Mother in mortal shape. Upon those walls, limned by master hands, hung the scriptures of the ignorant, the prayer-books of the poor: the mute eloquence of the painter gave a substantiality to faith, a reality to hope, a vitality to charity, as great, if not greater, than the word-pictures of the priest. The seraphic joys of heaven the Master realized to the gazing crowd below, and drew aside the curtain that veiled the horrors of the places of the damned: he revelled and expatiated in the life to come, fixing and embodying ideas beyond the grave.

This was a great man—a statesman—a philanthropist, who spoke and wrote in colours instead of sounds and signs; his vocation was serious and lofty, his rewards ample, and his honours his chief reward: great Popes and Cardinal-Princes, then rich in wealth and power, were his friends, and nobles and kings did themselves honour in soliciting his friendship. There was something in those days to work for; there was "ample room and verge enough" the characters of hell, and of heaven too, to trace; the field, moreover, was unlimited—no inconsiderable matter, and it could afford a remunerating price; money was to be made, and honour to be gained, and, above all, the State, which was the Church, to be served, and eternal interests, as they believed, to be forwarded. No marvel, then, that there were giants in those days, or that the opportunity and encouragement based upon utility that can never *create* genius—for no external circumstances can extend to the *germs* of mind—should have evoked and fostered it into that early maturity, upon whose glorious fruits we are now accustomed to look with admiration deepening into reverential awe—hopeless of rivalry, incapable of envy.

But the mind grows narrow in a narrow place, and in a narrow *time;* the magnificent policy that, in the early and great age of art, enlisted the mighty pencils of those days, has no place in our country or in our time; art has now lost its loftier opportunities of influencing the minds of men, and, retiring from public life, becomes the grace and ornament of the domestic circle, hides itself in the closets of the great, and has descended from being the moving power of millions to the comparative insignificance of the companion of a few. Therefore has it declined; its occupation is gone, because its opportunities are

no more; the great style is neglected, because the great field for its development no longer exists; the encouragement, without which great things may perhaps be done, but never *are* done, is wanting; artists, now-a-days, are men who paint to live, and must therefore paint to please; hunger, that will break through stone walls, has no heart to paint them *in fresco*. Portraits of the Browns, Smiths, Joneses, Robinsons, and other populous nations make the great style of our little day. These, in every variety of inexpressive face, stare upon us from the walls of the china-closets of our National Academy; you enter the pantry, they are there; you step into the pigeon-house, there they are also. History and poetry shrink abashed into a square yard of canvass, sparingly and coldly filled by men who know that they are throwing away time and money.

Literal landscapes,—*portraits* of places painted so that everybody who has been there may know them again,—landscape likenesses are all that is left us of Poussin and Rosa. Even where genius breaks out, it is the genius of extravagance, the freaks of a great man who has long since made his fortune,—outrageous experiments on the human eye, saturated to excess with yellow ochre and putty.

When painting thus panders to the vanity of the illustrious obscure, or sinks into ministering to individual gratification, its great opportunities are gone, and with them its great exertion, its superhuman power; something of the trader mingles with the artist; he paints not that which he hopes may last, but that which he hopes may *sell*,—large portraits, little histories, big dogs, and small conversations.

Thus much will serve to convince you that without great opportunities, and great encouragement, you cannot have a great style. You may have the *men*, and you will have them, for I firmly believe that in London at this moment there are as many *dormant* great minds as ever flourished at any one period of our history; but the men, like the starling "*can't get out;*" their talents are in abeyance, or at best in ordinary exercise, for want only of extraordinary opportunities.

As man has his period of physical immaturity, ripeness, and decay, nations have their corresponding epochs of intellectual adolescence, manhood, and drivelling dotage; and as in different latitudes men sooner ripen and sooner decay, so it is with the minds of nations; under the icy fetters of despotism, their winter is long, their summer short and darkling; mind is barbarous, or dormant, or merely employed in twining flowers round its shackles; in the tropics of fierce democracies, men are diverted from the purely intellectual to the merely glorious or utilitarian; in a political climate like our own, the temperate zone of free monarchical institutions, the purely intellectual and the utilitarian should abound together, and fruits and flowers flourish on the same bough.

But, it will be observed that utility, real or conventional, determines in a great degree the social value and importance of different kinds of intellectual production; and this in all countries, and in times alike barbarous and civilized. The hero, who signs an order for the sacking a town or laying waste a province, is pursued, when success crowns his campaigns, with the enthusiastic acclamations of thousands, while a grateful Senate showers upon him honours and rewards. No other kind of man is so splendidly rewarded. And why is this? simply because something has been gained, or thought to have been gained, of advantage to his country; though it be only a scrap of parchment, called a treaty, to be broken next year but one; though it

be only a walled town in the middle of a swamp, to be restored to the enemy next year but two ; though all that may have been once gained may have been long since lost, and nothing save the expense of gaining it remains to remind us that there ever was a gain. Yet to the end of time your conqueror is your conqueror still, filling the mouths of his own time, and looming larger in the eyes of posterity than other men. "*Telle est la misérable faiblesse des hommes, qu'ils regardent avec admiration ceux qui ont fait du mal d'une manière brillante, et qu'ils parleront souvent plus volontiers du destructeur d'un empire que de celui qui l'a fondé.*" There is *utility* at the bottom of the conqueror's blood and wounds, or at least glory, which is another name for the credit of nations, upon which they live ; peace has been restored, or insolence chastised, or insult avenged ; or a king not worth a penny displaced for a king not worth twopence ; or the frogs and enemy driven from a swamp at one side of a river to a swamp at the other ; or a new field opened for our commercial enterprize, or an old one closed ; or the vices and crimes of civilization, and its virtues, introduced ; or a Grand Vizier strangled, or a favourite's favourite sent to the right about, or a great nation saved from utter ruin, or a daring oppressor crushed by the unconquerable might of a brave people. Such, and so various, are the causes for which human beings have been invited to become food for powder, and have filled pits as well as better men. Yet, if you examine closely these provocatives to war, you will find that the idea of *utility*, the "get-something somehow" principle is at the bottom of all, and, when realised, either to fancy or to fact, is the spring whence gush out upon the fortunate warrior recompense and renown.

Again, look at the politician : *his* mind is not measured by its length, or its depth, or its width, but by the importance of the interests to which he applies whatever talents he may possess ; it is not mere intensity of *thought*, for which he has got a title, a red ribbon, and a pension of five thousand pounds a-year ; he is rewarded for business done in a business-like manner, and is greatly paid because his customers are the nation, and their interests are great.

A poet may expend more abstract thought, may display more genius in one poem, than a minister of state during his whole official existence, yet the measure of their rewards is out of all proportion different ; your minister is paid on the nail, at his own price, for the value of services, real or supposed, measured in general by his own dependents and adherents. Your bard, on the contrary, is denied bread, is hunted and worried through life like a wild beast ; his heels snapped at by animals of his own, his head broken by *feræ* of another species ; hated by those who write, because he writes better, and in a greater degree by the multitudes who cannot write at all ; misrepresented equally by those who cannot and those who will not understand him, he is consigned to the unsubstantial patronage of Prince Posterity, or, even when what is called in literary existence *fortunate*, seldom rises higher than a poor dependent on the alms of kings. Not paid for his services, but supported for pity's sake ; a pensioner, receiving life by quarterly instalments, at the hand of a minister of state ; and receiving that, for the most part, not for his sterling merit, not for the usufruct mankind have of his mind, not for that which makes his *real* claim and his *true* glory, but often, too often, for political doggerel, or paltry pamphlet, or some little underhand literary hackery of which he is probably all his life secretly ashamed.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MARRIED ACTRESS AND THE MERCHANT SEAMAN.

"'*Forget the past, and live only in the* FUTURE!' Alas! there is nothing so easy to the happy as to give such advice; nothing so difficult to the wretched as to endure it!"—MADAME DE STAEL.

"CAPTAIN or no captain,—sailor or no sailor," commenced the sentence which I heard thundered along the gallery some ten days after the last conversation; "be his friends what they may, I will bear with him no longer. An insubordinate knave, his aim is clear. A mutiny is what the fellow desires to see, and *head!* And *here!*—HERE, of all places in the United Kingdom! Away with him! Let him be placed 'in solitary' once more."

The last words were ominous; and I ventured to face the foaming governor with the inquiry,

"Mr. Vowler," the subordinates by the way, one and all, from his *rowing* propensities, called him "GROWLER,"—"Mr. Vowler, who, may I ask, is the culprit?"

"That party, sir, who, for some unaccountable reason, Mr. Pounce and yourself seem so desirous to favour,—Lyppyatt, the merchant-seaman. Had that fellow," continued the speaker bitterly, "been a man-of-war's-man, he would have swung at the yard-arm years ago for mutiny."

"What is his offence?"

"Stopping the rank; threatening the wardsman; and, when spoken to, replying in the most violent language. Three days' solitary will cool him."

"Allow me to see him before he is placed in his cell."

The governor hesitated. He seemed vastly disposed to meet me with a negative.

"I don't quite understand," said he craftily, the character in which this request is made."

"In my official character; as the prisoner's spiritual instructor, I demand access to him."

"Oh! then I yield! I must, as a matter of course;" and Mr. Vowler moved moodily away, but not silently. Clearly did I catch the muttered comment,—"Were *I* Home Secretary for twelve hours—for twelve hours only—no chaplains,—none of these perpetual spies on one's proceedings.—No—no; I should term them supernumeraries, and sweep them away accordingly!"

Is Mr. Vowler the only gaoler who holds that opinion?

* * * *

Painful as was Lyppyatt's position, and humiliating as were the circumstances which surrounded him, still in the very depth of his degradation there was a frank and good-humoured bearing peculiarly characteristic of the British seaman.

"Glad to see you, sir," said he; "the first friendly face my eye has lighted on this day!"

"Rash and misguided fellow! your conduct daily diminishes the

number of those who are friendly to you; and renders those who *still* pity, and would assist you, more and more powerless in your behalf."

"Who are they?" said he, with something of an incredulous smile.

"I am one: precluded, it is true, by your own ungovernable temper from being of the slightest service to you — but still a friend! What can justify or explain your ferocious outbreak of this morning?"

"I am desperate, sir. Character, property, liberty, all wrecked! wrecked hopelessly and utterly! And for what? The song, the glance, the smile of a mercenary, heartless woman! Confiding fool! my misplaced trust has ruined me!"

"Will acts of insubordination, or frantic oaths, better your position?" said I, observing the fresh burst of passion in which he was about indulging.

"No!" cried he wildly, — "no! but the contrast between what I was and what I am, maddens me."

"If the past be irretrievable," I suggested, "try the influence of good conduct upon the future."

"It is because the past is fixed, and because it cannot be recalled, that I am goaded to frenzy. A few months since, sir, and few had firmer credit, a lighter heart, or brighter prospects than I! *Now*, who will own me, interest themselves in my behalf, or intercede for me with Government? Cursed—cursed was the hour when my egregious vanity prompted me to believe that ought but the design of stripping me of every shilling I possessed, made my society tolerated by Fanny Lorraine."

"The actress, I presume?"

"Yes. I had the misfortune to be her fellow-passenger on a professional trip she made to America; and, on her return to the London boards, our acquaintance, previously slight, was renewed. She wrote me in the most pressing and piteous terms, imploring me to become her trustee in a pending separation from her husband; who, she said, 'had for years treated her with the greatest cruelty, squandered her professional earnings, and denied her the common necessaries of life.' The lure succeeded. I thought it monstrous that so clever an actress, and so captivating a woman, should endure day after day the brutal humours of a tyrannical husband, and at once assented to her request. It became necessary I should see her lawyers, herself, her husband. In fact, for a few weeks, till the deed of separation was signed, there was a constant intercourse between myself and the principals. Ere long I was fairly entangled in her toils. But I was warned. Friend after friend told me of my peril; assured me that my ruin was not merely projected, but planned. The character of Fanny was described to me. Her art, her duplicity, her extravagance, her sordid selfishness, — all were duly dwelt upon. What availed the representations of the honest hearts who counselled me against the mellow tones of that matchless voice, and the mirth of that gay, bewitching smile! Shortly an application for a heavy loan startled me. It was met. Another came, and another. My banker looked grave, cool, and distant: and my friend Martin, the ship-broker,—the joint owner, in fact, with myself, of 'The Fair Maid of Devon,'—after a warm expostulation with me on the subject of theatricals, abruptly sold his share in the barque, and never spoke to me afterwards. Again entreaties for pecuniary assistance assailed

me. The pleas were varied and ingenious enough. At one time her jewels were in pawn, and she implored me to release them. How could she possibly play in 'The Jewess' without her diamonds? At another, her carriage was damaged in the confusion attendant on a royal visit to the theatre; a new one was indispensable; and her coach-builder in Long Acre was inexorable. Might she trouble me to see '*the savage*,' and 'quiet' him. I did so; and—had to pay him! Twice amid her theatrical studies she wholly forgot her landlord; and was only reminded of his existence by his issuing a distress! On each occasion I was applied to, and successfully; but the last demand I met only by overdrawing my banker to an amount which he insisted on being 'immediately reduced,' and which eventually made us strangers.

"This I declared stoutly should be my last loan; and from this resolution neither tears, hysterics, entreaties, nor threats could drive me. All were brought into play; and *the last* it would have been well if I had weighed and heeded. But I viewed them as part of the artillery of an angry woman; laughed at them, and forgot them. A fortnight wore away before I saw her again. No trace of her former violence remained. As usual, she was 'in difficulties; beset by creditors; dunned daily and hourly; dunned at her own door, at the stage-door; without the theatre; within the theatre; dunned at rehearsal, dunned at her dinner-hour, dunned hopelessly, remorselessly, and perseveringly.' But all this was stated with a smile. She was in high good-humour; pleased with her new song; with the applause which nightly greeted it; with the way in which her dressing-room had been fitted up and decorated; with the deferential submission of the manager; and—most wonderful of all—with the salary she had extorted from the treasury. No frowns, no murmurs, no regrets. All was gaiety, mirth, and repartee.

"At length she asked whether in my next voyage I would permit her to speculate? She was, she said, 'much inclined to make a venture; and 'The Maid of Devon' had been so invariably fortunate, was so well and widely known as a lucky ship, that she would fain share her successes.'

"Thoughtlessly, wildly, madly I assented! I was told again and again that the whole affair comprized merely a few packets of French gloves, some perfumery, two or three pieces of Lyons' silk, and some twenty yards of Valenciennes lace; that they were wanted exclusively for her own use; and that no third party would be cognisant of the transaction. Misled, blinded, and infatuated, I believed her! *She denounced me!* Secret information was given to the revenue, and its officers boarded my barque long before she entered the Thames. No bribe, no explanation would avail. Contraband was found on board, and to a much greater extent than I, in my folly, had conceived possible. She was searched almost plank by plank, seized, and condemned. I know my conduct, on the discovery being made, was rash, furious, and ungovernable. I know that I obstructed the officers in their duty, threatened them with personal violence, and, I believe, inflicted it. But I was not myself. Ruin, I saw, awaited me; and I writhed under the conviction that I had been entrapped, betrayed, and abandoned. My vessel was in the fangs of Government; a fine levied which I had no power to meet; and my credit gone, utterly and hopelessly!"

"True: but the party you blame might have been guiltless of the treachery ascribed to her; we are not to take the worst view of human nature."

He turned towards me fiercely as he replied, "Guiltless! I have ample grounds for my assertion. I know full well the sordid spirit of that heartless woman. I have proof—proof, to my heart's content—that Fanny was the *actual*, though not the ostensible, informant against me; and was most liberally dealt with by those with whom she communicated. Can you wonder, then, that I chafe over my recollections of the past, — that I become furious, nay frantic, when I recall my own folly and her perfidy?"

"But here," was my reply, "those feelings must be curbed. Your remorse at the past gives you no right to rebel against the regulations of the prison, or to abuse and obstruct its officers. Such outbreaks must be quelled; and therefore prepare—for it is unavoidable—for a fresh term of solitary confinement."

"Any punishment but that," said he, in an altered tone:—"a seaman's life is rarely what it should be; and when alone, hour after hour, the past becomes so hideous that—no, sir, any punishment but that; put me on the wheel; do with me what you will; but, for God's sake, place me not again in the solitary cell."

"I have not the power to prevent it."

"But try—try: you can represent, you can urge; you can explain," said the wretched man anxiously.

"The cell is cold and damp to a degree; of that I am aware; its evils in that respect admit of no—"

"For them I care not; it is *thought*—it is *thought* which MADDENS me."

His features worked convulsively as he spoke: and I gladly turned away from the mental agony they pourtrayed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A QUITTANCE IN FULL.

> How the innocent,
> As in a gentle slumber, pass away!
> But to cut off the knotty thread of life
> In guilty men, must force stern Atropos
> To use her sharp knife often. MASSINGER.

I PROLONGED my attendance at the gaol hour after hour, in the hope that some magistrate might appear within its precincts, to whom I could venture to submit Lyppyatt's case, with a reasonable hope of obtaining mitigation of punishment. But I was disappointed. None appeared: and at four I left the dreary building, chagrined and apprehensive. Of myself I was powerless. The law, in defining the sphere of a chaplain's duty, has debarred him from all control over the internal regulations of the prison. Whether wisely or not, I care not now to argue. All I am at present concerned with is the fact. This I endeavoured to convert into matter of consolation, and did my best to persuade myself that, having no means of redressing an evil, I was guiltless of its consequences. But, after all my casuistry, the mind was ill at ease. Morning came, bright, sunny, and cheering; and by eleven I was at my post. The inmates of the hive were all astir; but a deeper frown than usual clouded the features of the chief functionary. Its cause I learnt, abruptly enough, from his own lips.

"Prisoner found insensible in the solitary cell at ten last night; had done his best to strangle himself, — nearly succeeded, — all but gone!"

"Who is he?"

"That sailor-fellow, Lyppyatt,—taken to the hospital,—has never spoken *to the purpose* since,—don't expect he ever will,—doctor says it's up with him,—think so myself!"

"Sad indeed! But I am not surprised."

"*Nor am I!*" to my infinite astonishment rejoined the governor; "thought he meditated suicide, —judged it from his look, — when I put him into solitary, had my own conclusions,—ordered the turnkey to visit him every ten minutes, — somewhat too shrewd and quick-witted for us,—nearly compassed it with his neckcloth,—one of a bad lot—thoroughly bad lot!"

"Poor fellow! and is it thus his career is to close?"

"Yes; with giving the utmost trouble possible to everybody around him," was the comment of my tender-hearted companion. "An inquest will be necessary, — a jury wanted, — questions will be put, — nonsense talked, and time wasted; that's invariably the way with your *good-for-nothings*,—never will die without giving infinite trouble to everybody!"

Away, in high dudgeon, strode the governor.

But, how was it within the hospital? There, with prostrated strength and wandering intellect, lay, at two-and-thirty, the merchant-seaman. Low, feeble, earnest mutterings from time to time escaped him. None seemed to listen, or to care to detect their meaning. A callous, harsh-featured woman, with a dirty ballad in her hand, sat by his side. Courtesy called her his nurse. But her gaze rarely turned towards her dying charge; and it was only, after indignant remonstrance, that she adjusted the uneasy pillow, and wiped away the dews of death, which were gathering thick and fast upon the sufferer's brow. It was a deserted deathbed; one among the saddest of earthly spectacles. At two the struggle ceased. A jury was impanneled; the symptoms of low fever under which the prisoner eventually sank, were described; and a verdict was returned, "Died from natural causes."

I thought this issue vague enough; but even *it* was controverted.

"He died of nothing but temper," said the gaoler; "his temper, and nought else, killed him."

"He was essentially a wicked man!" observed that cogent reasoner, Mr. Trounce, "and his conscience overpowered him. We know but little of what is done upon the high seas! Many murders are huddled up *there*, I've not the least doubt! He was present, perhaps, at one; and now conscience has done her work. *It must be so!* A case of conscience, beyond all doubt!"

"His mental struggles were great," said the surgeon. "The change of diet tried him; but, *between ourselves*, SOLITARY CONFINEMENT finished him."

* * * * *

Fanny Lorraine's benefit took place the same evening. The house was crowded to the ceiling. "Never," wrote the fashionable "*Post*," "was her by-play more perfect, or her shake more brilliant. Bouquets of flowers were thrown upon the stage; and the bracelet on her wrist was the gift of a foreign princess." "So wags the world away!"

THE DIVAN.

THE POLKA.

When we wrote last month, that there was little doubt but the Polka would soon leave Paris, and come to town *viâ* Folkeston and Boulogne, we scarcely imagined that our predictions would be so rapidly fulfilled. The Polka *has* arrived, and its London popularity bids fair to equal its Parisian, at least for a season. But we are bound to state our impression that this season will be a very short one.

The "Illustrated London News," with its usual active vigilance, was the first to herald the approaching *furore*, by giving the music of the dance, and illustrations of its execution, in which a lady with long plaited tails, and a gentleman in melodramatic costume, were throwing their limbs about in unwonted action. Then advertisements of tuition in its mysteries crept into the newspapers. Nobody as yet knew it, but all assumed the knowledge; and what they were at a loss to comprehend they invented of their own. Some announced that they had started for Paris to see how it was performed in society; others simply stated they gave lessons in it twice a-day; and one lady informed an anxious public "that she had had the honour of acquiring it from a Bohemian nobleman." How we should like to have seen the interview! and what a subject it would have made for the pencil of Mr. Leech, who in the portrayal of "foreign gentlemen," seedy and otherwise, stands unrivalled. Bohemia must indeed be the land of dance, from the days of La Esmeralda to the present time, when its very nobles give lessons therein. Imagine our returning the compliment, and dispatching one of our peers—Lord Brougham, for instance—to teach the college-hornpipe or the double-shuffle at foreign academies!

It was left for Easter Monday to reveal the music and the dance of the Polka to public ears and eyes,—the former at the Haymarket, the latter at the Lyceum and Princess's Theatres; and four days later the Opera followed their example. At the first-named house it was simply played by the orchestra, but at the others it was executed by the *corps de ballet*. Miss Farebrother, as a most bewitching robber, joined her band of forty very pretty thieves in its graceful evolutions at the Lyceum; and at the Princess's so many dark eyes and good legs flashed and twinkled in the figure, that the lookers-on were well nigh beside themselves. But at both these theatres young ladies in the boxes became alarmed as they watched its intricacies, and whispered to each other, or thought to themselves, "Goodness gracious! shall we be expected to go through all those positions in society?" We believe we can relieve their anxiety by replying, "Certainly not;" for in both cases the Polka is a fine fiction, as now performed. We, who from our "Divan" remove the roofs of houses at our will, and, Asmodeus-like, lay bare their secrets, know that at neither theatre was anything particularly understood about it at all. At one house, the tact of the gifted little woman who now manages therein, cleverly aided by her satellites and auxiliaries, contrived to throw additional attraction into a very clever burlesque by its apt introduction; and at the others, the evening "Fair Star" shone with increased brilliancy by the Polka, which emanated from the united heads, or heels, of Monsieur Jullien and Madame Vedy. A great man and a talented is Monsieur Jullien. You will find envious musicians, and gloomy frequenters of classical

concerts, who call him a humbug. This we flatly contradict. He has unequalled tact in seizing, and ability in arranging, any subject of popular interest. And, even admitting that he is one, a man who can "humbug" London for three or four consecutive years is of no ordinary mind. How many are struggling to do the same; and, in the same, miserably failing. We return to our original position: Monsieur Jullien is a great man and a talented: his quadrilles are only surpassed by his camellias.

But as yet there had only been a revelation of the Polka to Easter-holiday makers. On the ensuing Thursday its name appeared in large letters on the *affiches* of the Italian Opera, for the benefit of those living on the *entresol* of society. We say the "entresol," because those above them knew it already, from their intercourse with the best Parisian circles; but the intermediate people wished to learn it,—those *parvenu* gentilities who go to the Opera, not to be amused, but because they imagine being constantly seen there gives them position. The "Polka" was to be danced by Perrot and Carlotta; and the announcement, no doubt, drew together a good many who had seen the others,—people of inferior station, who boldly paid their eight-and-sixpence, or crept in under favour of a newspaper admission. "Now," they thought, "we shall see what the Polka ought to be; for the others have been mere *divertissemens*."

Well, the curtain rose, and discovered "an interior." It might be "a palace," "a hall of audience," "an apartment in the castle," "a splendid saloon," or whatever sort of scene the exigencies of the piece demanded. Then entered a grand procession of ladies and gentlemen, more or less Bohemian, in costumes that had done the stage much service. These marched about, paired off, and promenaded together again, until the audience wondered what would come afterwards. Next followed a "pas de deux," in which the scantiness of drapery excited virtuous indignation; and then Carlotta and Perrot bounded in, amidst the cheers of the spectators, and the Polka commenced.

What it was cannot very well be defined: to us it appeared a species of double Cracovienne run mad. Carlotta pointed her toes upwards, and clicked her brass heels together, and Perrot did the same; then they waltzed in unequal time, and leant backwards, and forwards, and sideways, and against one another, and turned each other round, until they finally spun off amidst universal applause, and the intense bewilderment of the spectators, now greater than ever, as to what the Polka was supposed to be. For surely nobody would ever attempt all those evolutions in a ball-room!

The truth is this. The Polka is in itself as simple as the waltz: it is, in fact, a species of waltz in Cracovienne time, if we may be allowed to say so. Two people can dance it as well as two dozen, beginning or leaving off whenever they please; but, as the first half minute shows completely what it is, a different arrangement was necessary for the stage, and various figures were introduced, at the option, and according to the taste of the ballet master or mistress. That it will ever become as popular in London as on the Continent we much doubt. There is, at the best, too much of the *ballet* about it. But creating a sensation about anything always benefits somebody; and in this instance, whether the dancing-masters, the opera-dancers, the theatres, or the music-publishers have benefited the most by its introduction, the end has been fully answered.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—THE DODO.

We (the Divan) have received letters enough to tie into a tolerably thick bundle, thanking us for the instructions on the best mode of fitting any one joke to the greatest variety of circumstances, which appeared in our last, under the head of a "Theme, with variations." "Dull-dog" tells us that, after having fired off well-tried Joe Millers for twenty years, without finding so much as a simper, he has, by following our method, produced three guffaws, two chuckles, and a giggle, since the first of April. "Slow-coach," whom his friends despaired of seeing in any other capacity but that of a respectable mute, has actually set two tables in a roar; and "Horrid-bore," who was never known to go twice to the same house, really made himself so funny at the domicile of an eminent Baltic merchant, that he received an invite to dinner on the day-week of his first appearance. We thank our correspondents, and congratulate them on the solid advantages they have reaped by studying the doctrines we have put forth, not in the shape of dry precepts, but of unctuous examples.

But another class of persons claims our attention. We mean those who are, for some cause or other, constantly called upon to write verses. Now, many of these, when suddenly required to make a song to a given tune, to scribble a chorus for the end of a farce, or to jot down an impromptu on the blue leaf of an album, suddenly find themselves at a nonplus,—not because they are not masters of rhyme and metre, but simply because they cannot get a subject. We purpose to show that, far from this want being a just cause for embarrassment, it is absolutely impossible *not* to find a subject. The first thing that catches the eye, or comes into the head, will do, and may be treated in every manner. In this age, although only a chosen few can fill the post of fiddler, opera-dancer, juggler, or clown to the ring, these occupations requiring innate genius, he who cannot become a poet is a very poor creature. But, to our task; we take the Dodo, that ugly bird, which every child knows from its picture in the books on natural history, as a subject that seems of all others the least promising, and we shall show our readers how artistically we can manage it in all sorts of styles.

I. The Descriptive.—For this we must go to our encyclopædias, cram for the occasion, and attentively observe the picture. Our "Rees" tells us that the Latin name for the bird is "Didus," that the Dutch are said to have found it in the Mauritius, and called it "Dodaerts;" while the French termed it "Cygne à Capuchon;" and the Portuguese, "Dodo." Its existence, it seems, has been doubted, and at all events it is now supposed to be extinct.

In the island of Mauritius once a sturdy Dutchman found
Such a curious bird as ne'er before was seen to tread the ground;
Straight he called it "Dodaerts; when a Frenchman gazed upon
Its hood of down, and said it was a "Cygne à capuchon."

French and Dutch might be content with making sorry names like these,
But they would not satisfy the proud and high-souled Portuguese;
He proclaimed the bird a "Dodo." "Dodo" now each infant cries.
Pedants, they may call it "Didus;" but such pedants we despise.

'Twas a mighty bird; those short, strong legs were never known to fail,
And he felt a glow of pride when thinking of that little tail;
And his beak was marked with vigour, curving like a wondrous hook;
Thick and ugly was his body,—such a form as made one look.

No one now can see the Dodo, which the sturdy Dutchman found ;
Long ago those wondrous stumps of legs have ceased to tread the ground.
If perchance his bones we find, oh, let us gently turn them o'er,
Saying, " 'Twas a gallant world when Dodos lived in days of yore."

II. The melancholy sentimental.—We need only recollect that when the dodo lived somebody else lived, who is not living now, and we have our cue at once.

Oh, when the dodo's feet
His native island press'd,
How many a warm heart beat
Within a living breast,
Which now can beat no more,
But crumbles into dust,
And finds its turn is o'er,
As all things earthly must !

He 's dead that nam'd the bird,
That gallant Portuguese ;
Who weeps not, having heard
Of changes such as these ?
The Dutchman, too, is gone ;
The dodo's gone beside ;
They teach us every one
How vain is earthly pride !

III. Impromptu *for a lady's album.*

The dodo vanished, as we must confess,
Being unfit to live from ugliness ;
Surely, methinks, it will not be too bold
To hope the converse of the rule will hold.
If lovely things no pow'r from earth can sever,
Celia, we all may swear, will live for ever.

IV. Bacchanalian, with full chorus.

The dodo once lived, and he doesn't live now ;
Yet, why should a cloud overshadow our brow ?
The loss of that bird ne'er should trouble our brains,
For, though he is gone, still our claret remains.
Sing Dodo—Dodo—jolly Dodó !
Hurrah ! in his name let our cups overflow !

We know that he perished ; yet why shed a tear ?
This generous bowl all our bosoms can cheer.
The dodo is gone, and, no doubt, in his day
He delighted, as we do, to moisten his clay.
Sing Dodo—Dodo—jolly Dodó !
Hurrah ! in his name let our cups overflow !

V. The remonstrative, addressed to those who do not believe there ever was a dodo.

What ! disbelieve the dodo ?
The like was never heard.
Deprive the face of nature
Of such a wondrous bird !
I always lov'd the dodo,
When quite a little boy,
I saw it in my " Goldsmith,"
My heart beat high with joy.

I think now how my uncle
One morning went to town ;
He brought me home a " Goldsmith,"
Which cost him half-a-crown.
No picture like the dodo
Such rapture could impart ;
Then don't deny the dodo,
It wounds my inmost heart.

HOW TO WRITE A DOMESTIC DRAMA,

ON JOINT-STOCK PRINCIPLES.

[*Scene.* White's Chambers. White, Green, and Brown, are discovered. White is lolling in a large easy chair ; Green is sedulously lighting a cigar at a candle, and Brown, with a sulky countenance, is mixing a glass of whiskey-and-water.]

White. Come, do you like the subject ?

Brown (*doubtfully*). Hm—m—m !

Green. Yes — yes ; so infernally touching ! 'Gad ! won't it make the people cry ? (*chuckling.*)

BROWN (*coldly*). May.

GREEN. Come—come, let 's set it down. Will you write, Brown?

BROWN (*decisively*). No.

GREEN. Very well, I will. Now, White, fire away! (*takes pen.*)

WHITE. A young girl, who is the sole comfort of an aged parent—

GREEN. Stop a bit; this cursed pen has got no split. Sole comfort of aged parent—holloah, though; is the parent to be father or mother.

WHITE Ah! that never struck me. Let 's see. We are to bring out this humbugging thing at the —— theatre. Are they strongest in old men, or old women?

GREEN. Both very slow — shocking slow. Cut away; we 'll leave that open.

WHITE. Good. Well, this young girl goes up one morning to call her beloved parent to breakfast, and finds the parent murdered.

GREEN. "Murdered in bed!" That 's effective and strong. A good deal of the shrieking business—eh? And, I say, if Wiggins plays the parent, won't the audience be delighted to get rid of him?

WHITE. I believe you! They won't know whether to laugh or cry.

GREEN (*rubbing his hands with rapture*). A thought! a thought! Suppose we have two parents—a father *and* a mother.

WHITE. And both murdered?

GREEN. Of course; heighten the effect, and double the pathos.

WHITE (*in a state of ecstasy*). Oh, that 's prime! How do you think the piece will go now, Brown?

BROWN (*authoritatively*). Shy.

GREEN. Oh, never mind what he says, — he 's a muff! There, Brown, put that in your pipe, and smoke it. But, business!

WHITE. Well, just as Miss Figgins—

GREEN. What? Is Miss Figgins to play the daughter?

WHITE. Ah! and she will come out strong, too.

GREEN. But she 's so ugly. Only think of that squint. Charley Gray said that she stood, like Garrick, between the tragic and comic muse, and endeavoured to look at both at once. Ha! ha! ha! (WHITE *joins in laugh.*)

BROWN (*cynically*). What a fool Gray must have been!

GREEN. Oh, yes; you make a better. Only Brown has got a sneaking kindness for Miss Figgins. Haven't you, Brown?

BROWN (*angrily*). No.

GREEN. Come, we shall never get done. Well, the woman finds these old people killed, and makes a grand tragic effect. I say, won't Figgins' eyes look funny?

WHITE. Well, then, the police enter, and at once seize Amelie, or Laurette, or whatever we call her, as guilty of the murder.

GREEN. Good *tableau!* I see it. Agony of grief. She, to whom her parents were the only thing dear upon earth; she, who never hurt a fly; she, who never ate a boiled fowl without weeping at the slaughter of the chicken; she, to be accused of parricide and matricide all at once! Oh! I like this very much. Don't you, Brown?

BROWN (*discontentedly*). No.

WHITE. Well, then, we shall have trial business, and prison business, and leave-taking of the lover.

GREEN (*writing*). Yes—yes; all right! Oh, this will work up like fun—that it will,—like bricks and mortar.

WHITE. Just as this beautiful young creature—

GREEN. Figgins, to wit—ho! ho! ho!

WHITE. Is about to be led off to execution—

GREEN. We must work up the pathetic here, you know,—throw in the little sentences, that make the people blow their noses and wipe their eyes. I 'm only afraid Figgins will make them laugh. Just fancy Figgins going to be hanged. But how are we to get her out of this scrape?

WHITE. Oh, we 'll manage it somehow. Any one can manage that. You can, can't you, Brown?

BROWN (*emphatically*). No.

GREEN. I have it. The boy they have in to clean the knives shall turn out the real murderer, because the old man has reduced his allowance to sixpence a-week. That helps us out;—don't it, Brown?

BROWN (*obtusely*). No.

GREEN. You be bothered. Now we have it all right. Innocence proved—guilt punished. It ain't very new, though, is it?

BROWN (*affirmatively*). No.

WHITE. Oh, hang; they 'll swallow it. They like the dramatic dodge. Always goes. Who the devil cares about new?

BROWN (*disputatively*). I do.

GREEN. But I say,—where 's the comic part? Here 's a go! We haven't got a comic part. I 'm a dab at the pathetic; but I 'm a slow coach at a joke. Brown, you can do the funny, can't you?

BROWN (*grandly*). No.

WHITE. Why not make the knife-boy comic?

GREEN. What! a chap who commits two murders? Won't that be dangerous? They won't stand that—they 'll goose us.

WHITE. Well, never mind; we 'll do it somehow. I take the funny on myself, and all the quiet pathetic; and you shall have all the murder business and the strong effects.

GREEN. Ah! you 'll see me come out there. When they find out Thingumy is killed, see how smart I 'll bring the curtain down! We couldn't get one of the policemen shot in the row, could we?—just to bring in a pistol and startle the women. Well, we 'll see about that. Mind, if it answers, we all three go share and share alike in the tip, eh?

WHITE. Yes.

BROWN (*for the first time showing enthusiasm*). Yes! I think all is settled now. Goodb'ye. [*Exit.*

GREEN. I say, what 's Brown to do in this?

WHITE. Don't know. He hasn't been of much use to-night.

GREEN. Brown 's a capital fellow, though.

WHITE. Very. Immense humbug, though.

GREEN. Rather. I 'm glad he 's gone. Come, now we have settled how this rascally piece is to be, we 'll enjoy ourselves.

[WHITE *and* GREEN, *bent resolutely on enjoying themselves, light a cigar a-piece, and placing each a large steaming glass on the chimney-piece, set each a foot on the hob. Scene closes.*]

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Every succeeding age offers a contradiction to some theory or opinion that was thought incontrovertible in the preceding one. It was formerly considered a glorious thing to be born simply "great,"

without achieving greatness, or having it thrust upon you; the last few months have shown us that the advantages conferred by such a nativity are nothing to those awaiting the fortunate individual who is born little; provided always, that he contrives to keep so.

Early in the present year whispers were rife that a very wonderful little person, so small that the facetious editor of a New York Journal, in the plenitude of a fertile imagination termed him, "the cube-root of all creation" (!) was about to visit England. We heard that he left America, escorted to his ship by a procession of *ten thousand persons;* that he would prove the voyages of Lemuel Gulliver to be veracious chronicles, albeit, they had hitherto been deemed but satirical fictions; that he weighed much less than the turkey which smoked upon the table for our New Year's dinner. In fine, he was a dwarf, marvellously small as a human being, but wonderfully great as a curiosity. And we were also told that he was commonly known as General Tom Thumb—"*the* Gineral" *par excellence.*

Well, the wind and waves were favourable, and this physical concentration of humanity arrived in England,—an island possessing a far greater number of gulls in its interior than on its coasts. He made his first bow to a British public at one of the theatres, and the audience were astonished. Next he put forth his placards at that temple of temporary wonders, the Egyptian Hall—a building dedicated to transitory curiosities. And here a species of doll's house was fitted up for his accommodation, with miniature sofas, tables, and cheval-glasses of the Louis Quatorze style; costly in gold and inlaid wood. We did not, however, like this style of abode; our ideas of dwarfs' houses were very opposite. The impressions of childhood are not easily removed; and we could not fancy a manikin inhabiting any other tenement than that which we had seen outside shows at country fairs. This was a sort of box, lifted about by handles; and the dwarf's usual style of living in it was to put his legs out at the parlour-windows, whilst he rang a bell unceasingly from the drawing-room.

There is no doubt but that the general has made a "hit." He has been caressed by royalty, and *fêted* by the multitude. For our own parts we see nothing in him beyond a stinted infant, made to assimilate to the appearance of a little man by being cased in the garments of an adult. His natural expressions and deportment are playful and vivacious, but in his song and hornpipe there is a melancholy dreariness which is almost painful to witness; it is a portion of the exhibition which might be omitted with effect, and is inseparably connected with ideas of barrel-organs and little red, spangled coats. He is *said* to be thirteen years old; judging from his general physiognomy and understanding, we should take him to be six. Indeed, nothing can be more infantile than his entire appearance, especially his large head, and little, button-like nose.

As a curiosity, however, the little general is worth paying a shilling to visit. He is cheerful and healthy; his growth has been evidently curtailed neither by osseous disease, or the pressure of a watery head. Should his life be spared, provided he does not shoot up all at once, he will one day be a real marvel; but we must confess at present we thought the small man, whom we paid a penny to look at in the Tunnel Fair last month, much more remarkable for symmetry, although several inches taller. We believe he is still to

be seen for the same sum, with a conglomeration of natural and artificial wonders, amongst the Dutch clocks, little dust-pans, and alamode-beef-shops of High Holborn and St. Giles's.

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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

MESSIEURS,

I AM learning from divers gazettes de Londres that you are employing your talent, si vraiment original, in the traduction of the magnifiques melodrames and vaudevilles which the genius of the French dramatists bring to the day. The idea that your noble country is so very deficient in the crimes and follies which make the foundations of modern plays, as to compel you to resort to Paris for materials, I discard, chasse. No! la Grande Bretagne, rich in rosbif, fromage du Chester, and ginger beer, cannot be poor in homicide, in fidelity, and fraud. She is the first in everything, la première des premières, "first flower of the sea, and principal gem of the ocean," as Monsieur O'Connell sings at the *Salle de Conciliation*. And so, je conçois, you take the stories and the dialogues, the decorations and dramatis personæ of our pauvres petites affair of the Ambigu, or the Porte St. Martin, merely to oblige us, and strengthen the "*attente cordiale*," which M. Guizot is so desirous of promoting. Shall France, "la patrie reconoissante," suffer you to exceed her in courtesy? Goddem! non! We shall reciprocate in every particular; for every *petit mot d'obligeance* blown across the water by the English, we shall send *mille complimens gracieux*, and myself will take the English dramatic authors under my very particular care, and will translate and adapt their noble productions for the *Variétés* and the *Gymnase*. I send you my *coups d'essai*, in a translation from the melodrame of *Richard the Third*, by Monsieur Colley Cibber.

"Enfin voila donc l'hiver de notre mecontentement changé en été superbe par ce soleil d'York, et tous les nuages qui s'abaissaient sur notre maison sont ensevelis dans le sein profond de l'océan, c'est à dire submergés. Nous voila maintenant le front ceint de guirlandes victorieuses et les bras* meurtris suspendus en monuments. Nos tapages sévères sont devenus de joyeuses assemblées et nos marches terribles des airs de vaudeville.

Air—Soldat Français.

Le dieu des guerres au front couronné,
De son visage a chassé la colère,
Sur des chevaux de battaille monté,
Ne chassant plus le timide adversaire.

Avec sa maitresse il se plait
A danser au son d'une lyre;
Mais moi bossu et contrefait,
Qui suis pour tout cela trop l'air
Ma foi, messieurs je conspire."

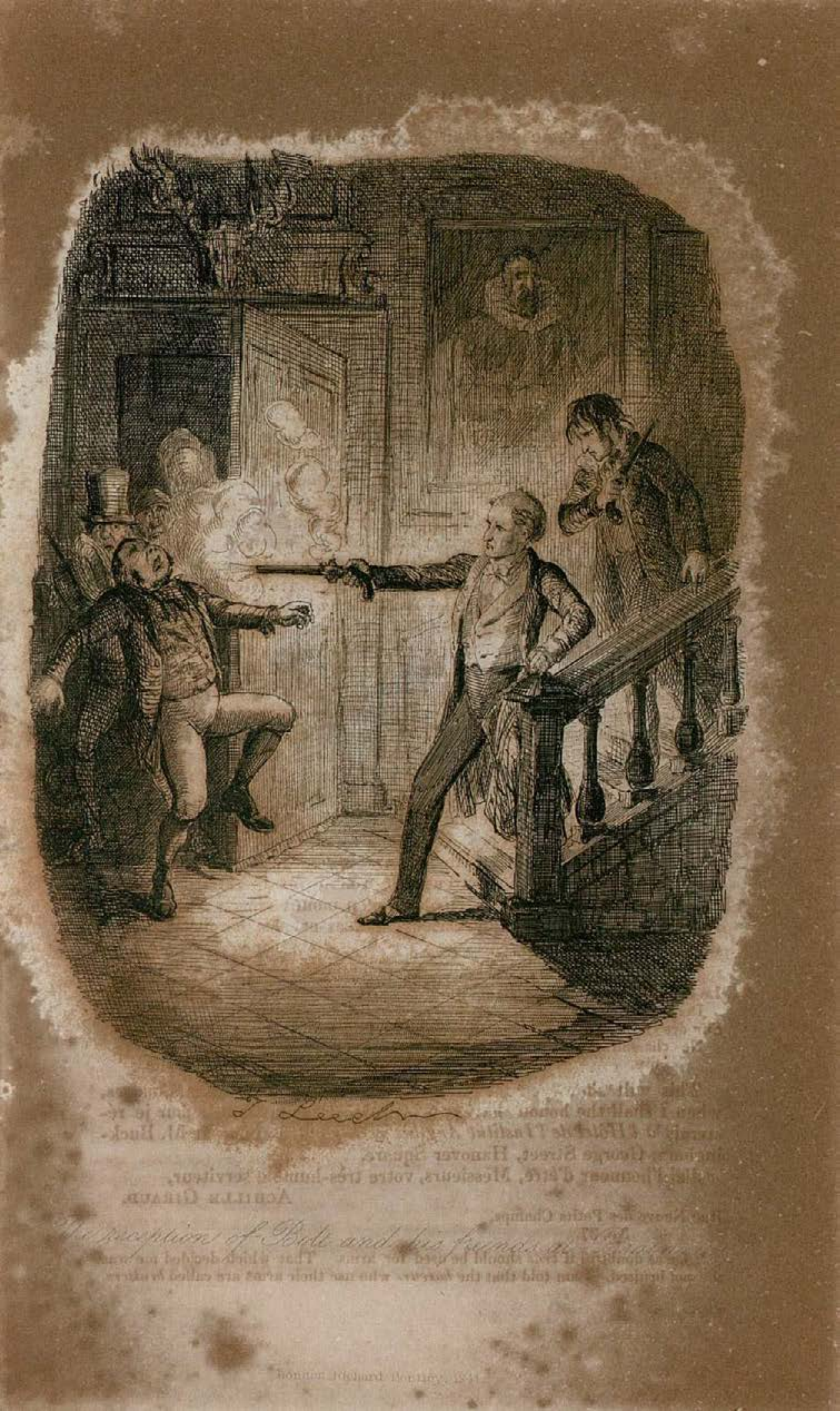
This will show you mes intentions. Bientôt je serais à Londres, when I shall the honour have you to see. Pendant mon sejour je résterais *à l'Hôtel de l'Institut Anglais et Etrangèr*, tenu par M. Buckingham, George Street, Hanover Square.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Messieurs, votre très-humble serviteur,

ACHILLE GIRAUD.

Rue Neuve des Petits Champs,
No. 37.

* I was doubtful if *bras* should be used for arms. That which decided me was the *mot* bruised. I am told that the *boxeurs* who use their arms are called *bruisers*.



The reception of Bob and his friends at ...

[illegible]

[illegible] they pursued their ways. "All [illegible] to do is to [illegible] say nothing, [illegible] eyes and shut your mouth, and [illegible] we shall send you."

Vincent promised compliance, as he wondered where the [illegible] was to be [illegible] a [illegible] own stores, and came to the water's edge, [illegible] the planks which [illegible] out into the water from a [illegible]

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Vincent is led by Mr. Bolt to the edge of a precipice.

In a few minutes' time from leaving the hill Vincent and his friend had made the journey of Tower-Ditch, as far as the thoroughfare outside the rails allowed them, and arrived at the edge of the river. They then passed some tall warehouses, which, in the gloom of the evening appeared to rise to such a height that their summits were no longer perceptible, and turned into a street running parallel with the banks and wharfs of the Thames.

It was a curious locality they now entered; neither land nor water, but a chaos of both. Indeed it required a little consideration to state truly which it most belonged to. For the houses in most cases ran out into the river on piles and embankments, built as much on the Thames as the dry ground: and the ships, in return, appeared to have forsaken their proper element, and walked over high walls into large inclosures amidst the warehouses, from which their bowsprits projected strangely over the road, as if they were about to sail forward on the land, charging and knocking down all the elevations that stood in their way.

There were numbers of odd, unnatural bridges, too, at various parts of the thoroughfare, that felt when you walked over them as if they were constructed so as to tumble down suddenly, and by dividing in the middle, let you into the dark noisome water below, without a chance of ever being seen or heard of again. Or, if you escaped this fate, there were deep and narrow spines of iron running across their entire length, to trip you up, and cut you in half when you fell down upon them. Then came more warehouses, not only in the street they were passing along, but stretching away on each side of by-lanes, with cranes along their upper stories, which sometimes blew round in the night-wind, and looked like so many gibbets waiting the arrival of their occupants. And the few people passing backwards and forwards were as amphibious as the quarter they traversed. In the day-time it would have been difficult to have said whether they were carmen or sailors, and at night the identification was lost altogether.

"Now, I reckon you may be trusted," said Bolt to Vincent, as they pursued their way. "All you 've got to do is to hear, see, and say nothing. Open your eyes, and shut your mouth, and see what we shall send you."

Vincent promised compliance, as he wondered where the journey was to terminate. At last Bolt turned down a narrow alley between two stores, and came to the waterside, at a dilapidated hard, or landing-place, which ran out into the water from a ruinous old wharf at

the back of one of the stores. He crossed a few barges that were lying off the shore, in a state of torpor, giving an occasional grunt, as if perfectly content with their heavy inactivity, when they chafed against each; and bidding Vincent be careful where he trod, in the obscurity, at last seized a rope, fastened to one of their tillers, and dragged a boat to the side.

"Hold hard!" he cried, in a low, hurried voice, as Vincent was about to enter it, agreeably to his commands. "Jump down into the barge. The police is coming."

He crouched down as he spoke into one of the compartments of the lighter, and Vincent followed his example. The regular sound of oars as they feathered in the rullocks came nearer and nearer: then voices were heard close to the barge. These passed, and were again lost in the distance.

"I wonder what they 're about now?" inquired Mr. Bolt, as he raised his head cautiously above the gunwale of the barge. "No good, I 'm afeard. They 're a bad set, them police, depend upon it."

And he said these last words with a reproving shake of his head, as if he looked upon the executive body generally as men of sinister pursuits, not to be trusted. As regarded his own affairs perhaps they were not.

As the sound of the galley died away, Vincent descended into the boat, followed by Bolt, who took the skulls, and pulled off down the river. He did not appear anxious, however, to keep in the middle of the stream, but chose the smaller thoroughfares behind and between the rows of shipping anchored in the pool, calling Vincent's attention every now and then to different vessels, whose economy he seemed to be perfectly acquainted with.

"Do you see that schooner?" he inquired, pointing to a particular ship. "Well, if you get into any trouble within a day or two, go quietly aboard of her, and you 'll be all right. She 's always got that little glim alight at her stern; and so you 'll know her, anyhow. Keep it in mind."

At length he shot suddenly across to the Surrey side, and guided the boat towards a house at the water's edge, at one of whose windows a candle was burning, apparently by way of signal. A sort of penthouse overhung the river, but a few feet above it at high-water, and the boat was brought immediately under this. Bolt then pulled a piece of rusty chain, which hung against one of the supports, and gave a peculiar tremulous whistle. It was repeated from above after a moment's pause; and then the end of a knotted rope fell down upon the boat.

"Now follow me," said Bolt. "I reckon you 're a good hand at climbing; only make sure of both your hands or your feet before you move either. Wait till I am clear up."

To follow his companion was not a task of much difficulty, and Vincent soon crept through a species of trap in the floor, and gained one of the rooms of the tenement.

It was evidently the tap-room of some low public-house that overlooked the water, with an entrance from the river-side street. Ten or twelve people, male and female, were assembled there; some drinking, others smoking and playing cards, but all of suspicious exterior; indeed, one or two, in the dress of pilots, with rough blue coats, and glazed "sou'-westers" were absolutely ruffianly. They

stared sullenly at Vincent as he entered; and then resumed their pipes, with the smoke from which the room was almost choked up. Some long, foreign-looking bottles, similar in appearance to that which Vincent recollected in the waggon by which he had arrived in London, stood on the table; and both the fumes of the room, and the rough appointments of the table, shewed that spirits were more patronized than beer by those who used the house.

"My friend, Mr. Vinson," said Bolt, by way of introduction for his companion; "one of us, and no mistake."

"Glad to see you, sir," replied one of the guests, offering his glass. "Take a drain to our better acquaintance. I think we've met before."

As Vincent took the proffered grog he recognized in its owner the driver of the waggon, whom Mr. Bolt had aided in raising the tubs of spirit from the ice, on the evening before alluded to: and he now began to see through the pursuits of the society.

"I hope the gen'l'man is well, too, though I don't know him, leastways as I knows on," exclaimed another of the company, in half intoxicated accents, advancing towards him,—a bloated-looking fellow, in the costume of a cabstand waterman.

"What, Tubs!" cried Bolt; "are you back again? How are you, old fireplug?"

"How ought I to be, after paying a fortnight's visit to the mill at Coldbath Castle? and all the while I worn't the one."

"No; very unlucky, Tubs," returned Bolt, in tones of mock-commiseration. "It never is the one as the police catches; it's always the other gentleman as gets away. But how are you after your confinement?"

"Just as well as can be expected," replied the other. "I'm afraid I took a little too much water there; that New River tap don't do a man much good."

"No; it's too strong to be took by itself, I know," replied Bolt gravely, which produced a hoarse laugh from the rest.

"I'm afeard you're looking for a seat, sir," continued Tubs, addressing himself to Vincent. "Here's a bucket—my stock-in-trade I calls it—quite at your service."

"It's very comfortable," said Vincent, unconcernedly turning the bucket upside down, and sitting on it. "Thank'ee."

"When the plugs is running, or the tide high," chimed in Bolt, "that seat keeps Tubs above water; their seats do the same for a great many members of parliament."

"Good again!" replied the waterman approvingly. He was evidently the prominent man — half buffoon, half butt — of the company. From the club to the pot-house his fellow is always to be found, although in different phases.

"Come, give us a speech, Tubs," said Bolt; "open the Rotherhithe parliament."

"That's just what I was going to do when you come in."

"Well, go on!—a speech!—a speech!" cried the others, knocking their hands on the tables.

Tubs, who appeared only anxious to be asked, and did not take much pressing, got on one of the tables, with the assistance of Bolt, so that his head almost touched the ceiling, and taking a pewter-pot of brandy-and-water in one hand, whilst with the other he made a

pipe trace imaginary problems from Euclid in the air, thus commenced,

"Gentlemen and ladies—"

"Ladies first," observed Bolt, interrupting him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the orator, not offended. "The last sessions having terminated in the acquittal of several of you, much to your surprise, I thank you for this measure you have brought forward, in the discussion of which I have great satisfaction."

There was a murmur of approbation.

"I continued to receive," Mr. Tubs went on, "the most flattering assurances of support respecting the disposal of anything we may find by chance, from the different natives of Rosemary Lane.

"With respect to the Union, what I have to say is, that I hope we may never get into it, whilst the hospitable doors of Her Majesty's gaols is open to all deserving characters.

"Gentlemen upon short commons,

"I have directed some supplies to be laid before you, which I shall be happy to join, and not offended in being asked. And I prorogue this parliament until whenever you like; first asking the member as has taken his seat this evening what he 's going to stand."

As Mr. Tubs concluded his address he looked towards Vincent, in expectation of an answer.

"Mr. Vinson will do whatever is proper," observed Bolt.

"Oh, of course," returned Vincent. "Send for what you please."

"Mr. Vinson 's a gentleman," said the waterman. "Whenever you turn to the temperance, and want a go of water, come to my stand, and you shall have it. There 's a plug in the post at the corner."

Fresh liquor circulated, and the conversation became general, although it was full of allusions in a strange language, and mostly unintelligible to Vincent. At last the landlord informed the guests that he was about to close the house; upon which the majority of them took their departure, including Mr. Tubs, leaving Vincent with Bolt, and two of the seafaring-looking men whom he had first noticed.

"Now they 're off," said Bolt, as he listened at the door until all appeared still, "I 'll tell you what we want you for. Are you willing to make a good bit of money with a little trouble?"

"I ask pardon," growled one of the other fellows; "but, before you lets all out, Cricket, are you sure of your man?"

"Should I have brought him here if I hadn't been?" replied Bolt shortly. "Now, look here, Vinson,—we 'll drop the 'mister' to save time, — there 's a chance of us coves getting rich without trouble. Would that suit your complaint?"

"It depends upon the way it 's done in," replied Vincent. "I believe I can turn my hand to anything."

"Well, I 'll out with it then," said Bolt; "here goes! The truth is, we have a crack coming off to-morrow night, not a great way from the coast, and we want your help."

"What?" cried Vincent sharply, with a suddenness that made the others start. "You want me to join you in a robbery! Thank you; but I have not quite come to that yet."

"I thought the gentleman was proud from the first look of him," observed one of the mariners, with no very pleasant expression.

"Hush! nonsense!" replied Bolt. "Now look here, Vinson. If you thinks we want you to go and break open a house, and carry off the swag yourself, you 're wrong; it 's no such thing."

"Well, what on earth is it then, you wish?" asked Scattergood, in return.

"Why, I don't think you 'd object to save three fellow-creeters from the gallows," said Bolt.

"I wish you 'd drop all this damned mystery, and come to the point," exclaimed Vincent. "What is it you wish me to do?"

Mr. Bolt walked quietly to the door, and then inspected the room very carefully, as if he was suspicious of listeners lurking inside the very pewter measures. He then said to Vincent,

"Whether you are with us or not, the crack will take place. If we get well off, very good; if not, and we find ourselves in a mess, I don't see how it can harm you to be lying off the coast in our skiff, to put us across the river. Eh?"

"I would rather not," replied Vincent. "I think you might get somebody else."

"Nobody as could manage so well, I reckon," replied Bolt.

"And whereabouts is it you wish'd me to be?"

"Anywhere along the banks of the river, that will give you the shortest line to Brentwood, for the house would lie on that trade. It 's called Blazes, or Babel, or Brabunts, or something like it. Why, what 's up now? How you jumped!"

"Brabants!" ejaculated Vincent, almost unconsciously. Then, recovering himself, he added, "Me?—oh no, nothing. The name struck me. I think I have heard it before."

"Well, may we trust you? Will you be there to-morrow?"

"I will," said Vincent earnestly. "I give you my honour, if you set store by such a thing."

"Oh! honour amongst—gentlemen like us, in course," said Bolt.

The conversation finished, Vincent rose to depart. He was shown out of the front-door by the landlord, who fastened it up carefully after him.

He waited in the street for a few seconds, undecided what plan he should adopt, and then turned down a dark alley at the side of the house, which slanted down to the Thames. The tide was running down, so that he was just enabled to creep along the edge of the water upon the wet shingles to where Bolt's skiff was still lying. Hastily unfastening the cord which held it, he launched it into the stream, and in another minute was pulling vigorously down the river, in a manner which betokened long habitude with the management of a boat.

The morning broke cold and foggy; the banks on either side were almost invisible in the dull grey light; whilst huge colliers were floating lazily on the tide, looking in the mist like phantom vessels. But Vincent was still at his task, and by the first gleam of sunlight had placed several good miles between the Pool and himself, in his course down the Thames.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Joe Jollit becomes joyous at Gravesend, where Mr. Snarry relieves his mind.

FINE weather crept on as soon as blackthorn winter was over, and its effects were speedily visible upon the whole creation. Everything prepared to welcome the summer; and, simultaneously with the change of the caddis-worm into the mayfly, Mr. Joe Jollit discarded his winter toilet, bought a gent's Zephyr Cachucha, which was a great-coat of thin oatmeal-coloured blanketing, and, to use his own words, "burst forth into light and life, and delivered himself up to the *abandon* of rural pleasures." This desirable occupation was chiefly brought about by hiring a bed-room in Windmill Street, Gravesend, whither also Mr. Snarry accompanied him, to the grief of Mrs. Chicksand.

And wonderfully popular with the passengers and officers of the Topaz steamer did Mr. Joe Jollit soon become, even to being permitted to climb upon the paddle-boxes, and walk along the bridge that connects them; and his general manners were so diverting, that Mrs. Hankins' sister, who once went down by special invitation, under Mrs. Hankins' own chaperonage, so that it was impossible for the world to say anything at all about it, declared that her inevitable death would of necessity result from his pleasantries, and would be laid at his particular door, if he persisted in being so atrociously droll. What a strange animal he was!—did Mrs. Hankins ever!

Whatever were the materials to work upon, Mr. Joe Jollit's keen sense of the funny never forsook him. Whether he played an amateur obligato to "Love not," which the band on board performed unceasingly, upon the trombone of the man who went round with a faded decanter-stand to solicit coin, or whether he asked the steward at dinner for half a pint of that peculiar old port which had been two days in bottle under the cabin stairs, or the celebrated madeira which had voyaged to Gravesend and back to improve its flavour, he was equally rich. And when he landed, he gave such full play to his facetious spirits all the way from the pier to his lodgings, that even the drivers of the many-fashioned vehicles who wait to carry timid visitors, by sheer force, and against their will, to Rochester, Canterbury, or wherever else it pleases them to transport their helpless victims, gave up chaffing with him in despair, and no longer paid any attention to his desire that they would take him "as far as they could towards Nova Scotia for a shilling." These little ebullitions of a joyous mind at first alarmed Mr. Snarry very much, until he saw that no great harm arose from them, when he enjoyed them as much as his friend; always excepting such times as Mr. Jollit chose to buy a small quantity of periwinkles, and eat them with a pin as he walked upon the pier at the fashionable time of day, for the purpose, as he observed, of making the world understand that there was nothing like pride about him, and forcing Snarry to feel quite at his ease, and at home, even in great society.

If there was one locality upon earth more than another in which Mr. Jollit allowed his spirits to be boundingly joyous, it was within the chalky confines of Rosherville Gardens; and one fine afternoon, in extra good-humour, he was pressing the greensward of that ter-

restrial paradise, in company with his friend. It was really a thing to see—Mr. Jollit's deportment at Rosherville: something a person might walk a long way on a hot day, in tight boots, to behold, and not feel disappointed after all. His first funniment took place amongst the macaws, when, after addressing them in their own peculiar language, until he set them all shrieking, he would thrust his hands into his coat-tail pockets, and bending his body at a right angle, hop about the lawn in the manner of a large raven. Next he would visit the monkeys, and sitting on a rustic stool opposite to them, would imitate all their actions, and eat a bun after their manner, occasionally stopping to run round the stool upon all-fours, previously to scratching his side rapidly with the extremities of his nails. And his dialogue with the distinguished foreigner who lets out the arrows at seven for twopence, was also a great diversion, being carried on in strange tongues, chiefly of the cabalistic dialect used by conjurors, and always ending with the phrase, "Tres-bien-voulez-vous-propria-que-maribus-paddy-whack," which, not admitting of refutation, usually finished the conversation at once.

Nor was Mr. Joe Jollit one whit less humorous when the quadrille-band struck up in the baronial barn, for the amusement of those whom the bills call "the votaries of Terpsichore;" for then he danced literally on the light and fantastic toe, especially as the *cavalier seul* in La Pastorale, for which he reserved all his powers. Sometimes he sprang from the earth, turning round twice before he came down again; at others dropped on his knee, in a graceful attitude, before his partner; and, when particularly hilarious, he would lay hold of his coat-tails, which always played a great part in his eccentricities, in the style that ladies hold their dresses; and then dance a graceful measure, amidst the cheers of the spectators. Indeed, so remarkable was he, that Mrs. Hankins' sister, whom he once persuaded to be his partner, "never felt so awkward in her life—really—the idea—how very absurd, to be sure!" And her distress did not terminate with the quadrille; for when they went to one of the side-tables for refreshment, which consisted of shrimps and ginger-beer, Mr. Joe Jollit struck out a new line of humour, and commenced imitating fireworks with his mouth, until he broke two tumblers in his endeavour to personify a catherine-wheel in full play.

"I say, Snarry, old fellow! you 're down; what 's up?" said Mr. Jollit to his friend on the afternoon in question.

A melancholy "Nothing," which belied itself, was all the reply.

"I should think so: you look as if there was not," returned Jollit. "Why don't you be jolly?—I am. I 'll jump you for a bottle of stout. Look here; can you do this?"

The incidental performance consisted in holding his walking-stick in each hand, and jumping over it, first forwards and then backwards. It was a stick, with a knot made like an old man's head, and very crooked and deformed; just the sort of stick you would imagine a funny man always carried, for the sake of society.

'Come, Snarry, don't mope. Why don't you tell me what 's the matter?" continued the jocund Jollit, finding that his challenge was not accepted. "I won't say anything about it, you know."

"I 'm afraid it is the heart," replied Snarry, in plaintive accents, with a suppressed and quivering sigh.

"What's the matter with your heart? Is it in the Highlands, or breaking for the love of Alice Gray?" inquired Mr. Joe Jollit.

Mr. Snarry shook his head, and looked up to the sky, whose floating glow spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright. Such was his inward quotation as he beheld it.

"Now, what are the odds I don't tell you which pack the card's in?" inquired Mr. Jollit. "I mean whereabouts your thoughts are. You are thinking about that little girl with the long black hair on the first floor."

"I am afraid that it is so," replied Mr. Snarry, with plaintive mournfulness. "Jollit—my friend—you will not betray me?"

"Never!" returned Mr. Joe, with dramatic energy. "Only—I say now, Snarry, don't make a fool of yourself."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Snarry, apparently hurt at the possibility of such an imputation.

"Oh, nothing; only those things get on so, somehow or another, especially first loves. Is she your first love?"

"I never cared in this manner for another," replied Mr. Snarry.

"I thought so," said Mr. Joe. "I've had twenty first loves, and know what it is. Let's rest here a little while."

They had arrived at the top of the cliff on which the tower is built, and now rested against the battlements. The view was pleasant, with its diversified prospect of hill and valley, land and river, and it harmonized with Mr. Snarry's feelings. He leant against a buttress, in the attitude of a border warden on the donjon-keep; whilst Mr. Joe Jollit, having shouldered his stick, and marched as a sentinel two or three times backwards and forwards, to an air from Blue Beard, threw a handful or two of fine gravel upon a party who were having tea, with shrimps, on the lawn below, and then crouch'd down behind the ramparts.

"I repeat," continued that facetious gentleman, "that you must mind what you are about."

"In which way?" asked Mr. Snarry, half angrily.

"So. A young gentleman meets a young lady that pleases him. Very well: you can't grumble at that. They neither think about marriage. I don't mean, you know, but what they're both very proper; but they don't think of anything at all. Only they appear to suit one another—their notions and ideas, perhaps, go the same way; and, in consequence, the gentleman dangles about after the lady whenever they meet. Perhaps, in her mind, the lady dangles about after the gentleman just as much, but never openly, because it's not correct."

"But what has all this to do with me, Joe?" asked Mr. Snarry.

"Well, that's what I'm coming to. This dangling goes on until the young lady herself, or most likely her friends, think it time to ask something about intentions; and then the young gentleman all of a sudden sees the folly of carrying these things too far. Now, don't you see the fix he places himself in? He has either made a fool of the girl, to say the least of it, or he is hooked, rather against his will, to marry, which is not altogether to his taste, although he was never so happy as when he was flirting with her."

The lecture was so unexpected from Mr. Jollit, that Mr. Snarry opened his eyes very wide in astonishment.

"I see you are surprised to hear me go on like this," said Mr.

Joe; "but I have got into several rows of this sort,—funny men *do* sometimes,—and so I like to warn people. Now, suppose this attachment of yours to Miss Scattergood comes to anything,—you have not much tin, and it seems she has none at all,—what would you do?"

"A cottage—" ejaculated Mr. Snarry.

"Oh, nonsense," interrupted Mr. Jollit; "that has all been found out long ago. Does she know you care for her?"

"I wished Mrs. Chicksand to hint at it," said Mr. Snarry; "and I sent her bouquets occasionally of geraniums and hot-house plants for her toilet-table."

"Try wall-flowers next time," said Jollit; "they go a great way for a small sum, like an Upper Clapton omnibus."

"But, Jollit," said Mr. Snarry imploringly, "this must remain locked in our bosoms."

"Chests, Snarry, if you please. Never lose a joke if you can help it. Locked in our chests is good. Oh, yes, of course; I shall not say a word about it. Only, if you must be a butterfly, take my advice, and never stay near one flower too long."

"I fear it is too deep," said Mr. Snarry, with another sigh. "The sun is going down over the spot she inhabits," he continued poetically, as he looked towards the transparent fog in the west, that indicated the locality of London.

"Yes, all right," answered Mr. Jollit; "and I think we will go down ourselves, for it is getting chilly. Hark!" he added, as the sound of music, expressing the pursuit of harmony under difficulties, rose from below, "the festivity commences. Now see me take the shine out of the company."

They descended to the ball-room, and Mr. Jollit was, if anything, richer than ordinary. But Mr. Snarry sat apart from the throng of revellers, as he termed them, and lost himself in meditation until the fireworks commenced, when he again joined his friend. But even then there was not a rocket burst, whose stars did not turn themselves into Clara Scattergood's eyes as they descended. And when he arrived at home, he sat at his window which looked upon Windmill Hill, and ruminated upon the object of his affections, lost to everything else,—even to the uncertain notes of a flute, which a gentleman in the house used to play in bed for an hour every night before he went to sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

Frederick arrives at the end of his journey.

It was bright morning when Freddy awoke again. Birds were singing around him; the dewdrops on the grass were sparkling like diamonds in the early sunbeams; the little perking squirrels were darting from one tree to another, now running along the branches, now just shewing their noses from the fork of a bough; and at various parts of the woodland, tall, undisturbed columns of smoke were rising above the foliage from the cottages. All the horrid creatures that had surrounded him in the gloomy night resumed their natural forms; and became once more simple trees in the cheerful daylight.

He was hungry—very hungry; but a draught of the clear water

from the little spring that bustled through the forest, was all he could procure for breakfast; and it served also for his toilet. And then he started off again, feeling somewhat bolder than he had done the night before, but still equally uncertain in which direction he should travel.

He passed two or three gentlemen's houses, where the closed windows showed that the inmates were not yet stirring; and at last came to a turnpike-road. A light-covered cart, filled with mats and turnery-ware was jogging along as he turned out of the by-lane. The driver was seated in front, singing a song of no very great poetical pretensions, to an air which any one may hear chorused, if he listens outside the tap-room window of a country public-house on Saturday nights, and he looked altogether so pleasant that Freddy ventured to ask him for a ride.

"To be sure," said the man; "I 'm sure you must be in a hurry, to get up so early. There," he continued, as he helped the little boy up from the step to the shaft, "sit down on this mat. Where are you going?"

"Just out there," answered Frederick, making an arc of about twenty miles with his finger, across the horizon.

"Well, you must have a good deal to do when you get there, I 'm thinking," replied the man; "if your connexion covers all that ground. You hav'n't even had time to get your shoes blacked—have you?"

Freddy began to shuffle about upon his seat, and looked very uncomfortable. The man could never be a Bow Street magistrate in disguise, that the company of Merchant Tailor's had sent after him!

"Now good boys always tell the truth," said the man; "and I 'm sure you 're a good boy, only you don't like your book. Isn't that it? Come, now; tell me what school you 've run away from."

Frederick felt there must certainly be some brand upon his forehead that proclaimed his desertion. He returned no answer, but got very frightened, and began to cry.

"I thought so," said the man. "There — never mind — I 'm not going to hurt you. Where do you want to be taken? I live at Brentwood."

The name of the place seemed to come upon the little boy as naturally as that of his own family. They had once lived in the neighbourhood.

"And who do you know at Brentwood?"

"The White Hart Inn," replied Frederick. He had some faint recollection that his father had business there on certain days.

The acquaintance was certainly a vague one; but it appeared to satisfy the man: for he asked no more questions, but struck up his song again, beating time with his old whip upon the back of the horse; and so they went on, until he came to a little public-house, where he got down whilst the horse baited; and when he came back brought Frederick an enormous lump of bread and cold bacon. He was a good-hearted man, and had got children of his own.

It was a long journey; and the driver appeared to be very popular on the road, for he stopped at every village to talk at the inns, and dispose of some of his things to the small shops; in fact, it took nearly all day. But at six in the evening they came near the town before spoken of.

A pleasant country-town is Brentwood; neat and clean, with glimpses of picturesque headlands, and fair green landscapes from the openings of its streets; and now and then a fine old gable, or venerable gothic window diversifying the less picturesque elevations of some rural architect. And there are few hostelries in England into which a traveller would sooner turn for entertainment for himself or animal than that of the White Hart, whose effigy looks placidly along the principle street from his lofty bracket, secured thereto by a costly gilt chain, which assuredly prevents him from jumping down and plunging into the leafy glades and coverts within view. And when you enter the great gate, there is a friendly look in the old carved gallery running above the yard, which speaks of comfort and hospitality; you think at once of quiet chambers; beds, into which you dive, and sink at least three feet down, from their very softness; with sweet, clean country furniture, redolent of lavender. The pantry, too, is a thing to see: not so much for the promise of refection which it discloses, as for its blue Dutch tiles, with landscapes thereon, where gentlemen of meditative minds, something between Quakers and British yeomen, are walking about in wonderful coats, or fishing in troubled waters; all looking as if they were very near connexions of the celebrated pedestrian, Christian, as he appeared in the old editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The man drove up to the inn, and putting Frederick down at the gate, gave him in charge to one of the waiters; then, telling him to be a good boy, and stay where he was, because he would be well taken care of, went away home.

Three or four years was a great space of time to the little boy, at his age; but he recollected the master of the inn, and when the waiter took him into a little snug parlour behind the bar, where the landlord was sitting, and left them together, he disburdened his mind to him of all his troubles, and felt almost at home again. And his confidence was even more restored when the worthy host, after he had listened to his narrative, and seen some of the bruises and weals still remaining from Gogsley's bullying, gave him a comfortable tea, and proceeded to ask several questions about his family, whilst Freddy sat with his legs up in a chair, buried in a huge old shooting-jacket, by way of dressing-gown, and his feet plunged into a pair of slippers, which had evidently been cut down from the shoes of some giant of the former ages, who suffered from corns.

"And so you want to go to Brabants — do you, Master Frederick?" said the host, when he had heard all the little boy had to say. "I dare say there is somebody there who will be very glad to see you. Ah! Miss Amy 's not married yet."

"Is Amy Grantham at home?" asked Freddy. "I like her."

"Oh, yes; she 's at home, and likely to be so. We used to think your brother, Mr. Vincent, was rather sweet there before he went to foreign parts. Well! I suppose it was all for the best: where is he?"

"I have not seen him for ever-so-long," replied Fred. "We have waited such a time for a letter from him."

"There 's the chaise," said the host, as it was heard beneath the window. "Now your shoes are cleaned, and your jacket brushed; put them on, and we shall be there in less than half-an-hour; and I 'll send a man to London early to-morrow, with a letter for father

and mother, to let them know you are safe; or they will be sadly frightened."

Freddy hastened to comply with the orders: and in another five minutes a rough, smart little pony was trotting briskly away with them towards the old house before alluded to.

CHAPTER XXI.

Vincent meets Amy Grantham, and gets into trouble thereby.

We left Vincent Scattergood on the river, rowing in Bolt's skiff with all the perseverance and labour that a desperate case called for —for desperate enough it appeared to him. At daybreak the tide turned, and a heavy current retarded his progress, but he still kept manfully on, and the morning had not far advanced when he came alongside one of the landing-places at Gray's Thurrock.

He lingered in the town until the afternoon at one of the water-side inns, not caring to set off again upon his errand until late in the day. But as soon as the sun began to decline he quitted the town, and striking at once into the country, walked on at a smart pace, and soon left the Thames and its banks behind him.

It was a calm and soft spring evening, soothing and tranquil, redolent, too, with every sweet odour that the young earth gave forth from the blossoms of the heavily-laden lilacs, drooping with luxuriance over the road-side path, to the humblest hedge-flower that peeped between the budding hawthorn with its new bright leaves, to do homage to the pleasant season. And nature herself was still, reposing in the warm glow of western light, that streamed in a glorious and golden flood over the fresh ground, showered with sparkling daisies and yellow buttercups, which rose from the earth to greet it. The very foliage of the trees appeared to be dozing in its warmth, except the young spring-leaves, which still trembled and twinkled on their light branches in the declining sunbeams.

A different scene indeed it was to what he had lately been accustomed to: the flaring poisonous gas, the teeming atmosphere, the pallid, strained, and artificial life that struggled therein for its scantiest means of being,—where every sympathy was deceit, and every smile was purchased. And when he had proceeded farther on his journey, and come to a portion of the country that he knew well, there was not a green knoll of ground, or tree, or even hedge-row, which did not appear, in its mute expression, to give him welcome, —which did not testify that its fresh verdure was meant as much for him as for the highest and mightiest in the land.

As he walked onward, the hour sounded from the ivied church-tower of one of the adjoining villages. It came upon him like the voice of an old friend, or some long-forgotten melody, that had only been connected with the brightest associations; and its solemn tones, in the evening quietude, bore with it a thousand thoughts of old times and bygone happiness condensed into one thrilling sound. It fell upon his heart in homely unison with chords that had long remained untouched; it read a lesson of time misspent, and opportunity neglected; of venial errors, now magnified into crimes by the contrast of the repose and purity around him. But it brought with it a return of natural feelings to which he had long been a stranger. His eyes glistened, and the beating of his heart quickened, until

giving way to the soft but impressive influence of nature, he burst into tears.

The sun went down, the twilight crept over the landscape, and it was nearly dark when he had passed through the last village on his route; but at length he saw the twisted chimneys of Brabants—for thither was he bound—rising above the grove that surrounded the house. As he paused for an instant, leaning against one of the field-gates, a strange agitation and incertitude took possession of him. A mixture of desperation and timidity which he had never before experienced.

"Now, guv'nor, what are you looking for there?" cried a voice, which startled him from its proximity."

"Nothing," replied Vincent to a countryman who was standing on the other side of the hedge.

"Well, we don't sell it," returned the man; "so you 'd best move somewhere else."

Vincent looked towards the speaker, and appeared to recognise him.

"Chandler! Don't you know me?"

"What! Mr. Scattergood!" exclaimed the man, after regarding him doubtfully for a few seconds. "Dear! dear! who 'd ever a thought of seeing you; well, if I ever!"

A brief conversation passed between them, principally, however, relating to Mr. Grantham and Amy—the latter especially. Vincent learned all he was anxious to know, and then begging the other not to mention that he had seen him, entered one of the pathways that traversed the grove; and there waited for the next two hours, never once taking his eyes from the house.

Lights appeared in the various windows, and shadows moved backwards and forwards on the library-blinds in giant profiles, in one of which he thought he could trace the outline of the only being on earth respecting whom his sentiments appeared unchanged after the various scenes of dissipation and recklessness which had unceasingly followed one another for the last few years of his life. And then, as the hours wore on, the lights disappeared, or gleamed from the upper windows—one, in particular, he knew was Amy's chamber, — until the solitary illumination in the library was all that remained. Vincent recollected when he knew the family formerly, that Mr. Grantham was in the habit of sitting up to read long after the rest of the household had retired to bed; and he did not appear to have altered this habit.

Leaving his lurking-place, he crossed the lawn; and was approaching the house, when a large dog confined near the porch commenced barking furiously, and threatened to attack him should the chain break, by which, in his exertions to get at Vincent, he was even now dragging his kennel after him.

"Down — down! Hector!" cried Vincent, calling to mind the name of the animal. "Poor fellow, then!—lie down!"

But the dog had forgotten his voice, whilst he redoubled his barking, and efforts to get loose. Vincent hurried towards the window, and as he got there Mr. Grantham, alarmed at the unusual noise, drew back the blind. They met face to face.

An exclamation of alarm burst from the master of the house as he caught sight of the unexpected visitor. He retreated quickly towards

the fire-place, and seizing a pistol from above the mantelpiece, presented it at Vincent, inquiring loudly what he wanted?"

Vincent threw up his hand as an indication for the other to arrest any further proceeding, and motioned Mr. Grantham to open the window. He appeared to hesitate a few seconds, and then mistrustfully pulled back the heavy casement.

"In God's name, who are you?" he inquired; "and what is your purpose here?"

"I do not wonder at not being recognised by you," answered Vincent; "it is some time since we met, and I have seen much trouble in that period." And, heedless of Mr. Grantham's involuntarily raising the pistol, he stepped over the low sill of the window into the library, flinging his hat carelessly upon the floor.

"Do you know me now, sir?" he inquired.

"Vincent Scattergood!" exclaimed Grantham, as he recognised the intruder. "What fresh career of vice has brought you to this condition?"

"It would be too long a story to tell you now," replied the other; "beyond that, perhaps, you have unwittingly borne a share in its furtherance. I am here to serve, not to annoy you. In a word, there is an attack contemplated this evening upon the house by pr fessed London thieves; and I have come to warn you of it."

"A robbery!" ejaculated Mr. Grantham; "and how did *you* come to know of it?"

"That is my own secret," returned Vincent; "it is enough at present for you to know that such is the case. You can now do as you think proper to counteract it; and for that end I am at your service. But you have little time to spare."

"I have no people in the house beyond my daughter, and some females," replied the other. "Your brother is a mere child."

"My brother? What do you mean?" asked Vincent, in astonishment.

"The little boy, Frederick; he was driven over here this evening from Brentwood; having run away from school, he was afraid to go home. Have you not heard of it?"

"I was not aware that my family were in England. I thought they were at Boulogne."

"They are in London," answered Grantham; "is it possible you were not aware of this?"

Vincent returned no answer. His brow was knit, and his teeth clenched upon his lip, whilst his loud and hurried breathing betrayed his mental suffering. His family, then, were in London; they had been thus possibly some time, and he was not aware of it.

"And where is Frederick?" he at length asked anxiously.

"He is gone to bed," replied Grantham: "he appears to have been out all last night. You shall see him, and learn all to-morrow; at present I will seek no further explanation from you of all this mystery. What must be done?"

"True—true," answered Vincent, recovering himself by an effort. "I had forgotten, for the news was unexpected. Close the window, and the shutters; let all appear as still as death."

"It is a starlight night," said Grantham, "and we can see them come from the hall windows. At any rate Hector will warn us of their approach."

They left the library, and went into the gallery which surrounded the hall, taking the pistols with them from the chimney-piece. Nor did it appear that they were much too soon on the watch, for a loud growl from the dog in front of the house, which soon broke into an angry bark, betokened the proximity of strangers.

There was light enough to see any object on the lawn, out of the shadow of the belt of trees; but no one appeared, although the dog kept barking unceasingly.

"They have a suspicion that all is not right," whispered Grantham; "they will not proceed further."

"Hush! what is that?" asked Vincent hurriedly. "There is a noise in the house."

And indeed a low, grating sound, as of a fine saw stealthily at work, was plainly audible, although not in the direction they had expected. It sounded from the interior of the building; and it was evident they had obtained access by some of the offices.

"They will come through that door," said Vincent, pointing to the body of the hall. "Now or never is the time."

He crept stealthily down, followed by Grantham, and they placed themselves in the shadow of the deep chimney-piece. The next minute they heard footsteps, as of men in heavy shoes trying to walk lightly, and indistinct whispers; and then the door opened.

As the first of the gang appeared, Mr. Grantham discharged his pistol full against him. The fellow gave a leap, and then fell down across the doorway; whilst the remainder of the party, three in number, rushed at once into the hall, bearing a lantern with them.

In a second Vincent recognised Bolt, and sprung upon him. Driving him into a corner of the hall, he threw him down, and then said rapidly,

"It is all blown—get off as soon as you can, or you will be taken. Do not lose an instant."

The individual attacked stared at Vincent for an instant in stupified surprise. But he had perception enough to see how affairs stood; and, as soon as he was permitted to rise, he seized the light, and darted away through the door, whilst Vincent returned to the assistance of Mr. Grantham, whose second pistol had missed fire, and who was now carrying on an unequal contest with the other two. They were the men whom Vincent had seen the night before at the public house on the river.

The noise had aroused the inmates of the house; and one of the servants, whose room was adjacent to the gallery of the hall, having rushed thither in her fright, seized the rope of the alarm-bell, which hung in a turret on the roof, and began to pull it violently, that one or two of the male domestics who slept over the stabling might be summoned.

But at this minute a volume of smoke poured into the hall, through the open door, followed by a strong smell of fire; and scarcely were Vincent and Mr. Grantham aware of it, in their struggles to prevent the other men from escaping, ere a fierce glare of light burst upon the opposite wainscoat, accompanied by the loud crackling noise attendant upon the combustion of dry wood-work. There could be no mistake in its portent — the house was on fire! Bolt had kindled the flame as he departed, with the idea of rescuing his companions in the confusion that must necessarily ensue.

And he succeeded in his object. The instant Mr. Grantham became aware of the fact, he left the men, and rushed with Vincent to the spot. The light had been hastily applied to a closet of firewood under the staircase; and, from the dry, almost rotting nature of the framework, it was already in a blaze.

"It is the staircase!" cried the master of Brabants, in agony "and my daughter's room is at the top! She is lost!"

But he had scarcely spoken ere Vincent had bounded through the flames, and gained the landing. Breaking in the door with one blow of his foot, he found Miss Grantham hurriedly throwing on her attire, and preparing to leave the room, already alarmed by the noise. She screamed with terror as Vincent entered, and retreated to the end of the room; but he caught her in his arms without exchanging a word, and again flew down the blazing staircase. It was not the work of a minute—another instant, and it would have been too late.

The bell had alarmed the people of the farm, and they now began to collect rapidly about the house. The servants too assembled, screaming, in the hall, and running terrified in all directions; and amongst them was little Scattergood, whom the housekeeper was dragging along in her hand. Scared and frightened as he was, he directly knew his brother, and ran to him, calling him by his name, as he clung to him for protection.

Mr. Grantham had received his daughter from the hands of Vincent; but, as she heard his name pronounced, she started from her father, and flew towards him, bursting into tears as he caught her in his arms.

"My dearest Amy!" he exclaimed. "We have then met again."

For an instant, heedless of the fire, and noise, and the confusion around him, Mr. Grantham stared in astonishment at the greeting. And then the truth burst upon him: his daughter loved, and was beloved by Vincent Scattergood—the penniless outcast, to whom he had in former times, when he just suspected it, forbidden his house. The dissipated reprobate, then,—the confederate of burglars,—was the obstacle to his plans of aggrandizement. In one moment his family pride crushed every other feeling,—gratitude and justice were alike forgotten,—and he directed two of the men who had assembled to seize Vincent as one of the robbers, whilst he grasped his daughter's arms with iron nerve, and drew her to his side.

The majority of the people had formed a chain from the lake to the house, and were rapidly passing buckets of water from one to the other; but a few were in the hall, and two of these laid hold of Vincent. Frederick, bewildered with the scene, but yet perceiving that his brother was in trouble, to whom he had always been much attached, wrung his hands in agony, as he clung still closer to him, and implored him to speak to him.

Pale as death, and faint with agitation, Amy seized her father's hand, and exclaimed hurriedly,

"For heaven's sake, my father, what are you about to do? Reflect, I implore you,—if you have one thought left for my happiness. I will answer for his innocence. I would, if all the world were against him."

"Miss Grantham," replied her father severely, "in this case your interference is not called for. His innocence or guilt will be a question to be decided upon elsewhere."

THE WHIMS OF A WATER-DRINKER.

BY HAL WILLIS.

SHAKSPEARE was a great man, a jewel of the first *water*. That is a proposition which, we think, cannot be denied.

That his works will float on the *current* of time, until "time shall be no more," and the unalloyed coin of his brain's mintage be the current coin in all the realms where wit, imagination, and humour, hold their light and pleasant *reigns*, refreshing as summer-showers, is a concurrent position, as maintainable as the first.

And although he asserts "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, may lead on to fortune," we humbly contend that there is a tide, which even, taken "after the flood," may also tend to the same consequences.

Another poet, of some mark too, Anacreon, has naughtily indulged in the praise of imbibing fermented liquors. His numbers are certainly smooth and spirited; but we cannot conscientiously admire his *spirit*, and must despise his eternal *wine, wine, wine*, from beginning to end.

There is a gentleman now living, (and long may he live and see his errors!) one Leigh Hunt, a poet and essayist of the first order, who has written a shocking song, commencing,

> "Away with all water wherever I come,
> I forbid it you, gentlemen, all and some," &c.

a sin for which we can scarcely in our hearts forgive him — *it is so* SPIRIT-*stirring!*

He who draws such copious buckets from the "WELL of English undefiled" should not have so committed himself. The only penance we can suggest is, that he should take the pledge, purchase the *medal* of Father Mathew, and *meddle* no more with matters of such moment to the community.

Seriously we do believe that any man who abuses his talents by catering to the unhealthy appetite of wine-bibbers, dram-drinkers, and toss-pots, should be confined to a hydrostatic bed, and fed upon water-cresses during a whole month (the rainy month of April); and if then found incorrigible, whipped at the tail of a water-cart, with a cat-o'-nine-tails made of *watered* silk ribands! A study of Claridge's book, or a description of Vincent Priessnitz's process, or any other *water-works*, for a fortnight would inevitably restore him to society with water, instead of wine, upon his brain; and he would then rival Taylor, the *water*-poet, in his future productions!

We regard all men who insanely indulge in spirituous or vinous, in preference to aqueous potations, as so many human "Macintoshes,"—pertinaciously resisting water!

But, let the world blindly imagine what they will, water, like light, will make its way. It is no mere bubble of the day, but a mighty river. The proud navy of England is, and has ever been supported by it alone! and it will ultimately make its way into high places; as once upon a time it actually did penetrate into Westminster Hall, when the lawyers were much disconcerted, and had some idea of indicting the Thames for a nuisance; but before the legal gentlemen had time to draw up an indictment the intrusive element was *bailed* out, and they declined to follow it up!

O! Jupiter Pluvius! long may'st thou reign! and may'st thou ultimately become the *rain-beau* of hope to the teetotallers!

A FASHIONABLE GAMING-HOUSE.

CONFESSIONS OF A CROUPIER.

"Jacta est alea."

[The recent attack by the police upon the numerous Gaming-houses at the West End of the Town will give additional interest to the following Narrative from an eye-witness of what he relates. It presents us with an interior of one of the best-frequented and most fashionable of these Temples of dissipation.—EDITOR.]

MAN is a gaming animal; Nimrod began to be a "mighty one on the earth" by venturing on the hazards of hunting and war. The revolutions of empires from his day to that of Napoleon, a period of some forty centuries, have been nothing but mighty games of chance, in which the destinies of nations were staked by Kings and Emperors. Less sanguinary, but scarcely less costly temptings of the vicissitudes of fortune, appear to have existed from the remotest antiquity; representations of gambling are frequent among the pictorial records of Egypt, and dice of gigantic size have been found in the sepulchres of Etruria. As civilization has advanced, the die has been improved: its object being to facilitate exchanges, and increase the circulation of the currency, it has been rendered more portable, more capricious, and more convenient. Our modern dice have discarded the coarseness and clumsiness of their Etruscan predecessors; they are of fairest ivory, measured with scrupulous exactness, and duly marked with the royal stamp at Somerset House. Their votaries give them the name of "Lambs," perhaps on the same principle that the notorious Colonel Kirke gave that name to the most sanguinary of his followers; like Kirke's lambs, they are found occasionally to turn "Destructives," and to prove as bitter enemies to their masters, on a change of fortune, as Kirke and his followers did to James II. under similar circumstances. But, in addition to the legitimate combatants on "the board of green cloth," there exists a spurious, predatory race, resembling rather the Indian Thugs than regular soldiers; they are called "Despatches," because, like the Thugs, they make short work with their victims, and despise the tedious courtesies of honourable war. Some of these are unequal, others are loaded, that is, they have one side made heavier than the other, in order to give it preponderance. Nor are these the only aids to marauders; even the boxes are so constructed as to act as fraudulent auxiliaries. These are tremendous odds for a novice to contend against; but, palpable as they seem, they are inferior in power to a still more ruinous agency in the *modus operandi*, which will hereafter be explained.

The laws of French Hazard may be found in any common book of games, and its chances have been calculated by the most distinguished mathematicians of modern times. But there is "a vigour beyond the law," which deserves to be chronicled, and there is a sad certainty assigned to the chances, which needs not any demonstration of the calculus. Whatever may be the vicissitudes of fortune, the end of the course is fixed as fate,—the final and unerring result is marked with blighted fame, disappointed hope, ruined prospects, a broken heart, and an early grave!

Few were richer in Nature's best boons than the gifted author of

Lacon, whose chapel, erected over wine-vaults,* might have well typified a mind in which noble sentiment mixed in degrading alliance with the elements of the coarser vices. He was the *genius loci* of Frescati's, and the Palais Royal; Fortune frequently smiled upon him, and he might have retired upon a handsome competency, could he have mustered resolution to bid farewell to fatal hazard. But, who can play and be wise? Reverses came upon him in rapid succession at a time when he was weakened by physical suffering; the dreary prospect of approaching winter, with broken fortunes, in a foreign land, proved too much for him; his mind gave way, and his career terminated in suicide!

But, instead of attempting to enumerate the multitudes whom gambling has brought to a premature grave in Paris, I shall rather endeavour to explain what it is "to stand the hazard of the die" in England.

The —— gaming-house, —— Street, some years ago, was kept by three well-known individuals. After passing through two lobbies, you entered the play-room, which formed a *coup d'œil* of no ordinary attraction. It was a large room, richly carpeted. Two rich and massive chandeliers suspended from the ceiling showed the dazzling gilt and colour of the empanelled walls; from which, at alternate distances, extended elegant mirror-branches, with lights. The chimney-piece was furnished with a plate of glass, which reached the ceiling, the sides were concealed by falling drapery of crimson and gold, and supported by two gilt full-length figures bearing lights. At the opposite end were placed two beaufets, furnished with costly plate, glass, &c. In the middle was fixed the hazard-table, of a long oval form, having an adumbrated lamp hanging over the centre. To the right stood the *rouge et noir* and *roulette* tables, idly placed, "to make up a show." Not so that to the left, for there stood the supper-table. This was laid out with viands worthy the contemplation of an epicure, on whitest damask, in costly china, and in forms delicate and *recherché*. Everything which might court the most fastidious taste was there spread in luxuriant profusion; game, poultry, ham, tongue, not forgetting the substantial sirloin; lobster-salads, oysters, *en outre les petites misères;* confectionery and preserves; creams, jellies, and pine-apples. Silver candelabra lighted each end of this long and well-supplied table, while the middle was reserved for the display of one of still greater magnificence, said to have been designed and executed for his Royal Highness the late Duke of ——. It was composed of a large figure of Hercules contending with the hydra with seven heads. This gorgeous piece of plate supported seven wax-lights. Iolaus (who assisted Hercules) was also represented bearing the lighted brand wherewith to staunch the blood, lest another head should spring from the wound. This is much; but when to this is added,

"Something still which prompts the eternal sigh!"

* It was on observing Colton's cellars under a chapel, that Theodore Hook wrote these lines:—

"There's a spirit above, and a spirit below;
A spirit of joy, and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is a spirit divine;
But the spirit below is the spirit of—wine."

One Thousand Sovereigns! a shining golden heap! and Ten Thousand Pounds in notes! the reader may imagine the scene which every evening met the eye. Yes, every evening, into a silver vase, which stood on the hazard-table, were emptied ten bags, each containing one hundred sovereigns!

On some evenings, there would, perhaps, be no play, and insufferably tedious would have been the hours from eleven till three but for the relief afforded by some tragi-comic incident. The London season was about to open; the first Newmarket spring meeting had just closed, and Tattersall's, consequently, exhibited a slight gathering. The members of Crockford's as yet presented but a meagre attendance; the Opera-bills announced attractive novelties, and the minor theatres promised their many marvels. In fact, the busy, bustling hive of human interests was on the move. The dormant began to stir, the watchful to speculate; the beauty to take her promenade in the yet pale sunshine; the invalid to snatch his walk at the meridian hour; the gambler to devise his means of expense, and the banker-hell-keeper how to frustrate them.

It was one evening, about this period, that a party entered to try the fortune of an hour. The result of the evening's play was against the bank. One of the visitors won five hundred pounds, which, for a whim, he took away in gold. He tied the sovereigns up in a white pocket-handkerchief, threw them over his shoulder, and in that manner walked up St. James's Street. From that night, the same party continued to visit us, and with occasional droppers-in of ex-colonels, majors, captains, &c., we generally made up a table. What! enter again! after having won five hundred pounds! "Oh! infatuated man!" I think I hear the reader exclaim. Yes; for, of all things unfathomable and absorbing, there is nothing so unfathomably deep as the desires of the human heart, when stimulated by the excitement of speculation.

For some weeks the play had been constant, and as the season advanced the company increased, and the money began to return to the bank. Sometimes play began late, perhaps not till after one.

Among our very constant visitors was a gallant captain. He came early, and was good to lose a hundred pounds, and satisfied to win fifty. His entrance was always met by a ready welcome.

"Here comes the gallant captain! How are you, captain?"

"Hearty, thank ye!" he replied. "I say, how was it that my cheque was not paid this morning?"

"Not paid, captain! you are joking, captain!"

"Joking!" replied the captain. "No, I'll be d—d if it is a joke!"

The captain on the previous evening having won, had put up his counters, and wished for a fifty-pound note.

"Certainly," said one of the triumvirs, looking into the box. "A fifty did you say, captain? I am sorry to say I have not got a fifty. Make it a hundred, captain. You will soon do it if you put it down a little spicy."

"No," rejoined the captain. "I don't want to play any more, for I must leave town early to-morrow morning."

"Well; but what is to be done?" said the manager. Then, call-

ing to his partner, he inquired if he had got a fifty-pound note for Captain ——.

"No, I have not; but I will write a cheque for him; that will be all the same."

Away went the captain, as light-hearted as a cricket, to sleep away the few remaining hours that intervened before another day wakes us all to our divers duties. Who has not noticed the punctuality of the bankers' clerks wending their way to their daily toil. Not quite so early as these, yet not much later, did the captain doff his night-gear; then made his appearance at the banker's, nothing doubting. He presents "the bit o' writin'. Two twenties and ten in gold." The clerk puts forward his attenuated fingers, examines it; a pause ensues. How can it be? The date is right, and the autograph genuine; but there is no order to pay it.

"No order to pay it?" echoed the captain, much annoyed.

Between ourselves, the private mark was wanting; which was, perhaps, a pin-hole, or not a pin-hole.

On the evening I have referred to, he received counters for this cheque, and was already deep in the game, when the *chef* made his appearance. The above *ruse* was frequently resorted to.

It is customary to lend money to parties on cheque or otherwise, if the applicants are considered safe. One of the visitors, who was passionately addicted to play and the turf, having lost his ready money, borrowed three hundred pounds in counters, and, having lost these also, gave a cheque for the amount; but with this condition, that it should not be sent in to his banker's in the country for some few days. No sooner, however, was his back turned than an *employé* was instructed to start off very early the following morning, to get the cheque cashed; the date, which was left open, being first clapped in. The cheque was paid; and two or three nights afterwards the young gentleman came for an explanation of the circumstance, and to remonstrate. The poor *employé*, as usual, was made the scape-goat, and was roundly abused for his stupidity in not understanding that he was particularly ordered not to present it till further notice.

It was the practice also to present post-dated cheques which had been refused payment, and even to sue on them. Sometimes, after an evening's play, a gentleman would find himself a winner of a couple of hundred pounds, when all but folding up the notes, and preparing to go, he would find, to his mortification, a small account against him of perhaps seventy or eighty pounds. "Eighty pounds! impossible! There must be some mistake." Expostulation was vain. "It is down in the book. It is perfectly correct, you may rest assured. I pledge you my honour of this."

Sometimes it happened that a gentleman would borrow one hundred pounds, of course, in counters, on a cheque, or a short bill. Perhaps he might win thirty or forty pounds, in which case the one hundred pounds in counters would be taken from him, and his cheque returned, and he would be left to do his best with the small capital remaining to him, with the privilege of renewing the transaction, should he lose it. Counters so borrowed were not allowed to be lent to a friend.

Nevertheless, it may seem not a bad "hedge," technically speak-

ing, to have the opportunity of borrowing hundred after hundred, as some parties would do, till a hand came off. I have known persons to come in without a penny, and declare the caster in or out ten pounds, and losing the bet, would ask for a hundred pounds, would receive it, and lose it, and receive in the same way to the amount of six or seven hundred pounds, and then would declare that they would not pay one farthing unless accommodated with another hundred. I have known a man of high rank lose to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds on account, which, under the circumstances, his lordship had more sense than to pay. But, for the bold style, I will quote a city wine-merchant. Having lost his cash, he requested a hundred pounds, which he received; he then asked for another, which he also received. He demanded another! After a few words, and a reference to a friend then at the table, this, too, was given to him, and a cheque for three hundred pounds was received for the advance made. It so happened, that the third hundred was lost also. He then peremptorily demanded more, and upon being refused, he requested to see the cheque, disputing the amount, which being handed to him, he immediately tore it to pieces, and left the room.

Our table was now always full, and the play would continue till five or six in the morning, sometimes, indeed, to nine or ten, not even excepting Sundays. Not surer is the pigeon to the hawk, or the hare to the hound, than is the prey when man is to be offered up at the shrine of Mammon. This is illustrated in the *modus operandi* by which a gallant son of Mars lost one thousand three hundred pounds. Suppose the caster to choose five for the main; he takes up the dice, puts only one in the box, and secures the other between his three fingers and the side of the box, keeping the five uppermost, and landing it at the same time that he throws out the other which he put into the box. The number consequently thrown must always exceed five. The number of the die landed from the box must, of course, be left to chance; but that is quite immaterial, as the lowest digit thrown, added to the five secured, must exceed the main. Suppose the die thrown out of the box comes up a deuce the first throw, in that case the caster has to throw seven, which he can always do with certainty by securing a cinq or a six uppermost; if a five, he wants the deuce; if a six uppermost, he wants the ace, and he throws till one or the other comes up. And all this is capable of being done with wonderful adroitness. Should the victim selected have a friend rather more curious than credulous, his attention is taken off by some casual observation, such as the comparative strength of political parties, the charms of a favourite actress, the beauty of some piece of *virtù*, a glass of champagne, or a cigar, according to the fertile suggestions of the wily *chef*.

Another mode of operation, equally efficacious, is, by having one die secured in the bend of the little finger; and instead of throwing the other die out, simply inverting the box, and sliding the secured die down the side, and when the box is raised, the dice appear together as though the box had covered both. This manner is very effective; but, for a series of throws, is not so plausible as the other. By such confederacy many a princely fortune has been amassed; for the deuce-ace, and the trifling advantage of the odds on doublets, &c., would scarcely be worthy consideration in the amount.

Through the various aspects presented by the game, the alternations of hope and disappointment were often strongly felt, and as strongly expressed; curses, both loud and deep were mingled with the laugh of triumph. Among my many reminiscences of such scenes, I can never forget one unfortunate individual. He had been playing some hours, evidently under unusual excitement. His party had all gradually quitted the place, and he took the box alone; he had it all in his own hands, and in his own way. Not a main could he throw; every time I called the unfortunate result I was the object of his bitterest invective and malediction; but, although I felt annoyed at this conduct, I heartily pitied him. All his efforts were useless; the capricious goddess was inexorable, and he threw out with his last heavy stake, and burst into an agony of tears. He was a tall, good-looking, prepossessing young man, and I may truly say that I never witnessed an occurrence more painful and humiliating. That which but a moment before had been his own, and still lay before him, was gone—as irretrievably lost to him as though it had sunk to the bottom of the fathomless ocean! To add to the poignancy of his distress, the following morning was settling-day for the Derby, and he was minus some hundreds. With the scalding tears upon his cheeks, he begged and implored for the loan of one hundred pounds, in order to be able to make at least some show of honour. It was refused him. Whether the request was ultimately complied with in whole or in part is not known to me; but not long afterwards he became insane! And where are now his friends, his compeers of a season? Some have taken the benefit of the Insolvent Court; some have passed through a fiercer ordeal; others, with minimized capitals, have become the frequenters of minor hells; all with deteriorated fortunes and reputation.

It may be thought, that a gentleman who has lost above a thousand pounds in a gaming-house may have the right of *entrée* by prescription. Nothing is more unlike the fact. From the height of his prosperity to its declension, every occultation in his course is noted with the nicest observation; for instance, playing for lower stakes, a more febrile excitement when losing, occasionally borrowing of a friend, a cheque not punctually paid, and, finally, a small sum borrowed of the bank, to enable him to take up a bill under a very pressing emergency. These are the little circumstances which lead to his ultimate exclusion. On some fine evening during the ensuing season he calls, thinking to be admitted as heretofore; but he is stopped at the first door with the ready excuse, that "there is nothing doing." On the next call, he is told that "there is no play going on."

"No play? So you said the last time I called; and I have since understood from a friend that there was play. Let me in; I want to see the manager."

"He is not in, sir."

"Oh, very well, then, I shall take some other opportunity of seeing him."

When he does see the *chef*, the latter expresses most sincere regret at the occurrence, and makes a most specious promise to have the interdict removed. Thus assured, who now is to oppose his entrance? Not the porter, surely! Yes; the very same person still insists that the great man is not within; that he knows nothing about

the explanation given, and therefore cannot admit him. Thus repulsed, the applicant murmurs a threat about not paying, and thus ends the matter.

What is here stated must be understood as applying to commoners; for a peer, however poor, can always be turned to some account. The high-sounding title, oft repeated, is not without its influence on the wealthier plain "Misters" of the company; and the loan of a few counters will convert him into a bonnet,* without his being aware of the equivocal personification. A peer, yet peerless, was that prime mover of fun and frolic, Lord ——, radiant with mirth and mischief, and, like young Phaeton, not to be diverted from his course by the adventitious firing of a puny world! How would he sally forth when from his deep somnolency he would awake! he and his inseparable boon-companion, to pursue their cat-and-pig-shooting diversion, to the great fear and perturbation of old women and children! What a contrast to the noble lord was a certain field-officer, who with maiden modesty would walk in, take his seat, tell out his gold, wait his turn, then methodically make his set, and call the main! For a quiet competitor, who could match with Mr. Placid? With what nonchalance would he throw his hand, and with what almost luxuriant indolence win or lose his money!

Of a countenance as joyous and *riant*, but more boisterous in his mirth, was Major ——. With what a *gusto* would he call the main! And then his laughter, how rich, how explosive of good-humour! "a pleasing sorcery that would charm pain for a while!" Thinking of him, I abjure all gravity as sinister and impertinent.

But, then, again, C——, Esq., not "Justinian,"—him I mean in white cravat, with Quaker-mien, but in garb more puritan, — what hast thou to do with such profane mysteries? Who would deem thee one of the initiated? "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not" anywhere. Have I not witnessed thee doing violence to thy decent seeming, joining in bacchanalian orgies, and with Circean glee

"Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,
Except by beggars and thieves unhung?"

Conspicuous among the *élite*, with smile of cherub on his lip, was handsome Tom——*le bien-aimé*,—everybody's pet. What were his achievements at that time I do not recollect; but we know that the public has not lost by him.

Amongst the galaxy not to be found at any other table out of Crockford's, were to be seen walking stately in, like Castor and Pollux, or (forgive the perpetration) rather like two Castors, sharing their immortality, Count —— and the Earl of ——,

"Of honourable reckoning are ye both."

To say the noble count was handsome is but speaking in degree, and would convey but a very inadequate idea of personal pretensions of the very first order. The contour of his features, taken separately, and of his entire face, is perfectly Grecian, more perfect than I have ever witnessed: no one feature at variance with another, as is so frequently observed in living models. The complexion, too, was of

* Bonnet, a name given to a person who plays as a decoy.

unusual richness; there was no turgid excrescence, no corrugation. With a good forehead, dark hair, and tall stature, the *tout ensemble* was as agreeable as it was imposing.

Having given preference to the noble count, as due to a stranger, let it not be understood as want of deference to the noble earl, whose urbanity and condescension have won "golden opinions" of all who know him. The *suaviter in modo* is peculiarly his, and to serve him implies less a duty than a delight.

With slow and measured step, a noble Viscount glides in, and takes his seat among the hopeful. Sir V..... —— stands meanwhile proudly eminent,

> "And care
> Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
> Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,
> Waiting revenge."

Now expect nothing less than the utmost rigour of the game,—no subterfuge,—no compromise,—no quarter. In himself a host, his presence inspires confidence and security, his play boldness, and his knowledge of the game protection. All is silent: attention holds them mute.

"What's the main to be?" asks the baronet.

"I'll tell you directly," replies his lordship.

"I know you're a slow coach," rejoins the other.

"The main is seven," calls his lordship, after having thrown a few times outside the ring.

"Seven is the main," again is called by the croupier.

"The caster's out, five pounds!" exclaims a treble voice, from an adjoining room, adapted to temporary purposes. "Five to seven." Three to two against the caster. "Seven! The caster's out!"

A handsome Count next takes the box, and calls "Sev-ven."

"Seven is the main," again calls the croupier.

"The caster's out, five pounds!" again exclaims the treble voice. "Four to seven—two to one against the caster."

"I'll take on doublets," says one of the triumvirs.

"Five pounds on deuces," says the count, throwing down a five-pound counter.

"And I'll go another with you for luck," observes the baronet, throwing one down also. "Throw 'em gently. One at a time, and you'll do it for a certainty. That's it—no. D—n those cinqs! how often they've come up!"

"Trays—by heaven I'm on 'em!" exclaims another voice.

"Is this your money, sir?"

"Yes," replied Captain ——.

"Keep 'em full?"

"No."

Cinq deuce. The caster's out!

The baronet, taking the box, calls for dice, and having made his choice and his set, calls "Five!" for the main. And five he throws, with tray deuce.

"A nick, by Jove! and I'm on it," again exclaims the Captain. Five is still called, and again the baronet throws it, and continues to throw in, to the discomfiture and dismay of out-backers. "Four to five, haven't I?"

"Yes. Sir V——, you want the four."

"There 's five pounds on deuces, and the same on trays and quatres." (Trays are thrown.) "There they are! Book up, and keep 'em full. Five pounds on aces, and five pounds on sizes." (Quatres are thrown.) "Quatres! There they are! Keep 'em full."

"He 'll do it with tray ace, I think," says one whose thought is begotten of the wish.

"No, I shall do it with deuces, if I do it at all." (He dribbles one die out an ace.) "Keep your rake out of the way, you sir." (Then throwing the other die the full length of the table, up it comes a quatre and the caster is proclaimed out.) "D—n the confounded dice!" throwing the box at one of the lamps, "that made a difference of full two hundred pounds to me. I was afraid of it. It was all through overloading the coach! As soon as I saw that d—d ace come up, I wouldn't have given a fig for my chance. Here, give me five hundred pound-notes for these things," putting up the counters.

"Well," observes the Count, "you have not done so badly, after all. "It is enough to make a tour to Rome and back."

This is by no means a solitary instance of the mortifying results to which the baronet in question has been subjected. One evening when the bank was broken, he won three thousand pounds! and, what is of nearly as primary importance, he took it all away with him. About an hour afterwards, some of the establishment were sitting in casual talk, when in came the baronet, and, walking to the supper-table, he took up a piece of bread.

"What is it, Sir V——? Do you want a light for your cigar?"

"No; I only wanted to put a piece of bread into my mouth, to take the taste of the cigar out of it."

He was therefore quitting the room, and had already the door in his hand, when the *chef* proposed to play him a match for one thousand pounds. The baronet declined. He then offered him five pounds to play, and that, if he liked, P. should take the box along with them.

"No. I will, if you 'll give me a pony,"* said Sir V——.

After a good deal of demurring, during which he again quitted the room, but was called back, the match was eventually made, and down they sat to it *tête-à-tête*. It was to be money against money, and no counters. They were soon warm in the enthusiasm of the game, divested of coat and neckerchief, their hats on the table full of bank-notes and gold. By twelve o'clock in the day—oh, dire vicissitude! —not one penny of the gathered heap, not a beggar's dole was left to him!

"With the year seasons return," and with the seasons thriving blacklegs and broken gamblers. With these latter it was that "our governor" said it was his greatest aversion to meet. To obtain a succession of new victims, it was necessary to resort to every stratagem that ingenuity could devise. Notoriety was *one* means to this end. Going out with the hounds,—a drive in the park,—a box at the theatre,—any mode by which he could project himself to the notice of society,—a newspaper paragraph drawn up by himself, and even hostile,—a caricature,—a stale pun,—an absurd and false

* Pony, twenty-five pounds.

report, — any species, in short, of *niaiserie* that suggested itself. Thus, in his usual tone and keeping, it was announced as a novelty to the sporting world that a great hazard match for twenty thousand pounds was to be played in —— Street, the challenge having been accepted by a French party! Accordingly, at ten o'clock, an hour earlier than ordinary, after a few arrivals, the parties concerned were ushered in solemn form to the table, each in a cloak, and masked in a black vizard. Old —— was umpire. To give an appearance of reality, three sets of new dice were opened, and the main and chance called and kept by the ivory tablets having the indices marked on them, instead of being left to the memory of the croupier, as is the usual custom. Sometimes, in the course of play, new dice were called; in which case "the governor" would gather up those in use, and throw them to the other end of the room, for anybody to pick up that might choose to do so. When the evening's play was closed, which was generally in about an hour, depending a little on the influx of company, the dice were thrown away, and the parties again ushered in silent state up stairs to unmask. New dice were opened every evening, and the deepest apparent interest was exhibited, and the fluctuations of the game were duly noticed in the weekly and diurnal papers, to attract fresh simpletons. Scarcely had two or three evenings elapsed before the increase of company proved the success of the scheme. It is true some doubted, some questioned, some tried to peer into the masks, some indicated their thoughts by pointing their sticks over the left shoulder, while others laughed outright at the flagrancy of the humbug; and, although the general sentiment was expressed in the same words that so frequently escaped the lips of the sagacious Mr. Burchall, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," the "fudge" answered, because the visitors who came to scoff remained to play. One of the Frenchmen, who was thought to be "neat as imported," notwithstanding his capacious frill, and a brooch that, for size, might vie with a *rix thaler*, and with rings enough on his fingers to set up a Jew pedlar, was discovered to bear so strong a resemblance to a knowing hand, that he was compelled to resign his character, leaving the remaining actors, and a couple of billiard-players, to finish the piece. Towards the close of the match, ten one-thousand-pound bank-notes were displayed on the table, by way of a *coup d'œil*. This closed the interest of the affair. The French party, I need hardly state, were the losers; and our play resumed its usual course.

The next expedient to draw was the great billiard match, announced to be played as a trial of skill between the gentlemen of the East and the gentlemen of the West, and to be played for a large stake. The players *de facto* were no other than two professional adepts. Some fine play was exhibited. However, the interest very soon subsided, the lookers on being more desirous to play themselves than to be observers of the play of others. Thus the much vaunted match, after two or three weeks, having "dragged its slow length along," expired, nobody hardly knowing when or how, save that the result was that the West-end gentleman, as a matter of course, was the winner.

One of the minor theatres was the next plaything, and a very pretty toy it was. Here was enough to gratify any moderate vanity;

all the actors, and no small part of the audience, looking up to the new proprietor for patronage—

"Jove in his chair,
Of the sky lord mayor,"

could not have dispensed joy to mortals more graciously than "the governor" distributed orders. We had no need to ask for them: we wrote them by the dozen. To the performers, and all about the theatre, he certainly was liberal; and, by skilful management, the theatre was raised to a point of excellence it had never before, nor has ever since, attained. Several able performers, that now grace the London stage, owe, if not their *début*, at least their claims to public notice, to the fostering hand of the spirited proprietor of this little theatre; nor were authors forgotten. Amongst the former were a lovely widow and her sisters. By the by, I dare say this lady will recollect the diamond necklace with which a rival actress was occasionally emblazoned. It was a row of single stones, gradually lessening from the centre, and would have been worth about three hundred pounds, if— But sometimes, we are told, "rich gifts wax poor" —I forget myself; they were only lent, and an attendant waited every evening to take them away. The widow, I recollect, treated the matter in a very dignified manner, declaring "that she would never appear in borrowed jewels." Now I will not accuse this lady of envying the wearer of such valuables; but I hereby inform her that, if she desire to possess them, she may gratify herself by purchasing the identical necklace for the simple sum of five pounds sterling, in Jermyn Street, St. James's, the fine valuable diamonds being no other than fine paste!

We now again had an eye to business, and were not unmindful of the attraction of good dinners. Our "spread," from day to day, was sufficiently luxurious. To enter into detail might be tedious; suffice it to say, that venison and turtle were not forgotten, with *entremets*, and everything *de suite*, fruit, preserves, ices, jellies, &c. The table was decorated with a very splendid *plateau* down the centre, and a variety of rich gilt vases, ewers, jugs, &c. Still, with all this, though we might not be deficient in grace, we lacked honour. We could not boast patrician patronage, as not a single peer condescended to be a guest. Play again beginning to revive, and new faces to appear among us, circumstances wore a more cheerful aspect. "No joy without its neighbour sorrow!" Let the *bon-vivant* sigh—let the bibacious grieve—the "spreads" were to be discontinued! Ye brilliant diners-out, ye happy few!—ye junior members that domiciliate at junior clubs, and dine at chop-house prices, ye can sympathise with the bereft of such an eleemosynary meal!

Our visitors generally came in parties of five or six, and they would usually hold together through the season, while there was a five-pound note among them. Then they would suddenly disappear, like swallows in autumn, and not one of them would ever be seen again.

A celebrated novelist, accompanied by a friend, used to look in occasionally. I recollect he partly promised to write a piece of domestic interest for the little theatre. There were a few of the friends of Ireland, and a few from the Land o' Cakes: M'L...,

L....., G......, &c. They were constant while the siller lasted, then homewards took their solitary way.

As in a theatre, when a new actor appears, the whole arrangement of things takes a different turn, so it was with us when Lord ——, the facetious lover of mirth and mischief I have before alluded to, came among us. At every interruption of play, sport of all kinds was the order of the day; boxing, single-stick, throwing orange-peel, singing, cocking, &c. Cocking is played in the following manner: The two birds, or non-feathered bipeds, being seated on the ground, the knees are bent nearly perpendicular, so as to bring the heels under them; the arms are then passed under the thighs; and from between the legs, which are tied together, the hands grasp a stick that passes in front. Thus pinioned, and placed opposite each other, each makes an effort to thrust his toes under those of his opponent, and, by raising them, to throw his adversary right over. In effecting this consist the expertness and the drollery.

It was at length felt desirable to be more exclusive than hitherto; and, to this end, a negotiation was entered into with the proprietor of Covent Garden theatre. Accordingly, a room was fitted up, and a bank was to be put down for the purpose of play, to be accessible only to privileged persons, who were each to have *entrée* by means of a gilt Bramah key, to be given into their own possession. The scheme was abandoned, if I remember, on some public scruple, and the drawing-room of our house was substituted, a lock for the keys being placed on the drawing-room door. In consequence of now playing to patrician members only, who were all asked up stairs, the large room below was soon gradually left, like

"Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all of life departed."

"La destinée du joueur est écrite sur les portes de l'enfer. Fils ingrat! fils déjà parricide, tu seras époux coupable et père dénaturé. Le jeu ouvrira pour toi l'abîme de tous les maux, tes jours seront comptés par tes crimes, et ta vie s'éteindra dans la misère, les larmes, et les remords."—*La Vie d'un Joueur.*

The above lines are by no means overcharged; for every evil incident to our common nature will be induced, and will fall with aggravated severity on the victim of the insatiate passion of gaming. I have shown the unavoidable results of this vice; the reader has seen, as from a tower, its downward progress to poverty and crime, and I may add, premature death!

B——, an *employé* in a government office, was a reserved, gentlemanlike man, who never asked a favour, and never dreamed that he would want one. With the first loan his independent spirit sunk, and his downward career received no check. It is unnecessary to follow him to the sad conclusion of life's drama; but let us rather take a general view of those who are excluded when once convicted of the crime of poverty. When the door of the place where he had staked thousands is closed against him, the gambler seeks indulgence for his fatal passion in the lowest hells, the associate of threadbare outcasts, the sharer of spoil with beings whom he detests. His relatives disown him; the tradesman who has long served his family grudgingly lends him a shilling, and boasts of the loan round the neighbourhood; friends fall off, acquaintances *cut* him; his home reflects nothing but

the horrors of conscience, the whisper of affection is his direst reproach, the lisped love of infancy his most bitter agony. But there are still dregs in the cup of adversity, which many gamblers have to swallow more deeply steeped in the heart's poison; the desperate resource of forgery, the felon's bar, the dishonoured name, and the convict's grave. Nor is this the necessary result of cheating; gambling, even on the fairest conditions, is the certain road to infamy and ruin; the bankers themselves, in spite of the odds in their favour, are alike sufferers; and I have heard an authority, which I cannot doubt, that Crockford has been "beaten to tears."

The breaking of a bank is a doleful circumstance for the bankers, and, indeed, for all but the fortunate winner. It is not a little curious to see the long faces which the players assume as they severally drop in, and hear the tidings so fatal to their bright anticipations. On such occasions some go away, and others, forming themselves into a social fireside group, amuse each other by the various anecdotes afforded by the chances of play. It is told how ——, when out on a day-rule from the Bench, placed down the rule instead of a note, and won; how his run of luck continued until he was winner of several thousand pounds, with which he obtained his liberation, but only to continue the same mad career, and "return back to the place from whence he came." How another cleverly substituted a five-pound note for fifty. How a third staked three bright farthings, and having won, was paid in sovereigns; and how many clever players had, from a run of ill-luck, been cleaned out by novices. Each envies the fortune of those who had broken the bank; and, in the hope of obtaining similar success, each becomes more desperately confirmed in his ruinous propensities. A few brief months roll by; and of those who assembled round that fireside the fate must be sought in the records of the prison, of banishment, or of the grave!

THE LAST GATHERING.

OCEAN and earth restore
All that your arms entomb!
From every distant shore,
Come to the gathering—come!

Sages of days gone by,
Long mouldering in the tomb,
Haste to the realms on high,
Come to the gathering—come!

Warrior with laurell'd brow,
Who fix'd a nation's doom,
Come to the judgment now,
Come to the gathering—come!

Maiden with lip of rose,
And brow of Parian stone,
Haste from thy long repose,
Come to the gathering—come!

Bright was thy dark eye's gleam,
Fair was thy cheek of bloom,
Again those charms shall beam;
Come to the gathering—come!

Mourner with tearful eye,
Haste to thy spirit's home,
A peaceful rest on high;
Come to the gathering—come!

Loved one of days gone by,
Haste from the grave's cold gloom;
Again we meet on high;
Come to the gathering—come!

Ocean and earth, restore
All that your arms entomb,
Myriads from every shore,
Come to the gathering—come!

H. B. K.

THE MANXMAN AND HIS VISITOR.

Who the devil are you ?
Thoughtless saying.

A MANXMAN old, in the wintry cold,
Was seated before his hearth,
And he thought of the past, as the wint'ry blast
Roll'd fearful o'er the earth.

He had no child, and his home was wild,
Amid the mountains lone ;
His wife was in bed, but he wish'd her dead,
For she was a crabbed old bone.

Straight as a beam did the Manxman seem,
And an awful look had he ;
I speak of his youth, when he in truth
Did revel upon the sea.

But now was he bent, and his vigour spent,
And his eye was cold as clay,
And a wicked pain, again and again,
Did plague him every day.

He once was bold, but now was old,—
He once was very proud ;
He knew no fear, nor had shed a tear,
But now he wail'd aloud.

And why did he wail, and why turn pale,
And his flesh begin to creep,
As from his seat he piled the peat,
And folded his arms to sleep ?

" For what now here have I to fear,
With a drop to keep me warm ?
What haunts my head ?" the Manxman said,
" Since I have done no harm.

" The devil may be upon the sea,
Or walking o'er the earth ;
Can he molest, when I 've done my best,
E'en from my very birth ?

" I 'll stake a penny there 's sinners full many,
Without his need of me ;
Come when he may, give me fair play,
And vanquish'd he shall be !"

With this speech so bold, the Manxman cold
Grew calmer than before,
And his blood did flow with a warmer glow
Right out from his heart's core.

Upon his breast his chin did rest,
His limbs were gently cross'd,
He did not care the breadth of a hair
For the world and all its cost

And slumber now did sweetly throw
Her gentle mist around,
And the Manxman's eye at her lullaby
Was in silken fetters bound.

Ah, cruel taunt ! ah, idle vaunt !
The slumberer is deceived,
And hence his mind, more unconfined,
Is not one whit relieved.

For, soon as sleep did o'er him creep,
The fearful sights begun,
And now he roll'd, and next he growl'd,
In sooth it was no fun.

His wife a-bed right over head,
Came softly down the stairs ;
But he took no heed, so she with speed
Went back to say her prayers.

And soon she wept, and soon she slept ;
But first she cried in scorn,
" Through many a night, till morning light,
I have been left forlorn."

Now the Manxman bold, in spite of his scold,
Had oft done so before ;
For he loved his life, and he loved his wife,
But he loved his pig the more.

And now for awhile a lurid smile
Would o'er his features play,
And quickly again he writhed in pain,
And something strove to say.

What man alive can ever strive
To guide the brain in sleep,
When dreams will come of ills at home,
Or terrors o'er the deep ?

HIS DREAMS.

Soon as the Manxman fell asleep,
A little robin came,
His gentle breast did redden deep
Before the cottage flame.

Where'er the Manxman's dream did rove,
That robin chirp'd in song
O'er flood or field, o'er plain or grove,
The robin roved along.

But oh ! that song was not of earth,—
'Twas one of wrath and pain,
So reft of all its common mirth,
It pierced the Manxman's brain.

He dream'd it was a day of youth,
When he essay'd to play
With other boys (I tell the truth)
In Ramsay's beauteous bay.

Some builded houses on the sand,
And some would races run ;
In short, it was a happy band,
Bent eagerly on fun.

A fair-hair'd boy, of gentle heart,
And manners sweetly mild,
Did build upon the shore apart,
And thus his time beguiled.

That boy in music and in song
Did afterwards excel,
And men would round the minstrel throng,
They loved his lay so well.

But now a youth with envious eye
Observed his lonely way,
And more than rudely ask'd him why
He would not come and play ?

And soon, before he could reply,
Had passion dealt the wound ;
All gather'd round with pitying eye,—
The gentle boy had swoon'd !

And now the Manxman saw the blood
Stream down the fair boy's face ;
He mark'd the other's hellish mood,
And felt the foul disgrace.

Ay, wide his arms did the Manxman fling,
And heavily did he sigh ;
But he felt far more the robin's sting,
As it peck'd beneath his eye.

ANOTHER DREAM.

Again—a dark youth loved a girl,
They walk'd alone at eve ;
He call'd her oft his fairest pearl.
He never could deceive.

But men are false, as most maids know,
And vows are rashly given ;
And, though he swore by all below,
And all his hope of heaven,

Time soon saw the maid forsaken,
And mark'd her glazed eye,
And then she ne'er again did waken,
For she did grieve and die.

They bore her to her grave with song*
Upon a fine May day ;
A multitude did walk along,—
'Twas ill to keep away.

Above Kirk Manghold church she lies,
And softly shall she rest,
Until she soars with sweet surprise
To Him who loved her best.

The Manxman's dream was of her fate
Her pale corpse seem'd full nigh ;
And the robin mark'd his wretched state,
As it peck'd beneath his eye.

ANOTHER DREAM.

Again—upon a summer's sea
A seaman sail'd away,
He saw the moon most merrily
Gleam on the midnight spray.

He watch'd the sun o'er the sapphire wave
Rise beautiful and grand ;
It such a joyous feeling gave,
He could not wish for land.

Ere long a ruthless wind did blow,
The sea roll'd mountains mad,
Scarce could they steer that wayward prow—
Our sailor he grew sad.

At midnight on this wilderness
A lonely bark did near,
They raised a cry of deep distress,
And all that cry did hear.

The captain with an oath sail'd on,
Our sailor cheer'd his word,
And right they steer'd their course along,
As men that never heard.

They saw the shivering wretches fling
Their feeble arms on high ;
And our Manxman groan'd at the robin's sting,
As it peck'd beneath his eye.

A FOURTH DREAM.

Again—away for the northern seas
Our seaman blithely sail'd,
Where the cold his very breath did freeze,
And like a child he wail'd.

Huge hills of ice as granite stone
Encompass'd them around,
A floating rock so vast and lone,
An island when aground.

* A custom in the Isle of Man.

And now like mountains would they meet,
With noise as loudest thunder,
As solemnly as friends might meet,
Then proudly break asunder.

Each moment then might be the last,
Not one without its fear;
Our sailor mused upon the past,
When all around grew drear.

Alas! 'twas not a gentle thought
That stole upon his brain;
He vow'd, or he was good for nought,
Their captain he 'd arraign.

" My boys," he spake unto the crew,
" We all shall perish here;
Why darkly wait with light in view?
Away, then, let us steer.

" Our captain is a harden'd man,
But our stout hands are free;
Come, follow up my glorious plan—
Hurrah for liberty!"

A missionary, who sail'd along
For any heathen land,
Who never did a mortal wrong
Upon the deck did stand.

One word he spake, a word of peace,
With eye and accent mild,
The angry bursts of passion cease,
The crew are reconciled.

Our sailor awful oaths did lift
To God in heaven above,
He would have cast the man adrift
Upon the waste to rove.

The Manxman saw the anger lurk,
And the bosom swelling high;
But he felt the robin more at work,
As it peck'd beneath his eye.

THE DREAMS ENDED.

The Manxman awoke, and look'd around,
No robin could he see;
He saw no sight, he heard no sound,—
What could the vision be?

An old grey hare sat on her rump,*
And coolly wiped her face;
The Manxman scream'd, and with a jump
She bounded from the place.

He turn'd, and, seated on a chair,
Beheld a lady grand.
He could not think what she did there,
Until, in speech so bland,

She spake:—" I enter here, kind friend,
For shelter for the night;
I trust you will my cause defend,
And help the poor to right."

The false Manxman, the false Manxman,
Says he, " I never will
Drive out the poor from before my door,—
Myself I 'd sooner kill!

And thus he spake, for wide awake
He view'd the lady fine,
And many a ring, like a glittering thing,
Upon her hand did shine.

She talk'd apace, as her wrinkled face
Was shadow'd by the night,
Save when a gleam from the fire did beam
Upon her eye so bright.

This ancient dame seem'd to be lame,
And the hare had limp'd aside;
But glances stole like a burning coal
From out her eye of pride.

And, though she was old, to the Manxman cold
She spake so free and tender,
That loudly he swore he 'd die before
He ever could offend her.

" You never gave," said the lady grave,
" The least offence to me;
And now your speech doth warmly preach
You 'll ever kindly be."

To the Manxman's view the flames burn'd blue;
But he cared not for it now;
For the lady's word was all he heard,
And it caused a wondrous glow.

" Madam, indeed," said he with speed,
" You seem to know me well;
But never before within this door,
Or in this lonely dell,

" Have I ever seen so gracious a queen
To talk with one so poor.
And, pray, may I dare to question where
You have seen me before?"

" Your parents dear, who lived long here,
Were right well known to me;
They loved me well, as I needs must tell,
And will remember'd be.

" And from your birth, upon this earth,
Oh! I have watch'd you long;
For many an hour, with hearty power,
You 've named me in your song."

* The popular belief that witches enter hares.

"Your name, indeed," again with speed
The modest Manxman cried,
"I do not know,—and surely now
My memory hath denied."

"How can that be," said she, with glee,
"When you have been my care?
I saw you play in Ramsay bay
With the boy of the golden hair."

The Manxman's eyes with quick surprise
I ween were open'd wide,
And he did stare with an awful glare
On the lady by his side.

"I saw you walk in loving talk,
With the girl so young and fair;
On the very eve you did deceive
I communed with you there.

"In the funeral hour I saw them lower
Her pale face in the grave.
And you were as gay as that May-day
Upon the distant wave.

"Ere the nettle grew, another with you
Did rove unheeding there—
She is now in bed right over head,
One broken down with care."

The Manxman groan'd, and glared around
As wild as a bird of prey;
All in his fright he cursed the night,
And long'd for break of day.

But the lady still would have her will,
Nor could she be denied;
As his blood ran cold, she grew more bold,
Still closer at his side.

"I could not fail, when you set sail,
To guide you on the sea,
And when that storm did heaven deform,
I bade you cling to me.

"I fear'd, indeed, lest your heart should bleed
When you saw the lonely wreck;
But your captain's voice was all your choice,
As you swore upon the deck.

"Those seamen brave met a watery grave;
Most pious souls were they;
And from Paradise they all shall rise
Upon the judgment day."

The woman scowl'd, and the thunders roll'd
As she spoke that very word;
He would have pray'd, but was sore afraid
For all that he had heard.

"I sail'd with you and a jovial crew,
'Mid the icebergs floating by;
And, when your hand did spurn command,
I mark'd your blood-red eye.

"The churchman so pale, who did prevail,
Is still my greatest foe;
He baffled me then, and will again,
For the Gospel is to grow."

"And be it so," cried the Manxman now,
As ne'er he had spake before;
And the lady frown'd, and stamp'd the ground—
In truth he said no more.

"I may not yield, for in your field
I saw you dig last morn;
You could not find things to your mind,
As you look'd around in scorn.

"A robin sweet in the snowy sleet
Did hop within your view,
That little bird, by man preferr'd,
Was basely kill'd by you."

The Manxman's ire burned like fire,
Aloud he cursed and swore;
The lady fair seem'd in peril there,
As he flung wide the door.

But oh! his wrath was like the froth
Upon a heaving sea;
The lady was gone, but not alone
A rescued man stood he.

Full nine feet high to the Manxman's eye
A hideous form appear'd,
And down he fell as under a spell,
So soon that form he fear'd.

Of bone and skin, with flame within,
Of a sulphureous smell,
His awful tone, in an hour so lone,
Did sound as a funeral-knell.

A lifted hand, that waved command,
Did slowly beckon thrice,
And the Manxman, pale, for his life did quail,
As he answer'd in a trice.

"Why come to me, why come to me,
To fill me with alarm?
Why seek not him who is steep'd in sin?
For I have done no harm.

"Did I destroy the tender boy?
Or did I kill the maid?
Did I pass by the shipwreck'd cry,
Or draw the rebel blade?

"On high Barrule, when the nights are cool,
I never roam'd to steal.
It is too true the bird I slew,—
And that I do reveal."

He would beguile,—but 'twas plain the while
He was an unkind man;
He mock'd at school, and a reckless fool
He lived as he began.

Next morn on the ground was the Manxman found
As dead as a man could be;
And how he was slain will ever remain
A hidden mystery!

The above describes a Manxman (and a Manxman means an inhabitant of the Isle of Man,) who was of a cruel disposition when a boy, cruel when a young man, and cruel to the last. In this manner the devil had power over him all his life, and comes to claim him before he dies. It will be seen that in his dream he is permitted to look back upon his past errors, and the fact of his having on that very day killed so innocent a bird as a robin is a sore sting to his conscience. His evil spirit comes at first, in the shape of an ancient dame, and then appears as a more hideous figure. The devil is made to assume a form,—that is, the evil conscience incarnates its awful guilt.

The Manx people believe in apparitions, or *second sight*, and are forewarned of the death of others. From a letter of Dr. Sacheverell's to the celebrated Addison, it appears that the wise and learned have given credit to their belief.

An elegant writer, who travelled in the island, says, "Without being guilty of presumption, we may impute these superstitions of the Manx to a native melancholy, cherished by indolence, and heightened by the wild, solitary, and romantic scenes to which they are habitually accustomed. A Manxman, amid his lonely mountains, reclines by some romantic stream, the murmurings of which lull him into a pleasing torpor. Half slumbering, he sees a variety of imaginary beings, which he believes to be real. Sometimes they resemble his traditionary idea of fairies, and sometimes they assume the appearance of his friends and neighbours. Presuming on these dreams, the Manx enthusiast predicts some future event, and, should anything similar occur, he fancies himself endowed with the gift of prescience, and thus disturbs his own happiness and that of others."

"I make no doubt," continues this author afterwards, "but, amid hideous solitudes, a man of a melancholy or superstitious mind may insensibly form visions of some dreadful calamity he is about to suffer, and which may not only receive strength, but even completion, from a sombrous imagination, heightened by traditionary terrors. With the world of spirits we are little acquainted; but I can never reconcile it to our ideas of the majesty, wisdom and benevolence of the Deity, that he should communicate to a few indolent recluses such revelations of the unknown world as could only flatter vanity, or accelerate human misery."

Thus speaks our author; but we must remember that all nations, in all ages, have believed in supernatural agencies. Whoever has read the delightful letters of the younger Pliny, will remember not only the account of the haunted house at Athens, but the firm impression made on Pliny himself, and the best orators and others of that learned age, by the circumstance of dreams. Brutus and Buonaparte, Cæsar and Lord Clarendon, with a host of others, all attest remarkable things; but the subject is one which requires no mean investigation; and, at present, it may be best consistent with good sense to observe, that there seems to be as much temerity in never giving credit to dreams, as there is superstition in always doing so. "It appears to me," says an eminent critic, "that the true medium between the two extremes is to treat them as we would a known liar: we are sure he most usually relates falsehoods; however, nothing hinders but he may sometimes speak the truth."

The Isle of Man has a population of fifty thousand, and the literary acquirements of the inhabitants have greatly increased of late years. Much commercial activity and bustle prevails, and far too much litigation also; but still her noble hills and secluded glens may be silently and deeply enjoyed. The fame of Bishop Wilson has made the island renowned in many lands, and caused her to be called the "sacred isle." The Manx clergy are liberal and gentle in their views, far more so than the sectaries, and would do honour to a more polished and learned country than Manx-land will be for a while.

MY CREOLE COUSIN.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

A crust of bread and liberty.—POPE.

I AM a stranger in England. In every other country in the world I call myself an Englishman; being born of British parents, in a British colony, speaking no other language (a strong evidence of English extraction), and possessing the usual reserve, awkwardness, loneliness, and touch-me-if-you-dare-ishness of a true Briton. Be that as it may, I am, as I said at first, a stranger in the country of my fathers, in which I had the honour to make my first appearance some twelve months ago.

I have often noticed, that it is an article of religion with colonists to instil, double-grained, into their children the principles and prejudices of the mother-country. Aware that the fosterhood of national institutions and example will be wanting to mould the character of their offspring into due pragmaticality, they exaggerate a little on certain points, to leave room for evaporation.

The great glory of *my* excellent parents was to enlarge upon the distinction of their mother-country in the eyes of the universe as "the LAND OF LIBERTY!" British freedom was the favourite text of my father's domestic preachments; and almost as soon as I could squall I learned to expand my lungs in the burthen of the song, that "Britons never would be slaves." As if anybody dreamed of asking them!

The liberty of the subject, in short, appeared to my boyish imagination as exclusively English an enjoyment as roast-beef and plum-pudding. The inhabitants of other European countries seemed to be walking about in handcuffs or strait-waistcoats, unsuspicious of their enthralment. The contented prosperity of Austria I regarded as little better than idiotcy; Russia, trembling under the knout of autocracy, was a craven-hound; Turkey, a corpse from which an imperial vampire had sucked the blood; Spain, a plantation nigger, arrayed in a suit of gaudy calico, beguiling its sense of abasement by dancing to a tom-tom; France, the sprucely-liveried and educated slave, who has (like those of New York) learned to wait at table, and play on the fiddle. But, from Spitzbergen to Cape Matapan, not a living body in Europe that could call its soul its own, saving always the favoured inhabitants of the glorious British Empire.

With this sentiment pervading my whole being, I behaved with suitable arrogance towards the offsets of less favoured nations. Long before I had tails to my jackets I knew the full value of being an Englishman; and brought forward the boast whenever I fancied myself put upon, as a policeman brandishes his life-preserver.

My delight, therefore, may easily be conjectured when I set foot last year upon the godlike land that has the gift of enfranchising all who approach its favoured shore.

"Hurrah for the land of liberty!" cried the sailors the moment we saw the Needles; and as heartily did I join in their cheering as though I had been languishing all my life under the tyranny of a pacha. I fancied that now, for the first time since I was born, I was

going to enjoy the free use of my limbs and faculties, and on landing began instantly to extend them, with a vague consciousness of delight, that proved highly entertaining to some little boys who were idling on the quay. They uttered, indeed, a variety of odd sounds, which I mistook for Hebrew, knowing that Jews abound in the mother-country; but which I have since learned to constitute the cockney dialect called "slang."

That night I lodged in an hotel, and the first thing I noticed in my rooms was a printed notice that no smoking was allowed in the chambers; which, to a person accustomed to his cigar the last thing at night, and first in the morning, is as a veto on his sleep or his devotions.

Next morning the kinsman who breakfasted with me undertook to introduce me to the metropolis, and instal me in lodgings. My baggage being still at the Custom-House, I had to apologize to Mr. W. for any informality in my toilet. But when we were about to sally forth I saw him look aghast; and after much hemming and hawing he informed me that it was out of the question to make my appearance in a travelling-cap.

"My hat-box is with the rest of my baggage," said I, "and being a total stranger here, no one will notice me."

"I am not a stranger," pleaded my cousin W., "and the thing would be thought preposterous. We can stop at the nearest hatter's, and purchase a hat."

This was easy enough. But even at the hatter's I found I had a lesson of subjection to learn. Accustomed to the exigencies of a hotter climate, I chose a broad-brimmed beaver, which my companion asserted to be as much out of the question as the cap.

"You would be taken for a Quaker! None but a very old man could venture on such a hat in England."

Mistaking reverse of wrong for right, I now selected a very narrow brim, and again stood corrected. At length the exact longitude and latitude admissible under the tyrannies of fashion being adjusted, I cocked my paragon of hats over one eye in triumph, and was leaving the shop, when my cousin entreated me in a fervent and kinsmanly tone to set it straight. "I should be taken for a tiger!"

A little mortified, I betook myself to a very ordinary source of colonial consolation. As I might not take my ease (in the shape of my cigar) in mine inn, I might at least take it in the street. But, on producing my cigar-case, W. again interfered.

"You are now," said he, "in Pall Mall. To smoke here, in broad daylight, would be considered most ungentlemanly."

All that remained for me was to pocket the affront, and the cigar-case!

A moment afterwards, as I endeavoured to detain him, that I might admire a display of forced-fruit in a shop-window, such as I had never expected to see under the skies of the land of liberty, he begged me to pass on. "We should be taken for snobs if we stared into the shop-windows."

As a balm to my galled sides, I proposed calling upon a mutual relative residing at the West End, to whom I was desirous of being presented.

"It is only twelve o'clock!" pleaded my cousin.

"And will not the family be *up* at that hour?"

"*Up?* Oh! yes. They are early risers. But it is too soon for a morning visit. It is not the custom in London to go out till after two o'clock; and visitors are consequently not expected earlier."

"But, if every one goes out at the same time, you have no hope of ever finding your friends at home?"

"Very true. But you must take your chance. Believe me, it would be thought monstrous to pay a morning visit to Lady R. at this time of day."

My attention was drawn from his lecture by the sight of a most beautiful woman, who passed us in a carriage. And I suppose my enthusiasm was somewhat ejaculatory; for Mr. W. implored me to moderate my transports. On seeing the carriage stop at a shop, I proposed to go in, and make some small purchase, to afford me another glimpse of such surpassing loveliness.

But he would not hear of it! The shop was a milliner's. "Our object would be too apparent," said he. "If the lady be respectable, it is an offence to *her;* if *not*, we should be making fools of *ourselves*."

Everything, in short, that I proposed was absurd and irregular! Even when I stopped short beside a crossing, and, taking out my purse, sought deliberately among its contents for a sixpence to bestow on a mutilated sweeper, (when, as usual in such cases, all the sixpences proved to be shillings). "Come on, for heaven's sake!" cried he, impatiently, "it looks so odd to be stopping here!"

I was disappointed, I admit, in the limitation of my morning's pleasures; for my cicerone objected to my taking more than a passing glance at any of the public buildings of the West End. I comforted myself, however, with the prospect of a pleasant dinner; for already my cousin had invited me to dine with him at the Clarendon, which, he informed me, was the best eating-house in London.

At seven I met him there by appointment, and I suspect that, even though enhanced by the hat of his selection, my dress did not come within the strict letter of London law; for when I made my appearance he looked singularly uncomfortable. While we were waiting for dinner he gave me a hint not to whistle. In the course of it he took occasion to inform me that spitting in a London room amounted to ostracism. When dinner was over I proposed, on seeing by the evening-papers that it was opera night, to go and hear Grisi.

"But we are not dressed!" said my cousin.

"We can go into the pit."

"Not in a morning-dress. We look as if we had come off a journey."

"But since we have no ladies to attend, surely it cannot signify?"

It signified, according to *his* account, prodigies. In the land of liberty people did not go to the pit of the opera in frock-coats and plaid trowsers.

"Well, since we cannot go to the opera," said I, "suppose we take our chance of finding Lady R. at home this evening?"

"This *evening?* She would think us mad to go to her house, without an invitation."

"But, surely, such near connexion—" I was beginning.

"My dear fellow! it is a liberty that is scarcely taken in London, even between brothers and sisters!"

Woe was me! There was nothing for it but to go home to bed!

It was, perhaps, because aware how much he had startled and vexed me, that my worthy relative called on me a few mornings afterwards, with news that Lady R. was desirous to make my acquaintance, and that he had procured me a ticket for Almack's that very evening, from one of the patronesses with whom he was intimate, to facilitate the introduction; because, having called at her house without finding her, "it would look odd" if I went again.

To Almack's, accordingly, I accompanied him. He appointed half-past eleven to call for me, which I thought late, and which he assured me was early; and into the ball-room we proceeded together. I entered boldly; for *this* time I knew my dress to be unimpregnable.

"As you are in mourning," was my cousin's answer that morning, to my inquiries, "you cannot be much at fault. Everything black but your neckcloth, and you will do very well. Willis has already arranged your hair; and your white gloves are a capital fit."

As I said before, therefore, I entered the ball-room, feeling entitled to look about me *à discrétion,* till the arrival of Lady R.; whom I found, from my companion, had first a private party to attend, But there was enough to occupy my attention! Those pretty, graceful girls, with their enormous redundance of petticoat, and so little to cover them besides! And the half-dozen supercilious middle-aged ladies, seated apart from the rest, on a bench at the end of the room, like the bishops I had seen the preceding night at the House of Lords, and nearly as old and sour! Several seats near them being vacant, I was about to sit down; but W. informed me that as a stranger it would be "thought odd."

On my presentation to Lady R. and her daughters, I certainly thought *them* odd; and saw little to applaud in the deportment of my English connexions; for the two girls tittered while I was making my bow, and even the mother bit her lips to avoid a smile.

"It is your own fault!" cried W. pettishly, when I took him aside, to complain of their want of civility. "What *could* tempt you to come here in those infernal trowsers?"

Now, the trowsers he was pleased to call "infernal" were neither more nor less than a pair of perfectly new pantaloons of rich watered silk, such as are esteemed the height of the fashion in my native colony.

"You told me," said I, with some indignation, "that in a complete suit of black I *could* not be wrong!"

"Suit of *black?*—Yes!—Of course!—But how was *I* to suppose it possible there existed such a thing in your wardrobe as watered silk trowsers? How could I imagine that pantaloons were ever made now-a-days in anything but cloth?"

In the course of half-an-hour he came to me in a state of dewy emotion, and advised me strongly to go home.

"You are the laughing-stock of the room," said he, "and if you do not wish to be caricatured, or to get into the Sunday papers, disappear as quietly as you can; and do not come here again till you have completely refitted yourself."

Of course I did not stay to be told twice; and next day assured him that I had given such orders to the tailor recommended by himself as would insure my appearing at the next Almack's in such a suit of sables as a gentleman is permitted to wear in the land of liberty.

"I fear you must content yourself with exhibiting them elsewhere than at Almack's," he replied. "I could not *venture* to apply for *another* ticket for you! Your dress last night excited so absurd a sensation, that my fair friend, the patroness, reproached me bitterly with having got her into such a scrape. The other patronesses complimented her cruelly on having the *moiré* dandy on her list."

"I don't know what you mean by your 'fair friend, the patroness,'" cried I, in a pet; "but, I protest that an uglier set of old cats than those you showed me I never beheld!"

"My dear young friend," he gravely replied, "take care what you are about! Such persons as those to whom you allude are never either old or ugly. It is totally inadmissible in good society to talk in the tone you are now using of the ladies in question."

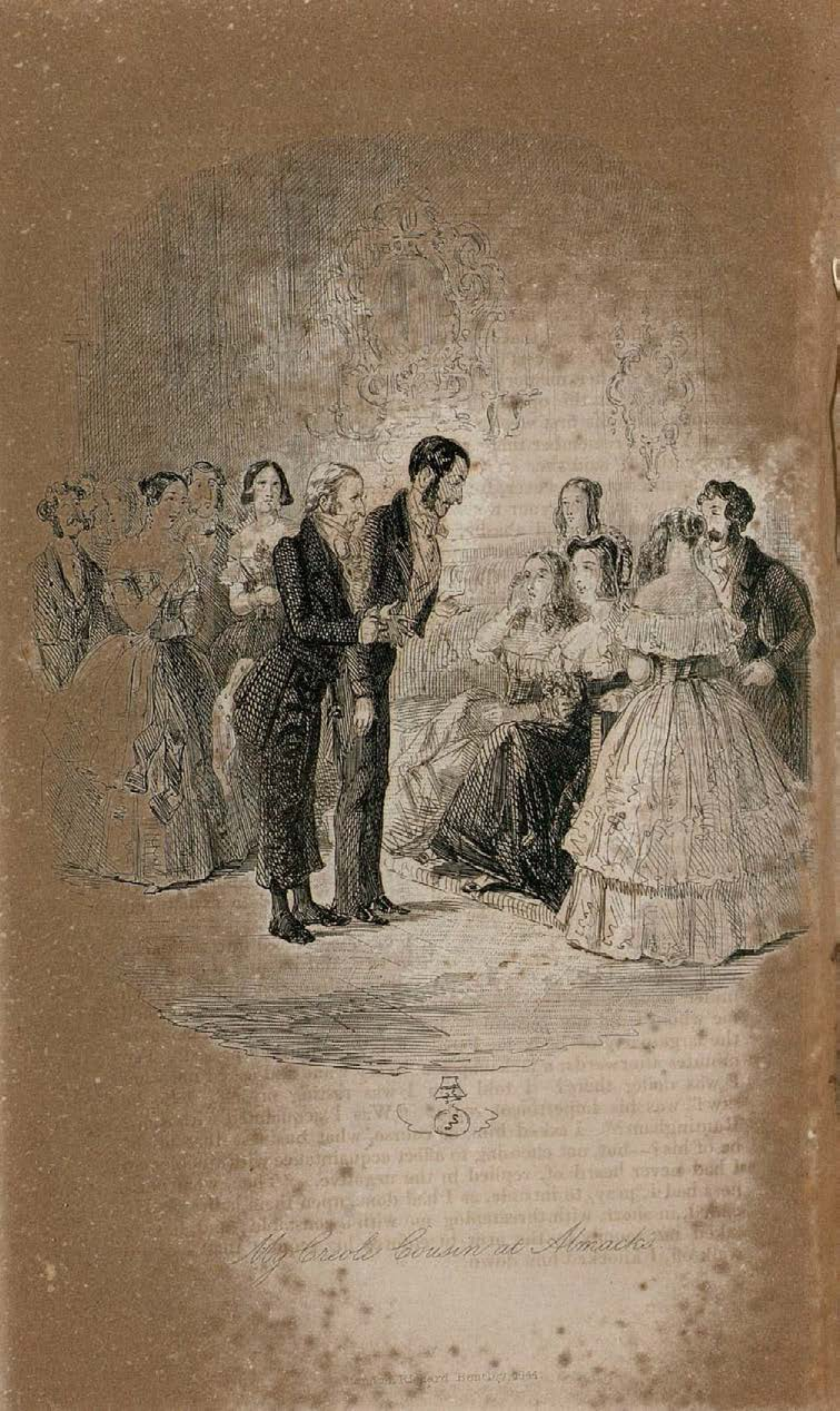
"Since they trouble their heads about my unmentionables, surely I may trouble mine with their rouged faces and false curls!" cried I.

But he would not hear! He was already out of the room; and I saw clearly that for the rest of my stay in town, *his* introduction would be of little further service.

Still, I fancy I might have done better by sticking to the counsels of one who had certainly no interest in misleading me; for every step I made on my own account proved a *faux pas!* Some nights afterwards, being at the theatre on a sultry night, beset with offers of oranges by the women in attendance, I concluded that were it not the custom to take such refreshment in the playhouses, they would not have been offered, and rashly peeled an orange in the box where I had obtained a seat. The two gentlemen between whom I was seated, after contemplating me as they would have surveyed an ourang-outang, rose, and quitted the box! I then recollected that some peculiar offence must be conveyed by eating an orange; for, while leaning against the rails in the park the preceding day, to look at the carriages, I had refreshed myself in a similar manner, and excited the same disgust. Oranges, like cigars, are apparently interdicted in the day-time!

It was almost a comfort to me to find that what is called the season was nearly over. For the conventional tyrannies of London would scarcely pursue me in the tour I projected; and in the provinces, at least, I should enjoy those immunities of the land of liberty, so long the *beau idéal* of my imagination. Having encountered my cousin, Lady R. coming out of the opera a night or two before I left town, I ventured to take leave of her; and as it perhaps went against her conscience to have been so little hospitable towards my father's son, she invited me to take her seat in Northamptonshire on my way to the North. It was not for some time afterwards I discovered that the invitation was accorded only to engage me in conversation, and prevent my offering my arm to Miss R. to assist her to the carriage. "I was just the sort of Hottentot," Lady R. had observed, "who would have felt no scruple about appropriating the arm of one of her daughters, though Lord Alfred and the young Marquis of Walsingham were standing by, engaged in conversation with my cousins!"

In the frankness of an unsuspecting heart, however, to Hurst Parva I went; and, having arrived by the mail at the neighbouring post-town before daybreak, slept there, and proceeded in a post-chaise to breakfast with Lady R. As I stood paying the post-boy



My Creole Cousin at Almack's

London, Richard Bentley, 1844.

under the portico, and seeing my portmanteau taken into the house, I perceived through the plate-glass windows of an adjoining room that I was an object of curiosity to a large party assembled there, all of whom were watching my proceedings, and several laughing immoderately; from which I concluded that I was come either at an unseemly hour, or in an unseemly mode of conveyance. This made my *entrée* into the crowded breakfast-room uncomfortable enough, more especially as Lady R., while receiving me, observed, "Your letter, announcing the favour you intended me, is probably still on the road; for I have had no intimation of your visit."

If she did not say that it was an undesired, was ell as an unexpected honour, she certainly looked it; whereupon, in pity to the shortness of her memory, I reminded her that, in parting in the brush-room at the opera, I told her I should pass through Northamptonshire the first week in August.

"Yes; I remember there was some vague talk about your going to Scotland," said she. "But I concluded I should hear from you in the interim. However, I rejoice to find that you are able to spend the day with us on your tour."

I was puzzled and abashed. Did spending the day imply that I was also to spend the night; or was I to return to ——, and ship? In the course of the morning, I should perhaps be able to discover; and I therefore determined to stick fast by her ladyship when the rest of the party dispersed for walking or driving. Compassionating the *ennui* I might be supposed to feel, as the only man in the morning-room where the ladies sat at work, she repeatedly informed me that "there was a good billiard-table in the hall; that I should find the library stored with the newest books; that there were saddle-horses at my disposal in the stable, if I wished to ride." But I knew when I was well off, and stuck by the worsteds and floss-silk.

At last, a faint whisper from the younger Miss R. to one of her guests of "Shall we *never* get rid of this man!" apprized me that I was *de trop;* on which I betook myself to the room to which the servants informed me my baggage had been conveyed, for the remainder of the day; though, as I went up stairs, I saw the horses bringing round to the hall-door, and longed to join the party in their ride. Wrong again, it seems! I had been *expected* to expiate my importunities by forming part of their escort.

When the whole party were fairly off, I sauntered into the park; and, after a pleasant walk of a mile or two, and passing through several open gates, flung myself at full length to rest upon a bench under some spreading beech-trees. A party of ladies approached me whom I did not recognise; but, concluding them to belong to the large party of Lady R., I took off my hat as they passed. Ten minutes afterwards, a jackanapes in livery came and asked me what I was doing there? I told him I was resting myself. "So he saw!" was his impertinent reply. "Was I acquainted with Lord Runtingham?" I asked him, of course, what business that might be of his?—but, not choosing to affect acquaintance with a nobleman I had never heard of, replied in the negative. "Then, what business had I, pray, to intrude, as I had done, upon them ladies?" He ended, in short, with threatening me with a constable; and, having taken me saucily by the arm to enforce his request that I would walk off, I knocked him down.

A couple of stablemen, who had been waiting at a distance, now came up and collared me; and, in spite of all I could urge, I was marched off between them to the parson of the parish, to be examined as a rogue and vagabond. To the magistrate, however, my explanations were perfectly satisfactory. A stranger in England, the guest of Lady R., I was not aware of having quitted her ladyship's premises, or trespassed upon Lord Runtingham's private grounds; still less that I had taken the liberty of bowing to Lady Runtingham, and her mother, the Duchess of H., without the honour of their acquaintance. I proved to him that, though I had been mistaken for an adventurer, I was only an ass.

For my own sake, I determined to keep to myself this disagreeable adventure. But, alas! the Runtinghams, the nearest neighbours of my cousin, formed part of the dinner-party that day at Hurst Magna, and her ladyship was unsparing in her apologies. The Hurst party having dined the preceding day at Runtingham Park, she could not possibly surmise, she said, "that I was a visitor to Lady R. Nothing could have surprised her more than the discovery!"

And, unless I am much mistaken, one of the R.s whispered a rejoinder of—"or *us* either!"

I need scarcely add that I made my visit at Hurst Magna as short as the bitterest inhospitality on the part of my hostesses could desire. But, having previously intended to spend a week or so with my English relatives, the plan of my journey was unsettled. I had appointed letters to be dispatched to me at given times and places on the road, by my London agents; and, in the fear of missing those from home, which were to acquaint me with the welfare of my parents, resolved to spend the interval at a decentish inn in an obscure post-town in Yorkshire, to which my letters were to be addressed. I had books enough in my portmanteau to render the delay supportable, the environs of the town being sufficiently interesting to one as yet so little versed in the features of the mother country.

While still waiting for my letters, I was struck one day by the following paragraph in a London paper, which I took up on the counter of a stationer's shop, where I was making some purchases:

"Mysterious occurrence! — Considerable curiosity has been excited in a little market-town, not a thousand miles from Leeds, by the arrival of a genteel youth, apparently of foreign extraction, a total stranger in the place, who has taken up his abode in the principal inn, and is supposed to be seeking temporary concealment, either from creditors or the pursuit of justice. He leads a secluded life, rises early, spends his days entirely alone in his chamber, dines moderately, and retires early to bed, giving not the smallest clue to his projects or connections. We may perhaps forward the ends of justice by stating, that he is about five feet eight inches in height, aquiline nose, light hair, and sandy whiskers. His linen is marked J. R."

Yes—positively!—nothing further was wanting but to advertise me in the Hue and Cry! And what had I done? Taken up my abode in a house of entertainment, the master of which would have been handsomely paid at any moment he chose to present his bill,—

kept early hours and sober habits,—and uttered no offensive word to man, woman, or child!

I addressed a letter to the editor of the paper, of which no notice was taken. On dispatching a second, he condescended to inform me that the price of insertion would be one pound one. He had simply copied the statement from a provincial paper: the rectification must be demanded at the fountain-head. In my explanation with the editor of the provincial paper, I got into a new quarrel, and was again taken before a magistrate, and this time fined forty shillings for upbraiding, in somewhat strong language, the scribbler who, to enliven his columns, had made so unwarrantably free with my reputation. I remonstrated, and was threatened with the mill! Having been forced into the justice-room by the constable in so compulsory a way as to render it impossible for me to take off my hat to the magistrate, I was voted insolent and disorderly, and the words "swell mob" were distinctly whispered. From the first, Sir John "Dogberry had clearly perceived with what sort of person he had to deal!"

Everybody knows that when Pope Clement the Sixth bestowed the Fortunate Islands on the son of Louis of Bavaria, the British ambassador at Rome asked for his passport to go home and look after his property; because, on hearing the bells ring and drums beat in honour of the bestowal of the "Fortunate Islands," he concluded no other country under the sun than his beloved land of Liberty could be intended. I had often laughed in my boyhood at the blunder of his excellency. I now begun to perceive that the infatuation of my poor parents was scarcely less deplorable; and, sadly out of conceit with the country of my forefathers, resolved, at the conclusion of a three months' tour in the Highlands, to make the best of my way homewards.

Already I had reached London, meaning to embark from the docks; but, before I left England, I could not resist the temptation of a peep at Windsor Castle; and a peep it was fated to be, her Majesty and the court being in residence, which bars all possibility of access. However, I had heard so much of the majesty of the site, that even a glimpse was something.

Arrived by the train one Saturday evening, I contrived to see as much as could be examined from without, from the various quarters accessible; and next morning attended divine service in St. George's chapel, with the view, (is it to my shame to confess it?) not of saying my prayers, but of obtaining a sight of the Queen.

I know not what instinctive feeling of deference instigated me to assume an evening-dress on the occasion; for, once in the chapel, I saw that what I knew from my parents, who were travellers in their youth, to be EXACTED from attendants upon the royal mass at the Tuileries, was out of place at Windsor. I was the more provoked, from perceiving that so slight a deviation from the routine of custom sufficed to fix upon me the eyes of one of the least reverent congregations of which I ever formed a part.

When the service was over, I was struck by the highly indecorous manner in which disapproval of my costume was testified by the Windsorians. Even the police came and stared in my face, as though I were guilty of a misdemeanour. Unless I am much mistaken, one of them accompanied me home to my inn!

On arriving in town, the first person I happened to meet was my cousin W., in answer to whose inquiries, I informed him whence I was come, and whither I was going.

"You need scarcely have gone to Windsor for a sight of her Majesty," said he. "Two days hence, the Queen will open Parliament in person, and I will take care to procure you a ticket of admission for the interior of the House of Lords."

It was, indeed, the least he could do, in expiation of his preceding neglects.

The ticket and the day arrived, and I set off towards Westminster in my usual morning-dress. But lo! as I proceeded through Whitehall, I perceived that the ladies in the various carriages going in the same direction were attired in diamonds, feathers, and all the paraphernalia of court dress. I had still time to rectify my error, and, hastening home, assumed the costume which had been made for me, with a view to the levee which I was fated never to attend. The delay had so unsettled my arrangements, that I arrived at the door of the House just as the Queen was entering.

Contrary, I fancy, to regulation, and thanks to my bag and sword, I was suffered to go in. But I thought the exon of the guard seemed surprised when he took my ticket, which, like all the rest, was a printed card, bearing no specific name. After following the royal *cortège*, I found myself standing nearer the throne than was altogether agreeable; for several of the personages with white wands, and other insignia of office, looked hard at me, as if cogitating the distich of Hudibras:—

> The thing is neither rich nor rare,
> But how the devil got it there?

In the interest of the scene before me, however, I soon lost all consciousness of the awkwardness of my position, and, so long as the Queen was engaged in reading her speech, was rivetted, eye, ear, and heart, to her right royal performance of that right royal duty. My interest may indeed have been a little *too* apparent; for, as the court was leaving the House of Lords at the conclusion of the speech, I saw an ill-looking man in a red roquelaure, having a white wand in his hand, address a few words as he went out to an usher of the House who stood near.

As soon as the last of the royal train had disappeared, this individual, seeing that I did not stir, addressed to me the startling inquiry of "whether I belonged to the household?" I suppose my confusion was pretty evident, as I answered in the negative; for he next took the liberty of asking me, "why, in *that* case, I appeared in court-dress, and had followed the royal procession after the doors had been closed to *the public*?"

Somewhat nettled at what appeared just then an opprobrious designation, I answered that I had come in with my ticket; of which he denied the possibility, as the exons would not have *received* a ticket from any person entering with the Queen.

My answer, probably, savoured of the indignation natural to any well-thinking individual accused of falsehood; and, in answer to my proposition to be confronted with the gray-headed gentleman in a scarlet uniform to whom I had given my ticket, he requested me, more civilly, to follow him; and, as we hurried through the crowded

gallery into a small room, I concluded that the disagreeable mistake was about to be cleared up. Three or four strangers were assembled, to one of whom, a keen-looking, middle-aged man, the usher whispered a few words, in which the name of Lord —— was audible.

Every eye was now turned towards me; for it seems that the public functionary had brought me into the presence of the inspector of police, on suspicion of being a pickpocket, who had made his way on false pretences into the august assembly!

"A pickpocket?—not he!" cried one of the persons present; and I begun really to trust that I had found a friend, when, to my utter horror, he added, "This is the very chap, sir, we were desired to keep an eye upon at Windsor. He was seen hovering about the Castle till dark, on Saturday last, in the most suspicious manner, evidently watching his opportunity to steal in!"

"And *steal off*, no doubt, with whatever else was to be stolen!" added a facetious idler, who stood by.

"No, sir,—I fancy *not*. For he attended chapel next morning, and, by his dress and manner, gave unmistakeable token that his intellects were deranged. Lord bless you, sir, scarcely a month passes but we have crazy folks at Windsor! It seems to be their first notion, when their heads get wrong, to come and have a look at the Queen."

"Ay, a pretty sort of *look!*" added the good-natured witness. "Hatfield, and Peg Nicholson, and Oxford to wit!"

Could mortal patience stand this!—*I*, the most loyal of the Queen's creatures, to labour under an imputation of regicide! I lost my temper and my liberty!

"Search him," said the inspector; and, as nothing was found upon me but a well filled purse and handsome gold pencil-case, and a small paper of white powder, opinions were divided as to whose pocket I had picked, or into whose food the poison was to be insinuated!

It required, of course, some little time before analysis would determine that the powder was, according to my statement, carbonate of soda, which, since the injury to my digestion caused by my English misadventures, I have been forced to carry about with me,—or the testimony of my landlord tend to prove that the purse and pencil were my own, and myself one of the most harmless individuals extant. Narrowly indeed did I escape an examination at the Home Office; for I was literally afraid of provoking the reproaches of my cousin W., by sending for him to attest my identity, and extricate me from my dilemma.

Of course, all the evening papers teemed with accounts of "Disturbance at the House of Lords,"—"A Pickpocket in the House of Lords,"—"Latest particulars,"—"Supposed attack upon her Majesty,"—"The Windsor Lunatic again,"—"Accusation of High Treason," &c. &c. &c., all which were duly copied from the daily into the weekly papers. *One* Sunday print, more daring than the rest, placarded the blank walls in the metropolis with pea-green hand-bills, promising an extra sheet, to contain the biography of the supposed assassin of the Queen; to which a rival responded by an advertisement in Gothic characters a foot high, of "Confession of the Assassin."

If I did not commit reginicide, I was uncommonly near committing *felo-de-se!* For there was my honourable patronymic at full length staring me in the face from all the palings and scaffold-posts between the Peacock at Islington and the Swan-with-two-necks in Lad Lane!

But, what remedy? In the land of liberty, in dealing with an unhappy man, who has not tact to discover when he is to wear a white cravat, or when a black, or the exact meaning of fringed or plain linen in a court-circular, the freedom of the press is incontestable! They may say pretty nearly what they please, leaving you the remedy of making them suffer for it, provided you have fifteen hundred pounds or so to throw away in doing yourself justice.

My passage is now taken, and I am "homeward bound!" All I have acquired by my trip is the conviction that the subordination of conventional life may be so refined upon as to degenerate into the most abject slavery; and henceforward, whenever I join in the parental declaration that "Britons never will be slaves," I shall feel strongly inclined to add, *sotto voce,* "or omit an opportunity of making slaves of other people."

Farewell, therefore, gorgeous London, and the capital bill of fare of the Clarendon! For the rest of the days, ye Gods!

> "Give me again my hollow tree,
> A crust of bread, and liberty!"

THE CORYPHEE.

I am one of the twelve who come six from each side,
With gauze wings and scarfs, and dance round the bride,
And then in a line to the front we all bound,
Smile at the orchestra, and all twelve twirl round!
Retreat to the wing, joyous, buoyant, and fleet, oh!
To make way for the fairy of earth,—Miss Cerito.

I am one of the twelve, (when Cerito's pas's ended,)
Who 's supplied at the wing with an active intended.
Sometimes we 've twelve sailors, sometimes twelve marines,
Or a dozen gay rustics, with twelve tambourines;
Then all twenty-four form a ring in the centre,
And waltz till 'tis time for Guy Stephan to enter.

I am one of the twelve, with a long wreath of flowers,
(Made up from the last night's floriferous showers,)
Arranged as a frame for our twelve smiling faces,
And next in four frames, form four sets of graces.
M. Perrot, till now was conceal'd by the trees—he
Completes the tableau with sweet Carlotta Grisi.

The intendeds once more on the stage take their stations,
And the audience begin to show signs of impatience,
For the pittites and stalls are vacating whole rows,
Which flattering hint brings the dance to a close.
On one toe, 'midst blue fire, our joy we express,
With our hands to O. P., and our feet to P. S.

MENANDER.

THE VETTURINO.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CABARET.

I smell a device.—*Twelfth Night.*

I LAMENTED my illness as singularly unfortunate at this particular moment; but there was no remedy save patience, and patiently as I could I waited for intelligence from Lausanne. On the fourth day it came, in the shape of a letter from Alphonse. I will not here transcribe it, but confine myself to the principal facts which it related.

Knowing the city well, and stimulated by professional instinct in the choice of an agent, Alphonse had sought out a man who, originally a scrivener by profession, had from various causes, attributable chiefly to his own misconduct, lost his position in society, and become a sort of hanger-on to the police, and a frequenter of low cabarets, in which latter capacity, while he indulged in his own favourite vice, he became a spy upon the vices of others, and made himself useful to justice, who closed her eyes to his delinquencies, for the sake of the services which he sometimes rendered.

This man, named Gustave Vidal, was a Frenchman by birth, but had settled in Lausanne some years before; not, however, without occasionally returning to Paris, where, it was rumoured, his list of acquaintances was not of the most reputable kind. It was in connexion with a criminal trial that Alphonse had recognised him during the preceding winter, after which he had returned to Lausanne, and here he found him again. Through Vidal's agency he learned that three of his countrymen were at present in the city, accompanied by a woman, who was called La Paillote, of remarkable beauty, but of the most abandoned character; that they had inveigled into their set, partly by the gaiety of their manners, but chiefly by the woman's beauty, the unfortunate brother of Adèle Dupont, whom they had nearly fleeced to the uttermost sous. Vidal had further discovered that the men of the party, including Adolphe, were absent from Lausanne on the night of Madame Van Helmont's murder; that they had returned in a boat to Ouchy, the port of the city, in the course of the following day, accompanied by another young man, who, from the description given, there was every reason to believe was Theodore; that they had since been living freely at a cabaret in the lower part of the town, called the *Aigle Noir*, though they made no display of the possession of any extraordinary sum of money; that they drank hard, played a great deal, and were at times very quarrelsome amongst each other. Vidal had learned these particulars, partly from his own observation, and partly from what he contrived to pick up from the landlord and servants of the cabaret.

There was quite enough here to warrant suspicion, but not sufficient to satisfy Alphonse as to the degree of guilt attaching to the party at the Aigle Noir. He had already put himself in communi-

cation with the authorities of Lausanne, and he now obtained from the police a promise to keep an eye of surveillance over them, not so close as to awaken an idea of their being watched, but sufficiently so to be cognisant of all their movements, in order to arrest them at once, if they endeavoured to leave the canton.

Meanwhile he concerted with Vidal as to the means of obtaining more positive information, and it was resolved that he should accompany him in disguise to the cabaret, and strive to elicit something by mixing with the guests. Accordingly, having undergone the necessary metamorphosis of costume, to qualify him for admission, late in the evening Alphonse and Vidal repaired to the Aigle Noir.

When they entered the common room of the cabaret, it was occupied by various persons, who were scattered in groupes before several small tables, some playing at cards, others at dominoes, and almost all smoking and drinking. The landlady, a large, coarse-looking woman, sat knitting behind a range of bottles placed on a sort of counter, but not so much engaged by her work as to prevent her from keeping a sharp look-out on all that was going on. The landlord himself, a tall, raw-boned fellow, was sitting talking with another man at the farther end of the room, who every now and then helped himself to a glass of brandy from a carafon that stood beside him. A glass door with a red curtain stood half open behind the landlord, and partially revealed a room beyond, the *sanctum* of this unsavoury den.

The entrance of Vidal and Alphonse was scarcely noticed by anybody but the landlady, whom the former accosted, at the same time asking for something to drink, which was brought, and placed on a table near where the landlord and his companion sat. Vidal then called for cards, and in a few minutes the new comers were apparently absorbed in their game.

"Are any of them here?" inquired Alphonse, in a low tone.

"Only one," returned Vidal, without raising his head from his game; "*je marque le roi,*—talking to the host in the corner; the rest are, no doubt, inside. Your back is turned to him; but you are quite near enough to hear what he says, for he does not speak in whispers. Seem, however, to pay attention to the game; for La Mère has quick eyes."

After a brief interval, Alphonse spoke again:—"He is talking of some one whom he calls 'Le Chamois,' and he couples the name with La Paillote."

Vidal did not answer; but, spilling some of his brandy-and-water, he wrote in a careless manner the name of Adolphe on the table, and then brushed it away with his sleeve. When he saw that Alphonse comprehended him, he added, "They are both here, no doubt. Does he mention any one else?"

"I hear this—and this," replied Alphonse, imitating the action of Vidal, and writing the words "Le Vieux" and "Le Pékin."

"It is their cant for the other two. One of them is old; the other has lately seen the interior of La Force. When the people drop off here, we shall probably see them. Meantime *jouez.*"

They continued to play, and, as Vidal expected, in a short time the room began to thin. The man who sat behind Alphonse rose from his chair, and went into the cabinet. The landlord was following him; but, as he passed, he said in a low tone to Vidal,

"*Son jeu est-il fort?*"

"*Pas trop,*" was the answer.

"*Tant mieux,—s'il a de quoi.* Keep him here," he whispered as he passed on.

Vidal replied by a look, and touched Alphonse's foot at the same time.

"*Eh bien, Messieurs,*" cried the hostess from her throne, "*qu'est ce qu'il y a pour votre service?* You have no wine,—shall I bring you a bottle of Médoc? Perhaps," she added, on finding that her proposal was acceded to, "perhaps you would like to leave this hot room, and go into the cabinet. There's choice company there,—some that you know, Monsieur Gustave."

The proposition was of course agreed to; and, while she was procuring the wine, Vidal cautioned Alphonse against manifesting any suspicion of the motives of her husband or herself. "They live by sharping more than by fair dealing; but a few francs will content them to-night; so play with our host if he presses you."

The landlady having placed the wine, and returned to her post behind the counter, Vidal and Alphonse went into the cabinet. Five persons were there besides the host, three of them evidently the *confrérie;* the fourth, a tall, slight young man, with fine features, but extremely pale, and looking worn and haggard. They were all assembled round a table, on which were money and dice, and two or three half-empty bottles. A fifth person, a woman, reclined on a sofa. By the imperfect light of a quinquet, suspended from the wall above her head, Alphonse saw that she was handsome. There could be no doubt that the two last were Adolphe and La Paillote; for the former seemed as much attracted by her charms as by the seductions of the dice,—a fact which made him an easy prey, even had his companions played on the square.

As Vidal anticipated, the host volunteered to play at *écarté* with Alphonse; and, no objection being made, Vidal withdrew on one side, and lighting a cigar, leant against the wall, to all appearance watching the game, but in reality directing his attention to what was going on at the other table. Alphonse was a skilful player, and could therefore still retain sufficient command over his cards to feign an interest in the game, while he continued observant of every movement of his ally. The stake being small, he willingly allowed himself to be beaten. On the other hand, the professed gamblers were not idle, and the dice rattled on the board. A good deal of noise prevailed; but amongst them the voice of Adolphe was heard complaining of his accustomed ill luck. At last he threw down the dice-box, and vowed he would play no more. His friends taunted him with cowardice, and La Paillote joined in the cry.

"If I am to continue," he exclaimed, "I must find some more money. You have got all I had amongst you."

"And who have you to blame but yourself, *mon cher* Adolphe?" said La Paillote. "Le Vieux tells me there is more to be had yet."

"If the Chamois had taken my advice," said the oldest of the party, "his pockets might now have been well filled."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the young man impetuously, "would you have me commit another—"

"Chut! chut!" interrupted the other, striking the table with the dice-box, and looking round apprehensively, "keep your tongue between

your teeth, if you can't use it to better purpose. *Ecoutez*, Adolphe," he added, and leaning over, he spoke in a low tone of voice,—so low, that Vidal could only catch the words "*Magot—Grand gousier*," and "*encore cette fois*." His arguments, however, did not appear to be persuasive; for Adolphe remained gloomily silent, and withdrew from the table, and threw himself on the couch where La Paillote had been lying. It was not long before she was by his side, and Vidal could see that her caresses were not lost upon him; so that, whatever was the point to be gained, it seemed probable the victory would soon be hers.

Matters were in this state, and the gamblers had resumed play amongst themselves, when a knock was heard outside the cabaret, followed by a short, shrill cry. The hostess entered hastily, and made a sign to her husband, who quitted the room. In a few minutes he returned, and intimated somewhat abruptly that he must close the cabaret, muttering something about the night-watch; at the same time he whispered to one of the gamblers. Vidal and Alphonse, their score being already paid, left the house; nor did they speak till they had turned the corner of the street.

"Remain here," said Vidal. "It was not the watch that was expected. We should have learned nothing more by staying longer. I will reconnoitre the house again."

So saying, he retraced his steps, and about a quarter of an hour elapsed before he came back.

When he did so, he said, "It is as I suspected; they are in communication with some one else. I have seen another person enter the cabaret, a short, thick man, in a peasant's dress. His language, as he spoke to Borel, the host, was the *patois* of the Pays de Vaud. I am strongly of opinion that he is an agent of the party."

From what Alphonse had already heard beside, he made no doubt that Vidal was right, and he resolved to take his measures accordingly. He therefore lost no time in acquainting the Commissaire de Police with the reasons which made him think it necessary to arrest the whole of the inmates of the cabaret before the stranger had time to disappear. The Commissaire acted upon his suggestion; and when Alphonse closed his letter, he had just received intelligence of the capture of the party, including the last comer, who proved, to his surprise, though not to mine, to be *the Crétin!*

CHAPTER V.

DISCLOSURES.

> Dark, cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
> And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
>
> *K. Henry VI. Part II.*

I HAVE dwelt with minuteness upon many details connected with the event which I have undertaken to record, on account of the sensation which the murder created in the country, and the effect which it produced in my own mind; but it is not my purpose to enter at any length into the particulars of the trial, which took place shortly after the arrest of the prisoners at Lausanne. The number

of persons that were involved in the accusation, the character of at least one of the accused, and the rarity of the crime itself amid a people whose habits are so primitive, all concurred to produce an unusual degree of excitement, such as had not been witnessed in the canton within the recollection of any living.

The trial was very ably conducted, and it may well be believed that the court was crowded to excess. The following is a summary of the proceedings, which I prefer giving in the form of a narrative, rather than in the judicial course through which the facts were made known.

It has already been stated that, on the night preceding the murder of Madame Van Helmont, Theodore had been seen at Villeneuve, in conversation at a late hour with two strangers on the quay. It appeared that this statement was correct, and was thus accounted for. He was returning homewards, after passing the evening with Philippe Dupont and his daughter, when, just as he came within sight of the turrets of Chillon, he was met by a man, who accosted him by name, and who proved to be the brother of Adèle. Adolphe implored his earnest attention to what he had to say, and, indignant as Theodore felt at his conduct towards his family, he would not deny him the means of doing that which might possibly exculpate him from a part of his misconduct, and open a door to repentance and reconciliation. They therefore sat down by the road-side, and Adolphe entered into a long detail of the occurrences which had taken place in regard to himself, with most of which the reader is already acquainted. His object in addressing himself to Theodore was twofold. In the first place, he said, the opportunity now offered for enabling him to retrieve his fallen fortunes, and restore his family to the position which it had occupied previous to the commission of the errors which, he alleged, he now most deeply deplored. But, to accomplish this object, it was requisite that he should obtain a certain sum of money; and further, as his designs were secret, he desired that Theodore should assist him in leaving the country, for which purpose it was necessary he should reach Lausanne early on the following day. Theodore urged him to explain his reasons for acting with so much secrecy; but Adolphe stedfastly refused to disclose them, and reiterated his requests, dwelling with increased emphasis on the absolute necessity of their being acceded to, as his very existence depended on the result. Theodore was moved by the earnestness of his pleading, and finally agreed to aid him to the extent of his ability. Unwilling at this moment to wound his feelings, by picturing the desolation he had caused in his home, and the blight he had thrown on the prospects of the family, Theodore spoke briefly on the state of his own affairs. His means, he said, were necessarily limited because he felt it his duty to make a reserve for *others*, whose claims were more legitimate; but, as far as he could consistently do so, he would render him assistance. Adolphe questioned him in a hesitating manner respecting Madame Van Helmont, —for Theodore's mission to the Château de Blonay was no secret; but the latter replied, that the old lady's kindness precluded the possibility of his making application there, and that Adolphe must content himself with what Theodore had it in his own power to afford. It was therefore at length agreed that they should meet again in two hours' time on the quay of Villeneuve, when Theodore

would return with his money, and assist Adolphe in rowing to Ouchy, as the friends who he said accompanied him were inexperienced boatmen.

With a heavy heart, and many secret misgivings, Theodore wended his way to Montreux. He divided his slender stock into two equal portions, one of which he returned to his chest, and the other he placed in a canvass bag for Adolphe; and then, knowing that he should be out on the lake all night, he put up some bread and meat and a small flask of spirits in the pocket of his travelling-cloak, and carefully extinguishing his light, he left his cottage for Villeneuve. When questioned by the judge as to whether he met any one in Montreux that night, Theodore replied, that he saw no one to speak to; but remembered, in passing the Hôtel de Couronne, to have seen the door of the stable ajar, a light inside, and the Crétin ostler still busied in grooming or littering his horses. He, however, drew only one consequence from the fact, that his animals had probably returned at a late hour from some distant excursion, and he pursued his way without inquiry. It was past midnight when he reached Villeneuve, and he had to wait some time before Adolphe made his appearance. When he did so, it was in company with a person who was a perfect stranger to Theodore. A very earnest conversation took place between Adolphe and his companion before they approached the wharf; but Theodore could only gather from a few impatient exclamations that all the party had not arrived. At length a third person joined them in great haste, who whispered something to the other two, and they all got into the boat, which was speedily cast off; and Theodore and Adolphe took the oars, while the strangers sat in the stern.

The voyage was pursued in silence, until at a part of the lake midway between Clarens and Vevay, Adolphe turned to Theodore, and told him they must pull in-shore. They ran the boat into a small creek, under some trees, and here they waited about a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of that time the sound of horses' feet was distinctly heard coming at a quick pace down the road, and presently two horsemen pulled up. The night was dark, and the place gloomy, so that Theodore could barely discern their figures; one of them, however, dismounted, and came running towards the shore, where he was recognised by the other strangers, under the denomination of '*Le Vieux*.' He appeared to be in a state of extreme agitation, and hurried into the boat with so much precipitation as nearly to tilt it over, and would have fallen into the water but for the firm grasp of Theodore. The other horseman did not wait a moment in the road, but seizing the bridle of the animal from which his companion had dismounted, moved off at a rapid trot in the direction of the upper end of the lake. The party in the boat then pulled quickly from the shore, giving a wide berth to the town of Vevay; and the two strangers who had joined at Villeneuve began hastily to interrogate the new comer, but scarcely above their breath. Much dissatisfaction appeared to be manifest at some of the news imparted, which the narrator endeavoured to qualify by strong asseverations, though to what they referred Theodore could obtain no clue. Once, however, the old man raised his voice, exclaiming earnestly—"*Comptez sur lui,—dans un tel cas il sera fidèle,*

—car, après tout, c'est lui qui—" The rest was lost in the whisper which closed the sentence.

The events of the night rendered Theodore extremely uncomfortable, for he could not disguise from himself that something wrong had taken place, and he stated as much to Adolphe, who assured him of the contrary, and begged him to be silent as he valued his safety and the future peace of Adèle, which, he said, depended upon secrecy in regard to his present movements. Nothing material afterwards occurred, except when the cool air of the night had made the party hungry, and Theodore produced his little store of provisions; he then discovered that he had not brought his knife with him, and concluded that he must have left it on the table of his cottage when he eat the bread and meat. The supper was therefore divided as well as they could with their hands, and all partook of it except the old man, who indemnified himself, however, by a large draught of spirits. They reached Ouchy just as the sun was rising; here he took leave of Adolphe, and lay down in the boat to repose for a few hours. In the course of the morning a steady breeze sprang up, and having sufficiently rested himself, Theodore hoisted a small sail and steered for Villeneuve, but wanting something at Vevay, he put in there, and was immediately arrested on the dreadful charge on which he was now examined.

This was the substance of Theodore's statement, extracted by slow degrees; for the promise he had made of saying nothing that might criminate the brother of Adèle, operated on his mind even against the sense of his own danger, and it was only by admissions and explanations extracted by the cross-examinations of M. Delacroix from Adolphe himself that the innocence of Theodore was satisfactorily established.

But the actual fact of the murder remained yet unexplained.

It was evident that the crime was known to the Frenchmen, if not perpetrated by one of their number, and Adolphe also stood within the predicament of being an accessory. No gold had been found upon the persons of any of those who were taken in the cabaret, and the sudden appearance there of the Crétin seemed inexplicable. But when, in the course of the trial, the conversation, imperfectly heard by Vidal, was connected with the slight incident witnessed at the waterfall by Monsieur Visinard and myself, it immediately, occurred to Alphonse Delacroix that the Crêtin had visited the spot for the purpose of concealment, and that the solution of the mystery might be found on a close examination of the place. He thought that the cunning of the creature had been made subservient to the purposes of the murderers, who had selected him as their agent until the storm should blow ever. He accordingly prayed an adjournment of the trial until his doubts were removed; and permission having been granted, two active hunters of Vevay were dispatched with a couple of gensd'arme, to search the cavern; and never was conjecture more triumphantly converted into certainty. In a crevice between two large blocks of stone, as far as the arm could reach, a linen cloth was discovered, knotted into a small heavy bundle; it was much discoloured by wet and dirt, but still more by stains that looked like blood; in one corner were the letters E. V. H., and when unfolded a canvass bag rolled out containing nearly two hundred louis. All

these things were produced in court, and none could doubt that the money was the property of the unfortunate Madame Van Helmont.

Further concealment became useless in the face of evidence so conclusive; and, interrupting the course of the proceedings, the Frenchman known as "Le Vieux" rose, and threw himself on the mercy of the court. He desired to make confession of all he knew.

His story was brief. In the hope of extracting more money from Adolphe, himself and his companions had proceeded with the former to Vevay. While in that neighbourhood they had heard of the alleged wealth of Madame Van Helmont, and had sounded Adolphe on the possibility of obtaining access to the château, for what purpose he need hardly say. Adolphe had resisted the idea of robbery, but suggested that money might be obtained through the means of a friend. The prize was, however, too tempting to be lightly relinquished, and while seeking for the readiest means of discovering where it was placed, chance threw the witness in the way of the Crétin, whom he interrogated respecting the persons dwelling in the neighbourhood of the different localities. In the course of his inquiries he accidentally touched a spring which laid bare the Crétin's inmost thoughts: he found, imperfect as his mental organization appeared to be, that two strong passions dwelt in his bosom,—one a violent love for Adèle Dupont,—the other, a bitter hatred of her lover. He wrought upon these feelings with such success, that he bound the Crétin heart and soul to his service, who, in the hope of gratifying both his heart and his revenge, swore to do whatever he was commanded. It was therefere determined by the triumvirate, without revealing their actual intentions to Adolphe, to rob the Château de Blonay, making the Crétin their guide, and, if necessity demanded it, their instrument. They learned from Adolphe that Theodore had promised him assistance, but at the same time they found that he had something more in store. Of this they resolved to dispossess him; and as night drew on they all concealed themselves in the stable of the inn at Montreux; they saw Theodore pass on his way back to Villeneuve, and, piloted by the Crétin, they proceeded to his cottage, and breaking open his chest, took what money remained, while the Crétin, who stood to watch at the door lest Theodore should return, possessed himself of a knife which lay on the table. For greater expedition it had been determined to ride up to the Château, but as only two horses were available, the two other men went on to Villeneuve, agreeing to call in near Clarens to take up the witness in their boat. Silently and carefully the horses were led from the stable; they mounted, and rode to Blonay. Here they descended, and lighting a small dark lanthorn, after making their horses fast to a gate, they entered the garden, and soon reached the courtyard of the Château. The Crétin led the way along the corridor to the door of Madame Van Helmont's chamber, and hearing by her breathing that she slept, they stole cautiously in. The witness at once proceeded to a secrétoire near the window, while the Crétin posted himself beside the lady's bed. In her complete security, Madame Van Helmont had left the secrétoire unlocked; he lowered the lid, and after opening one or two drawers, he came to that which contained the bag of money. He seized it, but the neck of the bag being untied, one of the coins fell on the floor, and the lady awoke with a loud scream. It was the last she

uttered, for misinterpreting the witness's gesture, the Crétin struck her down in the bed with the knife which he had carried away from Theodore's cottage. She strove to rise, but the creature, rendered furious by the sight of blood, dragged her on the floor, and stabbed her again and again before she had power to arrest his hand. The crime was now committed in its worst form, and all that remained was instant flight,—the witness seized a towel from the floor, dabbled as it was in gore, and throwing the bag of money into it, knotted it up, hastily giving it to the Crétin to hold, lest he should smear himself with the blood. He looked to the window as the readiest means of retreat, and finding on opening the casement that it was not very high from the ground, he dropped from the ledge into the garden on the soft mould beneath. In an instant the Crétin was by his side; he threw away the knife, and they regained their horses and galloped down the road towards the lake. A sudden fear then took possession of the witness's mind, and he ordered the Crétin to conceal the money in a safe place till they should meet again. The creature, whose mental faculties seemed for the occasion to be equal to his own promised obedience; and it was hastily agreed that on the third day from thence the Crétin should come to Lausanne, and afterwards conduct him to the place where the money would be found.

During this revelation, which, though true in the main, was so told as to place the narrator in the least culpable point of view, the Crétin had maintained an air of dull dogged apathy. He seemed unmoved by the details of the confession, and it was only when the fact of his having used Theodore's knife was stated, that he raised his head, and a gleam of malignant satisfaction lit up his eyes. When the Frenchman had ceased speaking, the judge adjured the unhappy wretch to confirm the tale. The creature made one or two efforts to speak; at last his voice broke forth in a wild hysterical yell that thrilled the court with horror. It was one prolonged, dissonant, deafening shriek, as if the organs of speech were bursting; his face became livid,—the large goître on his throat seemed to swell to twice its ordinary size,—he clenched his outstretched hands,—the blood gushed from his mouth—and the Crétin fell dead on the floor of the court of justice at the feet of Theodore, his intended victim.

Those who have felt an interest in the fate of the Vetturino will learn with pleasure, that only so late as the last summer he pursued his calling, though his journeys are not so long nor so frequent as formerly. He still lives on the shores of Lake Leman, with his pretty wife Adèle, and half a dozen blooming children,—the eldest girl now verging on womanhood. Philippe Dupont is gathered to his fathers. Adolphe, whose ignorance of the crime for which one of his companions suffered, and the others endured a heavy punishment, saved him from their fate, entered the French service, and lost his life on the plains of Constantina; and Alphonse Delacroix is now at the head of his profession at Paris. I have concealed his real name, but should any one of his colleagues in the Chamber of Deputies read these pages, they will at once recognise him, for he often tells the story of THE VETTURINO.

AN UNIVERSAL NEWSPAPER TO SUIT ALL TASTES AND OPINIONS.

THE WHIG AND TORY.

Seria mixta Jocis.

COMPOSED BY STEAM. 1ST APRIL, 1844.

A NEWSPAPER maintaining perfectly impartial opinions in politics being as difficult to discover as the philosopher's stone, it is proposed that two editors, of eminent abilities, but of diametrically opposite opinions, shall conduct these pages, so that those who like to contemplate every view of every subject shall thus have an opportunity to do so, while such persons as feel, like the Irish judge, that to hear both sides only confuses them, may confine their studies to that which pleases them best. All reports favourable to either party shall be confidently stated on one page, and as confidently contradicted on the other. During every election the probable state of the poll shall be calculated and conjectured with a totally opposite result on corresponding columns; and, in discussing the state of Ireland, it shall be described on the one side as perfectly peaceable, and on the other as being evidently on the verge of a rebellion.

In reviewing books, announcing fashionable changes, or recommending shops, this principle shall be rigidly adhered to; and even a ballot at a club can only be mentioned on those columns where voting by ballot is advocated.

It is hoped that by thus embracing all parties, "The Whig and Tory" may secure universal patronage, and that by concentrating the very essence of all foreign and domestic intelligence, it will entirely supersede all rivals, being indisputably recognized as the only "True Sun" calculated to enlighten; "The Times" to be the universal "Standard" of public opinion; "The Record" of truth; "The Chronicle" and "Herald" of a brighter morning than ever before dawned upon the British Empire.

Two cats in Kilkenny
Were found one too many,
And scratch'd tooth and nail,
Till reduced to a tail.

Thus the newspapers fought,
Till the public have sought
For both sides of the story
In the Whig and the Tory.—T.

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

Captain Drinkwater, from Harrowgate. Mrs. Ramsbottom and daughters from Tahiti. It is whispered in the literary circles that this elegant-minded and observing writer, so well known by her letters to "John Bull," will shortly favour the reading world with a graphic sketch of her visit to Queen Pomare, which under present circumstances will not be *mal-a-propos*.

DEPARTURES.

Mr. Walker, Capt. Trotter, Mrs. Ryder, and Dr. Cantor, on a tour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES ON A CONVOLVULUS,

BY LADY ADELAIDE FITZ MAURICE.

There 's not a flow'r of radiant hue,
With tint more bright than thine of blue;
At morn thou op'est thy weeping eye,
At eve thou almost seem'st to die!

Thy blossom first is bright and gay,
But soon—too soon—it fades away;
And when we pluck thy stem so slight,
Next moment, ah! how sad thy plight!

Then, wheresoe'er it may be found,
Oh! leave—still leave it in the ground,
For soon it withers in a glass,
Alas! alas!—alas! alas!

ON A WITHERED BLUE-BELL.

BY THE SAME.

Oh! why didst thou die,
And thus give the lie
To all I have said
Before thou wert dead!

Of thy lovely green hue,
And the brilliant light blue
That were seen on thy leaf,
And are gone, to my grief!

We are happy to announce that that the accomplished authoress of these beautiful gems, (who has written, it is said, some sweet things in "The Book of Beauty,") has in the press a splendidly illustrated volume, entitled "Blossoms of Spring." Price Three Guineas.

POLICE OFFICE.

A case, which excited considerable amusement, was heard in Bow Street yesterday, when an old Irishwoman was brought up, charged with making a violent assault on her next-door neighbour, a young girl, also from the Green Isle. She had torn the bows out of her antagonist's cap, and finally cut her severely with a knife.

"Surely," observed the magistrate facetiously, "such a *belle* as you never can want a BEAU!" (Laughter.)

"An' sure, your honour, isn't *Bow* Street the very place to come to for one?" (Roars of laughter.)

"You are at no loss for an answer, I see!"

"Nor nobody need be *here*, your honour, that can say *Bo* to a goose." (Shouts of laughter.)

"You deserve the bow-string for your impudence! But we must try what a few weeks in Newgate will do."

"That 's a New-*gait* to me, your honour, and a very awkward gate too. If 'twere a five-barred one I 'd clear it anyhow; but I don't agree with confinement." (Laughter.)

"Then, why don't you agree better with your neighbours? It is a serious business to use a knife, and gives them a strong *handle* against you!"

"I only cuts my disagreeable acquaintance in the street, as the quality does."

"But, then, it was on this occasion cut and come again."

"No knife can be sharper than your honour's wit, anyhow! Sure it 's cutting and maiming of me that you are, as the leg of mutton said to the carving-knife. Long life, and many of them, to your lordship!"

The culprit was led away, amid shouts of applause, evidently elated that in the war of wit she had the best of it, and obviously satisfied that the glory covered the disgrace.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

At a meeting of the Royal Society on Monday last, Dr. Cox read some interesting remarks on the variations of the pulse occasioned by people standing on their heads. Professor Altitude afterwards produced an elaborate essay on the present alteration of our atmosphere occasioned by an invisible comet having recently crossed our orbit; on which he analyzed a portion of air, and proved that a new species of gas had supervened, which has a remarkable tendency to irritate the temper, and to render people quarrelsome. Mr. Mackenzie then demonstrated that we shall have thirteen snow-storms this winter, one of which will be seven feet deep on the 4th of June.

We are desired to intimate that the Royal Society is now finally dissolved, having nothing more to learn or to discover.

COURT CIRCULAR.

Some events of considerable importance are now in agitation, which will cause great surprise in certain quarters, and must be followed by consequences of which it is impossible to estimate the ultimate importance. We forbear for the present to be more explicit.

It is confidently reported that the second son of a certain Baronet at the west end of the town is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the daughter of an eminent mercantile character, who lives not a hundred miles from the city.

The venerable Lord Cader-Idris has, with his usual liberality, desired

a cart of coals to be distributed among his numerous poor tenantry near the village of Barmouth.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Mrs. Smith has begun her course of dinners for the season. We understand she has had apologies from several invited guests of the first distinction, and expects on Friday next two Polish Princes, and several Members of Parliament.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. Mountain, of Hill Street, of a still-born child.

MARRIAGES.

At Kissingen, in Germany, Count Katzenellenbogen, eleventh son of the present Duke, to Miss Jemima Figg, only daughter and heiress of the late Timothy Figg, Esq. of Barbican. The lovely and accomplished bride is reputed to be worth a *plum*.

At Turnham Green, on the 1st of April, Mr. Joseph Younghusband, to Miss Patience Waite, eldest daughter of the late veteran Mr. Job Waite, who was wounded at the siege of Quebec.

At Barking church, Mr. Jo. Kerr, to ——, daughter of Andrew Merry, Esq.

At Cayenne, Commodore Pepper, to Miss Salt.

At Pont-y-pool, Mr. Brydge, to Mrs. Arch.

DEATHS.

We regret to announce the demise of the Rev. Ambrose Sleek, at the advanced age of eighty-four. The death of the reverend gentleman was sudden and unexpected; he had just been presented to another living.

ON-DIT.

A marriage is said in certain high circles to be on the *tapis* between his Majesty Henry the Fifth of France and the lovely and accomplished daughter of Erin's favourite son.

WANTS A PLACE AS LAP-DOG,

A steady, respectable, middle-aged Spaniel, who can be well recommended from his last place.

TESTIMONIALS.

Gentlemen wishing to obtain Offices or Professor-ships are respectfully informed that they may be supplied with the highest testimonials, on moderate terms, countersigned by two names of undoubted respectability.

Charges are proportioned to the value of the situation to be obtained.

WANTS A PLACE AS LISTENER TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN,

A Young Man, with great talents for silence; has a steady eye, an inexhaustible fund of patience, and a large stock of appropriate exclamations. Would have no objection to attend public meetings, and could get up a laugh, if required.

WANTS A SITUATION,

A Tiger, who perfectly understands his business.

WANTS A PLACE AS LADY'S MAN,

A Half-pay Officer, who turns compliments with great facility, admires either red or black hair as may be required; will carry umbrellas and water-proof cloaks in fine weather, without expecting the use of one if it rains; grounds well in worsted work, and has no objection to drink cape-madeira at family dinner-parties.

WANTS A SITUATION, AT THE HEAD OF A GREAT ESTABLISHMENT,

A Young Lady, eighteen years of age, who plays on the harp, pianoforte, and guitar, speaks French, Italian, and German fluently, and draws in every style. Has no objection to live in the country for two months every year.

None but eligible offers need be made.

SAWDUST-BREAD.

This excellent and nutritious manufacture is universally recommended by the faculty, being totally devoid of acidity, and particularly light and wholesome.

The highest price given for old packing-boxes.

WANTS A SITUATION,

As Visitor for the Summer, in a country house where a good cellar is kept, an unattached Captain of Dragoons, who plays well at whist and écarté, is an undeniable shot, performs on the flute, is ready always to play second fiddle, and could sit in a *tableau* if required.

Direct (post-paid) to I. O. U., United Service Club.

LATIN AND GREEK TAUGHT IN SIX LESSONS.

Dr. Addlebrain begs to announce, that by his improved grammar and lexicon he undertakes to make any gentleman, of the most moderate abilities, a perfect classical scholar in six lessons.

Quotations for public speeches arranged and explained in private.

9, College Street.

SOCIETY
FOR
THE SUPPRESSION OF POVERTY.

A Public Meeting of Ladies took place in Exeter Hall yesterday, to consider the best means of relieving and utterly abolishing all cases of distress, when a Committee of Ways and Means was appointed, and a subscription opened on the spot.

A thousand needles seemed ready to leap out of their scabbards on the occasion, and all present devoted themselves to six weeks' hard labour to further the objects of the meeting.

Among the generous contributions on this occasion we observed 130 pin-cushions, 310 purses (empty), 49 cigar cases, 590 dolls, and 2000 fire-screens.

It was proposed also to have
A Grand Exhibition of

LADIES' DRAWINGS.

Admittance, 5s.

And also,

A GRAND AMATEUR CONCERT.

Tickets, 2 guineas each.

A list will be given in our next of 55 Lady Directoresses, 3 of whom are to be present.

NEW BOOKS.

Fifth Thousand.

BABIANA;
or,
Bon-mots by Children under Five Years Old.
Carefully collected from the Narratives of Mothers and Nurses.
In ten volumes.

"A valuable record." — *Lady's Magazine.*

"Words cannot express what we think of it."—*Lady's Record.*

THE NEW NEEDLE-BOOK.

Every *eye* is upon this *work.* It contains one unbroken *thread,* and several of the *points* show considerable sharpness.

The author has invented a new machine, by which the most elaborate piece of worsted work may be grounded in less than ten minutes, either in tent-stitch or petit point. To be seen at the Adelaide Gallery.

NEW NOVEL,
BY CAPTAIN HERIOT, R.N.

THE THUNDERER;
OR,
WIT, WAR, AND WINE!

The situations are sublime, the incidents terrific, and the interest painfully intense. We pity the man who could close an eye, day or night, till he has finished this most exciting narrative. Our author steers clear of all the shoals and quicksands on which others are wrecked. We trust, therefore, that he may long continue to "Raise the wind," and spread out his canvass before a favourable breeze.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A Smoothing-Iron, on a perfectly new construction, has been recently invented at Paris, which proves infallible for removing wrinkles from the face. A single application has the most surprising effect! The chief secret is said to consist in its being used red-hot, with a strong fomentation of vitriolic acid.

PUBLIC DINNER AND TESTIMONIAL.

A gold watch and appendages was presented yesterday to Monsieur Philips, the celebrated French conjuror, on account of his recent exertions for the public amusement, and a dinner of his friends and admirers took place at the Crown and Anchor tavern. On this occasion he exhibited a few novel and amusing tricks, having turned a gentleman's coat without the wearer being conscious of it. He also threw a quantity of ribbon, silk, and buckram into a large wheel, when immediately several beautifully-shaped, fashionable bonnets were produced; and he undertook, when any lady had turned her silk dress *twice*, to bring out a *third* side, which should look as good as new. To conclude the evening, after returning thanks for the honour done him by the ladies and gentlemen present, who were *no conjurors*, he proposed as a toast, with true French gallantry, "Petticoat government; being the only legitimate government which has continued uninterrupted since the creation." Tune—"And ye shall walk in silk attire."

HIGH-FLYING EXTRAORDINARY.

During the late severe hurricane, a remarkably fine boy, ten years of age, was observed on his way to school, when turning a sharp corner towards Westminster Bridge, the wind suddenly caught his umbrella, and blew him rapidly along towards the new Houses of Parliament. He clung tenaciously to the handle, till a violent blast lifted him at length from the ground, and, when last seen, he was flying over the roofs of some houses in Hyde Park Place, towards Bayswater. The distance rendered him at last invisible to the naked eye; but if any one can send intelligence which may restore him to his afflicted parents, a handsome reward shall be given.

CHEAP SALE.

To be sold for Walking Sticks, an extensive Forest in Orkney.

Apply to the Forester, at Kirkwall.

SALE BELOW PRIME COST.

Several magnificent Gold Watches to be sold as cheap as wooden clocks. Warranted to go long enough for the money. Real French Champagne as cheap as gooseberry-wine. Rouge that comes and goes at the will of the wearer; and Wigs more natural than the original hair.

WANTED.

A small cheap House, containing a number of large, well-furnished rooms.

A public dinner was given on Saturday, the 1st of April, by Mr. Van Amburgh, to all the greatest *lions* resident in the city. A few *tigers*, unfortunately, gained admission, and the oratory was not good, as the principal speaker was a mere parrot, and others chattered like apes.

Among the dresses we observed feathers much worn, and in this cold season fur very generally prevailed. The dinner was rather raw, but very abundant; and the whole went off with one continued roar of applause.

TO BE SOLD,

Nine Hundred MS. Sermons, warranted unpreached.

WANTS A PLACE AS PAGE,

A genteel Boy, with a soul above buttons.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Mr. Jameson has the honour to announce, that he has a large collection on hand of exquisite portraits, with perfectly Grecian features, which can be made, with a few alterations, to resemble any one who may honour him with a sitting.

Patterns for inspection of the most beautiful eyes, noses, and mouths, among which any lady or gentleman may select the most admired, and they shall be skilfully combined into an harmonious and beautiful resemblance; while he engages that the old shall be made young, and the young younger.

IMPORTANT SALE!

VALUABLE COLLECTION.

The property of a celebrated Antiquarian, lately deceased, to be sold by auction, without reserve, in whole or in part, the museum having originally cost not less than 20,000*l*.

Among the gems in this splendid selection we may mention the following rare and most uncommon, not to say invaluable, relics:—

1. The pebbles which Demosthenes held in his mouth when he practised oratory.

2. One of the flies which was killed by Domitian.

3. A lock of the hair which strung the bows at the siege of Carthage.

4. A fragment of Penelope's web.

5. A piece of the cake which was watched by King Alfred (very much burned).

6. A bone of the lampreys which killed Henry the First.

7. A bottle of the Malmsey in which the Duke of Clarence was drowned.

8. Some of the gunpowder which was to have been used at the Gunpowder Plot.

9. A piece of the tart with which Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned (very stale).

10. A part of the rope which hung Guy Fawkes.

11. The branch of a tree which came from Birnham Wood to Dunsinane.

12. A feather from the bed in which Thomas Duke of Gloucester was smothered at Calais.

13. A bit of the Iron Mask.

14. A card from the pack with which Charles the Sixth amused himself in the Bastile.

15. A cinder from the great fire in London.

16. Part of Sir Walter Raleigh's first cigar.

17. The spider's web which was watched by Robert Bruce when he decided the fate of Scotland.

18. The fly liberated by Sterne when he said, "There is room enough in the world for thee and me."

19. The apple which struck Sir Isaac Newton on the nose, causing him to discover the laws of attraction.

20. An umbrella held once over the Duke of Wellington's head, in a shower of rain.

21. The last farthing of O'Connel's rent.

SONG,

BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN AT A CHARITY SALE.

Oh no! I never purchase them,
  Their price I 've never heard,
My purse is now forbid to pay
  For toys I can't afford.

From booth to booth they hurry me,
  That bargains I may get,
And when they win a pound from me,
  'Tis much to my regret.

They tell me to be buying now
  The gewgaws of the day,
They hint that I should purchase trash,
  But I heed not what they say.

Perhaps, like me, they never knew
  With empty purse to fret;
But, if they buy as I have bought,
  They never will forget.

A SONG FOR THE SORROWFUL.

Banish care! banish care!
  Let 's have no repining;
Fools are sick'ning o'er grief
  While wise men are dining.

Look around! look around!
  To gain consolation,—
On my life 't will be found,
  Whatever your station.

Search within! search within!
  The mind, if you have one,
Will engender bright hopes,
  Making merry the grave one.

There 's woman! there 's woman!
  And the grape's ruby tears,
And a world too lovely
  For dull cares, or for fears.

'Tis folly! 'tis folly!
  To brood over sorrow;
Though 'tis cloudy to-day,
  'Twill be sunny to-morrow.

W. Law Gane.

BENJAMIN OF BRESLAU, AND HOW HE LEARNT THE WORLD.

A GERMAN TALE.

SOME years under a century since a keen old Israelite, bearing the name of Abraham Aarons, kept an old clothes' shop in Breslau, the capital of Silesia. He had an only son, named Benjamin, and our story commences on the morning of the day which was fixed upon by his father to send him to seek his fortune, as his ancestors had from time immemorial, as a peripatetic merchant, *vulgo,* a pedlar. Abraham was rich; but, consistent with the character of his creed, the wealth he had amassed he kept with such tenacity that parting with a guilder was like the loss of life-blood from his heart, so it need not be considered wonderful that the following dialogue occurred between parent and son previous to the departure of the latter.

"Fater," said Benjamin, "vat is ten tolers? vat for can I make fortune vit tem—noting!"

"Vot you say?" said his father,—"noting? vas not everyting made out of noting."

"Ah! ven dat vas tings must have been very sheap."

"Haven't I given you a bag of false guilders?"

"Yes! but who'll take tem? If my fater had given me a hundred—fifty—twenty tolers?"

"Vould you scatter de thrift of your elders, you vortless boy?—Vould you give back to te Gentiles te golt vich I have taken from tem? Go find your inheritance from the rich Christians, as your faters did. Get dere golt and dere jewels; make de bargains and de bushinez, and prove yourself of de true seed of Israel, and ven you die de Lord Abraham vill say you have done goot in de vorld, and de blessing of Jacob will be on you."

"Fater," said Benjamin, "yer expound de true doctrine; your vords are de bright comet vich shall light me on my vay. As Fater Abraham shall help me, I vill be of de true seed."

"You svear! May de curse be on you if you svear false."

"I vill die a tousand deaths—I vill."

"You are my good sone!" said Abraham affectionately.

"Fater," said Benjamin, apparently affected.

"Vat have you to say, my sone?"

"My best of parents, give me ten tolers more."

"Ten tolers! dog!" said Abraham, with indignation. "Vot have you schworn?"

"Give me ten tolers, or *I am a dog* if I keep my oath," said Benjamin determinedly.

"Ach!" groaned his father, "vot shall I do? it is my sone, te blood of my blood. Vell, I'll give you five tolers in paper, and my blessing, by way of interest."

"Ten tolers, and keep de blessing," said Benjamin.

"He is de true seed of Israel," thought his father, between a sigh and a smile, as he reluctantly counted out the money to Benjamin, and giving him a parting embrace, and a repetition of his paternal

injunction to levy tribute on the Gentiles, and never to come back until he was a hundred times richer, the latter journeyed forth with the world, as ancient Pistol has it, "his oyster" before him "to open."

Before he left his native place, however, Benjamin had an object to accomplish dear to his heart, namely, if possible, to seek, for the last time, the chance of a smile from Rachel, the daughter of the Jew banker, Solomon Levi She was as proud as her father was rich; but Benjamin was vain enough to aspire to her hand; he loved her, and perhaps her money. His first movement, therefore, was to bend his steps in the direction of the house of a poor, but good-looking Jew music-master, David Meyer, where she was wont to take her lessons. Just as he had turned the corner of the street into the square immediately opposite to Moses Guilderswetz's, the lottery-contractor, a tall, thin personage, so totally enveloped in a long black cloak that only a pair of piercing dark eyes could be seen peering out from under a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, stood before him, and looked in his face with an earnest gaze. Benjamin stared at him, and was about to pass, when the stranger tapped him on the shoulder, saying in a low, hollow, and mysterious tone,

"Benjamin Aarons, I know your object, and will be your friend. You are sent from home to *learn the world*, and get wealth. Stay *here, in this very spot*, for one hour, and you will receive a lesson in the ways of the world you will never forget. Agree to my terms, and gold shall be yours in profusion, with little toil."

"Gott's wonder!" cried Benjamin, looking with surprise at his strange friend.

"Peace!" hastily said the man in the cloak; "speak *not thus*, or *your fortune 's lost*. We meet again. See! here she comes whom you seek," and he vanished round the corner.

Benjamin, bewildered that any one should know so much of his business and his feelings, turned his eyes in the direction the stranger pointed, and, true enough, there he saw Rachel Levi coming across the square, in company with David Meyer. Benjamin heartily wished the composer at the bottom of the *Oder;* but the opportunity of speaking even for the last time to the charming Rachel, though she scorned him, was too lucky to be lost. We have said Benjamin was vain; so, setting himself jauntily up, he made his best obeisance, which she haughtily and silently returned.

"Vot," said Benjamin, mortified, and following her, "von't you speak to your old acquaintance?"

"Old acquaintance!" said the proud maiden,—"a proper acquaintance for me, isn't he, David?"

"Did you ever see him before?" said the composer coolly.

"I should hope not," was the reply.

'Vot?" said Benjamin, overcome with astonishment, — "how? not seen me? not seen Abraham Aaron's little Benjamin, your playfellow at Rebecca Emanuel's? Come," said he, soothingly, and taking her hand. "You vast alvays my leetle vife in our pretty games, you know," and he raised her hand to his lips.

"Your vife!" she indignantly exclaimed. "Dis is too much; leave me dis instant, or I vill tell my fater, a rich man, to give you to te police?" and taking the arm of the composer, who gave Ben-

jamin a fierce look, which the latter returned by shaking his fist, she hurried away.

"She's gone!" groaned Benjamin, "and I have no hope," and he leant pensively against a post, when who should pass close to him, a few minutes after the interview, but Rachel's father.

Now it so happened that Mr. Solomon Levi, who wanted to fill a vacancy in his household, was on his way to Abraham Aaron's, to speak about Benjamin.

"Ha!" said he, on seeing the latter; "here is the very lad I want."

"I shall never see her more," said Benjamin, "till—"

"As though sent by heaven," continued the banker, "for—"

"Te tay of wrath, tat treadful tay!" dolefully said or sung Benjamin.

"I'll take him and treat him generously," said Mr. Levi.

"Ven heaven and earth shall pass avay," again dolefully whined Benjamin.

"How, Benjamin?" said Mr. Levi. "Did you hear me? For vat are you croaking here?"

"Mr. Levi!" said Benjamin, surprised.

"Have you noting better to do in de vorlt tan howling against a post in de shtreet, eh?"

Now Benjamin, we have just said, was vain; and he thought, with the quickness and shrewdness of his race, to give himself a good character in the eyes of the banker, so he boldly said, "I am a *dilettantte*, Mr. Levi, and vas trying de Requiem of Mozart!"

"Oh! you sing; you are musician, too?" said Levi.

"I strike de piano, and onderstand most of te oder instruments."

"Anything else?"

"I speak French, and can declaim, and am beginning to make de verses."

"Very goot," said Levi; "but, can you brush clothes, and clean boots?"

"Mr. Levi!"

"Can you groom de horse, drive de coach, and clean de stable?"

"Sare!"

"Can you clean knives and forks, brush de room, and vait at table?"

"For vat do you take me for, Mr. Levi? I'm a *diletantte*."

"You are a poor devil, tat's vot you are," said Mr. Levi contemptuously, and was about to leave, when Benjamin stopped him. The idea, the hope of being in the same house, under *any* circumstances, with Rachel, was too tempting a chance to let pass.

"Mr. Levi, vot vill you give me?"

"Vell! you shall find me liberal. You shall have my old boots to begin with."

"Your old boots, Mr. Levi!"

"Yes! and if you behave vell, vy, I *may* give you my old clothes."

"Te old clothes and te boots. Ach! vot shall I say—I vill tink."

"Tink! tink vot? you may, through my connexions, become a great man!"

"Ha!" thought Benjamin, "perhaps he means his daughter, if I do vell."

"Mr. Levi, *I vill* come and do all and every ting, but I ask de favour."

"Vell!"

"You have a daughter, Rachel, I am so enchainted vit her."

"Vot!" said Levi, starting with surprise.

"You must promise her to me in time ven I shall bring honour to you."

"And I 'll bring you to te police! *You* my daughter?—a vagabond—a pedlar vithout vares! you must be vorse tan mad!" and in a violent passion the banker walked away.

"A vagabond!—a pedlar!" said Benjamin. "He don't tink I know he vas vorse tan pedlar himself, or he vould not have been kept so long at Pillau."

No sooner was Mr. Levi out of sight than David Meyer suddenly came up to Benjamin, and said, "Vot for you insult Miss Rachel? vot for you shake de fist at me? Take tat, you pitiful fellow!" and suiting the action to the word, he laid Benjamin prostrate with a vigorous blow of a stick, and valorously ran away. Benjamin bellowed out lustily, "Fire, murder, robbery," &c., and was in the act of running after his assailant, when he was arrested by the arm of the stranger in the cloak, who said, "Leave not this spot; remember my words," and again disappeared.

While Benjamin was indulging alternately in threats of vengeance on the composer, gloomy meditations upon his unlucky *début* in the world, and wonderment at his mysterious friend, he heard a post-horn, and shortly afterwards an estafette galloped across the square, and stopped at the "Lotterrie Einnehmer," before the door of which Benjamin was, and had been standing.

"Hollo!" said the boy to him, "is this Moses Guilderswetz's?"

"Vere do you come from, my boy?" said Benjamin.

"From the next station. Is this Moses—"

"Is 't a tispatch from Berlin?"

"Yes; but can't you answer—is this"—

"Vat 's te newsh?—vat 's on te road?"

"Mud smorsch," said the boy; and, blowing his horn, called out, "'Stafette—'stafette."

"Somebody 's von te great prize," said Benjamin. "I vonder who has te number?"

Guilderswetz, who was lame, here came hobbling from his house, and, cursing the 'staffette, asked him "why he kept blowing his horn, instead of dismounting with his despatch?"

"It is not my fault," said the boy. "That fellow there would not answer my question whether this was your house, for I can't read, but kept questioning me."

"Vot," said Guilderswetz, in a rage, to Benjamin, "you dirty young scamp!—vot for *you* ask questions?—vot for *you* keep my 'staffete, you eavesdropper?"

"Mr. Guilderswetz," said Benjamin.

"Don't speak to me, rascal. Vere 's te despatch, boy?"

"Here, sir. I wish you joy—you have sold the great prize."

"Te great prize!" cried the lottery contractor. "Gott's wonder!—here, vife! shilds!—goot newsh! goot newsh!"

"Mr. Guilderswetz," anxiously said Benjamin, "do open it *here*. You *know* I bought a ticket from *you*—from *you*?"

"Let me alone, you scamp! Be off! I 'll open te tespatch in te office. *Your ticket!* ha! ha!—no such luck for a sorry tevil like you." So saying, the contractor hobbled in.

"Ach!" said Benjamin, "I believe so. Sorry tevils have no luck: 'tis only te rich tat have tat—dey are alvays right. I am beginning te vorlt vell, inteet. Every von has te bad vort for me: te vorst is too goot;"—and he heaved a deep sigh.

The horn of the estafette had by this time collected a considerable number of persons round Guilderswetz's door, anxious to learn the news.

"Joy in Israel!" cried the lottery contractor, coming out, and flourishing his crutch, "joy in Israel!—joy passing joy!—fortune has befriended von of our people. Vere is he?"

"Who 's von? who 's von?" exclaimed all the Jews clamorously.

"Vere is he?" said Guilderswetz, "ah! dere!" And he rushed as well as he could towards Benjamin, who was standing timidly in the rear of the crowd, and clasped him in his arms. "Dearest friend, —YOU—YOU HAVE VON DE GREAT PRIZE!"

Benjamin shrieked with joy, while the Jews cried out, "Vot a joyful newsh!"

"Yesh," continued Guilderswetz, "yesh, my tear poy, te great prize is YOURS! I just trew my eye over te letter, and saw your number, and rushed to tell you of it vitout loss of time. You vill dine vit me to-day—all your family must dine vit me, vit a velcom from te soul. You vill be a friend to me, vill you?"

"I *vill* dine vit you, Mr. Guilderswetz," said Benjamin; "I *vill* be your friend."

"Let me press you to my hairt vonce more," said the lottery man.

By this time the news had spread, and the Jews from all quarters had gathered, surrounding Benjamin, and clapping their hands. Forcing his way through the crowd, came his father Abraham, crying,

"Vere is my sone? Ah! Benjamin, my sone, is it true? Yesh? Joy, joy!—you are, ten, rich! Now, who have you to tank for your goot fortune, my sone?"

"Te lottery," said Benjamin.

"Vot! haven't you to tank *me* too?"

"How, fater! *You* never gave me money to put into te lottery. I alvays did so secretly."

"Didn't I give you life? If I hadn't given you life, my sone, could you have robbed your fater to put into te lottery? I 've made a man of you!"

"Te lottery 's made a man of me."

"Benjamin! you leetle rogue, you do but jest vit your fater. Fater and sone are von flesh; vot te sone has, tat has te fater."

"Very goot! But a short time since it vas not so; ten vot te sone has not, te fater has. You turned me on te vorlt vit fifteen tolers!"

"It vos for te best. I don't ask for all te monish, my best of sones. I 've no avarish. Let 's 'stablish a banking-house—I 'll do all te bushiness, and give you half te profits."

"I 'll keep my vinnings," said Benjamin doggedly.

"Vould you break your aged fater's hairt? I 've no avarish, no!

'Tis for te plaisure I have in monish. Vill you bank vit me?—say, you vill bank vit me?"

"Vell," said Benjamin, "it may be so; I vill tink of it. Ah! here comes Rachel and her fater," as Mr. Levi and his daughter approached.

"Joyful newsh!" said the banker, shaking hands with Benjamin, saying in a whisper, "Of course you know I vos in joke just now. "I am enchainted for your goot fortune as though 'twas my own. Rachel, give our dear friend your congratulations."

"Ah!" said Rachel, giving her hand to Benjamin, "it makes my hairt glad tat von of our peoples, von whom I—"—and she hesitated and blushed.

"You *do remember* me, ten?" said Benjamin.

"*Can I forget* my leetle playfellow, te pretty Benjamin? You vash alvays my veak side, you know."

"*You do remember* playing vit me at Rebecca Emanuel's?"

"I vish I remembered it less often," said the damsel, in a low voice, and with downcast eyes.

"Mr. Levi," said Benjamin, "I love your daughter—you hear her. I have goot disposition. Vill you let her be my vife?—vill you say no?"

"You are *rich*, my dear friend, ant I *can't* say no," said Levi.

"Rachel! my *kalla*, you hear your fater—*vill you* say no?"

"To my hairt, dear husband of my early choice," said the Jewish maiden, throwing herself into his arms very freely.

"Ve shall live as von family," said Levi.

"Ve vill join banks," said Abraham Aarons.

"Ve vill give fêtes, and concerts, and dinners, and déjeûners, ant get into te high fashion; ant I vill lend monish to the great peoples, ant be made a Baron or Count," said Benjamin.

"Oh! vot a life ve shall lead, my hairt, Benjamin!" cried the delighted Rachel.

"Joy in Israel! joy, joy!" shouted Moses Guilderswetz; "so now I vill go into te house, ant order te dinner ant te *kaushern* wine, ant finish te tespatch."

At this moment, while all was glorious and joyful speculation for the future, David Myer, the composer, with a face as long as a culprit's going to execution, stalked gravely up to Benjamin, and fixed his lachrymose eyes on him. The latter, upon perceiving him, cried out, "Help!" and hid himself behind Rachel.

"Fear not," said David; "I come as a friend, though a poor and wretched one."

"Throw avay te stick, ten," said Benjamin.

"Do not mistrust—take my gratulation, Mr. Aarons. You are rich—I am bankrupt in hopes of wealth and happiness. Breslau is no longer my resting-place: give me, I pray you, someting to undertake my dreary journey."

"Vell," said Benjamin, "here 's te fifteen tolers I dragged out of my fater, but on condition tat yer go at once.

The composer, who was not even looked upon by Rachel, walked sorrowfully off, sighing "Hiersolyma est Perdita!"

The estaffette boy here thought he was entitled to some largess for bringing the good news, and humbly put in his request to Benjamin, who, having nothing but the bag of false guilders, gave him

them with an air of most magnanimous generosity, which he received with great thankfulness, and rode off.

"Tank Gott," said Benjamin, "*tey* are gone!"

He had no sooner uttered these words than he found the stranger in the black cloak beside him, who whispered hoarsely in his ear, "Had you not my caution? Fool! YOUR FORTUNE 'S LOST!" and he rapidly quitted the throng.

The surprise of all at the sudden appearance of the mysterious individual was quickly dissipated by that of Guilderswetz, who rushed out of his house vociferating, "Tere 's an end of it—it 's noting! You can't dine vit me to-day!"

"Vot 's noting!" said Benjamin; "vot do you mean?"

"I tell you it 's all noting; *you* have NOT von de GREAT PRIZE. 'Tis te Israel Moses von it: I must go to him."

"Te Israel Moses!" exclaimed all the Jews; "let us go to te Israel Moses."

"Stop, Mr. Guilderswetz," said Benjamin, in agony; "*I have* von it—you told *me* I had von it—pay *me*—*I* have von the great prize!"

"It vash a mishtake of te clerk: he corrected it in te postscript, vich I read tis minute, after I had given te order for te dinner."

"Pay *me*, or I 'll strangle you," said Benjamin, seizing him.

"You 've lost your vits, man," said the lottery contractor, hobbling off.

"He 's gone!" cried Benjamin, "and leaves a wretched, a ruined man. Mr. Levi, vill you console me?"

"Vell, out of charity," said Levi, "you *may* take the vork I offered you, and clean te knives and forks, and brush te boots; but te partnership ant te marriage is now all noting."

"Rachel, my love!" said he imploringly.

"I pity you from my hairt," said the maiden of Judah; "but I must obey my fater: te fates have severed us." And, taking her father's arm, she crossed the square homewards.

"Fater!" said Benjamin, holding down his head, and covering his face.

"Vot have you done vit de monish I gave you?" said old Aarons sternly.

"It 's gone."

"Vere 's te bag of false guilders?"

"Tey are gone too."

"Your fortune is gone, you vortless fool! But you have *learnt te vorlt!* Go, idiot! never show yourself to me till you are *rich*." And his father relentlessly strode away.

"Ach vaigh!" groaned Benjamin, striking his forehead, "*I have learnt te vorlt!*"

"You *have*," said the stranger in the cloak, who appeared by his side, looking keenly at him.

"Ah!" said Benjamin, shrinking with terror. "Avay!—avay!—'tis *you* have brought dis misery on me. You must be te tevil!"

"I *am*—your *friend*," coolly replied the stranger, with a grim sneer.

The cathedral clock here struck *one*.

"Hark!" he continued, "did I not tell you that within the hour you would have *learnt the world?*"

Benjamin mechanically nodded his head, and groaned.

"Are you not now pennyless and friendless?"

The miserable young Israelite repeated the gesticulation.

"Agree to my terms, and I will make you master of gold in profusion!"

"Ha!" said Benjamin, starting wildly; "how?"

"By signing this paper," said the stranger, drawing forth a small scroll, and seizing firm hold of Benjamin's arm, he whispered earnestly in his ear.

The morning had been lowering, and the gathering of heavy clouds betokened a sudden storm; big drops of rain began to fall, and the wayfarers hurried to and fro homeward, and for shelter from the coming outbreak of the elements.

"Speak," said the man in the cloak, still retaining his hold of Benjamin, who was almost speechless and paralyzed; "do you agree? Choose between WEALTH that shall make the lord of yon black eagle bow down to you," (pointing to the royal emblazonment over Guilderswetz's door,) "and WANT, that will drive you, a pitiful pedlar, through his wide dominions. Speak!—do you agree?"

"I—I—I DO!" gasped the young Israelite, and fell helpless in his arms.

As he uttered the words, a fearful flash of lightning revealed a malignant grin on the features of the man in the cloak, and a terrific peal of thunder followed.

"*Thou'rt mine!*" shouted a hoarse voice, in a tone of triumph, accompanied with a fiendish laugh;—another second, and the square of Breslau was deserted.

* * * * * *

This legend may or may not be true; but one thing, the ancient Israelites of Breslau say, is indisputable, viz., that Benjamin, the hero, rapidly became the possessor of enormous wealth, in fact a modern Crœsus, and died full of years, away from home, if not *the* richest, one of the richest men in Europe.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO SANDWICH.

BY HENRY CURLING.

It was on the afternoon of the day on which Catharine de Mandeville had been consigned to the family vault in St. Peter's church,—a day long remembered by the inhabitants of the Kentish coast, from the circumstance of an awful earthquake, accompanied by strange and fearful noises, described in the old records of Sandwich as resembling an engagement at sea between Dover and Calais,*—it was on the afternoon of that day, and just one fortnight from the evening on which the gallant barque of the adventurer had gone down upon the Goodwins, that amidst the fury of the elements a French fishing-boat was seen struggling against wind and tide, and endeavouring to make the harbour of Ramsgate; and, notwithstanding the old seamen congregated upon the beach expected every moment

* The earthquake happened on the second of April, twenty-second of Elizabeth.

to see the little barque engulphed in the roaring surge, she at length succeeded in getting safely into port. No sooner had she done so than a gallant-looking youth, dressed somewhat like a huntsman or falconer of the period, leaped ashore.

Dripping with the salt spray, he took his purse from his pocket, and after dividing its contents between the crew of the fishing-boat and a man who the spectators instantly recognized as a Pegwell smuggler, whose boat was supposed to have been lost near the Goodwins about a fortnight before, he desired to be conducted to the nearest hostel in the town; and having hired a horse, threw himself upon its back, and dashing through the town, took his way across the open country, and passing the small wood, which at that time grew round the little farm of Osengell, made a half turn to the left, and checked not his pace till he saw looming before him the massive walls of Richborough. Urging his panting steed towards the northern wall, he entered the Porta Decumana,* and drew bridle upon the mysterious cross in the centre of the area of the castle, and looked around him. "The hour was come, and the man." If alive, he had sworn by the sacred symbol on which he stood to meet with the fair Catharine on that day, at that hour, and having waited for a wind on the French coast, where his frail boat had been driven on the night of the day he had endeavoured to overtake the barque of the adventurer; love, strong as death, had at length enabled him to keep his vow. It was the very hour in which, if alive, he had sworn to plant his foot upon the foundation of that cross, which by some is supposed to have been raised to commemorate the arrival of St. Augustine in Britain.† Where, however, was she who had sworn as deep an oath to reward his constancy? The sweeping winds, which whirled the old ivy leaves from the walls, and strewed them upon the dark moss at his feet, might have answered where.

Dismounting from his steed, he led him to the ridge of the elevation upon which the castle stood, and looked over the marshes towards Sandwich. The heavy rain had ceased for a few minutes, and the thick mist rolled over the marshes as he looked upon that melancholy-looking, Dutch-built town, with its gable-end edifices, castellated gate-houses, Saxon towers, and thick-ribbed walls. Whilst he gazed the great bell of St. Peter's church began to toll. It had a funereal sound, like the knell of his departed joys. A presentiment of evil struck upon his heart. The old walled town looked doomed, a city of the dead, and as the mists from the flats again rolled over it, imagination bodied forth the hideous forms of fiends in fantastic shapes, pervading the atmosphere in its immediate vicinity, and

* Near the middle of the north wall is the oblique entrance, or Porta Decumana; it is narrow, and from the holes remaining in the walls, it appears to have been furnished with good timber-defences.

† Within the area of this castle, and almost in its centre, under ground, is a solid rectangular platform of masonry, one hundred and forty-four feet long, one hundred and four feet wide, and five feet thick. In the middle of the platform is the base of a superstructure in the shape of a cross, rising somewhat above the ground, and about five feet above the platform. The shaft of the cross, running north and south, is eighty-seven feet long, and nine feet five inches broad; the traverse is twenty-two feet in width, and forty-six in length. A base of such solidity could scarcely have been intended for the support of a roof, or have formed a part of any common building. Indeed, this mass of masonry has puzzled the antiquary for many hundred years.

whirling about, and carrying on their hellish gambols over its devoted buildings, steeples, and towers.

After watching the town for some minutes, he once more leaped upon his steed, and galloped around the walls of the fortress. All, however, seemed desolate, and he again approached the mysterious cross. As he approached it from the north wall of the castle, he was aware of a small opening, which had evidently been recently dug, some few yards from the structure; steps had been cut for a short distance, as if the descent led immediately beneath the solid masonry, and dismounting from his horse, he descended. Ere he had progressed many yards, the passage contracted, so that he found it impossible to proceed without groping forwards upon his hands and knees.

The stranger youth, who had entered the cavernous passage under the idea that the lady he sought might have taken shelter in its recess from the furious rain, now turned to retrace his steps, when he distinctly heard the clink of a hammer not many yards from the spot he had reached; he therefore persevered in his efforts, and suddenly found himself in a wider space, at the end of which stood a wild and haggard-looking figure busily employed in smiting the hard masonry of the platform of the cross, every now and then stopping to apostrophise the subject of his labours, as beads of sweat poured from his hair and ragged beard. The man was evidently insane, and his language as singular as his employment and appearance.

"O mighty Claudius!* O great Vitellius, Valerianus, and Arcadius!" he said, as he heaved up a ponderous sledge-hammer, "thy workmen framed dwellings whose foundations shall cumber the earth till doomsday."

The maniac, whose furious exertions at breaking into the foundation of the mysterious cross had hindered him from noticing the intrusion of the adventurer, now again addressed himself to his labours, dealing his blows with amazing force upon the solid masonry; though apparently from its hardness a year's labour would scarcely have struck off as many chips as he could have carried home in his bonnet. Whilst he laboured the adventurer glanced round the cavern. Its sides were composed of sand and gravel, whilst the roof was furnished by the bolders and cement of the gigantic crucifix. Upon a sort of shelf stood an antique-looking lamp. The youth was about to accost the workman, when, resting from his labours, he again apostrophised the solid masonry before him.

"O mighty Jove!" he said, "grant me but one week more of the planetary plague now hanging over yonder town. Let but its infected breath poison the atmosphere for one short week, cripple its barons and burgesses, and hold its authorities panic-stricken till I have fathomed the mystery of this structure, and picked my way into the treasury of the magnificent Roman; and 'tis all I ask."

As the crack-brained antiquarian finished his rhapsody, he again heaved up his ponderous hammer to smite the solid wall, when the adventurer, stepping towards him, called his attention to himself. No sooner had he done so than he had reason to repent of his temerity. The madman, at the first glance of a spy upon his labours,

* Roman coins of brass, from Claudius to Arcadius, abound at Reculver and Richborough. All the villages about Sandwich, and in Thanet are continually furnishing British and Roman money.

wheeled swiftly round, and with the full swing of his heavy hammer would have dashed out the intruder's brains on the spot; but the youth stepped nimbly aside, and unsheathing his rapier, opposed it to the madman's breast.

"What seek ye here?" shrieked the madman. "This achievement is mine alone. For years have I pondered over the mystery of Richborough Cross. Its secret has weighed me to the earth, blanched my hair, and driven me mad."

It was in vain the youth tried to explain that his intrusion was perfectly accidental. The maniac was wrought to a pitch of fury.

"For years," he again shrieked, "have I watched for the hour when, unmolested by the wolves girded in by yonder town, I might dig my way to the foundation and maw of this stupendous cross. What seek ye here?"

The adventurer now found himself in an unpleasant dilemma. The maniac was a powerful man, and to his natural strength was superadded the ferocity and resolution of madness.

"Again I ask ye," he cried, "what seek ye at Richborough Cross? Is 't gold? Perish the common drudge!—I seek it not; I care not for it. I seek for arrow-heads, battle-axes, and sword-blades; I seek for any, the smallest relic of bygone times. I seek for bones, fragments of pottery, and urns, of the magnificent Roman; and more, I seek to penetrate into the purposes of this eternal mass of masonry: whilst thou, miscreant! art come hither to pry into my doings, and endeavour to fathom the mystery I alone am fated to discover; but ye shall be baffled."

Thus saying, the maniac whirled his sledge-hammer round his head; but, instead of again attacking the adventurer, he let it descend upon the brazen lamp, and dashing it into a hundred pieces, both were instantly left in utter darkness.

The adventurer was a youth of iron nerves, but his present situation was enough to appal even him. He felt that the evil eye of the madman was upon him, even in the dark. With cat-like watch he therefore listened for the slightest motion, and, as his opponent heaved up his weapon, suddenly crouched down, and then, as the heavy hammer was buried in the sand behind him, he sprung upon the maniac, and unsheathing his dagger from his waistbelt, the next instant it would have been driven into the intestines of his enemy, but an awful noise stayed his hand, and caused his powerful foe at the same time to relax his grasp. A strange rumbling sound seemed to traverse the depths where, reptile-like, they were tearing each other to pieces. It rolled along the bowels of the earth, in which they were entombed. The cavern trembled, and the mass of masonry on which the maniac had been working, was split with the shock. The madman loosened his gripe at the sound, and extricated himself.

"Hark!" he said, "the gods have heard my prayer! the Roman cross is split! a light! a light! Follow me to upper air."

The adventurer, nothing loth to agree to a truce, now busied himself in assisting his late foe in finding out the aperture by which he had descended, and with some little difficulty they discovered the opening, and creeping along it, succeeded in emerging from the cavern in safety.

The aspect of the heavens seemed changed as they left the passage, and ascended; a lurid glare shone through the atmosphere; there

was a close and suffocating smell in the air, and an awful noise was heard on every side around them. As the youth leaped upon his steed, the madman pointed to the gigantic cross upon the ground.

"Behold," he said, "the red cross of the plague."

As the youth looked, the reflection of the heavens shone upon the mass of masonry, and gave it a sort of sunset glow.

"You 'll find that mark," continued the madman, "upon the door of her you come here to seek. This day fortnight, whilst I stood concealed in yonder passage, I heard you swear to meet Catharine de Mandeville upon this spot. You were right in seeking her beneath the earth; she lies underground, but not here. Seek her in the vaults of St. Peter's church."

The youth felt alarmed at the words his companion uttered. He tried to learn more from him; but it was in vain. The maniac's ideas were again beginning to wander, and he was relapsing into his antiquarian follies.

"Look," he said, as he stooped and picked up a rusty scythe-blade, "behold a scimitar-blade of a thousand years, the weapon of the Stablesian Horse!"*

He then threw his arms wildly towards the heavens, and, turning towards the cavern, once more dived into the earth; whilst the adventurer, struck with foreboding at his words, buried his spurs in his horse's flanks, and rode swiftly towards Sandwich.

It was dark as night when the adventurer rode into the town of Sandwich. What a contrast did the place present to its appearance a few short days back, when the Queen and all her court, "glittering in golden coats like images," revelled in the streets and thoroughfares! The very gate-houses were now almost unwatched and unguarded; the sentinels leant, haggard-looking, against the buttresses; scarcely a person was to be seen in the streets; and on almost every door was the awful red cross of the plague set like a brand.

The adventurer rode into the stable-yard of Sir Philip de Mandeville's mansion. All seemed desolate; the stalls were untenanted, and the outbuildings empty. The waters of the haven rolled sluggishly along their muddy channel; but their slimy tide washed the hulls of no vessels as they emptied themselves into the sea.

Stabling his steed, he hastened to the front of the mansion, but recoiled with alarm as he beheld the fatal red cross of the plague scored upon the door. He essayed in vain to gain admittance; no one answered to his repeated summons. Recollecting the passage by which Catharine had guided him on the day of his escape from the mayor and corporation, he essayed the small postern, and, forcing it open, found himself upon the little patch of greensward in rear of the mansion, whence he approached, and opening the lattice, introduced himself into the room we have formerly described. There was every

* The castles of Richborough and Reculver, Stutfall Castle, Borough Castle, and Caister, were all erected about the same time. They were none of them calculated for defence against a regular siege; nor were they large enough to contain within their area at the same time a garrison of soldiers and a civil community of citizens. Garrionum, in Norfolk, was protected by the Stablesian horse quartered in Borough Castle and Caister. A detachment of Tournay soldiers garrisoned Limne or Stutfall Castle. The first cohort of the Vetasians secured the north mouth of the Portus Rutupinus, and the Urbs Rutupiæ was of so much consequence as to require a whole legion.

evidence of the mansion having been recently occupied; but at present it was deserted.*

Disappointed in his expectation of finding some person to answer his inquiries, he was about to retire, when suddenly the rich and silver notes of a stringed instrument came o'er his ear. It sounded in those melancholy rooms with a strange and peculiar sweetness; its tones were those of other days,—tones awakening dreams of early and shadowy recollection, each strain leading the imagination back, as it were, to a former age and previous existence. The long-drawn notes, now swelling solemnly upon the ear, seemed the funeral-dirge of her he loved; and then, again tripping back in a more lively strain, they spoke of life, and hope, and joy. The adventurer stood entranced, whilst the rich tones of the instrument floated through the dark apartments. "Where," he thought, "should this music be?—i' the air or the earth?" As it ceased, he opened a door which admitted into a small closet-like apartment. It was tenanted by a stately-looking man, of a noble presence. He had been playing a favourite air of his daughter's; and, as the youth entered, the viol de gamba fell from his grasp, and he gave way to an agony of grief. It was Sir Philip de Mandeville: he had despatched the domestics from the mansion, but was unable to tear himself from the roof whence, by order of the mayor, his daughter had so suddenly been removed but a few hours before. There was no speculation in his eyes as he turned them upon the captain of the ship he had fitted out to the Catian mines; but his countenance as he rose was that of a livid corpse, and he fell heavily upon the oaken floor, stricken with the plague.

Few towns present a more dark and dismal appearance by night than the town of Sandwich. Even at the present period, when bude-lights and gas-lamps illume the streets and thoroughfares of most other places in our island, Sandwich, from Def Street to Hog's Corner, is dark as a wolf's mouth. The midnight chimes sounded from the tower of St. Peter's church as our hero bent his way from Sir Philip de Mandeville's mansion on this eventful night, and entered the Fishmarket. No other sound disturbed "the sleeping and the dead" as he groped his way through the courts and blind alleys towards this part of the town. The exhalations whizzing in the air afforded him an occasional light, as, guided by the chimes, he sought St. Peter's church. It was indeed an awful night of horrors. The town, on ordinary occasions dark and ominous, seemed now the grave of its sometime inhabitants. As our hero neared the Fishmarket a wailing cry met his ear; and on entering it, he heard a voice as of one preaching to a multitude. In the Fishmarket of Sandwich there is still to be seen a quaint old building, which, from the oddity of its build and position, seems advancing, wedgelike, to choke up its extremity. As he approached this Dutch-built mansion, he beheld a figure standing at an open casement in its upper story, with a torch in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other,

* This curious mansion (in which Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth were both lodged, whilst visiting Sandwich) is now the residence of James Wood, Esq., through whose taste and proper feeling the apartments are still preserved in nearly the same state as at that distant period.

crying out in a loud voice, and preaching a sort of sermon to the audience he supposed assembled beneath his window. It was the maniac of the sunken cross: his only auditor stood leaning against the angle of the building, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and every now and then giving a sort of melancholy chuckle at the conceits uttered by this strange pastor.

"Woe," he cried, "to the inhabitants of this town! Verily the world hath not seen since the fall of Adam so miserable a spectacle as this poor wretched place presents. Woe unto the edifices and temples of all towns defaced by the sons of rebellion! Behold the effects of ribaldry, dissimulation, and canting! Oh! what an enriching commodity is hypocrisy! If to be rich," he said, thrusting his body forward, like a methodist parson of the present day, "If to be rich be to be a gentleman,—if to be crafty be prudent,—if to dissemble be the high way to be sainted,—if the fears, and cowardice, and folly of fools and sinners, and the scorn and pity of the wise and good, will make men truly honourable, then, oh! then are we prosperous and thriving. Put the plough through this town."

Here he shut his window violently, but the next moment reopened it, and recommenced.

"Oh! ye," he said, "who have lavished out your lives in taverns, lying dabbling in dirt, and wallowing in the mire of sin, rather than walk in the pleasant path of holiness, the highway to heaven, behold the effects of your own flaming passions! Ye are suddenly astounded at the prodigious bulk of your own sin,—ye mourn now in secret and sadness of spirit over your perished friends. Where now, oh! swaggerers, are your fine feathers and lace, your flaunting cloaks and tinsel, and fine stuffs and silks? Woe unto the wicked, I say again; put a ploughshare through the town!"

The single auditor, who had stood with his arms folded listening to this rhapsody, again laughed a hollow laugh as the maniac now stopped for breath; upon which the latter leaned his body out of the window, and endeavoured to catch sight of him.

"Men expect not," he again cried, "of thistles grapes, nor of brambles figs. Oh! ye indefatigable in villanous devices, behold your beggarly condition! Ye thought, oh! sinners that ye are, to fill your coffers by delving in the dirt; but lo! correction and discipline have o'erta'en ye! Woe, woe, I say, ye spurious! salt and vinegar vexeth your wounds, and bitterness is in your cup! Ye have quaffed a health to the devil, and he hath put a red-hot ploughshare through your town. Ay, laugh, sinner," he said, as the individual standing beneath his window again chuckled at this last conceit; "but thistles, and brambles, and grass shall flourish in thy Fishmarket, O Sandwich, and three hundred years hence thou shalt be desolate as now. The strings crack, the pegs fall, the music ceases!"

He was now about to close his casement and his discourse, when the rumbling sound of a heavy cart was heard jolting up Strand Street.

"Hark!" he said, as the horrid sound met his ear, "the searcher's cart is at hand, Death sitting upon the shafts, and the Devil riding the fore-horse of the team, Destruction fang the town! All 's up with Sandwich!"

Thus saying, the maniac whirled his flaming torch into the middle

of the Fishmarket, and, shrieking wildly, closed the casement, and was seen no more.

As if to verify the words of the madman, the earth again shook violently,—the awful noise, before described, hurtled in the air,—and, with a dreadful crash, down came the tower of St. Peter's church, filling the middle of the building three fathoms deep with rubbish, and totally demolishing the south aisle.

The adventurer was struck with awe. He lifted the half-extinguished torch, and, drawing his rapier, approached the figure thus listlessly leaning against the angle of the mansion. It was his friend, Valentine Harkaway. Since the authorities of the town had ordered the body of Miss Mandeville to be hastily conveyed to the family-vault, he had remained wandering, like some ghost, around the holy edifice; nay, he would have forced the door of the vault in his unbelief of her actual death, had not the searcher placed a strong guard before it.

The approach of our hero, and the fall of the tower, aroused the huddled spirits of Valentine. He quickly recognised his friend, and the two together rushed towards the church, and, clambering over the rubbish of the fallen tower, sought the south aisle, and approaching the vault, they found that a large mass of masonry had fallen, and burst its marble jaws. Guided by the torch of the maniac, they pushed themselves through the opening, and descended. What was their surprise at beholding a sheeted figure standing, like some spectre, at its extremity. It was Catharine de Mandeville. She had never been seized by the plague; but, through the instrumentality of the busy mayor, during the crisis of the fever she had been suffering from, had been buried alive.*

Let the reader now imagine us to have passed o'er one short year from the date of the transaction just narrated, and again look upon Sandwich. No trace remained of the deadly scourge which had half depopulated its dwellings and thoroughfares; no trace even was to be observed in the visages or the trappings and suits of the surviving citizens, again mixing in the business of life and the pleasures of the world, of the grief they had so recently expressed for their relatives and friends put to bed with a shovel. They came forth again in the town like summer-flies i' the shambles, and many a rich-left heir now let his father rot without a monument.

The broad rays of the setting sun shone upon the massive walls of Richborough, as a gay and joyous party reclined upon the delicious carpet of greensward around the mysterious cross in the centre of the area. The flask passed merrily, the guitar tinkled, and sounds of mirth and revelry filled the circumambient air. It was a scene such as a painter would have loved to gaze upon. The assemblage, arrayed in all the splendour of that age of rich costume, were divided in little parties within these walls, which had perhaps witnessed the stately march of the Roman soldiery. Some danced,

* Such a circumstance happened about this period at Stratford-upon-Avon. Charlotte Clopton was buried with great haste, and, on opening the vault some days after, she was found leaning against the wall. She had fixed her teeth in her shoulder during the rage of hunger and madness consequent upon the horrors of her situation. Her picture was a favourite with Shakspeare.

some sang "to the lascivious tinkling of the lute," — all seemed light-hearted and happy.

As the last faint rays of the setting-sun gradually faded from these glorious ruins, the distant sound of a gun at sea came booming over the flats, and was echoed back from the walls. The hilarity of the party was suddenly checked at the sound, and all looked forth upon the main of waters, where at that moment a high-decked vessel of war was to be seen swinging round upon her moorings, and as she did so, again the white curling smoke darted from her side, and again came the booming report of the gun, and the replication of the sound from the walls around. Some half-a-dozen gallants, accoutred in the military costume of the period, immediately leaped to their feet, adjusted their sword-belts, threw the embroidered cloaks — upon which they had been seated — upon their shoulders, and approached to take leave of Catharine de Mandeville, and our old friend, the adventurer. The noble look and gallant bearing of him who seemed the leader of these cavaliers, was such, that those who had once gazed upon his high forehead, and countenance of genius and beauty, would scarcely in after life be likely to forget him. It was Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Cousin," he said, addressing the adventurer, "the hour has arrived in which we must part. I will not say I regret thou art no longer of my band, since thou hast made so happy a venture here. All the gold of Mexico and Peru were not worth one-twenty-thousandth part the tithe of the fair treasure thou hast found in yonder Dutch-built Cinque Port. Farewell, lady," he said, kissing the hand of the fair Catharine. "In exchange for the relative I leave behind me here, I have pressed into my service your cousin Valentine. He sails with me this night."

"Sails with you, Sir Walter Raleigh!" said Catharine, in a voice of surprise. "I knew not before that Valentine meant to leave us. Since my father's death I have no nearer relative to advise with. Valentine is my cherished friend—my adopted brother."

"Rest content, madam," said Sir Walter; "I know his story. There are other worlds besides Britain. You have chosen another to befriend and protect you. Valentine is now a soldier, and woos the fire-eyed maid of smoky war. Hark! again the signal gun! Valentine, I give you one minute to bid your friends farewell."

Valentine approached the fair Catharine, and took her hand.

"No," said Catharine; "it cannot be! You will not leave us, Valentine?"

The youth bent his knee; his tears fell like rain; and his bulky form heaved with emotion.

"Oh, stay with us, Valentine," said Catharine, "and share all we have. Hounds, horses, and hawks, all are thine."

Valentine gave one look upon her he loved. He then leapt to his feet, and grasped the hand of the adventurer with convulsive fervour.

"My last hour is spent in Britain," he said; "my last look is taken of these walls. Cherish my faithful hound, Wolf; the dog may perhaps miss me."

Catharine concealed her face in her hands, and wept, but she no longer urged her cousin to remain; she had learnt his secret, and when she again removed her hands from before her face, he was gone.

A RAMBLE THROUGH STYRIA, THE TYROL, AND ILLYRIA, IN 1841.

BY C. F. FYNES CLINTON.

CHAPTER I.

VIENNA.

What a curious place is Vienna! Of its two hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, only fifty thousand are in the city itself. This old city—*die Stadt Wien*—covers an acclivity which rises in the plain to the south of the Danube. The summit of the hill is crowned by the cathedral of St. Stephan, which raises its venerable spire about the centre of the town; the streets are very narrow, clean, admirably paved, and lined with gay and handsome shops; the houses are lofty, substantially built of brick, and whitewashed. A huge wall and spacious ditch encompass the city; the broad glacis is covered with turf, and intersected by walks, shaded by avenues of lime-trees and acacias, which lead from the various gates of the town into the Faubourgs. These extend on all sides far and wide, for the most part dusty, ill-paved, or not paved at all. To the south and west a beautiful ridge of mountains rises behind the suburbs; while a vast level expanse of country stretches away to the north and east, exposing Vienna to the sweeping and unwholesome blasts from those quarters.

I know of no capital more amusing to the stranger than Vienna,—none where the time passes so rapidly,—no, not even Paris. There is always something going on, something new to be seen. And then these Viennese are such lazy, happy-looking beings, with their heavy, good-natured faces, their broad Yorkshire-like dialect, and slang phrases and witticisms. *They* never trouble themselves about politics, or taxes, or their neighbours' affairs,—no, nor their own neither,—not they. Why should they? Their good Emperor—*der gute Kaiser*—manages everything for them. As long as they have their *Prater*, and their promenades, their cafés, and their theatre, or Straus and Lanner in the summer evenings, what care they how the world wags? And so, in truth, nothing but gaiety goes forward from morning to night.

Let us take a stroll through the streets of the old city. The shop-windows are very tempting. Such beautiful Bohemian glass,—such brilliant jewellery,—such gay haberdashers' and linendrapers' wares, all displayed to the best possible advantage;—then each shop has some sign, hinting at its trade, painted in bright colours on the wall. But take care—there is no foot-way; and those hackney-coaches (Prince Metternich says they are the best in Europe) drive so furiously, and with such utter disregard of life, that yours is in some peril; and, just as you spring aside to escape the prancing steeds and the rattling carriage-wheels, comes a great Hungarian fellow and drives his loaded truck against your shins. Look up the Kärthner Strasse—what a scene it is!—what a jostling of well-dressed men and elegant women, amidst the whirl of carriages, whose horses

are continually slipping, and often falling, upon the smooth pavement! One wonders how any one of the pedestrians gets home again without a broken limb. But, if this noise and bustle confuse your senses, let us turn for a moment into the venerable cathedral of St. Stephan, which opens wide its doors the whole day long, an emblem of the religion whose temple it is, — affording rest to the weary, shelter alike from the storm, from the scorching sun, and from the turmoil of the world without. A good custom this of throwing open their churches, in which methinks the Papists set us a laudable example! The most worldly must feel some grave thoughts arise as he stands within the solemn building; and it is pleasing to see the peasant or the labourer enter as he passes the sacred door, and, having offered his little prayer, go on his way rejoicing.

The Viennese are justly proud of their cathedral. It was begun towards the end of the fourteenth century, and various Emperors have contributed to its beauty. It is a noble gothic pile; the dark grey hue is well suited to the character of the building, and softens down the profusion of ornament with which all parts of the church are loaded. The height of the spire is four hundred and thirty feet.

The old imperial palace, the Burg, is a huge, shapeless mass of whitewashed and most incongruous building, containing under its roof a theatre, whose performers are pensioned by government, and are the best in Germany. This old palace is the residence of the Emperor during great part of the year, and its name frequently occurs in the history of Austria.

When we have seen enough of the gay shops, the lively streets, and glittering cafés of the city, we will sally forth into the suburbs, always remembering to return to dinner in the city. The restaurants at the Casino, for instance, or the Archduke Charles, are excellent. Passing through one of the dark, narrow gateways, we find ourselves on the glacis. Here are crowds of people of the lower class, walking, sitting, or lying on the turf, under the shade of the trees; some chatting, some reading, some smoking, and many sleeping. Following one of the many gravelled paths shaded by sweet-smelling acacias, we arrive in the Faubourgs. Here, if you like pictures, you may find a very large collection in the Belvidere, an imperial villa to the south of the town, whose garden commands a good view of Vienna. At the palace of Lichtenstein is another good collection. Then you may stroll in the garden of Schwartzenburg, whose shady bowers I have often made my place of study on a hot summer's day. But the place which takes my fancy most is the Prater. This is a park of considerable extent, lying between the large suburb of Leopoldstadt and the Danube, to the north-east of Vienna. It is flat, but well-planted; and in the morning the solitude of its woods, and the cool verdure of its pasture, afford a refreshing contrast to the bustle and glare of the city; while in the evening the scene is gay, and extremely animated; the carriage-drives are filled with handsome equipages, and gay parties on foot or on horseback, while on the grass, and under the trees, are crowds of the middle and lower classes, amusing themselves in all possible ways. All kinds of shows, concerts, dancing, skittles, and various other games, are carried on, while groups of people are sitting at the little tables, under the shade of the tall elm-trees, eating, drinking, and smoking; the children

meanwhile gambolling on the grass. In the hills, at a few miles' distance from Vienna, there are numerous very pretty spots, much visited by the good citizens. Among these is Schönbrunn, the country seat to which the Emperor usually retires in the summer. The palace is modern, and ugly, and miserably situated in a hole; but it is interesting, because Napoleon took up his quarters here on his first visit to Vienna. The gardens are well laid out, and form an agreeable retreat on a hot summer's day.

Among the places worth seeing within the city I ought not to omit the Arsenal. Here there is a superb collection of arms offensive and defensive, of all ages, many of them interesting from historical associations; but, amidst the splendid armour of Kings and Emperors, there is nothing more interesting, to my mind, than the plain leathern jerkin which was worn by Gustavus at the field of Lützen. It is pierced by a ball, which entered near the spine, and passed through the hero's body.

I happened to be at Vienna on the grand festival of *Corpus Christi*; and although I had witnessed the processions at Florence, and other Roman Catholic places on this day, so great among the Papists, I never saw anything equal to the pageant at Vienna. The Emperor, with most of the imperial family, and all the ministers and great officers of state, walked bare-headed in the procession through the streets to the cathedral. Such an assembly of illustrious persons, together with archbishops, bishops, and the chief men among the clergy, arrayed in their gorgeous robes of office, amidst silken banners of the brightest hue, and crucifixes and images that glittered with gold and precious stones, formed altogether a magnificent spectacle. Meanwhile the sonorous sound of martial music rent the air; thousands of soldiers, chiefly the iron ranks of the Hungarian grenadiers, lined the streets, and formed the avenue down which moved the glittering throng, while countless multitudes filled every open space, and crowded each window and housetop; a heterogeneous mass,—bearded Jews, and Turks with flowing robes, red-capped Greeks, swarthy Hungarians and Croats, dark-eyed Italians, and the heavy-visaged German. The procession was closed by the three imperial body-guards, German, Hungarian, and Italian. These guards are entirely composed of men of noble families, and the Hungarians were extremely magnificent, mounted on white horses, and dressed in their hussar uniform of scarlet and silver. Among the members of the imperial family was the Archduke Charles: the old hero has a slight, small figure, but a fine eye, and an expressive under-lip.

I think the sketch that I have given of Vienna will suffice to shew that there is no lack of amusement for people of all tastes,—of such amusements, at least, as a great city can afford. With regard to the society of Vienna, I know that foreigners, even of the first rank and station in their own country, complain of the stiffness and the coldness, not to say the pride, of the nobles and of the highest circles in Vienna, however estimable they may be in their domestic intercourse. An Englishman also is struck, on first arriving at Vienna, by the somewhat rigid scrutiny which he is doomed to undergo at the police-office, with regard to the length of his stay at the capital, the objects of his visit, and even the name of his banker. For my part I don't quarrel with such things,—on my own account, at least.

If a man chooses to travel in a foreign country, he must conform to the rules and customs of that country, and not cry down everything which he finds different from the usages of England. As to the influence of such customs upon the people of the country, that is another matter. A superficial observer of the condition of the Viennese might be led to suppose that the *paternal* government of Austria is a mighty good thing. Nothing, indeed, can appear better than the surface. Peace and order, laughter and amusement, reign on all sides. No such thing as an improper house exists in Vienna; every individual must account to the police for the way in which he earns his subsistence. What can be better than this? Is not this a highly-civilized, and therefore a very happy people? M. Guizot has told us of governments, "où les sujets ont été traités comme des troupeaux, bien tenus et materiellement heureux, mais sans activité intellectuelle et morale;" and he asks, "Est-ce là la civilisation?"* Whether this is the condition of the Viennese, let those say who have been as much among them as I have. It may reasonably be doubted whether the happiness of animals, or at best of children, can constitute the happiness of a large, an intelligent, and, in all social points of view, a highly-civilized people. And farther, when one goes behind the scenes, when one penetrates a little through this smooth and joyous surface, and sees the vice, the sensuality, and heartless profligacy that reign within, and observes the restlessness, the misery, and the despair which surely follow, one is led to exclaim, "Is this a really civilized or a really happy people?" One is led to compare the condition of this people with that of others, who, under a more free government, have a wider range of intellectual pursuits, and whose noblest energies are not chained down by a rigid and an uncompromising police. Finally, one is compelled to draw conclusions not very favourable to the paternal rule of the House of Hapsburg.

One day towards the end of June, sick of the confinement, the glare and whirl of Vienna, I sallied forth from the city by the Burg-thor, the massive and handsome gateway erected by the late Emperor Frang, and made my way by the hot and dusty suburb of Josef Stadt towards the country. Having at length cleared the houses, I climbed the Callenberg, (the mountain whose wooded sides rise so picturesquely above the Danube, to the west of the city,) and having dined at a little *wirthshaus* on the slope of the hill, I gained the highest eminence, and laid me down upon the soft and springy turf to enjoy the splendour of the day, and of the scene before me. How calm and fresh was everything around me, after the bustle of the capital! The song of birds resounded through the woods; on the lower slope of the mountains were little villages, amidst vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields; in the plain lay the busy city, girt about by the green belt of the glacis, beyond which the suburbs, with their churches, their palaces, their barracks, and other public buildings, were spread far and wide. It was a surprising thing to one accustomed to the smoke and fogs of one's own capital, to see at one glance so great a city spread out at one's feet, every building distinct and clearly defined as in an exquisite painting. From the town my eyes wandered to the Danube,—the mighty Donau,—and

* Civilisation en Europe—1ère Leçon.

traced its long, serpent-like course, dividing into numerous branches among woody swamps, till, united lower down, it rolls in one vast stream over the plains of Hungary. The ridge of the Carpathians was clearly visible to the north-east. On the south rose hill behind hill, till the snowy pinnacles of the Styrian mountains closed the view. Enchanted with the lovely landscape before me, I determined no longer to bury myself in the confinement of the town, whose amusements and frivolities I had already shared for two months, but to enjoy the freshness of the country, and to penetrate those lofty alps, whose green valleys, pure air, and simple peasantry I doubted not to find, at this season of the year, more congenial to my tastes.

On returning to the city, I made all the necessary arrangements for my departure, and determined not to rest till I had seen something of the far-famed southern provinces of the Austrian empire.

CHAPTER II.

Journey through Styria—Salzburg—Valley of the Pinzgau—Falls of the Salza—Innsbruck.

Having in vain tried to induce an acquaintance at Vienna to accompany me in my expedition, I set off one fine July morning by the Eilwagen, bag and baggage, for the Styrian mountains.

I confess I am not one of those unsociable beings who can gladly travel alone through a fine country, conversing, as they say, with nature, and not wishing their lofty contemplations to be intruded upon by their fellow mortals. There is not a more enthusiastic admirer of Dame Nature than myself; but then I like to have a companion with whom I can share my delight. But a mere casual fellow-traveller will hardly suffice; not one of those *voyageurs*, for instance, whom you so often find amongst the educated French, Russians, or even Germans,—men full of lively wit, but without heart,—abounding in *sentiment*, but destitute of real feeling. No; it should be a fellow-countryman, or at least one with whom one can sympathise in most important matters. However, when one has a tolerable knowledge of the language of a country, (and I would not willingly travel among any people with whose language I am unacquainted,) one, perhaps, sees more of the inhabitants, and gets a better insight into their manners and habits by travelling alone, than if one had a companion or two of one's own class in society.

In any mountainous country, and generally throughout honest old *Deutschland*, one finds a hearty, simple peasantry, with whom one can chat on the road-side, or in the rustic inn, at the end of the day's march, so that the loss of a companion is less sensibly felt than in the populous city. On the present occasion, being, as I have said, alone, I was obliged to make the best I could of it, and perhaps, after all, from this very circumstance, I saw more of the honest mountaineers of southern Austria than I might otherwise have done. But let us get on, at least as fast as that good, easy-going vehicle, the *eilwagen*, mis-named *schnell post*, or *fast* post, can lumber along. It is a fine July morning, as above related, about seven o'clock; the postilion has lighted his pipe,—so has the *Herr Conducteur*, so have the *Herrn reisende*,—those pipes destined never to leave the lips of

the smokers, except for meals, so long as the journey lasts. And now we are fairly under weigh, and rattling over the clean paved streets of Vienna, which as yet have not assumed their usual bustle. After clearing the barrier, where the passports, &c. are inspected, the road, deep with fine white dust, and full of holes, lies over the plain, with the Baden mountains on the right. A railroad, however, has lately been completed to Baden, and it is intended to carry it on to Trieste, a distance of some three hundred English miles; but the intervening country is mountainous, and it will be a work of time and money.

To the left of the road is a vast extent of level country; on this plain the Turkish host encamped in their last siege of Vienna, in 1682. Having passed through the neat little town of Vienar Neustadt, we turned westward, and, at about fifty English miles from Vienna, we reached the mountains which form the frontier of Styria, and soon exchanged the arid plain for the rich green of the valleys. The pass by which the road is carried over these mountains is extremely picturesque; some lofty peaks tower on the right, many of them clad with snow. After an ascent of an hour and a half, we wound down a beautiful valley, and about midnight reached the little town of Bruck, where I parted from the eilwagen, and from my fellow-travellers, and turned into bed at a very snug inn, intending to pursue my journey on foot. The situation of this little town is charming: it lies on the banks of the river Whir, in a green, peaceful valley, amidst wooded mountains. The people are an industrious, simple race, but the ugliest set of peasants I have ever met with.

Styria was the Roman province of Noricum; it is now one of the most valuable in the Austrian dominions; its mountains abound in mineral productions, particularly iron. They are covered with fine timber; and the rich pastures of the valleys are well stocked with cattle. A good deal of *gemse*, or chamois, is met with in the mountains, and there are also a few bears. The whole of Styria (or Steyermark) is rugged, and intersected by chains of mountains, of which the principal ridge are the Noric Alps, running east and west. The population of Styria does not amount to more than eight hundred thousand souls. The inhabitants are partly Germans (on the Tyrolese frontier) and partly Sclaves. Nearly all the peasants are more or less afflicted with the *goître*. Their dress is as sombre and unbecoming as their figures are mean and ill-formed.

The villages throughout Styria are picturesque. The houses, roof and all, are entirely of wood; the roof projects far beyond the walls, and a gallery of carved wood-work surrounds the house. Each cottage stands in its little garden, with an orchard adjoining.

Having sent my heavy baggage forward to Salzburg, I determined to proceed thither on foot, the only real way to enjoy mountain-scenery. What more delightful than the feeling of independence with which one buckles on one's pack, takes one's trusty stick, and sallies forth in the fresh mountain air, to pursue one's ever-varying march through rocks and woods, amidst verdant fields and sparkling torrents! And how one enjoys the evening meal in some snug roadside inn! In these countries, too, the traveller is sure to find a tidy resting-place at every post, that is, every eight or ten miles. How many a pleasant evening I have passed in this way, sitting among a

group of simple, honest peasants, smoking my pipe, listening to their quaint, old-fashioned notions, clothed in language equally simple, and amusing them, in return, by answering, to the best of my power, their numerous questions about England, or other lands, which they knew of but by name. Turning to my journal, which was roughly noted down at the end of each day's march, I find the following sketch of my journey between Bruck and Salzburg, a distance of one hundred and fifty English miles, which I accomplished in six days, averaging therefore twenty-five miles a-day.

At ten o'clock one sunshiny morning I marched out of the little town of Bruck, and commenced my campaign amid the Noric Alps. The first fifty miles lay through rather confined valleys or glens, the mountains well-wooded, and the low ground covered with rich pastures and corn. The second day brought me to Rottenmann, a curious little town, right at the foot of a great alp. It has two tall, slender church-towers, and an old-fashioned gateway at either end of the main street, forming altogether a most picturesque spot. After this the mountains, becoming bolder and more craggy, open out to the north, leaving room for a lovely plain, watered by the river Enns. In this secluded but fertile valley lie the little towns of Leibnitz and Steinach. The fourth day's march brought me to Aussee, a town at the bottom of a deep valley, enclosed by rugged alps. Here I was joined by a Bavarian of Augsburg, an agreeable young fellow, bound, like myself, for Salzburg. From Aussee we paid a visit to the lake of Hallstadt, a beautiful piece of water, from which the craggy mountains rise abruptly, casting a deep shade over its dark surface. The situation of Hallstadt, hanging on the mountain side, is very picturesque. The place can only be approached by boat, or by a rugged footpath. After leaving Hallstadt, we passed through the pretty valley of Ischel, lately become quite a fashionable watering-place for the Viennese, then along the romantic margin of the Wolfganger See, till finally we saw Salzburg before us in its rich plain, girt in to the south and west by lofty alps.

Salzburg is one of the most charming spots in all Europe. It is quite an Italian-looking town; and, although the population does not exceed twelve thousand, yet there are no fewer than twenty-six churches here, many of them handsome. The Salza, a broad and rapid mountain-stream, divides the town, and fertilizes the surrounding plain. The view from the bridge is lovely. A picturesque and prominent feature is the castle, which, like that of Stirling, crowns a lofty rock. The fine outline of the mountains, and the varied scene of waving woods, and fertile crops, interspersed with village-towers and grey castle-walls, that deck the plain, form a delightful landscape.

From Salzburg I walked to Berchtesgaden, a most picturesque little town of Bavaria, twelve miles to the south-west of Salzburg. It is a favourite summer residence of that worthy, but eccentric character, the King of Bavaria. The principal thing to be seen at Berchtesgaden is the Königsee, a lake inclosed by rugged mountains, that rise sheer up from the surface of the water to a height of many thousand feet. Here I parted from my Bavarian, and pushed forward alone for Innsbruck, whither I had sent on my baggage. The distance from Salzburg, by the circuit that I made, is one hundred and forty miles, which I performed in six days. The country which

I journeyed through between Salzburg and Innsbruck is extremely wild, and the greater part of it but seldom traversed by strangers, even by Englishmen. I struck southwards for a day's march, after leaving Berchtesgaden, and making my way through deep narrow glens, and over a rugged pass, I came down, towards evening, upon the plain where lies the little town of Saalfelden. As I emerged from the defile, I saw before me the great chain of the Noric Alps, running east and west as far as the eye could see. The highest points of this snowy ridge attain a height of eleven and twelve thousand feet.

Next day, near the little lake and town of Zell, I got into the great valley of the Pinzgau, running east and west along the Salza. By this I intended to make my way into the Tyrol. The Pinzgau is a curious and secluded district of the Austrian dominions. The valley is about forty English miles in length, by four to five in breadth. It is shut in to the north, west, and south by a wall of mountains, varying from eight to twelve thousand feet in height. The upper end of the valley is two thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The whole district contains one market-town, a dozen villages, and about eight thousand cheerful, industrious inhabitants. After marching for six hours up the left bank of the Salza, I crossed that river by a wooden bridge, and entered the little town of Mittersill, the capital of the district.

Nothing can be finer than the upper end of this valley, after leaving Mittersill. The mountains are broken into bold, detached masses by picturesque glens, into one of which I turned aside to visit a waterfall, near the village of Wald, where a tributary of the Salza falls into a deep chasm, and is completely lost in the column of mist which it throws upwards. Some miles higher up the valley, I visited the great waterfall of Krimoul. It is the grandest I have yet seen in Europe. The whole body of the river Salza bounds over the side of a mountain in a succession of tremendous leaps. The effect is grand beyond all description. The scenery around is beautiful. The day was perfectly calm, and the sky cloudless. The glorious sun shone out upon the fertile valley and the snow-capped mountains, a deep stillness pervaded the vast pine-forests, and the only sound that broke the universal silence was the ceaseless roar and dash of the waterfall. For hours I lingered on that spot, fascinated by the solemn majesty of the scene, till, suddenly remembering that I had many hours toilsome march before me, I tore myself away from a scene which I shall never forget, and began to climb the rugged mountain which separates the Pinzgau from Tyrol. But, even when a long distance had divided me from the fall, I could hear its deep and sullen roar; and it was not till I had crossed the mountain top, and began to descend into a wild glen of the Tyrol, that I quite lost the murmur of its waters. Winding down a steep path, an alternation of rock and swamp, I at length reached Geslos, a collection of wooden hovels, in the midst of desolate pine-forests; the last rays of the setting sun streamed up the valley as I reached my halting-place.

Next morning I wound down the valley by one of the worst roads I have ever met with; and, after battering my feet for four hours over rocks, I reached the beautiful village of Zell, in Zillerthal. The view from the bridge of Zell delighted me—the church with its

taper spire, the picturesque houses clustered round it—the snowy alps which closed the valley to the south—all was lovely. I pursued my course down the valley, which is throughout beautiful, and entering towards evening the great valley of the Inn, I pushed on to Schwatz, a town with a fine church; and next day, proceeding up the right bank of the river, I reached the capital of Tyrol.

Innsbruck is all, and more, than I had expected. It is but a small place for the capital of a province, for it contains no more than ten thousand inhabitants; yet it is a charming little town. It has clean, wide, and even handsome streets, and some curious old houses and churches. The Hof Kirche contains a fine statue of Andrew Hofer, and a large collection of curious effigies in bronze, representing different German Emperors, who form a solemn and imposing group in the centre of the building. To a lover of mountain scenery the situation of Innsbruck is perfect. It lies in a small but fertile plain, watered by the Inn, and surmounted by grand mountain ridges. The garb and appearance of the groups of peasants who throng the streets of Innsbruck accord well with the character of the town and of the surrounding scenery. In dress, as well as in their handsome features and tall muscular figures, they bear a strong resemblance to the Spanish peasant. The same high-crowned and broad-brimmed hat, the same short jacket, stockings, and closely-fitting breeches. They also wear a belt, or girdle, round the waist; not, however, of the blue or scarlet wool which the Spanish peasant uses, but of black leather, curiously ornamented. Here, too, as in Spain, the men all wear the moustache. The women of the northern valleys have the high-crowned hat, jacket, and half-boots of the men; and, though they have comely and regular features, are withal somewhat too masculine in their appearance to suit my taste. If the men resemble the bold *paisanos* of Arragon and Cataluña, the women are as unlike the soft and gentle dames of Spain as they well can be. At Innsbruck I rested some time, and amused myself during the heat of the day in strolling about the very pretty public walks which deck the banks of the Inn, book in hand, and pipe in mouth; in the evening I rambled into the neighbouring glens, or watched the practice with the rifle, the favourite amusement of the the Tyrolese.

A SONG.

Disdain not the minstrel, though love be his theme—
In pity to mortals 'twas given,
To blend with the darkness of life's chilling dream,
A ray of the brightness of heaven.

When Eden was lost, and man sentenced to rove,
This one wreck of its glory remain'd;
The last lingering solace allow'd him was love,
In its origin bright and unstain'd.

And still the fond passion its altars will raise
In the hearts of the fair and the brave;
It springs in the soul from the eye-thrilling gaze,
And smooths e'en the path to the grave.

Oh! still may affection, unsullied by earth,
Pervade the soft breasts of the young,
By its purity marking its heavenly birth,
The fountain of light, whence it sprung.

H. B. K.

THE NATIVE SENTINEL.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

There are persons who argue, and the French nation warmly encourage the idea, that a soldier should be a reasoning animal; that the powers vested in him should be used only as occasion may require, and that in the exercise of his duty he should always consider every order received by him as discretionary. The majority, however, of military men consider that a soldier should be little more than an automaton when under arms, and I confess I am of the same opinion. In his private acts it is all very well for him to cavil and to argue, and change his mind as often as he likes; but when habited and armed, and placed under the orders of one who is at least supposed to know better than himself, I consider that the soldier should blindly obey whatever directions he may receive, and act strictly as he may be commanded to do. It is for this reason I so much admire the native troops of India. A sepoy is a part, a willing and active part, of his officer. He knows no will but that of his leader. He hesitates not to do whatsoever that leader tells him, so long as he finds his own danger shared by him. It is true that the instant the European officer wavers or flies, the sepoy does the same. But into the very cannon's mouth if led by his superior, the native soldier will boldly follow. He requires no exciting cause of war to goad him on to valour; no cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" to hurry him on to glory; quietly and steadily he advances at the bidding of his officer, nor does he turn his back till that officer desires him to retreat, only checking his onward career when death, or the commands of his superior, compel him to do so.

I remember, when quartered at Delhi, that many things had been stolen from the officers' quarters; a series of petty thefts had put us all on the *qui vive*. These depredations were evidently committed by some stranger, who after nightfall managed to get into cantonments; every avenue to our lines was carefully watched by sentries, with strict orders that any one approaching and refusing to give the countersign was immediately to be fired on. These orders were fulfilled in the bazaar, and throughout the neighbourhood, to prevent any untoward accident arising out of their strict fulfilment.

One evening I had strolled into Major M'Pherson's quarters, and was enjoying a hookah with that distinguished officer (than whom a braver or better never lived), when we were suddenly aroused from our sleepy employment by the sharp report of a musket. We both started up, and rushed out to inquire the cause; for I need not add for the information of the military portion of my readers, that nothing but a cause of importance can justify the discharge of firearms in a garrison-town; and, finding that the sound proceeded from a central fort about two hundred yards off, we started at full speed to inquire into the circumstance.

When we came up, we beheld by the light of torches, carried by persons who, like ourselves, had been attracted to the spot by the report, a dead body stretched on the ground, while across it lay the

soldier, apparently insensible. The blood was still streaming from the wound of the man who had been shot, and stained the white trowsers of the sepoy. I instantly gave orders that he should be raised up in order to ascertain whether he was really dead, or merely in a swoon. As his countenance met my view I started back with horror; his eyes, frightfully distended, exhibited so much of the white, that my blood curdled as I gazed upon him. His lips were drawn upwards and downwards, shewing his ivory-like teeth, which chattered in fearful insanity; and, as he struggled with those who attempted to lift him up, as he strove hard again to throw himself on the corpse before him, I beheld with horror for the first time in my life what the faculty, I believe, entitle *Risus Sardonicus*, working on the lower part of a face, whose fierce and glaring eye denoted raving and agonizing madness.

The frantic gestures, and rending screams, the menacing threats, alternated with feeble sighs, piteous entreaties for mercy uttered by the poor fellow before us, whom I well knew, and whom I had seen in perfect health only a few hours before, shocked me to a degree I cannot describe, and almost deprived me of the presence of mind it required to make instant inquiry into the cause of the scene before us.

The unhappy maniac led away, I instantly set about investigating the circumstance, which turned out to be as follows:—

Jesseree, the poor fellow I have mentioned, had been posted on sentry about an hour before midnight, with strict orders to fire on any one who might approach without giving the password. Scarcely had two-thirds of his allotted time to remain on this duty elapsed, when a footstep was heard stealthily approaching. The sentinel challenged; but, instead of receiving a reply, the intruder only seemed to advance quicker; a second time, and still silent; a third, and Jesseree, levelling his musket, fired at the individual now seen within twenty yards, by the uncertain light of a more than usually obscure night. The report had not yet died away, when Jesseree heard a cry of agony, and the well-known voice of his old father call out the name of his beloved son. He threw down his musket, and madly rushed up to his victim, but it was too late, the unintentional parricide had but too effectually taken aim; and with that cry of affection which had caused the child to recognize his parent, life had fled for ever from the breast of the old Indian, who had travelled on foot through dangerous woods, and swam the most rapid rivers, once more to behold, as he had hoped, his darling offspring. Nearly six hundred miles had he travelled, through difficulties innumerable, to embrace once more the life of his declining age. He had heard his loved voice, when in English (as is customary) he had challenged, and not understanding the meaning of the demand, had rushed forward to press to his fond heart that son whose fatal aim had in an instant deprived the author of his being of life. He had fallen dead, attempting to utter his name.

The next morning I fervently uttered an exclamation of thanksgiving, when I heard that death had relieved the maniac from his sufferings.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XIX.

LONDONOPHILISTS.

To the man in London the affairs of life, political, literary, scientific, social, come fresh and fresh at first hand. News is *news* here; we get it hot, new, and smoking, like a breakfast roll; great events are stirring near us, great men are around us, great names are in our mouths; and although these concern us as little, perhaps less, than they do dwellers in remote places, yet because we are upon the spot, we take the same interest as if we were partners in the action.

We are at the head-quarters of power, and it is amusing to hear our coffee-house politicians talk as if *they* were power itself; at the metropolis of the world our ideas grow metropolitan, and we puff ourselves into something like analogy with the magnitude of the place wherein we dwell.

The petty gossip, the small yet irritating interference of others in your affairs, and the too intimate knowledge men, and women too, have of each other in remoter places, we are free from. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the choice of ambition, retirement, action, and repose, should alike fall upon a sphere where the field of ambition is illimitable, the means of retirement complete, and the opportunities of activity or relaxation, without stint or end.

If, as has been asserted, all pleasure consists in variety, where, save in this metropolis, can variety furnish such inexhaustible stores of pleasure? Nor do we speak of pleasure merely as selfish pleasure, or the painful pleasure of dissipation; but pleasures of high converse, great undertakings, brilliant successes, and lasting renown.

Of Londonophilists none were more enthusiastic, constant, or warm in their attachment to this, the head-quarters of iife, than the illustrious Samuel Johnson.

"Talking of London," he observed, "sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together that the immensity of London consists."

In another place it is recorded:

"We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with the 'busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street.' JOHNSON. '*You are right, sir.*'"

Again:

"It was a delightful day; as we walked to St. Clement's Church I again remarked that Fleet Street was the most cheerful scene in the

world. 'Fleet Street,' said I, 'is, in my mind, more delightful than Tempe.'—'Ay, sir; but let it be compared with Mull.'"

Upon almost every occasion his preeminent appetite for London life is strongly evidenced. "*The happiness of London*," he said, "*is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it.* I will venture to say, there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom.—BOSWELL. The only disadvantage is the great distance at which people live from one another.—JOHNSON. Yes, sir; but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages."

He observed, that the influence of London now extended everywhere, and that, from all manner of communication being opened, there shortly would be no remains of the ancient simplicity, or places of cheap retreat to be found.

Of the obscurity of modes of life here, he said, "A man who is not publicly known in London may live as he pleases, without any notice being taken of him; but it is wonderful how a person of any consequence is watched."

In a burst of his predominent enthusiasm, when twitted with having seen no more than his native island could offer to his notice, he exclaimed, "But, sir, by seeing London I have seen as much of life as the world can shew.—BOSWELL. You have not seen Pekin.—JOHNSON. What is Pekin? Ten thousand Londoners would *drive* all the people of Pekin; they would drive them like deer."

Yet he would not permit in others an irrational preference for London to influence the minds of others, to the detriment of their circumstances, or neglect of their affairs; he writes to Boswell:—"I do not blame your preference to London to other places, for it is really to be preferred, if the choice is free; but few have the choice of their place, or their manner of life; and mere pleasure ought not to be the prime motive of action."

He observed, "London is nothing to some people, but to a man whose pleasure is intellectual London is the place. And there is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London; more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than anywhere else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place; you must make an uniform appearance. Here a lady may have well-furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen."

Again, on another occasion he is said, "To have talked a good deal of the wonderful extent and variety of London, and observed that men of curious inquiry might see in it such modes of life as very few could even imagine."

"Our conversation," observes his biographer, "turned upon living in the country; when Johnson, whose melancholy mind required the dissipation of quick successive variety, had habituated himself to consider as a kind of mental imprisonment. 'Yet, sir,' said I, 'there are many people who are content to live in the country.'—JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is in the intellectual as in the physical world, we are told by natural philosophers that a body is at rest in the place that is fit for it; they who are content to live in the country are *fit* for the country.'"

The *essence* of Johnson's enthusiastic preference for London was twofold; the zest with which he enjoyed at once its creature-com-

forts, and the exhilarating effervescence of its talk. "Walking in a wood *when it rained* was," says Mrs. Piozzi, "the only rural image he pleased his fancy with. For," said he, "after one has gathered the apples in an orchard, one wishes them well-baked, and removed to a London eating-house for enjoyment."

"There is in this world," he observed, "no real delight, except in those of sensuality, but exchange of ideas in conversation; and whoever has once experienced *the full flow of London talk*, when he retires to country friendships and rural sports, must either be contented to turn baby again, and play with the rattle, or he will pine away like a great fish in a little pond, and die for want of his usual food."

The Rev. Dr. Maxwell, assistant-preacher at the Temple, in a communication to the indefatigable Boswell, says:—

"Johnson was much attached to London; he observed that a man stored his mind there much better than anywhere else; and that in remote situations a man's body might be feasted, but his mind was starved, and his faculties apt to degenerate, from want of exercise and competition. 'No place,' he said, 'cured a man's vanity or arrogance so well as London; for, as no man was either great or good, *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he was sure to find in the metropolis many his equals, and some his superiors.' He observed, that a man in London was in less danger of falling in love indiscreetly than any where else; for there the difficulty of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of a vast variety of objects kept him safe. He told me that he had frequently been offered country preferment if he would consent to take orders; but he would not leave the improved society of the capital, or consent to exchange the exhilarating joys and splendid decorations of public life, for the obscurity, insipidity, and uniformity of remote situations."

Neither age, sickness, approaching death, nor retirement, and the endearing respect of friends in his native place, could wean him from Londonophilism. "Such was his love of London, so high a relish had he of its magnificent extent, and variety of intellectual entertainment, that he languished when absent from it, his mind having become quite luxurious from the long habit of enjoying the metropolis; and therefore, though at Lichfield, surrounded with friends who loved and revered him, and for whom he had a very sincere affection, he still found that such conversation as London affords could be found nowhere else. These feelings, joined to some flattering hopes of aid from the eminent physicians and surgeons of London, who kindly and generously attended him, without accepting fees, made him resolve to return to the metropolis."

Perhaps, to the valid reasons adduced above for Johnson's enthusiastic preference of London, we might add the apparent equality of outward condition resulting from the variety of ambitions — wealth, power, learning, taste, idleness, and pleasure, mutually acting, and in some sort neutralizing one another. In country-places the lord of the manor, the greatest land-owner, or the wealthiest man, overcrows all other distinctions; *he* is the great man of the place; in London his greatness does not extend *next door;* he is great in his own house among his own dependents and servants; his tradesmen, even, have no conception of him, save as a good customer. However large his fortune, London hath fortunes yet larger than his; his pride of birth,

which in the country raises him aloft above his neighbours, in London is levelled with a great and numerous high-born class ; his broad acres give him strength, weight, and importance, only while, like Antæus, he touches the paternal sod. In the country he is *one only*, in town one of thousands ; at home, he is the man in everybody's mouth ; in London, nobody knows where he lives, how he lives, nor would a butcher's boy turn his head o' one side to look at him.

Boswell was equal with his great associate, at least, in one respect —he equally delighted in the intellectual life of London.

"Having always entertained an exalted idea of the felicity of London, in the year 1760 he visited that capital; in the manners and amusements of which he found so much that was congenial to his own tastes and feelings, that it ever after became his favourite residence, whither he always returned from his estate in Scotland, and from his various rambles in various parts of Europe, with increasing eagerness and delight ; and we find him, nearly twenty years after, condemning Scotland as too narrow a sphere, and wishing to make his chief residence in London, which he calls the great scene of ambition, instruction, and, comparatively, *making his heaven upon earth*."

Fielding, in one of his novels, forcibly pourtrays the condition of a man broken by misfortune, hiding his miseries in the heartlessness of London.

"I hastened, therefore, back to London, the best retirement of either grief or shame, except for persons of a very public character; for here you have the advantage of solitude without its disadvantage, since you may be alone and in company at the same time ; and, while you walk or sit unobserved, noise, hurry, and a constant succession of objects, entertain the mind, and prevent the spirits from preying upon themselves, or rather, upon grief and shame, which are the worst diet in the world, and which, though there are many who never taste either but in public, there are some who can feed very plentifully, and very fatally when alone.

"But, as there is scarcely any human good without its concomitant evil, so there are people who find an inconvenience in this unobserving temper of mankind. I mean persons who have no money; for as you are not put out of countenance, so neither are you clothed or fed by those who do not know you. And a man may be as easily starved in Leadenhall market as in the deserts of Arabia."

Sir Humphrey Davy has pourtrayed the sunny and shady side of the picture with great truth and feeling.

"In my youth, and through the pride of manhood, I never entered London without feelings of pleasure and hope. It was to me as the grand theatre of intellectual activity, the field of every species of enterprise and action, the metropolis of the world of business, thought, and action.

"There I was sure to find the friends and companions of my youth, to hear the voice of encouragement and praise. There society of the most refined kind offered daily its banquets to the mind with such variety that satiety had no place in them, and new objects of interest and ambition were constantly exciting attention, either in politics, literature, or science."

How melancholy and completely sad the reverse of the picture ;

nor more contrasted a sunrise from the glowing pencil of Claude than a twilight embrowned with the broad, deep shadows of a Rembrandt.

"I now entered this great city in a very different tone of mind—one of settled melancholy, not merely produced by the mournful event which recalled me to my country, but owing likewise to an entire change in the condition of my moral, physical, and intellectual being. My health was gone, my ambition was satisfied; I was no longer excited by the ambition of distinction; what I regarded most tenderly was in the grave; and, to take a metaphor derived from the change produced by time in the juice of the grape, my cup of life was no longer sparkling, sweet, and effervescent; it had lost its sweetness without losing its power, and it had become bitter."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW TO GET ON IN LONDON.

Notwithstanding the force of these great examples, we should ill discharge our duty to many a young man who may be tempted to try his fortune in this great arena of ambition and action, if we did not warn him that London life is not all sunshine, or instruct him that there are great and serious disadvantages attending the lives of those who pitch their tents therein.

When we descant upon the pleasures of London, its infinite variety, its splendour, its wide avenues of ambition, let it never be forgotten by our young and adventurous readers that it is also a place of toil, hardship, struggle, and privation; a place where the most severe study, the most intense labour, the most resolute self-denial, are imperatively demanded, to open to him aught of its splendour, its variety, its pleasure, its opportunities of action and ambition.

In many points of view, London is not a desirable place to dwell; in many more it is positively objectionable; to the young and inexperienced, it is in almost every sense highly dangerous. Let the young man, excited by what he may have heard or read of London, and who finds in this, as in every other case, how greatly

"Distance lends enchantment to the view,"

pause before he swells the full tide of existence struggling in London, and hear what one old and experienced in its ways has to say.

Let him recollect, in the first place, that the London labour-market is always overstocked. We do not refer only to mere mechanic toil; professional skill is supplied in much greater abundance than is required by the demand.

A place to which thousands are daily attracted by the workings of an excited imagination, and the delusive promises of hope, must be perpetually overflowing with a *surplus* talent, ambitious of establishment in an illimitable and boundless sphere; and, as we never calculate our doubts and fears with the same exactness with which we enumerate the chances in our favour, which vanity, caprice, ambition, are apt to deceive us with, we cannot wonder, if, when we come to gird on our armour, and prepare for the battle, our heart should

oftentimes sink within us, and that we should give way before the difficult realities of our position.

For, in truth, the warfare of London life is a contest in which the raw recruit has all disadvantages to contend with, save youth, activity, and the desire of doing; he has to force a place among thousands, whose places are already settled and made fast; he has before him the difficult *premier pas qui coute.*

In the next place, everything in London is done by CONNEXION. Connexion necessarily implies introduction; not the ordinary letter of introduction which, when young and inexperienced, we carried with us to town by pocketsful, and found to introduce us to just—nothing at all; but the introduction of knowledge, experience, skill applicable in a high degree to some useful, practical purpose of life, for which men are wanted, and for which, when they *are* wanted, they are accustomed to be paid. Of course, if you go to London for the gratification of your vanity, or as an author, or other poor devil of that sort, or because you think yourself a clever fellow, or your parents think so for you, that is another affair. I only recommend you to take plenty of money in your pocket. I am now writing for the information of people who mean to do well, *in a well-doing way,* and not for clever fellows or madmen.

Then, I tell you, first make a *connexion,*—a connexion *upon your merits,* and upon nothing else; for nothing else will serve you here. And this connexion is best made in the country, where, under the keen eye of your neighbours, relatives, and friends, you can form your character into habits of industry, perseverance, and economy, which you will find occasion for, and profit in, every day of your life. Or, if you have the good fortune to have a connexion in London already established, and that you go there to learn your business, leave Latin behind you, and all other kinds of trash, and go with a practical, common-sensical education; not an education of books merely, not even a sound commercial education, but a habit of looking straight forward, of straight-forward acting, of judging rightly, and making reason at once the spring of your action, and the bounds of your desires. And if you have not at least indications of a steady, determined character,—if unhappily you show yourself a bad or a *clever* boy,—if you are very talented, or very idle,—if you cannot gain wisdom except by paying the market-price for it, my advice to your godfathers and godmothers is, that they should never let you put a foot in London.

Another word in your ear; if, unhappily, you may be a bit of a scamp, which is not at all unlikely, don't be fool enough to imagine that you can go on with your pranks in London without paying the customary penalty. London is a wide place and a long, but rumour has wider scope and a longer tongue; nor is there any place I have seen (and this I tell you in good time) where *character*, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, is so vital, or where the want of it is so fatal to a man's success as London.

Never imagine that London wraps a man's vices or follies all over like a cloak. It does no such thing. When we told you that there is freedom here from observation and neighbourly gossip, we told the truth; but the truth holds only of those who choose to live alone, and who, perchance, may have reasons for living alone. If you

choose to be a recluse, or to lead the life of an outlaw, London is the greatest desert you can find, and a more secluded hermitage than mountains can bestow. So long as you pay your way, annoy nobody, and be not found out, you can go on as you please, and pursue, without interference or observation, your especial vice or dissipation.

But when you want anything of society, or of the goodwill of men, —employment, advancement, respect, credit, consideration, or the intimacy of the wise and good, you will find your character has gone before you like a herald, with the difference only that, instead of proclaiming your titles of honour, Fame, who performs the part of Norroy King at Arms, is much more busy to sound upon her trumpet the base notes of your life, than to flourish out your virtues or abilities.

If you are a man of any note, or striving to make a name for yourself, you will, of course, have enemies. Nowhere will you have more than in London, because nowhere is competition, not only for fortune, but for that bombastic bladder of wind, *fame*, more active and unremitting. Of course your enemies will have a fling at you; and your friends, if you have any, you may rest assured will be very little behind your enemies, in damning with faint praise, assenting with civil leer, and good-naturedly bringing on the *tapis*, which they are sure to do, whatever defects in your life or conversation their intimacy may have given them an opportunity of becoming acquainted with.

This observation may seem harsh, and derogatory to the dignity of friendship; but every reader has it in his own power to test its truth; and if he comes forward and says, that in any conversation about an absent friend among friends, he has not heard the predominant vice, folly, or eccentricity of that friend incidentally touched upon, at least *once* in the course of the evening, then I beg pardon for the calumny, and desire the pleasure of his better acquaintance.

In London, especially among the enterprising and ambitious, we have often sighed over the hollowness and selfishness that exist even among friends. The field being unlimited, and the horizon boundless, each man's desires, each man's ambition, are perpetually extending from the centre of self. Nowhere is commendation less warm, nowhere encouragement less hearty, nowhere does failure or misfortune find less compassion, pity, or relief.

This all-absorbing selfishness is one of the greatest evils attending a London life; it re-acts upon yourself, hardens your heart in your own defence, and renders you incapable of those tender promptings of pity, and those delicate sensibilities of affection, without which, in our estimation, a man is no more than a two-legged rhinoceros.

But to return. If you are a footman or Minister of State, a journeyman tailor or Lord Chamberlain, a Marchioness or maid-of-all work, you will find *character* absolutely necessary to your success, and, what is more than success, to your happiness. Not that you will escape calumny; don't imagine it. Live so as not to deserve it; for calumny runs like water from a duck's back, unless the inward sense of right and wrong adds its whisper within the breast.

Live, then, so that calumny shall swim against the pure and even tenor of a well-spent life. Whatever your weak point, or your predominant vice may be, if your enemies get hold of it, no such matter; they must have something; and, being known your enemies, their animadversions upon you will fall with so much diminished weight.

But guard it sedulously from your friends; *they* will make no secret of it. When you wish a friend to keep a secret, tell him something of yourself that it would be creditable to you to have known, and you may depend on 't it will never go any farther.

But never for a moment imagine that without conduct, and its consequent character, you can get on in London. We hear it called a sink of vice, an abiding place of iniquity, and what not. Was it iniquity or vice, we might inquire, that raised the stately frame of its social structure, where every gradation in the scale of life is preserved harmoniously and in order? Was it iniquity or vice that filled its streets and squares with spacious buildings, that spread over its face a thousand charitable institutions, that crowd the shipping of nations into its docks, that fill the hand of the artizan with work, and his home with fatness? No, sir, it is industry, enterprize, self-denial, economy, and credit. London is a place of work; and if you have not a turn for that amusement,—if you cannot take your pleasure out of a tough job,—if you cannot begin at the bottom, and fight your way to the top, try Yankee-land, or Australia, or Texas, or some other loose-living place, where you can work one day and sleep six. That will not do here, it *will* not do, sir, I assure you.

Vice hides in holes and corners, lurks about in the clouds of the night, gets transported or hanged, lives miserably on gin, and dies in the hospitals or the workhouses of London, just the same as it does in Little Pedlington; and London being larger than Little Pedlington by several chalks, more vice is concentrated here, and more concentrated is more seen. But it is by industry, and its consequences, not by good luck or accident, that the adventurer in London must stand or fall.

A young man coming here to learn or pursue a trade or profession, is exposed to terrible temptations. Vice is not here, at first sight, a monster of "so hideous mien" as she appears in places less luxurious and less populous; she is disguised in every seductive form, decked out with every ornament, and apt to excite every passion. Mere moral education or the soundest principles will often fail to preserve youth from ruin. However well and creditably the business of the day may be gone through, there is the vacant evening to be passed, and the gloom of solitude to be dispelled; the theatre, the tavern, the concert-room, parade before his inexperienced eyes their dangerous attractions; he cannot mope in his chamber; he must go somewhere, and he can hardly go anywhere that he will not go wrong.

The want of *a home*,—the escape from the well-governed paternal roof to the chamber or the furnished lodging, is a trial too great for many. Many sink beneath it. If, therefore, we might offer our humble suggestion to the guardians of youth,—if we might be permitted to attempt to do a little good, (without which twopence-halfpenny is too much for the best papers ever penned,) we would advise, that the first establishment of youth in London should be, if possible, in a well-governed family, where the graces and amenities of life might not be forgotten in its business, and where a refuge might be found in the social circle from low pursuits, mean habits, and dangerous dissipations.

Having thus wisely established youth in a comfortable home, where he shall have at least refuge from the temptations of the town, the

next point of moment is the choice of his way of life. This, indeed, we should have considered first; but, if it be well considered in practice, our placing it a little out of the regular order is neither here nor there.

Parents and guardians are great fools in this respect, with respect be it spoken. You hear them dilate upon the inclination of a boy, of the bias of his genius, of what he is most likely to be fit for, and such stuff; as if it were not as true as the moon that the inclination of a boy is to idleness, the bias of his genius inclining to hoop and taw, and his fitness for everything that is nothing good. A boy is what he is *made to be*, and nothing else. If he is made, while a boy, to deny himself, to bear hardship, disappointment, and fatigue; to enjoy recreation or receive reward rationally, for good conduct, as the *man* in after life receives it; to be punished, when he deserves it, not with whips nor vain reproaches, but by showing him he is not fit to be trusted, as men punish the man, when he deserves it; by not allowing his mother to have her own way with him, and by turning out of doors everybody who lauds him as a smart or clever boy; by putting him early on his own responsibility, and his own resources, and early leading him to a sense of his *interest* in well-doing,—a boy is just as fit for one thing as for another thing.

I speak not now of that higher education, to which all worldly interests are vanities and follies, and which alone can be depended upon as a sound rule of life; because I do not consider myself, though no worse than my neighbours, a fit man to interfere with what does not concern me, in my capacity of a writer for the magazines.

Professions and trades, and all modes of living, I find, differ as to eligibility only in the eyes of fools; much misery is perpetuated upon the earth by notions that the bar is a better profession than physic, or the church (in a worldly sense) than the bar, or that life is pleasanter in the army, or that a cabinet-maker is a better trade than a stucco-plasterer, and so on. This is one of the absurdities of ignorance; modes of life, *when we know and have experienced them*, are all alike in this, that they have their necessary evils and compensating advantages, and that a love of labour, perseverance, integrity, and general good conduct, are necessary to success in any.

Where the choice of life is determined upon *untried* preferences, the choice is the choice of a fool; when it results from experience, reason, and opportunity, it is the choice of the wise man.

Therefore, the general rule of life in London, when the son pursues the vocation of his father, is a wise one; the experience of generations is transmitted, together with his savings, from father to son; every new possessor of the shop, or office, or business, has advantages which his predecessor did not enjoy; in time the establishment becomes an estate, and its annual profits a princely revenue.

I should say, then, that *opportunity* should determine the choice of life; that wherever, or in whatever avocation the best prospects open of well-doing, therein should youth make his selection; that he should, as a general rule, follow the way of life of his father, or next friend, or such pursuit as he could be assisted in by whatever connexion or introduction he may possess.

If, unfortunately, his choice is undetermined by this great and primary inducement, then I recommend him that he be not led away

by the great *lotteries* of life, as I may justly term the professions. To these are attracted those who can profit by patronage, that is to say, those whose friends have interest enough to get them a living at your expense and mine; and this description of paupers, you will observe, always breeds up to, and a little over the demand, so that if in the army, the church, or at the bar, you succeed in getting a snug thing, being a poor man's son, you will stand as one of the very few exceptions that are permitted to prove the rule.

Never be seduced into those learned professions by what you hear of poor men's sons rising by dint of naked talent to the highest offices in the state; don't be quoting Lyndhurst, and Brougham, and Johnny Campbell, and two or three more; quote, if you can, the number of poor men's sons, who have followed the profession of these eminent men, and have struggled, and starved, and died, and have left neither name nor money behind them. Do the same in the church, and the army, and then calculate *your chances* like a man of this world; open an account of profit and loss, and determine your choice as the *balance* will direct you.

To those great lotteries — ten thousand blanks, and twenty prizes —are attracted all the clever fellows, the great geniuses, the vanity-struck children of vanity-struck parents; these you have to compete with, and I ask you, is vanity or ambition, a solid, rational ground whereon to determine your aim, that is, your happiness or misery of life?

To the professions also are attracted the sons of wealthy people, who can, as far as money will do, purchase their promotion; these, also, are your competitors, and very formidable ones they are; they can wait; while the grass is growing they are eating their oats, while perhaps you are starved out of your profession just as you may begin to hope to make a living of it.

If your choice is independent, let *utility* determine your choice. London is a commercial place — a place of buying and selling; a big shop, where everything is always wanted, and where everything is always to be had; by going into the shop with a good character, and a good, but not *too* good education, you will get a living; nay, more, if you take advantage of the Londoners in their weak points; if you *live* hard, as well as work hard, you may save money, and in the meanest occupation make yourself more or less independent.

Nobody can beat a Londoner at work; he puts his head, as well as his shoulder to the wheel; like a night cab-horse he is always in harness, never has time to get tired, or fall down; but he is too fond of spending his money, and my hair has often stood on end at the indifference with which he flings down his hard-earned shillings for glasses of brandy and water.

Your only chance is to work hard, and save your money. Another thing—*begin low;* this is a wrinkle worth putting in your eyebrow. London is a place where promotion goes by seniority; by time and patience you succeed to the death-vacancies; but you will find yourself very much mistaken if you think you are to jump over people's heads. John Bull is a fellow who will not let you take him by the horns; your plan, therefore, is to begin by holding on at his tail, and by patience, tact, and courage, you may in time get on his back, and ride him anywhere.

This is the way a Scotchman does it, and an Irishman doesn't do it. The former begins low, works hard, saves his money, and makes himself generally useful; the latter comes over to be Lord High Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, or to marry Miss Burdett Coutts.

One word more, and you may go get your lesson by heart. Never have any politics in London. The only politicians I see in London are the politicians of the pot-houses, and, upon inquiry, I find that they never have any money in their pockets. Politics in London are a trade; some fellows make a good thing of it, but then they work hard, serve a long apprenticeship, suffer much, and certainly earn, if they do not deserve, what they get; but no man with any other way of living troubles himself about matters of state, and, as I said before, it is left to *ne'er do weels* and sots to settle the affairs of the nation.

CHAPTER XXI.

PARLIAMENTARY LIFE.

When a man turns the corner of Charing Cross, and leisurely saunters down Whitehall, he is in the political highway of the United Kingdom.

If for his stroll he chooses a fine summer's evening, soon after the Whitsuntide recess, the crowded way, dense with coronetted carriages, cabriolets, and every variety of vehicle aristocratic, with equestrians of the first fashion, winding their devious way between, and the loitering mob of pedestrian strollers gathered on either side the street, to feast their eyes with the thick-coming visions of senatorial great men, sufficiently indicate to his excursive eye that The House is sitting.

"What House?" inquires the curious reader. Why, the House of Commons, to be sure, whither we are now going to pass the evening.

Whitehall is a noble avenue,—"it shines well where it stands"—a connecting artery, a *medius terminus* between London proper and Westminster's ancient city. To the right is the Admiralty, not unlike another Noah's ark, with a wooden poop on the top, where the telegraph, silent transmitter of state-secrets, lifts its mast-like head. Next neighbour to the Admiralty is the Paymaster-General's Office, the Helicon of naval and military zeal; then the Horse-Guards, where recruiting-sergeants, spruce, dapper fellows, in exaggerated uniforms, and flowing ribbons of divers hues, linger about the spacious gate, and where wondering mobs gather to admire the herculean proportions of life-guardsmen and life-guards' horses.

An ancient, somewhat dilapidated structure—or rather a very old and a very new building tacked together, divided from the Horse-Guards only by a canteen, or military tippling-house,—is the Treasury; at the end of the new building is what once was Downing Street.

Thus, then, on this side Whitehall you have the public departments—military, naval, civil, and political, like the fiddlers of his late majesty, King Cole, "all of a row." Here are official residences of Lords of the Admiraltry, Home, Foreign, and Colonial Secretaries;

here, the numberless tribes of lesser great men, deputy assistant deputies-deputies, Treasury clerks, Admiralty clerks, Home Office, Foreign Office, Colonial Office, clerks swarm like drones about the mouth of a well-filled hive; here apoplectic porters snoozle in their well-stuffed leathern chairs; in the passages, and in the offices, of reading newspapers, mending pens, and eating sandwiches, there is no end.

Here you behold the temple of INTEREST—a deity, not enumerated in Tooke's Pantheon, yet of more than mortal influence in the affairs of men. Here all who are ambitious of serving their country, their friends, their constituents, or, since all human motives are at the best mingled with imperfection, we may add, *themselves*, linger, in happy expectancy of promised good things. Here the man who has only merit or long service to recommend him to the notice of men in power, kicks his heels in the dreary solitude of an ante-chamber, while the sprig of nobility, or the personal friend of the minister, penetrates with ease to the most inaccessible official *bureau*.

Leaving this temple of Hope, where so many thousands have in their turn bowed before the altar of power, and worshipped fortune in the disguise of a great man, we enter Parliament Street, and arrive, at length, in Old Palace Yard. Here the observing stranger pauses to look around, — especially if he now accompanies us hither for the first time,—for in no other spot in this great world are objects of grave and awful interest more densely congregated.

Abeste, profani.

Away you common domestic dwellings! you staring mob of vulgar habitations! to the right about face! clear the ring, and let us behold the supreme seats of British law and legislation!

"Conspicuous scene—another yet is nigh,
More silent far—where kings and poets lie!"

Silently, and with awe and admiration we gaze upon the Abbey; no prose, nor hardly verse, can express for us what we feel — a full tide of emotion rushing from the heart, and quivering in ecstacy upon the lip:

"How venerable is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart."

To the contemplative mind, powerful, and not without profit, is the contrast between the city of the dead within, the more plebeian graves without, over whose defensive flat stones we now walk, as upon a pavement, and the business and bustle of the opposite side of the way. *There*, you see all the nobler and the baser passions in active exercise—ambition, enthusiasm, avarice, envy, hate; *here*, they are all, *all* trodden into the dust from whence they sprung, by the relentless hand of death.

But our business now is with the living; let us mingle with the

admiring mob, intent on contemplating, with as much earnestness as if they were to get anything by it, the great men passing rapidly down to either house.

Let us suppose that some business of more than ordinary importance is to be transacted on this evening. When we say of *more* than ordinary importance, we hope we shall not be misunderstood to allude to measures of relief of the poor, of education, or of any other species of practical "legislation." By business of more than ordinary importance *we* mean, a contest, verging towards a dead heat, between Whigs and Tories; in which, notwithstanding that they cannot by any possibility be the least interested in, or benefitted by the possible change, thousands of well-dressed, idle people are, nevertheless, found to take the most extraordinary and incomprehensible interest. Let us suppose—what happens this evening to be the fact—that the debate has raged with various fortune for a week or more, to the exclusion of all business, properly so called; that the "great guns" on the opposition-benches have discharged their *salvos* against the enemy, ranged in compact order under the banners of the Treasury leader; that the Ministerial benches have already taken credit for all the good they have done, and for that much greater, yet somewhat indefinable good they intend to do; that the long-bottled invective of retainers on both sides has been uncorked, and sputtered in the faces of their antagonists; that the vocabulary has been exhausted of crimination and recrimination; that the result of all this oratorical display, the division, is expected to-night; this premised, you are no longer at a loss to account for the carriages, peers, horses, commoners, grooms, policemen, confusion, and congregated spectators.

While the heterogeneous mob of obscure senators is permitted to pass without notice, a buzz of admiration, and sometimes a cheer, greets the leaders, Ministerial or Opposition, as, with affected modesty, and the pride that apes humility, they pretend to steal their devious way among the opening mob; or, if a member obnoxious to the majority of the spectators makes his appearance, there is a subdued expression of disapprobation; but these demonstrations are rare, and confined only to momentous occasions like the present.

Now, waiting the arrival of our friend, the member whose kindness is to provide us with the *entrée* to the house, we indulge our imagination with reflexions on the great assembly—the *collective wisdom*, into whose presence we are so soon to be ushered, a silent, but not unobserving spectator.

Something awful is there in contemplating in imagination the *power* of Parliament. What corner of the near or remote world is not, or has not been, at one time or another, influenced by its deliberations, its orations, its enactments? Over what class or denomination of men does not its mighty power extend? Nothing is too large for the grasp of its long hand, nothing too little. Sceptres it wrenches from the hands of Kings, and seizes pickpockets by the collar. Dynasties are by its might overthrown, and stalls of octogenarian applewomen; princes it binds in chains, and emancipates the quadrupedal captives of the dog-trucks. Its *fiat* sends forth havoc and desolation over distant lands, and at home forbiddeth little boys to play at taw upon the pavement; it changeth whatever it listeth, and whenever it listeth changeth what it hath changed. It bringeth in an Act to amend an

Act, and an Act to amend the Amendment, and maketh an Act to explain an Act, passing all understanding!

It taketh the crown from the head of one man, and putteth it upon the head of another; and maketh everybody swear allegiance to the same. It changeth its religion, enacting that everybody shall believe that it hath changed, not from false to true, or from true to false, but from true to *true;* and everybody that doth not so believe, or *pretend* to believe, it hurteth in their lives, liberties, and properties. It putteth at will its hand into the pocket of everybody, taking therefrom gold and silver, nor disdaining brass, telling everybody that this it doeth for his protection, and everybody submits, and hath no remedy. It laugheth in its sleeve, and cajoleth, and coaxeth, and waxeth wroth with everybody; it giveth anybody leave to live upon everybody, and enacteth that everybody who is not living upon everybody may live how they can; it maketh anybody to be everybody, and everybody to be nobody.

It babbleth for six months in the year, more loquacious than fish-retailing fag of Billingsgate; and although it pretendeth to speak in a whisper, yet is indignant if its talk be not retailed next morning over all the town. It beginneth what it calleth its business when men of business are asleep. It babbleth droningly through the long hours of night, and the short hours of morning, and goeth to bed when it hath levied enough taxes; the world in general then getteth up, to slave, and strive, and struggle to pay the taxes, and laboureth all day, till night, when Parliament getteth up, goeth to the House, babbleth, and levieth more and more taxes; and this it doeth eternally, a machine of perpetual tax-motion!

With countenances noble, and brows furrowed with perpetual contemplations of the public care, we saw Parliament arrayed before us; already we heard the preparatory indications of fixed attention to the rising statesman, and witnessed with delight the undiverted attention with which his wisdom, dressed in eloquence, was regarded.

We had seen the administrators of the law in the courts of Westminster Hall, and contemplated with reverence the ermined pomp, the judicial dignity with which they occupied their thrones of justice. If the judges, who are merely the administrators and expounders of the law, impress the mind with so much awe, how much more awful, said I, will appear, clothed in their legislative robes, the authors of the ponderous machinery of legislation, the makers of the laws judges administer, lawyers expound, and citizens obey?

With this profound and original notion we glided through the mob, along a passage lined with numbers of people in waiting, and pushing aside a folding door, made the best of our way up an undignified staircase, to a dark and gloomy apartment, filled to suffocation with a miscellaneous, well-dressed mob. This dingy apartment is called the LOBBY OF THE HOUSE.

For an introduction to the body and *soul,* thereof, the reader must wait till next number, when we shall take care to provide him with a ticket of admission.

LOVE AND REASON.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

"Quand la Raison combat contre l'Amour c'est toujours celui-ci qui l'emporte."

Cette fière Raison dont on fait tant de bruit,
Contre les passions n'est pas un grand remède ;
Un peu de vin la trouble, un enfant la séduit,
Et déchirer un cœur qui l'appelle à son aide,
Est tout l'effect qu'elle produit. MADAME DESHOUILLIERES.

REASON. Oh Love, in vain I preach, you rave and rattle,
As if you ne'er my admonitions heard;
One hour you stun me with your baby prattle,
Then pout and whimper: you are quite absurd!
Thrice with sound logic have I tried to fill you;
Thrice tried to cram you with pure mathematics;
You swore that simple algebra would kill you,
And to the pump you voted hydrostatics.
Those I once led in astronomic labours,
By you misled, vain studies still pursue:
Their eyes are raised no higher than their neighbours:
Of all the stars they reckon only two.
Oh! baby, senseless, fickle, wild and wilful,
Bend down thy stubborn ear, and let me warn thee.
LOVE. Stop, my good Mentor, eloquent and skilful,
Yet, yet, beware! say, is it wise to scorn me?
A soldier I! I own my gallant mission,
In spite of all your sober, senseless jar.
REASON. A soldier you! Where held you your commission?
LOVE. Under brave Paris in the Trojan war.
REASON. Oh! earth would be a paradise without thee!
With Peace would Science blend, and Peace with Reason;
But, a destruction hovers still about thee;
Thy very name brings bloodshed, tears, and treason!
LOVE. My equal find at merry masquerading;
At crowning Wisdom's brow with bells of Folly;
Bright Wit in domino of dullness shading,
Or veiling Mirth with mask of Melancholy.
REASON. With your wild phantasies you drive men frantic,
Then laugh at their bewilderment and wonder;
The masquerading o'er, they 're less romantic,
And frown when Reason points to Passion's blunder.
LOVE. My fine old friend! you think that you are clever.
How good you are! how kind! how very stupid!
I tried your trade, and failed; yet grant, however,
The world owes something to poor, ill-used Cupid.
I 'm not unletter'd; botany I doat on;
I taught caligraphy, so ne'er deny it;
I found the mystic bark that lovers wrote on,
When idle Reason never dreamt to try it.
I 've studied optics, many a fair delusion
The blind have welcomed when my glass they wore;
Couleur de rose I tinted the illusion;
'T was passing fair, and passed; it was no more!
In the great science of anatomy
I 've won the honours of each hall and school,
Till 'twas agreed in heart's phlebotomy,
Hippocrates to Cupid was a fool!

'Twas I who pointed out the painter's duty,
And all his shadowy visions fondly nourished,
Till they glowed forth in tints of living beauty.
The fine-arts 'neath my fostering wing have flourished.
'T was I who bade the sculptor's chisel waken
The cold, still marble, into breathing life;
Think you, by poring over Locke or Bacon
The fond Pygmalion would have found his wife?
I smile upon the poet in his slumbers,
I throw a magic o'er the Téian lyre;
'Tis my soft breathings o'er his graceful numbers
Enkindles beauty's flame of fond desire.
'Twas I inspired sad Sappho, I who taught her
The last-born love-song 'neath the twilight dim.

REASON. Through you Leander perish'd in the water!

LOVE. You should have taught the fellow how to swim.
I am life's alchymist, (you see you nettle
My vanity the while, so you must bear it,)
And brass of mine produces precious metal.
Still I 'm no miser; for I seek to share it.

REASON. With me, sweet child, watchful and grave, beside thee,
Thou shouldst be warn'd from paths of flattering error.
Oh! wilful Love, I pray thee let me guide thee
From ruin dark, the tempest, and its terror.

LOVE. If thou my little bark were gravely steering,
The charm would vanish that from freedom springs,
My wilding reign were o'er, my gay careering,
When Reason's hand should stay Love's rapid wings.

REASON. Let me direct thee—let us sail together.
As down Life's stream thy merry pinnace dances,
Time shall not rob thy bright wing of a feather,
Or dim the radiance of thy sunny glances.

LOVE. Wondrous devotion! My most sapient Mentor,
You lose your labour; I shall ne'er obey.
I almost wonder you should dare to venture,
So oft I 've led e'en your slow steps astray.
When loving faces would be smiling near thee,
Say, wouldst thou frown as now, and look so wise?
Or wouldst thou greet them?

REASON. Hence, away! I fear thee.

LOVE. And if they went not?

REASON. I should shut my eyes.

LOVE. Hence, Reason, hence! come back, my merry Folly,
My blithe companion! dearer than of yore.
Wisdom, thy warnings make me melancholy,
And I will rule without thee, as before.
Oh! when did Reason ever clip my pinion,
Or fling one bond upon my roseate wing?
Despise me?—no!—he owns my proud dominion.
I still will rule the peasant and the king.

REASON. Thy brightest smiles but bring thy votaries sorrow;
And, though thy chains appear a flowery wreath,
The blossoms, that from tears their radiance borrow,
Twine round the fetters that are hid beneath.

LOVE. Thou dost me wrong! From Fancy's beaming tower
I flung the beacon o'er life's gloomy sea,
And hearts, 'mid all their anguish, bless my power,
Still let the worldlings frown, they turn to me.
There must be shadows, though the day be sunny;
The clouded sky some bright hue still adorns;
Where sweet flowers smile, the bees will seek for honey;
And with the roses we must take the thorns.

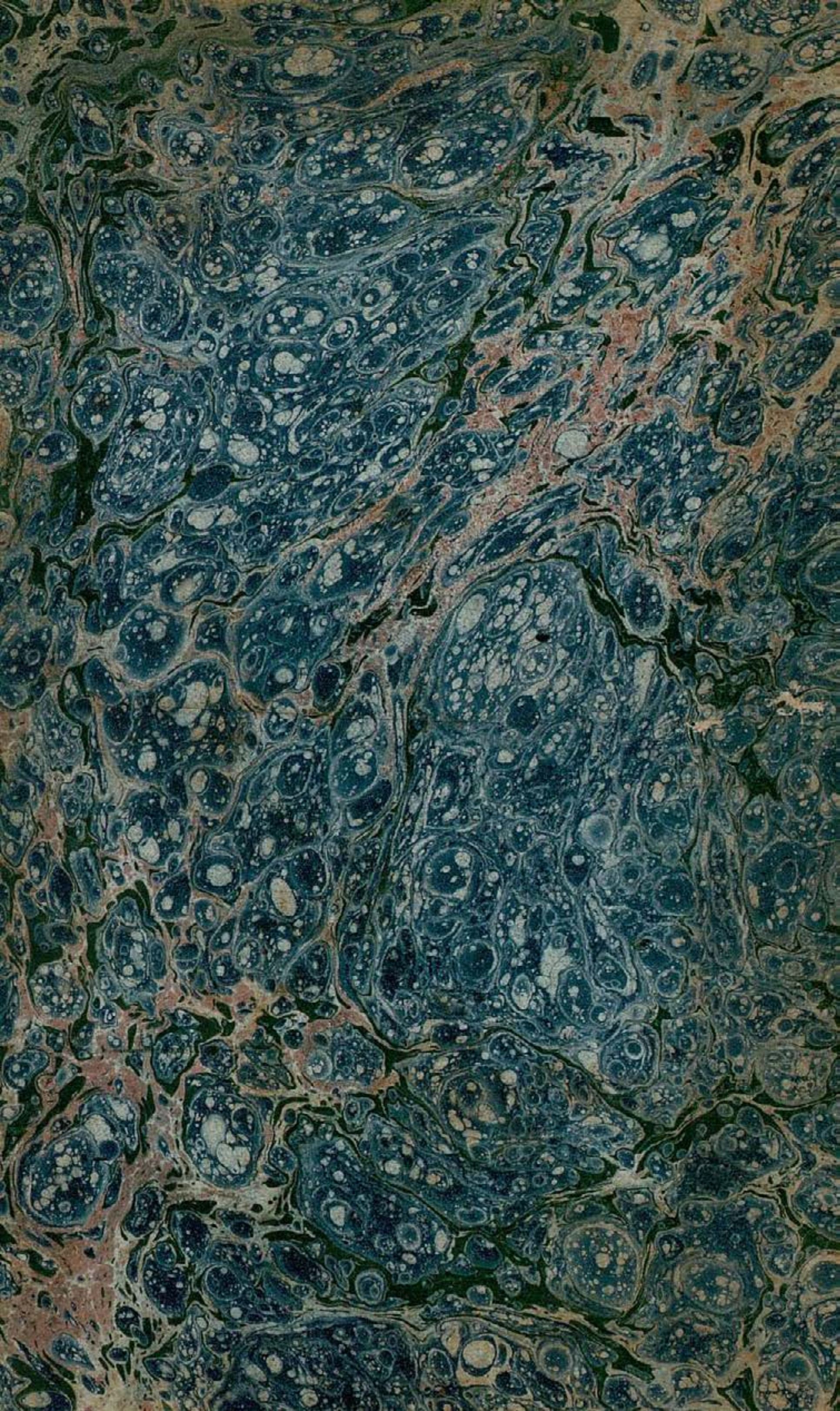
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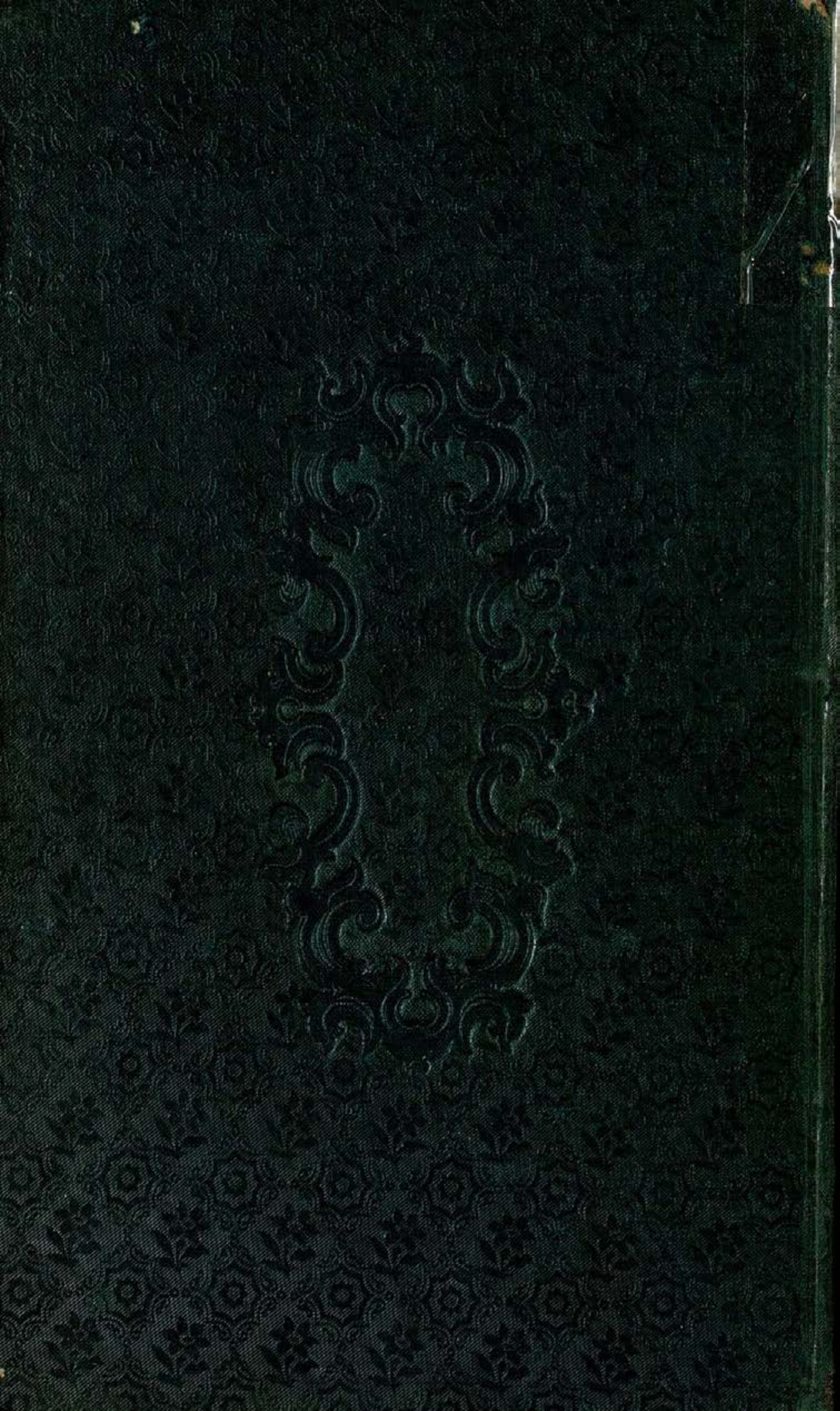
TO THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

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